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Mary Mapes Dodge

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DEPARTMENTS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER, 1878. NO. 1.

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A BOY'S SERVICE.

BY ELIZABETH UNDERHILL.

"SPEED boldly, Jean; the safety of God's elect depends on thy fleetness and courage," said a French peasant woman, as, standing at the door of a hut perched over a gorge in the Cevennes mountains, she bade farewell to her young son. He, mounted on a small white pony, looked fearlessly out of his bright blue eyes, and, tossing back his abundant tresses of fair hair, bent to kiss the mother's hand; then descending a steep, winding path, over which his intelligent animal picked a slow, sure footing, the young rider disappeared in the dark aisles of a pine forest.

Jean Cavalier was ten years old; his cradle had been rocked to the howl of mountain storms; he was accustomed to scale heights with fearless agility, being sure-footed on paths that only the mountain-born could safely tread, and he now dauntlessly faced a hazardous ride and the peril of imprisonment to save the lives of five hundred Christian men and women. It was nearly noon; all the huts, sheep-cotes, and cottages in the lower adjoining valleys were deserted by their inhabitants, who had started at dawn for the secluded mountain of Bourges, there to seek consolation and strength in the worship of God.

This was the period of that so-called "religious" war in France, which lasted twenty years, and in which the king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand soldiers to exterminate three thousand Protestants, because they persisted in worshiping their Maker in their own fashion. Through the upper valleys, for some weeks previous to the time of this story, there had been found, in rock cavities and hollow trees, bits of wood carved with the words, "Manna in the desert," and with certain symbolic marks whereby all the faithful knew that the great pastor, Brousson, emerging from his secret cavern dwelling, would meet and minister to his persecuted flock in the afternoon of the first day of the year 1703, at the Bourges Mountain. Notwithstanding all precaution, news of the intended convocation had reached the town of Hais, and Captain Daiguirrier, with six hundred men, was coming up from the plain, eager to surprise and butcher the innocent congregation,—a kind of achievement not unfrequent in those tragic years.

Just before noon to-day, Jean, when climbing the rock back of his father's hut in search of a missing goat, spied the red bonnets of the cavalcade, traversing a defile far below; he knew well their terrible purpose, and, hurrying down, said to his mother:

"I have seen the king's troops going up; there is none to give warning but me."

Twenty minutes later, Jean was riding alone through the dim forest, intently conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he could elude and outstrip the assassins. Issuing, at length, from the woods, he paused, hesitating between two routes,—one smoother, though longer,—by which, trusting to his nimble pony, he might speedily arrive, unless overtaken by the troops; the other led through ravines and over rocks into the very heart of the mountains, and was a hazardous path, even for a skillful climber. If he took the latter, he must abandon his horse and trust his own speed and agility. Finally deciding on the smoother road, he was turning toward it when he heard the sound of a conch-shell, and, on the instant, a flash of scarlet streamed around a spur of the forest. Quick-witted Jean rode at once to meet the advancing soldiers.

"Whither go you?" asked the captain.

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"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel in alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the child, calmly.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain, suspiciously; "so fine a boy must not grow up a rebel. I shall dedicate you to the service of the king and the church."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors, apparently in submissive composure; but the vigilant little fellow, quick in expedients, contrived to fall back gradually, till, when the dismounted troops, painfully climbing, were half-way up a steep ascent, Jean was among the hindmost. A brook wound round the base of the hill, and Jean knew that near the stream was one of those caverns, common in a country of volcanic formation, the entrance to which was concealed by thick, clustering bushes. Seizing an opportune moment, the active boy turned his pony, dashed down into the brook, leaped from his steed, and ran into the cavern. Some minutes elapsed before the more clumsy soldiers could descend; when they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was visible. Little Jean tremblingly crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search; but soon, eager for a larger prey, the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band.

When the last echoes had died away, and only the brook's gurgle was audible in the stillness, Jean ventured from his retreat, aware that the distance had been increased, and the time for rescue lessened by his capture; but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure; prayer and act were one, as lightly leaping from bowlder to bowlder, by intricate windings about pinnacle and crest,—here following the bed of a mountain stream, there swinging himself by gnarled roots over deep chasms,—the intrepid boy hasted breathlessly on.

Not far away, some hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform amid the desolate hills. Muskets stood near, ready for a sudden call to arms. Around the worshipers was a chestnut forest, through whose enormous trunks and leafless boughs the wind moaned in melancholy cadence, accompanying their psalmody and supplication. On a flat, smooth stone, at the base of a precipitous rock, stood the minister, who, while little Jean sped toward them, was thus addressing the congregation:

"What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Did he not send the ravens to feed his prophet, and will he not again work miracles? Has not his Holy Spirit comforted his afflicted children? He consoles—he strengthens us. Will he not, in time of need, cause his angel to go before us?"

Concluding thus, the preacher advanced to a natural stone slab, serving as a sacramental altar, and the assembly, in reverential stillness, to which peril added a solemn awe, came forward two by two, bareheaded. A cry startled them.

"Fly! the enemy comes!" rang in shrill, childish treble from above the kneeling multitude, and looking up they saw, on the rocky summit before the pastor, a little figure, whose white goat-skin coat and locks of gold gleamed in the mellow sunset, as the rocks and caverns re-echoed his vibrating cry,

"Fly! the enemy comes!"

The startled throng, gazing up, knew not the son of their neighbor and friend, Roland Cavalier. The solemnity of the place, and the danger always near their worship, had infused their exalted minds with a sense of the immediate presence of the supernatural, and the simple-hearted peasants thought the child, Jean, a veritable messenger of heaven.

They quickly dispersed through pass and defile, and when the troops arrived, the early stars shone down on the deserted rocks and lonely forest.

Jean joined a party of fugitives, and lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant faith. While the commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, most of the congregation always maintained that God sent an angel to save them.

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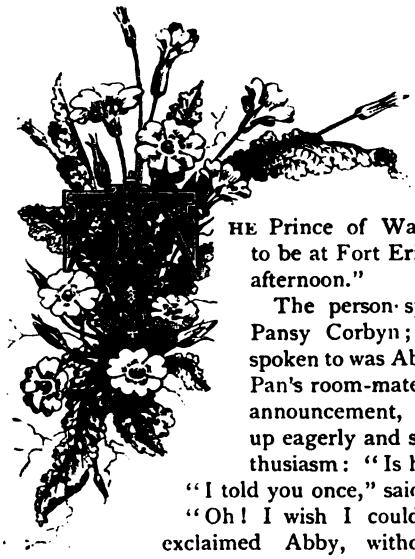

WHO TOLD?

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

"THE Prince of Wales is going to be at Fort Erie to-morrow afternoon."

The person speaking was Pansy Corbyn; the person spoken to was Abby Gilfillan, Pan's room-mate. At Pan's announcement, she looked up eagerly and said with enthusiasm: "Is he?"

"I told you once," said Pan.

"Oh! I wish I could see him!" exclaimed Abby, without heeding Pan's fun. "Is he coming over here?"

"No, he isn't coming. Is n't it mean?"

"I think it's strange he is n't. He might find something in Buffalo worth seeing; but I can't understand what he wants to stop at Fort Erie for, unless it is to see the spot where his folks were whipped. Did n't we whip the British there?"

Pan colored as she owned that she did n't know, and declared that she never could remember history.

"Well," said Abby, "it's interesting to be studying ancient Greece when we are ignorant of historical ground which we can see from the seats where we recite. Oh! I wonder if the Prince could see a flag if we should fly one from our window. Oh! dear! dear! I do want to see him. I do wish we could, Pan."

"Well, why can't we?"

"Why can't we?" Abby repeated, "because we are such gumps as to be at boarding-school."

"I'll tell you, Abby," said Pan, making her tone low and confidential, "if you'll go, I'll manage it. I'll ask permission to go to Black Rock to see Aunt Porter: mother told Mrs. 'C.'" (this was the principal's wife) "to let me go whenever she could. And when I've got permission, I'll ask her to let you go with me. But instead of going to Aunt Porter's, we'll go across the river to see the Prince."

"I'm afraid we'll be found out. There'll be somebody there who knows us."

"Nobody in Buffalo knows us except the schoolgirls and teachers. We'll protect ourselves with veils and parasols. At any rate, I am willing to run some risk for the sake of seeing the Prince."

"So am I," said Abby stoutly. "I'm just crazy to see him. I know he must be perfectly lovely. Oh! I wonder if he'll be dressed in royal purple and ermine, and scarlet and gold. Do you think he'll have plumes in his cap? I wonder if we'll see the crown jewels! Oh! I guess he'll have on a crown."

The next afternoon, Pan set out with Abby ostensibly for her Aunt Porter's. In reality, after buying some bouquets for the prince, they took a street car for the ferry. Hiding behind their parasols and with veils drawn down, they joined the crowd there waiting for the boat. They skulked around large men and behind women's spreading hoops, straining their eyes back of the barège veils to assure themselves that there were no familiar faces about them. The ferry-boat was crowded with people eager for a sight of royalty; but as far as the runaways could determine, all were strangers to them.

"Abby, my sweet duck, I believe we are safe," Pan said in a low tone, as they stood at one end of the boat, watching the bright Niagara.

"Yes," said Abby, venturing to push her veil to one side, "and we're having such a nice time. Think of those poor, cooped-up girls we've left behind us. I wish we had brought Angelica along."

"I don't wish so," said Pan. "A secret is n't safe with three."

"That is very true," said a voice beside them.

How it startled those guilty girls! They involuntarily snatched at their veils, and just as involuntarily whirled their faces toward the speaker.

"Perhaps you remember," continued the voice, "Gilbert Stuart's illustration of this."

The girls stared at the man with the voice, who was standing near them—a smallish, red-haired, but not unhandsome person. He continued:

"'I know a secret,' said Stuart, 'that's one,' and he chalked down the figure 1; 'my friend knows it,' he chalked another 1 beside the first; 'I tell it to you,' and he wrote a third figure 1 beside the other two; 'now, how many know my secret? 111,—one hundred and eleven, instead of three.'"

I believe you never saw two girls more uneasy than were Pan and Abby during this narration. Pan squeezed and pinched Abby's hand, and Abby squeezed and pinched back. Each understood this to mean that they must get away from this red-haired impertinence just as soon as possible. So before the anecdote was fairly told, they were moving away from the speaker.

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They did not see him again till the boat had reached the Canada side. In getting ashore, they found themselves beside him. He volunteered some information about the order of reception exercises, but the frightened girls fell back in the human stream without a word to him.

"Impudent thing!" said Pan. "If he speaks to me again, I shall scream murder till I bring the Prince to my rescue."

But the truants soon forgot themselves in the interest of the vivid scene. There were flags and festoons, bowers and wreathed arches, flower-wrought words of welcome and loyalty.

The girls, thrilling with an undefinable kind of devotion toward they knew not what, ran forward with the eager crowd, eager as the most devoted of the Queen's subjects, toward the point where loyal shouts of welcome and blasts from brazen throats, and the booming of cannon, told the arrival of the heir-apparent to the most powerful of earth's kingdoms. They could hardly refrain from cheering as they came in sight of the staging and canopy where the Prince was to be presented to his people. And when they saw the beaming young man himself, bowing to the enthusiastic multitude, they were half wild with enthusiasm.

"Is n't he lovely?" cried Abby, stretching up her head to be rid of a towering, obstructing bonnet in front of her.

"Perfectly splendid," answered Pan, also stretching her neck up, and from side to side, dodging a bushy, uncovered head.

"I never saw anything so sweet," said Abby.

"Or so grand," said Pan. "He 's perfectly sublime." Then she added petulantly, "I wish Canadians were n't so big; I have n't seen an inch of the Prince, except the top of his head."

"I have n't either," said Abby. "I wish I could be a giant for an hour."

"Then you 'd be found out."

"Here 's an empty carriage; let 's climb into it," said Abby.

"Oh! let 's!" said Pan. "Then we can have a splendid view."

It was a handsome, open carriage, and they climbed in, wondering that it had not been appropriated by some one else as an observatory. In their excitement their veils were thrown aside, and their parasols tilted back over their shoulders. Scarcely were they seated when Abby gave Pan a startling nudge, uttering a low, alarmful exclamation.

"There are Mrs. C. and all the girls!" she said.

They got on their veils in frantic haste, and threw up their parasols as screens. Then they tried to abandon themselves to enjoy the remainder of the performance. What they did do was to fidget and worry, and to peep under their parasols in the direction of Mrs. C.'s party, and to issue bulletins to each other as to the maneuvers of the same. But at length they noticed some signal movements in the Prince's party. They were stretching up, straining their eyes and ears, when the coachman of the appropriated carriage, turning to them, said,

"You 'll have to get out now; the Prince wants his carriage."

Think of it: those girls who wanted to keep themselves hid, had perched themselves in the Prince's carriage,—in the most conspicuous position but one on the grounds!

They got very quickly to their feet, with exclamations of surprise, confusion and apology. Abby jumped out at the right, Pan came out with a flying leap at the left, landing almost in the arms of the red-haired young man who had told them about Gilbert Stuart.

"I wonder the coachman allowed us to sit there," Abby said, as they went on, trying to lose themselves in the crowd.

Pan explained that it was ex-President Fillmore's carriage, taken over from Buffalo for the occasion. "The coachman, I suppose, is used to republican impudence."

They hastened toward the river, anxious to get the first boat, and arguing that it would take some time for Mrs. C. to collect her girls and get them into marching line, and so she would miss the first boat.

"Only think," said Abby, "if we had n't run away, we should have come along like honest folks with Mrs. C. and 'the girls,' instead of skulking along this way."

"I wish we had n't tried to cheat," Pan said, as they crowded into the little cabin. Once established there, they would be unable to get out, so great was the jam. They were securely packed to one side of the cabin, and had raised their veils for a taste of fresh air, when the keen-eyed Abby whispered cautiously:

"Don't turn your head; draw down your veil; steady! They are all on board, over to your left hand. Face around this way. We must keep our backs to them. Mrs. C. is looking straight at you."

There they were forced to stand in that herring-pack, heated to the verge of suffocation beneath their thick veils, afraid to turn their heads, afraid to have their voices heard, afraid to make any kind of movement, lest some peculiarity of manner might betray them. Then, shortly after the start, some of "the girls" by some slight re-arrangement of the crowd, were brought nearer the truants, actually touching. To nudge each other, to press

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each other's toes, were the only interchanges of sympathy that Abby and Pan dared to make, even when Rach. Keeler said to Angelica,

"I should think those two girls would smother under those thick veils. Wonder why they wear them."

This remark aroused people's attention, and everybody in the neighborhood began to stir around and twist about, as well as the close pack would allow, and to stare at the veiled figures, and to ask who they were and what the matter was, and why they wore veils, etc., etc. Oh! how the faces under those brown veils did burn! Then, after another while, Rach. Keeler set her foot on Pan's skirt, for this school-girl wore her walking dress longer at that time than when she was five years older. For the rest of the ride, on the boat, she was pinned to the floor.

By avoiding the car which Mrs. C. took, our truants, without further adventure, reached the academy in time for tea. At the table, the one subject of comment was the trip to Fort Erie, and the Prince. All regretted that Pansy and Abby had missed the treat.

"Don't you wish you had put off your visit to your aunt till to-morrow?" one of the girls asked.

"Yes," said Pan, growing very red. Then she asked for a cup of tea to divert attention from herself.

"How is your Aunt Porter?" Mrs. C. asked.

"Tolerably well," said Pan, faintly, her face fairly blazing. "What if aunt should be dying this minute!" she thought.

THE GIRLS DECIDE TO LEAVE THE CARRIAGE.

"Did n't she go to see the Prince?" Mrs. C. asked.

Pan wished she could go through the floor. What should she say? She gazed at her plate with the desperate decision of pretending that she had not heard the question.

"Yes," Alice Hyde said, "Mrs. Porter went to see the Prince. I saw her there."

Pan jumped to take advantage of this light. She looked up, in a sprightly way, at Mrs. C. and said:

"Did you ask if Aunt Porter went to see the Prince? Oh, yes, she went."

"She was in Mrs. Judge Watt's carriage," continued Alice.

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"Why, no," interposed Rach. Keeler. "That was n't Mrs. Porter with Mrs. Watt; that was Mrs. Kinne. She looks like Mrs. Porter; but it was n't Mrs. Porter; was it, Pan?"

The entrapped, bewildered girl could think of nothing to do or to say, but to turn her hot face and guilty eyes to her neighbor, and pretend ignorance of the appeal, and talk, talk, in a voluble, rattling, irrelevant way.

At the first pause, the neighbor asked in a tone to be heard by half the table. "Why did n't you go with your aunt to see the Prince?"

The distressed, hunted Pan lost all self-control, and snapped out an order to be let alone.

"I fear you are not well," said Mrs. C., surprised.

"My head aches," stammered Pan.

Pansy's troubles were not dismissed with the dismission of the table. She was plied with questions and questions until, half-frantic with her vain efforts to evade them, she had involved and compromised herself, and had got half the girls in the house "mad at her."

At last, she rushed up to her room, locked the door, and fell on the bed sobbing.

"Oh! Abby, Abby, Abby!" she cried, "this is horrible. I've told fifty lies about this mean, mean scrape, and I'll have to tell fifty more before I hear the last of it."

"Yes," said Abby, with much sympathy, but in deep despondency.

"I would n't go through with what I've suffered in the last six hours to see all the kings and queens on the face of the earth in a row. The Prince was n't anything wonderful to see, anyhow. He looked like the young men we see on the street here every day."

"He is n't half as good looking as lots of them," said Abby, with a toss of her head; resentful, but tearful.

"No, he is n't," Pansy said, sitting up on the side of the bed, her eyes and nose very red. "He's homely; he looks soft; I would n't give a pin to see such a flat-looking fellow. I can't bear him. I wish he had n't come to Fort Erie; wish he had n't come to America; wish he had never set foot on the western hemisphere. What did he want to come traipsing across the Atlantic ocean for? Why did n't he stay at home and mind his own business instead of coming to that contemptible Fort Erie, and getting us into this horrible tangle? I'll never forgive him."

That wretched, wretched night which Pan and Abby tossed and groaned and dreamed through, they will never forget in this world. Should they confess or not? This was talked over, and cried over, and sobbed over, and prayed over, let us hope. And it was yet undecided when, the next morning, they were dressing and waiting for the prayer-bell. They felt so restless, that before this rang, they went down-stairs.

In the room where the morning worship was to be held, they found Mr. C., the principal, reading the morning paper, and Mrs. C. giving some last touches to the arrangement of the room before sounding the prayer-bell. Mrs. C., a large-hearted, motherly woman, kissed Pansy, asking how the headache was, while Mr. C. put out his hand to Abby.

With a great, yearning throb toward her own dear mother, working for her off in a Pennsylvania village, saving for her, praying for her, Pan put her head on Mrs. C.'s shoulder, and told the story; while Abby, wishing she had a shoulder to hide her tears on, was explaining the situation to Mr. C. When the story had been fairly told, Mrs. C. said:

"I know, my dear girls, that you will feel doubly thankful for having made this confession, when I tell you that Mr. C. and I knew of this matter before you entered the room this morning. We read of it in the morning paper."

"In the paper?" cried Pansy, while Abby sat with wonder-opened eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. C., turning to the paper and reading from the report of the Prince's reception at Fort Erie:

"Two of the young ladies from the Buffalo Academy, members of Mr. C.'s family of boarders, climbed into an unoccupied carriage for a better view of the proceedings. They were very much surprised and embarrassed to learn, at the close of the ceremonies, that they had inadvertently placed themselves in a very conspicuous position, as the carriage was the reception coach used for the Prince of Wales."

Mr. C. finished the reading with his hand on the bell which was to call the family to worship. While it was ringing, Pan went over and took a chair by Abby.

"Oh! Abby," she said in a low tone, "what if we had n't confessed!"

"What if we had n't," replied Abby.

"It was that red-haired man who told. I know it was. He's a reporter on the *Courier*, I remember, now, seeing, him one day, at a window in the *Courier* office. Any way, I think it was mean in him to tell, he might have known by the way we acted that we were runaways. He ought to have had a little mercy on us."

"If he had n't told, it would have been found out some other way," said Abby. "Things always are found out."

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WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

By Lucy Larcom.

How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hill-side nooks are empty and cold?—
Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?—
O then, as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown:"—
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

TOWED BY RAIL.

By J. S. Bunnell.

Clear the track! I want to tell the St. Nicholas readers of a decided novelty I came across the other day, in that young giant of a city, San Francisco. Turning a corner, I saw high on the steep hill—for many of these San Francisco streets *are* steep hills—two car-loads of gay people, gliding rapidly forward without sign or trace of either locomotive, dummy-engine, or horse. Onward and upward went the little train, stopping itself now and then, and starting again, apparently with the greatest ease. No smoke was to be seen, no steam hissed and puffed, no clank of machinery was heard. No confusion of any kind. The motive power, like some of the greatest forces in nature, was hidden. What was it that pulled this pair of city cars along so easily? You shall hear.

In the middle of the track, running its entire length, we find a continuous opening or slit, about as wide as a man's finger, into which fits a flat iron bar, projecting from the under side of the leading car; while below this opening, and down under the track, continually runs a thick wire cable or rope, in a space about large enough for a small boy to crawl in. The slit in the middle of the track is clearly seen in the picture on page 9, which gives a view of a portion of the road lying between two hills. Our artist was standing upon one hill, looking toward the summit of the other: the road descending to the valley. The long cable is made to run easily on small pulleys—say, ten feet apart—by a powerful steam-engine located about midway on the route; and this cable always is running down one track,

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and up the other, into the engine-house, over and around ponderous iron wheels, which keep it in motion.

Whenever a car is to be started, the driver has simply to move a large lever, in the middle of it, shaped like a railroad-switch, and the lower end of this lever, beneath the slit in the track, grapples the running-cable, like a vise or jaw, and away move levers, cars, driver, passengers and all.

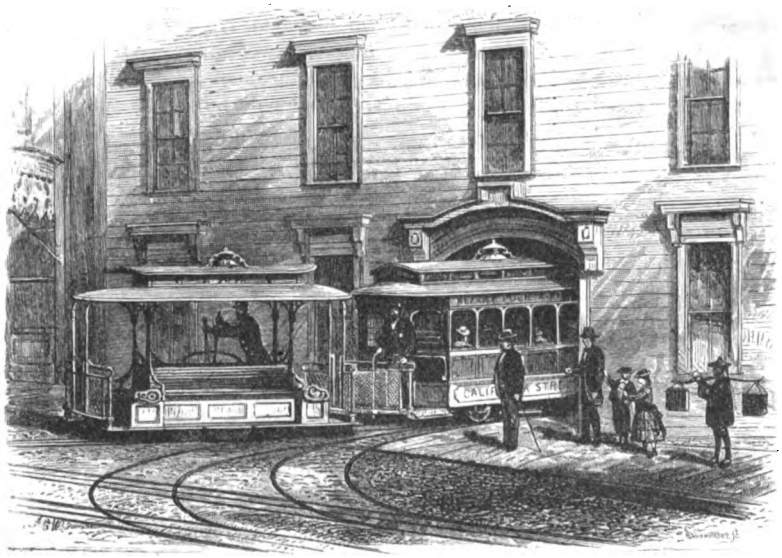
You can see the driver in these pictures standing at his post. No one is allowed to speak to him, for he must be constantly on the alert, ready for action.

Just imagine, my boys and girls, a long rope extending down the street, trailing along behind a team of horses, on a winter's day; and suppose you wanted a ride on your sled, what more natural than that you should grasp tight hold of this rope, and take a tow, as the sailors say, gliding along with it at your pleasure; and when you choose to stop, you would need but to relax your hold, and your sled would be free immediately.

Now, by this time you should have exactly the idea of the wire-cable railroad, for in this case the wire-cable is the rope and the cars are the sled. Night and day, the endless cable, coated with tar, gliding like a long black snake, runs in and out of the grim engine-house on the hill, upon its long journey, while cars all along the track are continually grappling it and letting go. Think of the twelve thousand people carried over the road daily by this unseen giant power working beneath the ground!

We can start from a crowded street of the city, down town, and in three minutes and a half be carried to the top of a high hill, many blocks away, —a hill three hundred feet above the water, half as high again as a tall church spire.

It is the wonder of everybody. The country people gaze, astonished, at the mysterious-looking car, and even the indifferent Chinamen are fairly puzzled over it. They gather in groups, with open mouths and peering eyes, trying to make out the strange proceeding. In China they would immediately suppose it to be witchcraft, as they did recently in the case of a steam railroad which some foreigners had built,—only twelve miles or so. All their troubles, ills and droughts, were attributed to it, and the people and government tore up the track. The screaming locomotive was an evil spirit.



"STARTING OUT."

But to return to our road. The huge engine doing all this work is driven as fast as ninety revolutions a minute by the steam furnished from two large boilers, and is rated as a two hundred and fifty horse-power engine. That you may know something of what that power is, let us imagine two hundred and fifty stout horses, in teams of two, standing in the street; we will allow ten feet for a team, which will make our line one thousand two hundred and fifty feet long. Get your slate and see if it would not. That is very near one quarter of a mile in length, and you can judge how far down your street the line would reach. If these horses should all start pulling at a given signal, think of the power they would exert!

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Something would snap, would n't it?

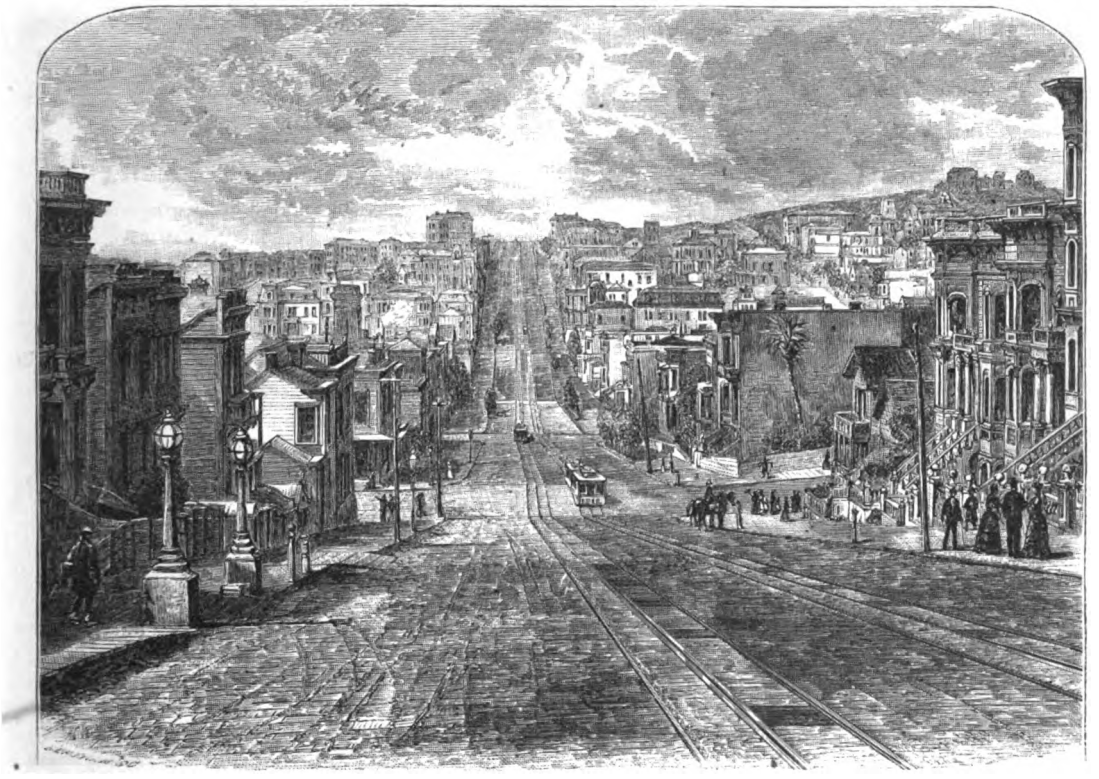
Well, you may imagine three times as many horses, for a so-called two hundred and fifty horse-power engine can do the work of about seven hundred and fifty horses in the course of eighteen working hours. It is a great satisfaction, when riding in the car, to know that poor animals are not pulling and panting and straining heart and lungs to carry us up over the high hills. On one of the hilly railroads of this city many horses used to die of heart disease, so great was the strain upon the willing animals. Now a few tons of coal, and man's ingenuity, do all the work, and thoroughly well they do it.

The huge wheels at the engine-house, already alluded to, are eight feet in diameter, and there are about thirty of them in all, rolling, rumbling, with a grinding din, suggesting the grim prison-house of some mighty spirit, bound, and faithfully serving little man. As the cable comes running swiftly in, it twists, turns, and circles around eight of these wheels, and before going out, takes as many more turns about another set of wheels. This is to prevent the cable from slipping; for the strain on it of many cars with their loads coming up the hill is immense.

All this complicated machinery is located in a dark, gloomy-looking pit, twenty-five feet deep, under the street, arched over beneath the pavement with brick. Here is located an arrangement for keeping the cable taut at all times. It is a car heavily loaded with five tons of iron, and placed upon a steep, sloping track; a horizontal wheel lies upon this car, and around this wheel the wire cable runs,—thus acting as a heavy pulley, taking up the slack rope. The diagram on page 10 illustrates this.

At each end of the road there is one of these pits with just such a steadying car in it, as well as two in the central pit; for the engine-house is not far from midway of the road.

The length of the entire line is over a mile and a half, running east and west on California street, called by the street boys "Nob Hill," because it has so many elegant residences and gardens.



CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

This is not the only beautiful street in San Francisco. In nearly all of the new parts of the city, elegant residences abound—spacious mansions and tasteful street cottages, all with projecting bay-

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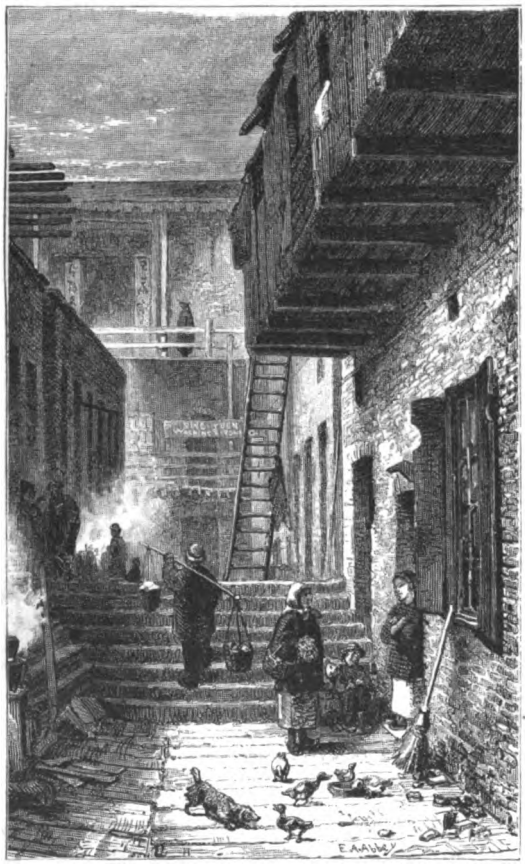
windows and flowery entrances. The business streets, too, with their fine shops and stately warehouses, give an air of enterprise and activity that fully accounts for the net-work of city railroads stretching in every direction. Even the most wretched part of the city, the Chinese quarter, has its railroad—one of the old style, however, and not in the least suggestive of the airy, mysterious cars which we have been considering.

Now let us hear about the cable. It is one inch and a quarter in diameter, say, the size of a baby's wrist, composed of small steel wires, about the size of grandmother's steel knitting-needle, all twisted into strands and these into one large rope. That makes a very strong tow-line, does n't it? But tough as this is, it has stretched fully sixteen feet by the weight of the cars, and has had to be shortened and re-spliced by skillful men, just as sailors



AN ALLEY IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

splice a rope; all the separate strands loosened and deftly tucked away again, so that the strain will be shared equally by all. A cable like this is estimated to last six months, then it must be replaced by a new one. This is a very knowing cable. If any wire strand should break, it would, by a very ingenious device, which I shall not attempt to explain, telegraph its own disorder to

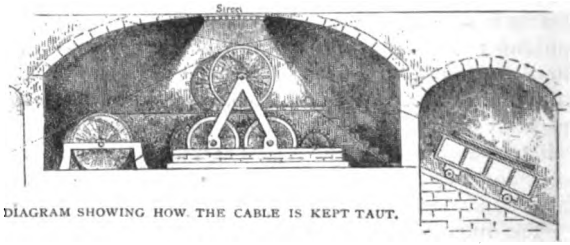


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE CABLE IS KEPT TAUT.

head-quarters, and there ring an alarm-bell, which would insure its immediate repair.

Every two days the cable must be freshly coated with tar, to prevent its being too much worn by the grasping and biting of the iron jaws, as the car-driver takes hold or lets go.

Wire cables are very generally used nowadays in many ways. Elevators are run by them, vessels are partly rigged with them; they are used for machinery in place of belting, for tow-lines and by tug-boats; and for many purposes they are both cheaper and better than hemp rope.

Money was lavishly spent in laying the road-bed. The projectors, being wealthy men, members of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, took pride in building something that would prove a model road, and they succeeded. First, a trench was dug, three feet and a half deep and the same in width, then large pieces of railroad iron, bent in the shape of a V were inserted in it, about ten feet apart, upon the top of which were riveted and bolted the rails,—the small T rail, such as is in common use by all the steam roads. These, bear in mind, were all riveted together, arranged, and leveled, and supported by temporary timbers, in exactly the places that they afterward were to occupy. Then the whole trench was filled to the top (excepting the space left for the cable to run in) with concrete and cement. This, hardening, the entire mile and a half of road became one long, continued block of stone, over three feet in diameter, lying in its earthy bed as solid as the "eternal hills," holding in its stony grasp the ties, braces and rails. Such a road, they claim, can never spread, never sag nor sink, and scarcely ever will need repairs, save as the rails wear out, and are replaced. So much for doing a thing thoroughly and well at once, though the first cost be great—in this instance, nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

The cars are models of beauty and comfort. A blue cadet-cap is worn by the employés, and

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though no talking is allowed with the driver, a smiling conductor makes up for this loss by standing ready to answer questions at the rate, I should say from a brief observation, of about ten thousand a day, more or less.

One feature of the sitting accommodations is that of a low rail, about an inch high, dividing each seat from the next, just high enough to make it uncomfortable to sit upon; gently hinting to those inclined to crowd their fellows that a seat was intended for one only. The cars are built so low that the feet of passengers are but twelve inches above the street they are traveling, thus giving that charm one experiences when sailing in a low skiff, close to the water, but which is lost on the high deck of a steamboat. The illustration given on this page is made from an instantaneous photograph of the so-called dummy and passenger cars, coming down the grade at full speed. The dummy is a light, picturesque, open car, arranged with outside seats, and is generally preferred by passengers to the close car.

As we ride along, a daintily gloved finger hails the driver, from the sidewalk, and our car comes instantly and quietly to a stand-still, while the gentle maiden mounts the low step and comfortably seats herself; then, at the bell-signal from the conductor, the sturdy driver grasps his lever, clamps down his iron brace grappling the cable, and again we are off, with far less jar and jerk than we receive in a horse-car. Over the hills we go, through a fine broad street, views all about, of shining bay, busy city, and flower-clad mountain, past beautiful private residences kept with a neatness and care peculiar to the front yards of the San Franciscans. Callas bloom luxuriantly among palm-trees, and showy flowers in the gardens regale the eye the year round; and in the summer season the traveler fills his lungs with an air, the purest possible, coming fresh and bracing from the sparkling ocean, laden with the perfume of acres of blue and yellow wild Lupin.

CARS IN FULL MOTION. (FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.)

This style of railroad is becoming very popular in San Francisco, where there are already three such lines in successful operation; and others are projected.

Among the oddities here in the car line, is the "balloon car," a picture of which is given with driver and mule attachment. These little "band-boxes on wheels" are intended for turning quickly on

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their trucks, at the end of a route, without changing the position of the wheels, the driver keeping his seat. A bolt is withdrawn, enabling the mules to pull the upper part of the car entirely around, in readiness for a return trip; the waiting passengers jump in, and off it starts, a fat, lumbering little thing, in jerky contrast to its elegant rivals so delightfully towed by rail.

"BALLOON-CAR."

A TALE OF TWO BUCKETS.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

TWO buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks,—no doubt about the weather,—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word, I 'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty,—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That 's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—
However empty we go down, we come up full, you see."
Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings, day by day,
The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide
Only the buckets *full* to count, and let the empty slide.

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A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

By Frank R. Stockton.

This story is told by Will Gordon, a young fellow about sixteen years old, who saw for himself everything worth seeing in the course of the events he relates, and so knows much more about them than any one who would have to depend upon hearsay. Will is a good-looking boy, with brown hair and gray eyes, rather large for his age, and very fond of being a leader among his young companions. Whether or not he is good at that sort of thing, you can judge from the story he tells.

Chapter I.

WE MAKE A START.

I was sitting on the deck of a Savannah steamship, which was lying at a dock in the East River, New York. I was waiting for young Rectus, and had already waited some time; which surprised me, because Rectus was, as a general thing, a very prompt fellow, who seldom kept people waiting. But it was, probably, impossible for him to regulate his own movements this time, for his father and mother were coming with him, to see him off.

I had no one there to see me off, but I did not care for that. I was sixteen years old, and felt quite like a man; whereas Rectus was only fourteen, and could n't possibly feel like a man—unless his looks very much belied his feelings. My father and mother and sister lived in a small town, some thirty miles from New York, and that was a very good reason for their not coming to the city just to see me sail away in a steam-ship. They took a good leave of me, though, before I left home.

I shall never forget how I first became acquainted with Rectus. About a couple of years before, he was a new boy in the academy at Willisville. One Saturday a lot of us went down to the river to swim. Our favorite place was near an old wharf, which ran out into deep water, and a fellow could take a good dive there, when the tide was high. There were some of the smaller boys along that day, but they did n't dive any, and if they even swam, it was in shallow water near the shore by the side of the wharf. But I think most of them spent their time wading about.

I was a good swimmer, and could dive very well. I was learning to swim under water, but had not done very much in that line at the time I speak of. We were nearly ready to come out, when I took a dive from a post on the end of the wharf, and then turned, under water, to swim in shore. I intended to try to keep under until I got into water shallow enough for me to touch bottom, and walk ashore. After half a dozen strokes I felt for the bottom and my feet touched it. Then I raised my head, but I did n't raise it out of the water. It struck something hard.

In an instant I knew what had happened. There was a big mud-scow lying by the side of the wharf, and I had got under that! It was a great flat thing, ever so long and very wide. I knew I must get from under it as quickly as I could. Indeed I could hardly hold my breath, now. I waded along with my head bent down, but I did n't reach the side of it. Then I turned the other way, but my hands, which I held up, still touched nothing but the hard, slimy bottom of the scow. I must have been wading up and down the length of the thing. I was bewildered. I could n't think which way to turn. I could only think of one thing. I would be drowned in less than a minute. Scott would be head of the class. My mother, and little Helen—but I can't tell what my thoughts were then. They were dreadful. But just as I was thinking of Helen and mother, I saw through the water some white things, not far from me. I knew by their looks that they were a boy's legs.

I staggered toward them and in a moment my hands went out of water, just at the side of the scow. I stood up and my head with half my body came up into the air.

What a breath I drew! But I felt so weak and shaky that I had to take hold of the side of the scow and stand there for a while before I waded ashore. The boy who was standing by me was Rectus. He did not have that name, then, and I did n't know him.

"It must be pretty hard to stay under water so long," he said.

"Hard!" I answered, as soon as I could get my breath, "I should think so. Why, I came near being drowned!"

"Is that so?" said he, "I did n't know that. I saw you go down, and have been watching for you to come up. But I did n't expect you to come from under the scow."

How glad I was that he had been standing there watching for me to come up! If he had not been

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there, or if his legs had been green or the color of water, I believe I should have drowned.

I always liked the boy after that, though of course, there was no particular reason for it. He was a boarder. His parents lived in New York. Samuel Colbert was his real name, and the title of Rectus he obtained at school by being so good. He scarcely ever did anything wrong, which was rather surprising to the rest of us, because he was not sickly or anything of that kind. After a while, we got into the way of calling him Rectus, and as he did n't seem to mind it, the name stuck to him. The boys generally liked him, and he got on quite well in the school,—in every way except in his studies. He was not a smart boy, and did not pretend to be.

I went right through the academy, from the lowest to the highest class, and when I left, the professor, as we called our principal, said that I was ready to go to college, and urged me very much to do so. But I was not in any hurry, and my parents agreed with me that after four years of school-life, I had better wait a while before beginning a new course. All this disturbed the professor very much, but he insisted on my keeping up my studies, so as not to get rusty, and he came up to our house very often, for the purpose of seeing what I was doing in the study-line, and how I was doing it.

I thought over things a good deal for myself, and a few months after I left the academy I made up my mind to travel a little. I talked about it at home, and it was generally thought to be a good idea, although my sister was in favor of it only in case I took her with me. Otherwise she opposed it. But there were a great many reasons why I could not take her. She was only eleven.

I had some money of my own, which I thought I would rather spend in travel than in any other way, and as it was not a large sum, and as my father could not afford to add anything to it, my journey could not be very extensive. Indeed, I only contemplated going to Florida and perhaps a few other southern states, and then—if it could be done—a visit to some of the West India islands, and as it was winter-time, that would be a very good trip. My father did not seem to be afraid to trust me to go alone. He and the professor talked it over, and they thought that I would take good enough care of myself. The professor would have much preferred to see me go to college, but as I was not to do that, he thought traveling much better for me than staying at home, although I made no promise about taking my books along. But it was pretty well settled that I was to go to college in the fall, and this consoled him a little.

The person who first suggested this traveling plan was our old physician, Dr. Mathews. I don't know exactly what he said about it, but I knew he thought I had been studying too hard, and needed to "let up" for a while. And I 'm sure, too, that he was quite positive that I would have no let up, as long as I staid in the same town with the professor.

Nearly a year before this time, Rectus had left the academy. He had never reached the higher classes,—in fact, he did n't seem to get on well at all. He studied well enough, but he did n't take hold of things properly, and I believe he really did not care to go through the school. But he was such a quiet fellow that we could not make much out of him. His father was very rich, and we all thought that Rectus was taken away to be brought up as a partner in the firm. But we really knew nothing about it; for, as I found out afterward, Rectus spent all his time, after he left school, in studying music.

Soon after my trip was all agreed upon and settled, father had to go to New York, and there he saw Mr. Colbert, and of course told him of my plans. That afternoon, old Colbert came to my father's hotel, and proposed to him that I should take his son with me. He had always heard, he said, that I was a sensible fellow, and fit to be trusted, and he would be very glad to have his boy travel with me. And he furthermore said that if I had the care of Samuel—for of course *he* did n't call his son Rectus—he would pay me a salary. He had evidently read about young English fellows traveling on the Continent with their tutors, and I suppose he wanted me to be his son's tutor, or something like it.

When father told me what Mr. Colbert had proposed, I agreed instantly. I liked Rectus, and the salary would help immensely. I wrote to New York that very night, accepting the proposition.

When my friends in the town, and those at the school, heard that Rectus and I were going off together they thought it an uncommonly good joke, and they crowded up to our house to see me about it.

"Two such good young men as you and Rectus traveling together ought to have a beneficial influence upon whole communities," said Harry Alden; and Scott remarked that if there should be a bad storm at sea, he would advise us two to throw everybody else overboard to the whales, for the other people would be sure to be the wicked ones. I am happy to say that I got a twist on Scott's ear that made him howl, and then mother came in and invited them all to come and take supper with me, the Tuesday before I started. We invited Rectus to come up from the city, but he did not make his appearance. However, we got on first-rate without him, and had a splendid time. There was never a

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woman who knew just how to make boys have a good time, like my mother.

I had been a long while on the steamer waiting for Rectus. She was to sail at three o'clock, and it was then after two. The day was clear and fine, but so much sitting and standing about had made me cold, so that I was very glad to see a carriage drive up with Rectus and his father and mother. I went down to them. I was anxious to see Rectus, for it had been nearly a year since we had met. He seemed about the same as he used to be, and had certainly not grown much. He just shook hands with me and said, "How d' ye do, Gordon." Mr. and Mrs. Colbert seemed ever so much more pleased to see me, and when we went on the upper deck, the old gentleman took me into the captain's room, the door of which stood open. The captain was not there, but I don't believe Mr. Colbert would have cared if he had been. All he seemed to want was to find a place where we could get away from the people on deck. When he had partly closed the door he said:

"Have you got your ticket?"

"Oh yes!" I answered, "I bought that ten days ago. I wrote for it."

"That 's right," said he, "and here is Sammy's ticket. I was glad to see that you had spoken about the other berth in your state-room being reserved for Sammy."

I thought he need n't have asked me if I had my ticket when he knew that I had bought it. But perhaps he thought I had lost it by this time. He was a very particular little man.

"Where do you keep your money?" he asked me, and I told him that the greater part of it — all but some pocket-money — was stowed away in an inside pocket of my vest.

"Very good," said he, "that 's better than a pocket-book or belt; but you must pin it in. Now here is Sammy's money — for his traveling expenses and his other necessities; I have calculated that that will be enough for a four months' trip, and you wont want to stay longer than that. But if this runs out, you can write to me. If you were going to Europe now, I 'd get you a letter of credit, but for your sort of traveling, you 'd better have the money with you. I did think of giving you a draft on Savannah, but you 'd have to draw the money there — and you might as well have it here. You 're big enough to know how to take care of it." And with this he handed me a lot of bank-notes.

UNDER THE SCOW.

"And now, what about your salary? Would you like to have it now, or wait until you come back?"

This question made my heart jump, for I had thought a great deal about how I was to draw that salary. So, quick enough, I said that I 'd like to have it now.

"I expected so," said he, "and here 's the amount for four months. I brought a receipt. You can sign it with a lead-pencil. That will do. Now put all this money in your inside pockets. Some in your vest, and some in your under-coat. Don't bundle it up too much, and be sure and pin it in. Pin it from the inside, right through the money, if you can. Put your clothes under your

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pillow at night. Good-bye! I expect they 'll be sounding the gong, directly, for us to get ashore."

And so he hurried out. I followed him, very much surprised. He had spoken only of money, and had said nothing about his son,—what he wished me to do for him, what plans of travel or instruction he had decided upon, or anything, indeed, about the duties for which I was to be paid. I had expected that he would come down early to the steamer and have a long talk about these matters. There was no time to ask him any questions, now, for he was with his wife, trying to get her to hurry ashore. He was dreadfully afraid that they would stay on board too long, and be carried to sea.

Mrs. Colbert, however, did not leave me in any doubt as to what she wanted me to do. She rushed up to me, and seized me by both hands.

"Now you will take the greatest and the best care of my boy, wont you? You 'll cherish him as the apple of your eye? You 'll keep him out of every kind of danger? Now *do* take good care of him,—especially in storms."

I tried to assure Rectus's mother—she was a wide, good-humored lady—that I would do as much of all this as I could, and what I said seemed to satisfy her, for she wiped her eyes in a very comfortable sort of a way.

Mr. Colbert got his wife ashore as soon as he could, and Rectus and I stood on the upper deck and watched them get into the carriage and drive away. Rectus did not look as happy as I thought a fellow ought to look when starting out on such a jolly trip as we expected this to be.

I proposed that we should go and look at our state-room, which was number twenty-two, and so we went below. The state-room had n't much state about it. It was very small, with two shelves for us to sleep on. I let Rectus choose his shelf, and he took the lower one. This suited me very well, for I 'd much rather climb over a boy than have one climb over me.

"SHE SEIZED ME BY BOTH HANDS."

There was n't anything else in the room to divide, and we were just about to come out and call the thing settled, when I heard a shout at the door. I turned around, and there stood Harry Alden, and Scott, and Tom Myers and his brother George!

I tell you, I was glad to see them. In spite of all my reasoning that it made no difference about anybody coming to see me off, it did make a good deal of difference. It was a lonely sort of business starting off in that way—especially after seeing

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Rectus's father and mother come down to the boat with him.

"We did n't think of this until this morning," cried Scott. "And then we voted it was too mean to let you go off without anybody to see you safely on board——"

"Oh yes!" said I.

"And so our class appointed a committee," Scott went on, "to come down and attend to you, and we 're the committee. It ought to have been fellows that had gone through the school, but there were none of them there."

"Irish!" said Harry.

"So we came," said Scott. "We raised all the spare cash there was in the class, and there was only enough to send four of us. We drew lots. If it had n't been you, I don't believe the professor would have let us off. Any way, we missed the noon train, and were afraid, all the way here, that we 'd be too late. Do you two fellows have to sleep in those 'cubby-holes?'"

"Certainly," said I, "they 're big enough."

"Don't believe it," said Harry Alden, "they 're too short."

"That 's so," said Scott, who was rather tall for his age. "Let 's try 'em."

This was agreed to on the spot, and all four of the boys took off their boots, and got into the berths, while Rectus and I sat down on the little bench at the side of the room and laughed at them. Tom Myers and his brother George both climbed into the top berth at once, and as they found it was a pretty tight squeeze, they both tried to get out at once, and down they came on Scott, who was just turning out of the lower berth,—which was too long for him, in spite of all his talk,—and then there was a much bigger tussle, all around, than any six boys could make with comfort, in a little room like that.

I hustled Tom Myers and his brother George out into the dining-room, and the other fellows followed.

"Is this where you eat?" asked Scott, looking up and down at the long tables, with the swinging shelves above them.

"No, this is n't where they eat," said Harry; "this is where they come to look at victuals, and get sick at the sight of them."

"Sick!" said I, "not much of it."

But the committee laughed, and did n't seem to agree with me.

"You 'll be sick ten minutes after the boat starts," said Scott.

"We wont get into sea-sick water until we 're out of the lower bay," I said. "And this is n't a boat, it 's a ship. You fellows know lots!"

Tom Myers and his brother George were trying to find out why the tumblers and glasses were all stuck into holes in the shelves over the tables, when Harry Alden sung out:

"What 's that swishing?"

"That what?" said I.

"There it goes again!" Harry cried, "Splashing!"

"It 's the wheels!" exclaimed Rectus.

"That 's so!" cried Scott. "The old thing 's off! Rush up! Here! The hind-stairs! Quick!"

And upstairs to the deck we all went, one on top of another. The wheels were going around, and the steamer was off!

Already she was quite a distance from the wharf. I suppose the tide carried her out, as soon as the lines were cast off, for I 'm sure the wheels had not been in motion half a minute before we heard them. But all that made no difference. We were off.

I never saw four such blank faces as the committee wore, when they saw the wide space of water between them and the wharf.

"Stop her!" cried Scott to me, as if I could do anything, and then he made a dive toward a party of men on the deck.

"They 're passengers!" I cried, "We must find the captain."

"No, no!" said Harry. "Go for the steersman. Tell him to steer back! We must n't be carried off!"

Tom Myers and his brother George had already started for the pilot-house, when Rectus shouted to them that he 'd run down to the engineer and tell him to stop the engine. So they stopped, and Rectus was just going below when Scott called to him to hold up.

"You need n't be scared!" he said. (He had been just as much scared as anybody.) "That man over there says it will be all right. We can go back with the pilot. People often do that. It will be all the more fun. Don't bother the engineer. There 's nothing I 'd like better than a trip back with a pilot!"

"That 's so!" said Harry. "I never thought of the pilot."

"But are you sure he 'll take you back," asked Rectus, while Tom Myers and his brother George looked very pale and anxious.

"Take us? Of course he will," said Scott. "That 's one of the things a pilot 's for,—to take back passengers,—I mean people who are only going part way. Do you suppose the captain will want to take us all the way to Savannah for nothing?"

Rectus did n't suppose that, and neither did any of the rest of us, but I thought we ought to look up the captain and tell him.

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"But you see," said Scott, "it 's just possible he *might* put back."

"Well, don't you want to go back?" I asked.

"Yes, of course, but I would like a sail back in a pilot-boat," said Scott, and Harry Alden agreed with him. Tom Myers and his brother George wanted to go back, right away.

We talked the matter over a good deal. I did n't wish to appear as if I wanted to get rid of the fellows who had been kind enough to come all the way from Willisville to see me off, but I could n't help thinking that it did n't look exactly fair and straightforward not to say that these boys were not passengers until the pilot was ready to go back. I determined to go and see about the matter, but I would wait a little while.

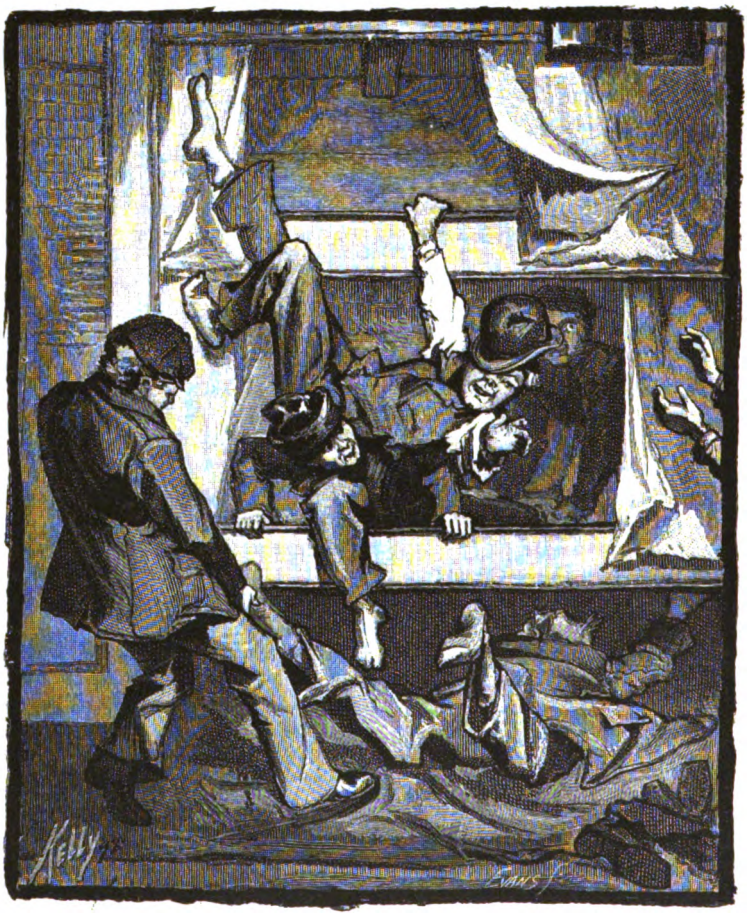
It was cool on deck, especially now that the vessel was moving along, but we all buttoned up our coats and walked up and down. The sun shone brightly and the scene was so busy and lively with the tug-boats puffing about, and the vessels at anchor, and the ferry-boats, and a whole bay-full of sights curious to us country boys, that we all enjoyed ourselves very much—except Tom Myers and his brother George. They did n't look happy.

CHAPTER II.

GOING BACK WITH THE PILOT.

WE were pretty near the Narrows when I thought it was about time to let the captain, or one of the officers, know that there were some people on board who did n't intend to take the whole trip. I had read in the newspapers that committees and friends who went part way with distinguished people generally left them in the lower bay.

But I was saved the trouble of looking for an officer, for one of them, the purser, came along, collecting tickets. I did n't give him a chance to ask Scott or any of the other fellows for something



THE RACKET IN THE STATE-ROOM.

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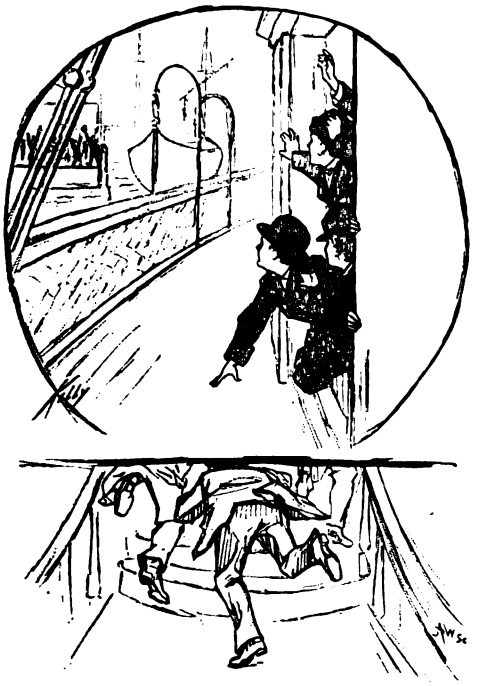
that they did n't have, but went right up to him and told him how the matter stood.



THE VESSEL IS OFF.

"I must see the captain about this," he said, and off he went.

"He did n't look very friendly," said Scott, and I had to admit that he did n't.

In a few moments the captain came walking rapidly up to us. He was a tall man, dressed in blue, with side-whiskers, and an oil-cloth cap. The purser came up behind him.

"What 's all this?" said the captain. "Are you not passengers, you boys?" He did not look very friendly, either, as he asked this question.

"Two of us are," I said, "but four of us were carried off accidentally."

"Accident fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the captain. "Did n't you know the vessel was starting? Had n't you time to get off? Did n't you hear the gong? Everybody else heard it. Are you all deaf?"

This was a good deal to answer at once, so I just said that I did n't remember hearing any gong. Tom Myers and his brother George, however, spoke up, and said that they heard a gong, they thought, but did not know what it was for.

"Why did n't you ask, then?" said the captain, who was getting worse in his humor. I had a good mind to tell him that it would take up a good deal of the crew's time if Tom Myers and his brother George asked about everything they did n't understand on board this ship, but I thought I had better not. I have no doubt the gong sounded when we were having our row in the state-room, and were not likely to pay attention to it even if we did hear it.

"And why in the name of common sense," the captain went on, "did n't you come and report, the instant you found the vessel had started? Did you think we were fast to the pier all this time?"

Then Scott thought he might as well come out square with the truth; and he told how they made up their minds after they found that the steamer had really started, with them on board, not to make any fuss about it, nor give anybody any trouble to stop the ship, or to put back, but just to stay quietly on board, and go back with the pilot. They thought that would be most convenient, all around.

"Go back with the pilot!" the captain cried. "Why, you young idiot, there *is* no pilot! Coastwise steamers don't carry pilots. I am my own pilot. There is no pilot going back!"

You ought to have seen Scott's face!

SCOTT AND THE CAPTAIN.

Nobody said anything. We all just stood and looked at the captain. Tears began to come into the eyes of Tom Myers and his brother George.

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"What are they to do?" asked the purser of the captain. "Buy tickets for Savannah?"

"We can't do that," said Scott, quickly. "We have n't any money."

"I don't know what they 're to do," replied the captain. "I 'd like to chuck 'em overboard." And with this agreeable little speech he walked away.

The purser now took the two tickets for Rectus and myself, and saying: "We 'll see what 's to be done with the rest of you fellows," he walked away too.

Then we all looked at one another. We were a pretty pale lot, and I believe that Rectus and I who were all right, felt almost as badly as the four other boys, who were all wrong.

"We *can't* go to Savannah!" said Harry Alden. "What right have they to take us to Savannah!"

"Well, then, you 'd better get out and go home," said Scott. "I don't so much mind their taking us to Savannah, for they can't make us pay if we have n't any money. But how are we going to get back? That 's the question. And what 'll the professor think? He 'll write home that we 've run away. And what 'll we do in Savannah without any money?"

"You 'd better have thought of some of these things before you got us into waiting to go back with the pilot," said Harry.

As for Tom Myers and his brother George, they just sat down and put their arms on the railing, and clapped their faces down on their arms. They cried all over their coat-sleeves, but kept as quiet as they could about it. Whenever these two boys had to cry before any of the rest of the school-fellows, they had learned to keep very quiet about it.

While the rest of us were talking away, and Scott and Harry finding fault with each other, the captain came back. He looked in a little better humor.

"The only thing that can be done with you boys," he said, "is to put you on some tug or small craft that 's going back to New York. If we meet one, I 'll lie to and let you off. But it will put me to a great deal of trouble, and we may meet with nothing that will take you aboard. You have acted very badly. If you had come right to me, or to any of the officers, the moment you found we had started, I could have easily put you on shore. There are lots of small boats about the piers that would have come out after you, or I might even have put back. But I can do nothing now but look out for some craft bound for New York that will take you aboard. If we don't meet one, you 'll have to go on to Savannah."

This made us feel a little better. We were now in the lower bay, and there would certainly be some sort of a vessel that would stop for the boys. We all went to the forward deck and looked out. It was pretty cold there, and we soon began to shiver in the wind, but still we stuck it out.

There were a good many vessels, but most of them were big ones. We could hardly have the impudence to ask a great three-masted ship, under full sail, to stop and give us a lift to New York. At any rate, we had nothing to do with the asking. The captain would attend to that. But every time we came near a vessel going the other way, we looked about to see if we could see anything of an officer with a trumpet, standing all ready to sing out, "Sail ho!"

But, after a while, we felt so cold that we could n't stand it any longer, and we went below. We might have gone and stood by the smoke-stack and warmed ourselves, but we did n't know enough about ships to think of this.

We had n't been standing around the stove in the dining-room more than ten minutes, before the purser came hurrying toward us.

"Come now," he said, "tumble forward. The captain 's hailed a pilot-boat."

"Hurrah!" said Scott, "we 're going back in a pilot-boat, after all!" and we all ran after the purser to the lower forward deck. Our engines had stopped, and not far from us was a rough-looking little schooner with a big "17" painted in black on her mainsail. She was "putting about," the purser said, and her sails were flapping in the wind.

There was a great change in the countenances of Tom Myers and his brother George. They looked like a couple of new boys.

"Is n't this capital?" said Scott. "Everything 's turned out all right."

But all of a sudden he changed his tune.

"Look here!" said he to me, pulling me on one side, "wont that pilot want to be paid something? He wont stop his vessel and take us back, for nothing, will he?"

I could n't say anything about this, but I asked the purser, who still stood by us:

"I don't suppose he 'll make any regular charge," said he; "but he 'll expect you to give him something,—whatever you please."

"But we have n't anything," said Scott to me. "We have our return tickets to Willisville, and that 's about all."

"Perhaps we can't go back, after all," said Harry, glumly, while Tom Myers and his brother George began to drop their lower jaws again.

I did not believe that the pilot-boat people would ask to see the boys' money before they took them on board; but I could n't help feeling that it would be pretty hard for them to go ashore at the

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GETTING INTO THE PILOT'S DORY.

city and give nothing for their passages but promises, and so I called Rectus on one side, and proposed to lend the fellows some money. He agreed, and I unpinned a bank-note and gave it to Scott. He was mightily tickled to get it, and vowed he 'd send it back to me in the first letter he wrote—(and he did it, too).

The pilot-schooner did not come very near us, but she lowered a boat with two men in it, and they rowed up to the steamer. Some of our sailors let down a pair of stairs, and one of the men in the boat came up to see what was wanted. The purser was telling him, when the captain, who was standing on the upper deck, by the pilot-house, sung out:

"Hurry up there, now, and don't keep this vessel here any longer. Get 'em out as quick as you can, Mr. Brown."

The boys did n't stop to have this kind invitation repeated, and Scott scuffled down the stairs into the boat as fast as he could, followed closely by Harry Alden. Tom Myers and his brother George stopped long enough to bid each of us good-bye, and shake hands with us, and then they went down the stairs. They had to climb over the railing to the platform in front of the wheel-house to get to the stairs, and as the steamer rolled a little, and the stairs shook, they went down very slowly, backward, and when they got to the bottom were afraid to step into the boat, which looked pretty unsteady as it wobbled about under them.

"Come there! be lively!" shouted the captain.

Just then, Rectus made a step forward. He had been looking very anxiously at the boys as they got into the boat, but he had n't said anything.

"Where are you going?" said I; for, as quick as a flash, the thought came into my mind that Rectus's heart had failed him and that he would like to back out.

"I think I 'll go back with the boys," he said, making another step toward the top of the stairs, down which the man from the pilot-boat was hurrying.

"Just you try it!" said I, and I put out my arm in front of him.

He did n't try it, and I 'm glad he did n't, for I should have been sorry enough to have had the boys go back and say that when they last saw Rectus and I we were having a big fight on the deck of the steamer.

The vessel now started off, and Rectus and I

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went to the upper deck and stood and watched the little boat, as it slowly approached the schooner. We were rapidly leaving them, but we saw the boys climb on board, and one of them—it must have been Scott—waved his handkerchief to us. I waved mine in return, but Rectus kept his in his pocket. I don't think he felt in a wavy mood.

While we were standing, looking at the distant pilot-boat, I began to consider a few matters; and the principal thing was this: How were Rectus and I to stand toward each other? Should we travel like a couple of school-friends, or should I make him understand that he was under my charge and control, and must behave himself accordingly. I had no idea what he thought of the matter, and by the way he addressed me when we met, I supposed that it was possible that he looked upon me very much as he used to when we went to school together. If he had said Mr. Gordon, it would have been more appropriate, I thought, and would have encouraged me, too, in taking position as his supervisor. As far as my own feelings were concerned, I think I would have preferred to travel about on a level with Rectus, and to have a good time with him, as two old school-fellows might easily have, even if one did happen to be two years older than the other. But that would not be earning my salary. After a good deal of thought, I came to the conclusion that I would let things go on as they would, for a while, giving Rectus a good deal of rope; but the moment he began to show signs of insubordination, I would march right on him, and quell him with an iron hand. After that, all would be plain sailing, and we could have as much fun as we pleased, for Rectus would know exactly how far he could go.

There were but few passengers on deck, for it was quite cold, and it now began to grow dark, and we went below. Pretty soon the dinner-bell rang, and I was glad to hear it, for I had the appetite of a horse. There was a first-rate dinner, ever so many different kinds of dishes, all up and down the table, which had ridges running lengthwise, under the table-cloth, to keep the plates from sliding off, if a storm should come up. Before we were done dinner the shelves above the table began to swing a good deal,—or rather the vessel rolled and the shelves kept their places,—so I knew we must be pretty well out to sea, but I had not expected it would be so rough, for the day had been fine and clear. When we left the table, it was about as much as we could do to keep our feet, and in less than a quarter of an hour I began to feel dreadfully. I stuck it out as long as I could, and then I went to bed. The old ship rolled, and she pitched, and she heaved, and she butted, right and left, against the waves, and made herself just as uncomfortable for human beings as she could, but for all that, I went to sleep after a while.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up, there was Rectus, sitting on a little bench by the state-room wall, with his feet braced against the berth. He was hard at work sucking a lemon. I turned over and looked down at him. He did n't look a bit sick. I hated to see him eating lemons.

"Don't you feel badly, Rectus?" said I.

"Oh no!" said he, "I 'm all right. You ought to suck a lemon. Have one?"

I declined his offer. The idea of eating or drinking anything was intensely disagreeable to me. I wished that Rectus would put down that lemon. He did throw it away after a while, but he immediately began to cut another one.

"Rectus," said I, "you 'll make yourself sick. You 'd better go to bed."

"It 's just the thing to stop me from being sick," said he, and at that minute the vessel gave her stern a great toss over sideways, which sent Rectus off his seat, head foremost into the wash-stand. I was glad to see it. I would have been glad of almost anything that stopped that lemon business.

But it did n't stop it; and he only picked himself up, and sat down again, his lemon at his mouth.

RECTUS AND THE LEMONS.

"Rectus!" I cried, leaning out of my berth. "Put down that lemon and go to bed!"

He put down the lemon without a word, and went to bed. I turned over with a sense of relief. Rectus was subordinate!

(To be continued.)

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TAKING DOLLY OUT FOR AN AIRING.

HANDSOME HANS.

By Mrs. Minnie von Funcke.

Hans was a beauty! A black Arabian horse—the colonel's war-horse!

He had a glossy, silky coat; and with his arched neck and magnificent form, he was indeed a pleasure to behold.

When his master bought him, Hans was young and wild, but a good military training sobered him a little, and made him feel that the world had something more serious for him to do than prancing and dancing all day long. Now this horse's master was my colonel, and that is how I know all about him, you see. Hans was very fond of sugar. One day,—down in the yard, before mounting our horses for our usual morning ride,—the man-servant, letting go his bridle, Hans sprang forward to reach the sweets I held out to him, tripping me up, over my riding-dress. The colonel came quickly to help me, saying: "Hans! halt!" Instantly Hans obeyed, and there he stood, one leg held over me, the head stretched out, and upper lip raised; and though the sugar lay on my chest where it had fallen from my hand, he never moved until I was on my feet again. You may be sure he got that piece of sugar, and more too; but he seemed to be still more pleased when his master patted him and said in caressing tones, "My brave Hans!"

Another thing Hans liked was to assist at the military parades and maneuvers. Ah! then he curved his beautiful neck, and with high and dainty step seemed to be saying to himself, "I and my master! My master and I!"

But one day the parades were no more for show; everything was in deadly, terrible earnest. The bullets whizzed around him, killing many poor horses and brave soldiers fighting for their Fatherland. Many a time my colonel has told me, with his arms around dear old Hans's neck, he thanked his heavenly Father that they were both spared after the battles. That was during the war of 1866 in Germany. At last peace returned to the land. Hans found himself with his three companions in his old quarters in Dresden, and he was happy, I think, to be at home again. Things changed for

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him a little. During the winter of 1867–68 my colonel married an American girl,—me, you know,—and so, though the parades were the same, daily rides were prolonged, and daily sugar treats were instituted; also, Hans was pleased when the young wife was proud of him and his master, and looked very wise when she spoke to him. A couple of years later he delighted in being led round and round the house, with young Bert for a grateful burden on his back. He even liked to have baby's chubby fingers pulling his flowing mane. Yes! Hans was a clever horse, as well as a beauty; he was as docile and good as he was full of life and fun.

One sad, sad morning, in the summer of 1870, Bertie and his baby sister were carried from their beds to one of the windows of their home, that they might have a farewell look at papa. In vain Bertie cried out, "Papachen! mamma! Hans! lieber Hans!" Papa mounted on his good, true Hans, waved his sword in farewell to the child, but rode on at the head of his regiment. Mamma walked on, too, followed by many wives, mothers and sisters, all of whom could say:

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"Gott segne dich! Aŭf wiedersehen, so Gott will!" at the railway station—for they were going to the war—these brave soldiers.

The last view of the departing heroes that Bertie's mamma had, was as the train rolled swiftly away—that of Hans's head, stretched over the orderly's shoulders from the half-door of a closely packed horse car. The dear old fellow looked interested and wise; he was a hero in his own right, just as any man or creature is, who does his duty,—does willingly what he is told to do by those who are wiser than he is. The train moved out of sight, and Bertie's mamma walked to her home alone, and into her nursery to her little comforters!

On the morning of the first of September, 1870, at the great battle of Sedan, in France, between the French and German soldiers, a cruel chassepot ball went through the colonel's leg at the ankle, and came *out* on the other side of Hans's body. After a moment, the colonel not knowing that Hans was wounded, rode to many of his officers and gave directions for the coming hours of battle. Then he rode to an ambulance, and was lifted out of his saddle just in time,—man and horse were falling. The colonel felt as if he had a much more painful trouble than his wound when he saw his true, good Hans tremblingly patient by his side. At this moment some of the colonel's own men marched by, and seeing consternation on their faces at the sight of their wounded leader, he cried out, swinging his cap to them,—

"Forward, boys! To-day decides; do your best!"—in that moment he felt how hard it was to be laid by, and not continue the work he had begun—to leave the battle-field for the sick-room.

Pale and weak from loss of blood, he fell back and waited until the busy surgeons could find time to help him. Suddenly he felt a warm breath and a gentle lick on his cheek, and Hans pressed his head against his master's; then, his strength breaking completely, the colonel threw his arms round the neck of his faithful charger, and kissing him, cried like a little child. After a while, gathering himself together, he cut off the much caressed forelock from the head of dear Hans, and sent him away to be shot,—put out of suffering,—for too well he knew that neither time nor skill could save poor, handsome Hans.

CICADA.

(A Legend of the Locust.)

By C. P. Cranch.

Cicada, with her little stove,
Was frying fritters 'neath the trees:
The sizzling noise through all the grove
Was wafted by the summer breeze.
The tempting odors that were spread
Lured all the creatures of the wood,
Who sat amid the boughs o'erhead,
Or round her in a circle stood.

Each begged a fritter of the maid,
Who frowned, and whirled her little broom.
"Cook your own dinners. Go!" she said.
"For idlers I've no food nor room."

A hungry fairy, through the wood,
Came to Cicada's kitchen door,
Disguised in a gray pilgrim's hood:
She seemed so weary and so poor.
"O dear Cicada, give to me
A little, little food, I pray,
And let me eat it 'neath this tree.
I've wandered hungry all the day."
"No, no—be off!" Cicada said,
And stormed, and knit her angry brow.
"I will not give you food or aid.
No idle beggars I allow."

"No idle tramp am I, my dear;
I spend my time in useful work,
And many a night I guard you here
While bears and wolves around you lurk.
And once I nursed your mother old
When she was very ill and weak.
So, dear Cicada, do not scold;
But grant the little boon I seek."
"Be off, I say!" the maiden screamed,
And drove her out and banged the door.
Alas! alas! she little dreamed
The punishment for her in store.

The angry fairy waved her wand
And changed her to a locust there.
And ever since, through all the land,
Her race this insect's body wear.
And in the August hot and still,
Their sizzling swells upon the breeze,
And all the locusts, as they trill,
Seem frying fritters in the trees.

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THE DARK DAY.

By Ella A. Drinkwater.

Of all the wonderful stories that my great-grandmother used to tell my mother when she was a little girl, the most wonderful was about the dark day in New England, Friday, May 19, 1780. This was during our Revolution, you will remember, and the same year in which the traitor, Benedict Arnold, attempted to betray his country to its enemies.

For several days before the nineteenth, the air was full of vapors, as we often see it when fires are raging in the woods near us, and the sun and moon appeared red, and their usual clear light did not reach us, especially when rising and setting. The winds blew chiefly from the south-west and north-east, and the weather was cool and clear. The morning of the nineteenth was cloudy and in many places slight showers fell, sometimes accompanied by thunder and lightning; but as the sun arose it did not increase the light, and the darkness deepened and deepened, until the children standing before the tall clocks could not see to tell the time, and older people peering over the almanac were not able to distinguish the letters. The birds sang their evening songs and flew to their nests in the woods, the poultry hurried to their roosts, while the cattle in the fields uttered strange cries and leaped the stone fences to gain their stalls, and the sheep all huddled together bleating piteously.

Nor were men and women and children less afraid; and the mysterious changes in nature that then took place have never been fully explained.

Color, which you know depends upon the light of the sun, filled many with astonishment by its unusual appearance, for the clouds were in some places of a light red, yellow and brown; the leaves on the trees and the grass in the meadows were of the deepest green, verging on indigo, the brightest silver seemed tarnished, and everything that is white in the sunlight bore a deep yellow hue.

The shadows, which before noon fall to the westward and after noon to the eastward, were observed during the darkness to fall in every direction.

The rain, also, was unlike any other rain, and it set all the people to wondering as they dipped it from tubs and barrels; for a scum formed on it resembling burnt leaves, emitting a sooty smell, and this same substance was seen on streams and rivers, especially the Merrimac, where it lay four or five inches thick, for many miles along its shore.

Another peculiarity was the vapor; in many localities it descended to the earth from high in the atmosphere; but at one point a gentleman saw the vapors, at nine o'clock, rising from the springs and low lands; one column he particularly noticed rapidly ascending far above the highest hills, then it spread into a large white cloud and sailed off to the westward, a second cloud formed in the same way from the same springs, but did not rise as high as the first, and a third formed fifteen minutes afterward. At a quarter of ten the uppermost cloud was of a reddish hue, the second was green indigo and blue, and the third was almost white.

So unwholesome was this vapor that small birds were suffocated in it, and many of them were so frightened and stupefied that they flew into the houses, adding to the fears of ignorant people, who considered it a bad sign for a bird to enter a dwelling.

The commencement of the darkness was between ten and eleven in the forenoon (when the men were busy in the fields and offices and work-shops, the women spinning, weaving and preparing dinner, and the children at school, or helping their fathers and mothers at home), and it continued until the middle of the following night; but the degree of darkness varied; in some places the disk of the sun was seen when the darkness was the most dense.

Lights were seen burning in all the houses, and the people passing out-of-doors carried torches and lanterns, which were curiously reflected on the overhanging clouds.

Thousands of people were sure that the end of the world had come, many dropped their work and fell on their knees to pray, others confessed to their fellows the wrongs they had done and endeavored to make restitution.

The meeting-houses were crowded, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were formed, and the ministers and old church members prayed long prayers, mentioning the nations and individuals of Bible times who had been destroyed on account of their sins, and begging that as God spared the great city of Nineveh when it repented, so He would forgive them, cheer them again by the light of the sun and give victory to their armies.

Many regarded the darkness as an omen of some disaster that was about to befall the country, nor could they have had a more fitting emblem of Arnold's treachery which was disclosed only four months later.

Some persons supposed that a blazing star had passed between the sun and the earth, and many

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even believed that a huge mountain had sprung up, they were not quite decided where, and obstructed the light of the sun.

It is said that the Connecticut legislature being in session, the members became terrified when they could not see each other's faces, and a motion was made to adjourn, when Mr. Davenport arose and said:

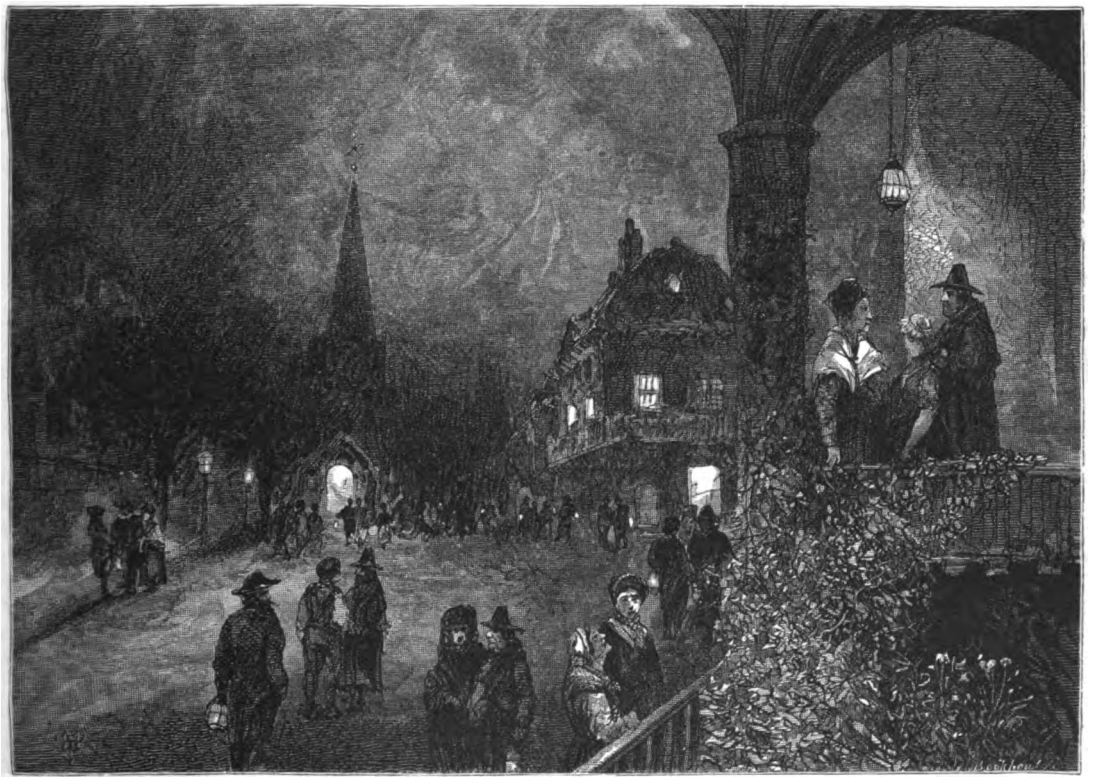
"Mr. Speaker, it is either the day of judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

"they saw not one another, neither rose up any from his place for three days."

Then all the weary children were sent to bed after the most honest prayers that they had ever prayed, and the older people sat up to watch for the light that never before had appeared so glorious.

And never dawned a fairer morning than the twentieth of May, for the sun that opened the flowers and mirrored itself in the dew-drops, brought the color again to the children's faces, and filled every heart with confidence.

The birds sang joyously, the cattle returned to



NOON OF THE DARK DAY, MAY 19, 1780.

All the shivering, frightened people began now to look forward to evening, hoping that as the moon rose full at nine o'clock, her light would penetrate the gloom; but all the children who coaxed to sit up and see her, grew very sleepy, their strained eyes were not rewarded by her beautiful beams, for at eight in the evening the darkness was total; one could not distinguish between the earth and the heavens, and it was impossible to see a hand before one's face.

It was the nearest approach to the Egyptian darkness that has been known since that day, when their pastures, the places of business were opened, and every one went about his work more gentle toward man and more grateful toward God.

After the darkness was passed, several persons traveled about to gather all possible information concerning this memorable day, and Dr. Tenny wrote an account of what he learned while on a journey from the east to Pennsylvania. He says the deepest darkness was in Essex County, Massachusetts, the lower part of New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Maine (where my great-grandmother lived). In Rhode Island and Connecticut it

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was not so great; in New Jersey peculiar clouds were observed, but the darkness was not uncommon, and in the lower parts of Pennsylvania nothing unusual was observed.

It extended as far north as the American settlements and westward to Albany, but its exact limits could not be ascertained.

In Boston the darkness continued fourteen or fifteen hours, varying in duration at other places.

As it was impossible to attribute the darkness to an eclipse, the wise people formed many theories respecting it; being convinced that it was due to immense fires in the woods, winds blowing in opposite directions, and to the condition of the vapors; but Herschel says: "The dark day in northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."

THE YOUNG HUNTER. (SEE "LETTER-BOX.")

"THE MOST THOROUGHLY EDUCATED YOUNG LADY IN MISS NEAL'S SCHOOL."

(A "Thanksgiving" Story.)

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"MAMMA, I think Edith looks as if she needed a tonic. What do you say to ——"

But just as Edith, who was studying her French lesson in the next room, hoped to hear what her father's proposal was, some one shut the door between the rooms. Edith picked up her grammar, which she had quite forgotten, and went back to "*J'aurai*—I shall have."

"'*J'aurai*'—that's just it! I wonder what I shall have—whether it's to be quinine and iron, or calisaya bark, as it is 'most every two months; or whether father was going to say, 'What do you say to Edith's going—somewhere?'—delightful! But then, if he does, mother is sure to say, 'Frederick' (she never says Fred unless she wants something ever so much), 'Edith is getting along so well with

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her lessons, they must not be interrupted.' '*J'aurai, tu auras*'—thou wilt have, and '*vous aurez*'—you will have. Yes, lots of other people will have all sorts of good times, but there 's nothing but French verbs and history and music-lessons for me—and back-aches, plenty of them. Let 's see, I 'll make a new French exercise. '*J'aurai mal au dos? Tu auras*'—that must be mother; '*tu auras un*—oh! *une fille de talent!*'—mother always likes to hear I 'm talented. '*Il aura*'—papa next; I know what he 'd like to have,—my own, dear papa! '*Il aura une grande forte fille.*' I declare! this is a splendid way to learn French. '*Nous aurons*'—we shall have—that 's everybody. Oh! I know! '*Nous aurons un*—"Thanksgiving"—*diner!*' Everybody has that. '*Vous aurez*' ——"

"Miss Edith, your mamma sent me down to tell you it is time to practice," said the servant, coming in.

So, Edith closed her grammar, and went to the piano.

"I do hope papa 'll come in before he goes down town. I 'll play loud and he 'll hear where I am."

Up and down the keys went the thin white fingers—no running of scales, or careless practicing, for Edith knew that her mother was listening, and that she must play slowly and carefully. But she could not keep her mind on the keys, and, to amuse herself, had a way of talking to her hands, the right hand being Mrs. Dexter and the left Mrs. Sinistra. Each finger had a name, and Edith would whisper to them, "Now, Cora Dexter, you never are wide awake! Your grandmother will notice you the next time she comes if you don't take care. Mrs. Sinistra, you and your family are behindhand! Keep up! keep up! You must go out alone without your friends' company this time."

Then the left hand was practiced alone. Mrs. Lawson, listening upstairs, thought to herself, "What ambition that child has! What a pity to interrupt her practice!" For it was as Edith had imagined; her father had proposed that she should have a holiday from all study, and mamma, as usual, spoke of the lessons. But, for once, papa stood firm. He had happened to be in the neighborhood of his sister's home in the country a few days before, and the sight of her big, healthy children had made him realize how weak and thin Edith looked.

"I've made up my mind that Edith is to spend Thanksgiving with my sister and her family—let the studies go, wife; they're killing the child."

Mrs. Lawson said no more, but at once began to plan what Edith should take with her; yet, as she heard the careful practicing, she sighed over the lost time.

"The girl is well enough," she thought; "she only grows fast."

Edith had talked to Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Sinistra for nearly ten minutes, when the parlor door opened, and her father looked in.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, "do give me a kiss before you go! Oh, papa, I do hope it is n't quinine and iron this time—calisaya bark is so much nicer."

Mr. Lawson looked puzzled.

"You know I heard you saying I needed a tonic."

"Oh, so I did! Well, I've prescribed for you myself this time, and it is a fortnight with your cousins in Cherry Valley."

"Oh, papa! you are good! But—will mamma really let me miss my lessons? I 'll practice there, indeed I will."

"No, you wont; they have n't a piano. But your mother 's calling, dear. Go back to your music. Does it tire you, darling?"

"No, no, papa; it 's not half so bad since you gave me this stool with a back to it."

Edith was glad she had finished her scales, for she wanted to play something lively as a relief to her feelings. Luckily, her last piece was a quick-step, and, picking out a favorite part that she knew quite well, Edith dashed through it again and again. "One, two, three and four. I 'll—see—pigs,—and cows," and so on, singing her plans as she played.

Edith Lawson was an only daughter, and, indeed, for most of the year she was as much alone as an only child; her two brothers were at boarding-school.

Mrs. Lawson loved her daughter, but her one ambition was that Edith should be a finely educated woman. She had heard of a little girl who practiced three hours a day; of another who studied French, German and Latin; of another who took singing-lessons from the time she was ten years old; and (luckily) of another who attended a calisthenic class; and so Edith had to go through all these things. She was a bright, quick girl, inclined to get as much amusement out of life as was possible, or she could never have stood the confinement; but the constant application often strained even her good constitution, and then she was "built up" with tonics, but never allowed a real holiday. Even in summer she had her practicing and drawing, with several hours of reading.

"Edith," said Mrs. Lawson on the day before her daughter's departure, "your father wishes you to stay a fortnight, so I will put in your Mangnall's Questions and your Ancient Geog——"

"Now, Mary, don't put a book in that valise,"

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said Mr. Lawson, who had just come in. "Kate was always a reader, and you may be sure the child will get hold of a book if she wants it. Let her play when she does play—precious little of it she gets!"

So, to Edith's great delight, not a book was packed, and she was free for a whole fortnight.

On the Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving Day the delighted girl started with her father. She managed to bid her mother good-bye quite sedately, and "as a girl of thirteen should;" but as soon as they were out of sight of the house she began to skip.

Meantime Mrs. Lawson stood behind the window-blinds, her heart full of real tenderness for the child, in spite of misgivings; but it was a great pity for Edith to lose so much valuable time.

Fifth avenue was the first turning.

"Oh, papa! please don't go up Fifth avenue! Would you mind crossing to Third?"

"It 's a much longer way. But why do you like Third avenue?"

"Don't tell? Well, it is n't stylish! Mother says lady-like girls of thirteen don't run; but I was in Third avenue one day with Rosy, and I saw big girls running and skipping. I feel ever so happy to-day, papa!"

The good-natured father crossed to the Third avenue, where Edith skipped and ran and stared into shop windows as much as she liked. It was well for her that they had plenty of time. At last the train was reached. It was the first time that the father and daughter had traveled together, for Mr. Lawson was devoted to business, and the few summer trips of the family usually had been taken by the mother and her children.

"Oh, papa!" said Edith, "is n't it lovely? Just to think we 're '*nous aurons*' people now!"

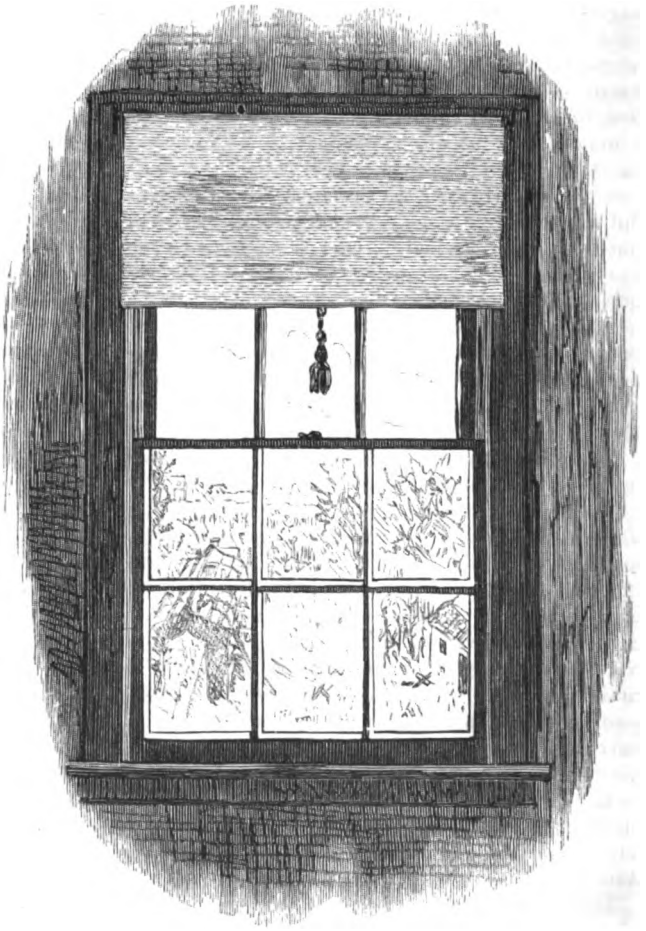
"You comical child, what do you mean? I believe you 're half crazed with French and Latin."

"Oh no, papa; it 's not so bad, and I do like to be shown off as 'the most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school!' But it 's nice to have no lessons, and to be with you, papa. Would you be very much shocked if—— Papa, do you see that boy?"

"What? who? Anybody you know?"

"No, only he 's selling oranges, and—— Papa, did you ever suck an orange?"

This last was a very confidential whisper. Papa tried to look shocked and solemn, and said in a stern voice: "Did you?"



EDITH'S "BEAUTIFUL VIEW."

But Edith saw his eyes twinkle, and said boldly: "Oh yes! But never except in a hurry. Some people say it 's very improper. But, papa, when people are going on a frolic,—a real frolic,—they need n't be so very proper, need they?"

"No, I think there is a difference."

And just as they were entering the railroad station papa bought some oranges and handed them to his happy girl. After a little while, Edith threw an orange-skin out of the window and looking quickly around the car, said:

"Do you see that little baby, papa?"

"That big, fat fellow across there? yes."

"Oh, no. Not that baby; the one 'way over there in the corner. Its mother has three little children besides the baby, and the biggest boy is

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so good to them. Papa, I think the baby 'd like an orange."

"Well, am I to take it?"

"I—I—suppose you would n't like to. But would you mind taking me to them?"

Mr. Lawson was determined that every moment of the trip should be delightful, so he kindly took Edith to the corner of the car where the poor family were seated. The girl stood a moment, feeling awkward, for the children—baby, little girl and two boys—were all staring at her.

"See, here 's an orange for the baby, and another for the little girl. Please take one for yourself, too," she added, turning to the poor mother.

"*Merci, merci!*" said the woman.

It was a terrible shock to Edith! To think that that hateful French was even here in the cars! But in another second she was amused to hear the little girl talk in broken French to her mother, and realized, as she had never done before, that French was a "mother tongue" to some little children.

For the first time the young girl felt a pure, healthful delight in speaking French. Not any vanity, but a hope to give pleasure to the poor woman surrounded by strangers, prompted her to say, with care:

"*Je puis parler Français un peu.*"

The woman's face shone with delight, and she began to talk faster than Edith had ever imagined a tongue could form words. There was no hope of understanding her, but soon the woman saw the girl's dismay, and began slowly and carefully to explain that she was very much afraid of not getting out at the right station.

By thinking very hard, and guessing at some of the words, Edith understood, and assured her, in rather bad French, but with such a good will that the woman never noticed the mistakes, that she would ask her father to tell her just when to get out.

Her father watched his little daughter, and was beginning to think he would have no more of her pleasant talk, when Edith came back, eager to interest him in her Frenchwoman.

"Oh, papa, I shall study so hard when I get back. I thought French was only for show off, but now I shall never forget that I may be able to help some poor person that can't speak English. Now, do remember and tell her when we come to Hokus."

"Why, we get off there."

"I thought it was Cherry Valley."

"That 's the name of the farm. We 'll be at Hokus soon."

On went the train, and soon they were all standing on the platform, Edith rejoicing in the kindness her father showed to the poor Frenchwoman and her little ones. There was a wiry-looking, black-eyed man who seized the baby and chattered French to the mother, and Edith watched them walk off, with a secret wonder if, after all, poor people who were used to being shabby and just a little dirty were not quite as happy as those who lived in brown-stone houses and had to be so very particular. But she had little time for such thoughts, as her uncle Harry, aunt Kate's husband, came driving up with his spirited horses.

"I never come till the train has passed," he explained. "So this is your Edith? Are you still girl enough to kiss an uncle?"

Edith held up her lips with a smile, and soon the carriage rolled away, bearing a very merry party.

A beautiful Thanksgiving Day dawned upon Edith when she awoke the next morning, thrilled with a happy consciousness of being in the real country, and eager to begin her two weeks of play with her no less happy cousins. Even the bleak November view from her window she declared to be "perfectly beautiful."

Long before noon a delightful fragrance filled the air, and, as she ran through the breezy hall, it seemed to her that to visit one's relations and to catch the odor of cooking turkey, pies and plum-pudding was one of the royal pleasures of earth.

It was a fine Thanksgiving dinner. Papa said so; uncle said so; aunty said so; the children said so; and even pussy, looking wistfully up at the table, said so as plainly as she could mew.

But we cannot go through every moment of the time Edith spent in the country. There was not a

GRANDFATHER'S CRADLE.

single drawback to her pleasure, excepting that her father left her on Friday morning.

"Oh, papa!" she said, "why do you go away? Right after Thanksgiving, too! Don't you like

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to leave business a while, just as I have left my lessons? Papa" (with a very grave face), "I think you need 'toning up.' Now, do come two whole days before you mean to take me back to New York."

Papa half promised, and the hope helped his daughter to let him go. There was so much to be done, too, that there was no time to fret. The chickens had to be fed, the pony had to be petted, the kitten romped with, the little terrier taught new tricks, and, above all, all the old finery in the garret trunks had to be tried on by the girls. They "dressed up," and acted impromptu plays at every opportunity, and after the performances, ah, the joy of rummaging in that old garret! Such treasures as were brought forth from their hiding-places! Edith thought it the most wonderful place she ever saw. She was never weary of opening the drawers and "cubby-holes" of a broken old cabinet, and she would stand for ten minutes at a time gazing in silent awe at the cradle in which grandfather had been rocked when he was a baby.

The day after Thanksgiving, Aunt Kate gave them each a basket of dainty scraps that had been left from the Thanksgiving dinner. There was half a chicken in Edith's basket, cold potatoes, a bowlful of cranberry sauce, pieces of pie, halves of oranges, and a nice dish of stewed apples.

"Why, auntie," said Edith, "I watched you laying aside everything that was left on the dishes so carefully, and I thought it was almost mean; but now I think it 's a good way. Who told you about it, auntie?"

"The Savior, child."

Edith flushed. That name was not often mentioned at her home. Her mother was a strict church member, and the little girl listened Sunday after Sunday to the services and sermon; but, though she often thought of Christ, it seemed strange to speak of him in such a natural, everyday tone.

Perhaps Aunt Kate saw a little of what was in her mind, but she only said:

"Now trot along; you all may give your baskets to whom you please, and as Edith does not know our poor people, girls, you may let her choose whom she will give it to after visiting a few of them."

The three girls went off, delighting in the snow that had fallen. Edith, tall, and dressed in "grown-up clothes," as the girls said, was a contrast to her cousins, who were big, healthy children; yet, though Mary was fourteen and Kitty twelve, they were as strong as young colts, and thought nothing of carrying the baskets; but Edith grew very tired, and thinking they would never stop, she said:

"Look, Mary, there 's a house in that lot; they don't seem very well off; let 's go there."

"Oh, it 's no use going there," said Kitty. "A man lives there all alone, and he fairly frightens you, he talks so strangely. He looks cross, too."

But Edith could not carry her basket further, and was ashamed to confess it; so, concealing her fear, though her heart beat fast, she insisted on knocking at the door of the little brown house. Mary and Kitty, waiting in the road, were astonished to see a woman open the door, who smiled with delight, and, talking "faster than one could think," as Kitty said, drew Edith into the room. She had happened upon her French family, and, a little embarrassed,—for how could she explain in French?—she opened her basket and offered them its contents. The man, who was sitting by the stove, looking rather glum and cross, said a few sharp words to his wife. The woman, speaking carefully and slowly that Edith might understand, said her husband wished to know who had sent the things; that they were not beggars.

Edith understood the tone, if not the words, and saw that the man had taken offense. She thought hurriedly:

"Who shall I say sent them? Perhaps they do not know Aunt Kate."

Suddenly she remembered what her aunt had said; would it be wrong? Was it not true? Besides, she could say that name in French.

Again the woman asked:

"Who sent the things?"

Edith, with burning cheeks, but with her eyes shining with loving eagerness, answered:

"*Le Sauveur.*"

There was silence for a moment; then the man rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

Dieu vous bénisse! Nous l'accepterons."

Edith unpacked the basket, and, with a hurried good-bye, ran out to her wondering cousins. Perhaps they thought she was not so entertaining as before, but her mind was full of questions. Was it the Savior? Could it be that even her French had been taught her for this? And with this new light breaking on her life, the lessons and practicing did not seem so dreary.

I have taken so much space telling you of this that I can only add that Edith's visit was prolonged to three or four weeks, because it evidently was of great benefit to her. But she was not idle. She learned to ride, to swing herself almost to the tree-top in her cousins' swing, to build a snow fort, to move about on skates, in the short time that she spent at Cherry Valley farm. And then, with new strength, she went back to her verbs and music, her Latin and drawing, with a fresh purpose and a higher ambition even than to be the "most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school."

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A MISTAKE.

By M. M. D.

Little Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover:
"Flower! why were you made?
I was made for mother,
She has n't any other;
But you were made for no one, I 'm afraid."

Then the clover softly unto Red-cheek whispered:
"Pluck me, ere you go."
Red-cheek, little dreaming,
Pulled, and ran off screaming,
"Oh, naughty, naughty flower; to sting me so!"

"Foolish child!" the startled bee buzzed crossly,
"Foolish not to see
That I make my honey
While the day is sunny;
That the pretty little clover lives for me!"

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THE POOR RELATIONS.

(An Old-Time Story.)

BY PAUL FORT.

ABOUT the middle of the Middle Ages there lived a nobleman named Count Cormos. His castle stood on a point of rocks, which ran out into a wide and rapid river; and back of the castle, on lower land, lay the village, where the vassals of this good nobleman lived.

Among the most industrious and the poorest of these vassals was a tailor named Peter Vargan, who had two daughters and three sons. These sons and daughters were all grown up, except one, and he was the oldest of all. This one, whose name was Ansel, never could grow up, because he was born a dwarf. He was an active, well-made fellow, but he was not more than half as tall as any of his younger brothers, and either of his sisters could pick him up and carry him under her arm. But Ansel was no fool. Like many other little chaps, he was the smartest of his family. All Peter's children, except Ansel, worked in the fields in the summer, and so helped along a little; but the poor tailor had a hard time to feed his large family, and he sewed away, night and day.

As for Ansel he was not big and strong enough to work in the field; and so he used to help his father sew. But he never had any fancy for the tailoring trade, and never learned to measure or to cut out, and, in fact in time became a man, without having learned any business at all.

Ansel was nearly thirty years old before good luck came to him. The Count's chief chamberlain stopped one day at Peter's house to have his breeches mended, and he was so much pleased with little Ansel's general appearance and air of smartness, that he got him a situation in the Count's household as castle dwarf.

This was splendid, because he had his board and lodgings, and a small salary besides, and his father got the job of making him his court-clothes, which was the most profitable employment he ever had had.

But a few months after Ansel had been installed in his place at the castle, Peter's affairs became worse than ever. The reason was this: One morning there arrived at his house two of his nephews, sons of a brother whom he had not seen for many years, and who lived some fifty miles away. These nephews, who were big, strapping fellows, and very well dressed, said they were soldiers by profession, but as there was a profound peace in their part of the country, they were out of employment, and so had come to visit their good uncle and try to get something to do.

The Baron Cormos was engaged in no war, nor were any of his noble neighbors, and so poor Peter could see no chance of getting his nephews any employment in their line of business. However, he could not turn away his brother's children, and so he kept them in his house, although they had tremendous appetites and ate at one meal more than poor Ansel used to eat in two or three days.

Matters were, therefore, really worse with the poor tailor than before Ansel went to the castle. Of course things could not go on this way very long, and at last provisions became so very scarce at Peter's house that his two nephews could not stand it any longer, and they determined to leave.

But where should they go? They debated this question between themselves, and finally resolved that they would go up to the castle and see Ansel. He was in a good position and ought to be able to do something for them.

They knew him, for he had been down to see his family several times during their stay, and so they went boldly up to the castle gate, and asked admittance and leave to see the castle dwarf.

"And who may ye be?" inquired the fat, red-bearded porter.

"We are his poor relations," said they.

The porter laughed at the idea of Ansel, or any of his family, having poor relations, but he let them in.

Ansel was glad to see them, and he gave them seats on a high bench in an outer hall, where he brought them each a glass of beer. The bench was too high for him to sit upon, and so he stood and talked to them.

They were not long in making known the object of their visit.

"But what do you want me to do?" asked Ansel.

"Get us positions here," said Ronald, the elder of the two. "In a great castle, like this, there must surely be vacancies of some kind."

"What sort of positions? What can you do?" said Ansel.

"Fight," they answered.

"But I don't think the Count wants any soldiers. He has a captain and a dozen men-at-arms, who guard the castle; but even if more men were

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needed, I do not think that you would like to wear the coarse uniform and mount guard at night."

"No, perhaps not," said Carl, the younger brother; "but we might serve as extra soldiers,—a sort of reserve guard, to be kept for emergencies. Go you, Ansel, and tell the Count of our need, and I 'll venture to say, he 'll find us good places."

"And in the meantime," said Ronald, "just get us some more beer, my good little cousin. We 're dreadfully thirsty."

Ansel hesitated. He had asked the steward for some of the mild beer that they made in the castle, with which to entertain his cousins, but he did not like to ask for any more. But while he hesitated, Carl exclaimed:

"Ha! Here comes a fair maiden with a pitcher. What does she carry so carefully? Is she bringing it to us?"

Ansel turned. "Oh no!" said he, "that is Maid Margaret, and she is taking a pitcher of ice-cold mead to the Count and the Countess in their tent on the lawn. She takes it to them at this hour every afternoon."

"Mead!" cried both the poor relations at once. "Ice-cold mead! That is delicious! Run you, Ansel, and ask her for some of it for us!"

"Some of the Count's mead!" cried Ansel. "Why, she could not give you that!"

"Go you and ask her," said Ronald. "I trow there 's plenty of it."

Ansel did not wish to offend his cousins, and yet he thought their request a very strange one. So, with a face of great perplexity, he ran over to Maid Margaret, who had now nearly reached the bottom of the stairs leading into the hall, and told her what the two men on the bench had asked.

"Who did you say they were?" asked Maid Margaret.

"My poor relations," said Ansel.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, glancing at them, and then casting her eyes down again.

The castle monkey had come down-stairs with Maid Margaret, and he jumped on an old silver-mounted chest, on which Ansel was standing, and began to strike at the strangers with his paw. He was too far away to touch them, but for some reason he considered them improper people, and seemed anxious to show them what he thought.

"Oh, they are very poor, indeed," said Ansel, but they can't have the Count's mead, can they?"

"I should think not," said Maid Margaret, walking on through the hall, without even turning her head to look at the two men.

"Poor relations, indeed!" said she to herself, as she went out. "They are lazy, impudent fellows who are trying to impose on poor little Ansel."

When she had gone, the two brothers insisted on Ansel's hurrying to the Count and making known their desire.

So Ansel went out to the Count. He was very willing to oblige his cousins, but he did not like their way of asking for things.

When Ansel stated his errand to his master, the latter laid back in his chair and reflected.

"If they are poor relations of yours, Ansel, I would like to do what I can for them. You have been a good fellow since you have lived with me."

Ansel bowed and thanked the Count.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, who was standing behind the chair of the Countess.

The Count looked up at her, somewhat surprised. Then he said:

"Well, if they are poor, and don't look poor, that is the more to their credit. I will engage them and see what they can do. There may be some fighting before long,—who knows? Go you, Ansel, and tell the steward to enter your poor relations on the castle rolls."

"In what capacity, my lord?" asked Ansel.

"As the Reserve Guard," said the Count.

And so the two brothers became members of the castle household.

It so happened that in a very few days there arose an occasion for their services. A store-house belonging to the village was robbed of a quantity of provisions, and the robbers, three in number and well armed, were traced to a forest some miles back from the river. These men should be pursued and captured, and this seemed to be the very business for the Reserve Guard.

Accordingly the poor relations were sent for by the Count.

"Do you think," said he, "that you two men would be able to defeat and capture three well-armed brigands?"

"We could do it," said the brothers, "with comparative ease."

"March upon them, then," said the Count, and the Reserve Guard marched.

The robbers were found a short distance within the forest, busily engaged in dividing their spoil. The two brothers immediately fell upon them, and being powerful fellows, and masters of their weapons, they vanquished the three rascals with comparative ease, and bound them hand and foot.

Then the Reserve Guard collected the stolen goods, and as they were tired and hungry they made an excellent meal off the best of the provisions; and when they had eaten all they needed, they took a nap. When they awoke the robbers had escaped. The brothers were sorry for that,

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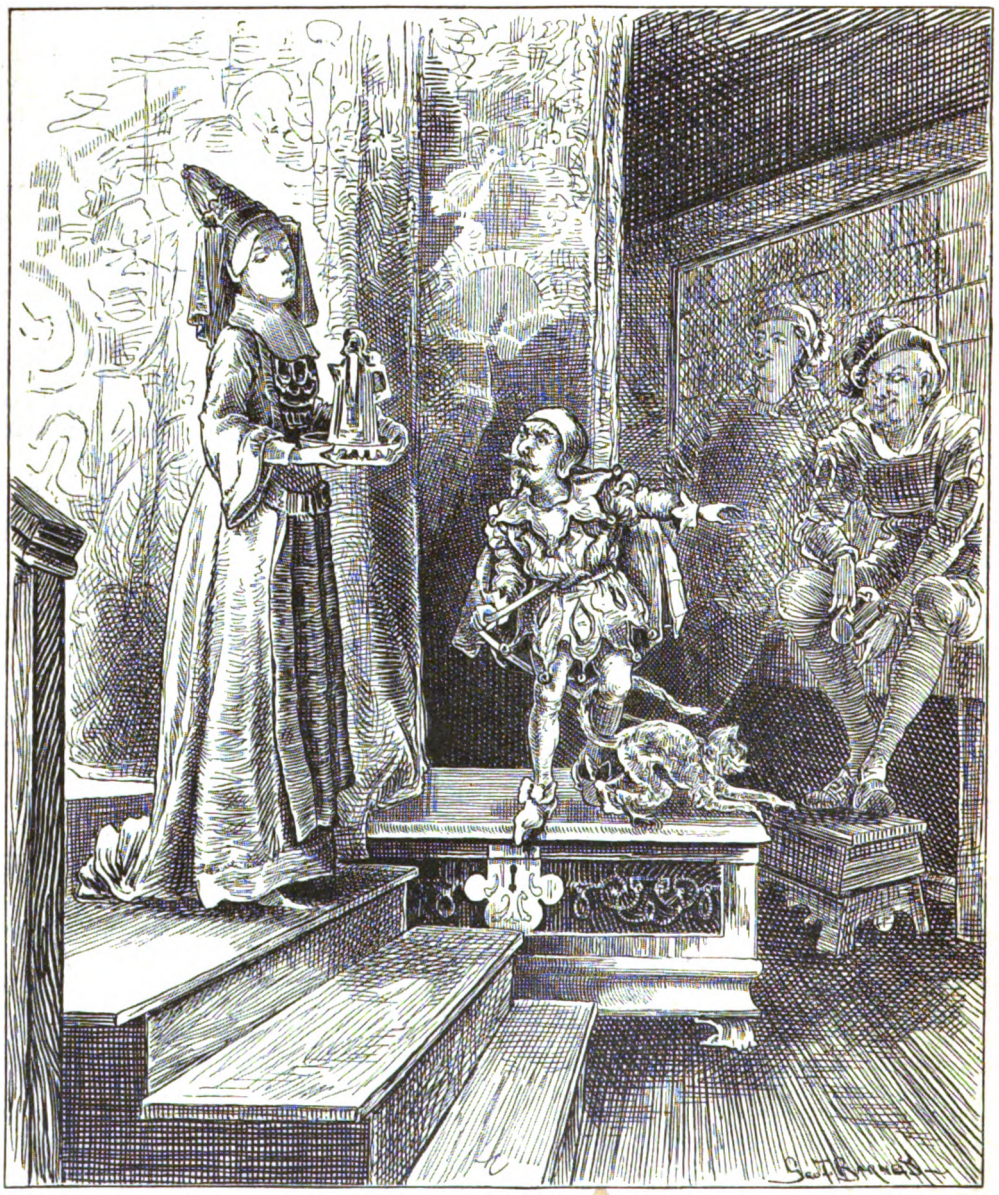
but still they had recovered the goods. So they made a pile of them, and went back to the castle to report their success and have a cart sent for the provisions. This was done, but no provisions were found; the robbers had returned and carried them off.



"MY POOR RELATIONS," SAID ANSEL.

When the Count heard of this exploit, he asked the two brothers why one of them did not keep guard while the other slept, and why one did not remain to watch the goods while the other came back to the castle.

"We never thought of that," said the Reserve Guard.

"What you need to make you really available," said the Count, "is a captain."

"True," said the brothers, pleased at the prospect of being relieved of responsibility; "we greatly need some one to command us. Without officers, the best army would be of little use."

"The next time you go out you shall have a captain," said the Count.

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The next time came sooner than any one could have expected.

The three robbers, encouraged by their late success, and having found that the Reserve Guard of the castle consisted of only two men, gathered to themselves other desperadoes until they made up a band of about a dozen men. They then boldly ravaged the village and the surrounding country. They were not afraid of the Count's men-at-arms, because they never left the castle walls, and the brigands were careful to keep out of the reach of their culverins and long-bows.

The Count again sent for his Reserve Guard. "You will march on these rascally brigands," said he, "and as you have shown that you are worth very little without proper officers, I will give you Ansel as captain. Yes," he continued, "and Maid Margaret shall be your quartermaster, and Cracket, the castle monkey, your scout and forlorn hope. Prepare to march by noon."

This was more important business than the other, and the brothers were glad of some one to make the necessary arrangements for them, even if it should be no one but little Ansel.

"Be careful of one thing," said they to their captain; "there must be plenty of good things to eat and drink. We require a great deal of the best food when we fight."

Ansel, who knew little about such matters, ran to Quartermaster Margaret, who was to remain at home, but to prepare and pack the supplies.

"How long will you be engaged?" said she.

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Ansel.

"Well, wait here a minute, and I will consult with the captain of the men-at-arms. "Captain," said the quartermaster, when she found him on the ramparts, "how long would it take you to vanquish a dozen brigands?"

"About twenty minutes," said the captain.

So Maid Margaret went down and packed up provisions for twenty minutes.

"By the way," said she to Ansel, "I wish that you would bring me back some beech-nuts for my pig, Feodore. I will put a couple of baskets in the provision-sack, and you can sling them across a horse when you return."

Ansel promised to do this, and the quartermaster put food enough for a good meal for two and a half men and one monkey in the bottom of the sack, and then she stuffed in two stout baskets. This made the sack look well filled and portly.

Each of the brothers mounted a horse. Ansel rode behind one of them and the sack was strapped behind the other, while Cracket rode behind Ansel.

"Now then," said Ronald, as they rode away, "you must remember, Ansel, that all the planning and arranging of this expedition falls to your share. We 're not to be bothered with any thinking or contriving. We 're to fight, and that 's all."

Soon after entering the forest, traces of the robber-band were discovered, and Ansel had no difficulty in following their tracks to the bank of a small creek. Here he ordered a halt, and as there was a very tall tree near by, he climbed to the top of it to reconnoiter. The monkey followed him and climbed higher than Ansel could go; but as Cracket could not tell what he saw, there did not seem to be much use of his climbing up at all.

Ansel could see nothing of the robbers, and was about to descend the tree, when the monkey began to chatter and point over the tree-top with his long black hand. Ansel climbed up as much higher as he dared, and looking in the direction in which Cracket was pointing, he saw, through an opening in the trees, a rude encampment in a little dell which was surrounded by thick undergrowth. He could see men walking about, and he felt sure that the whole band was in the camp, for their habit was to go all together on their expeditions and not to sally out in small parties.

"Good for you, Cracket," said Ansel. "I did n't think you would be of any use to me, but you are a first-rate spy, and if you can't talk, you have more sense than some people who can."

When he came down from the tree, Ansel told his men that they might eat their supper, although it was rather early, and take a nap. Then they would be fresh, and ready for work when he awoke them.

"I want to think the thing out quietly," he said to himself, "and they will only bother me."

The two brothers were willing enough to eat their supper, and, in fact, they were already asking each other if it would be worth while to wait for Ansel before attacking the fat provision-bag. The horses were tied and the sack was opened, and then there were two blank faces! The baskets occupied nearly the whole of the bag, and the package of provisions seemed insignificant indeed.

"A pretty supply for two hearty men," said Carl, "for you don't count, Ansel, although of course we 'll give you something. But here 's just enough for one good meal for us all."

"And that settles the length of this campaign," said Ronald. "We must be home in time for breakfast to-morrow morning, so make your plans accordingly, Captain Ansel."

When the meal was over, and the monkey was busy eating the scraps that were left, the two brothers watered their horses, cut them some grass with their swords, and then laid down under a tree and went to sleep. Ansel sat down under another tree and began to think. He certainly had a desperately hard job on his hands. There were at least a dozen men in that camp and he had only

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two,—stout fellows, it is true, but not able to vanquish six armed brigands apiece. And whatever was done, must be done quickly. His army would be back at the castle by breakfast-time. He could depend upon them for that.

He thought and he thought. It would be too bad if he failed in this, the first important undertaking of his life. At sundown he had decided upon his plan. He often acted as clerk for the Count, and hanging at his side he happened to have his ink-horn and pen, while in a pocket of his doublet he found a piece of parchment. This he tore in two, and on each piece wrote a note. The first one ran thus:

"TO THE COMMANDER OF THE UPPER DIVISION:
"Be ready to cross the creek, at day-break, at a point one-quarter of a mile north of the enemy's camp. But on no account venture to attack the band until re-enforcements are sent to you. The brigands greatly out-number you. A. V., General."

Ansel was not a general, but he thought on such an occasion as this he might assume the position. He might never have another opportunity.

The second note was like the first, except that it was directed to the commander of the lower division, and ordered him to cross at a point a quarter of a mile south of the enemy's camp.

"Now to deliver these notes," said Ansel to himself. "If I could only make you understand me, Cracket, how useful you could be! But you can help me,—that I know."

Cracket chattered softly and rubbed his nose, as Ansel spoke. There was no way of finding out how much he knew, but he looked very wise.

Ansel put his notes in his pocket, and having found to his great satisfaction that the Reserve Guard was still sleeping soundly, he and the monkey crossed the stream, which was quite shallow, and made their way toward the robbers' camp.

When they were so near that they could hear the voices of the brigands, Ansel took the two notes in his hand, and holding them up ran a little way. Then he gave the notes to the monkey, who immediately imitated him and began to run. Ansel chased him, and the monkey ran right into the robbers' camp, Ansel in hot haste after him, crying: "Stop! stop!"

In an instant a half-dozen of the robbers were on their feet, with their swords drawn. Several of them made cuts at the monkey, who nimbly dodged them and scampered up a tree. Out from his tent rushed the robber chief.

"What means all this?" he hoarsely cried, "and who may you be?" glaring on Ansel.

"Oh! I'm all right," said Ansel. "I'm only a poor messenger. But that monkey has taken my two messages, and I must have them, or never show my face at home again."

"Are they important?" asked the chief.

"Oh, very!" answered Ansel.

"Cut down the tree and kill the chattering beast!" cried the robber.

"No! no!" interrupted Ansel. "I would not have you kill him. He is a good monkey, although mischievous. I am light and active, and can climb the tree. I might have caught him before, if he had gone up a tree."

So Ansel climbed the tree, and took the notes from the monkey without difficulty.

"And now," said the chief to him, when he had come down, "give me those messages."

"Pardon me, good sir," said Ansel; "but I cannot. These messages are not addressed to you."

"Look ye!" cried the robber, drawing his heavy falchion, "if in five seconds you do not hand me those notes, I'll cleave that little body of yours in twain, and read your messages then at my good pleasure."

"An' it be so," said Ansel; "there is no room now for answer or philosophy," and he handed him the notes.

The robber read them both, and then hurriedly retiring within his tent, he summoned his lieutenant, and read them to him.

"Do you see?" said the chief. "We are to be attacked to-morrow."

"And shall we fortify?" asked the lieutenant.

"Fortify! Never!" exclaimed the chief. "Thus lies the matter. The castle forces are to move on us, from two points, at day-break. But 't is plain that they are few in number, for they dare not attack us until re-enforced. Now, my plan is, not to wait for them to be strengthened, but to divide our band into two, and let each division attack one of the little bands across the creek, before their re-enforcements reach them. They will be near the place of crossing before day-break, and we can easily fall upon them."

"A good plan!" cried the lieutenant; "and then it will be necessary to let that little dwarf go on and deliver his messages, else our enemy's plans and ours shall fail."

"Yes," said the chief; "let him go on and deliver them. He can tell the Count's men nothing of us that they do not know, for they have discovered our camp, and he will not dare inform them that he has let those notes go out of his hands into mine. He is no fool. I saw that plainly."

So Ansel was released and went his way with his notes, and the monkey slid down the tree and followed him.

Ansel went back to the place where he had left his army,—which he found still sleeping soundly,—and sat down under a tree to await the progress of events.

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An hour or two before day-break, while the night was still dark and black, the two robber bands quietly sallied out and crossed the creek,—the one above and the other below the camp. When they reached the other side, one band slowly crept up the creek, and the other down, carefully listening and looking for the small parties of the Count's people who were to wait there for re-enforcements.

When they had gone some distance, and had found nothing, each band turned and came back, this time a little farther from the bank of the stream. And so they stealthily approached each other until they were quite near together, and then each band heard the other, and thought the enemy was at last found. With drawn swords they rushed together, and in an instant there was a tremendous fight. The men of each party found the enemy stronger than they had expected, and so they doubled their efforts and the carnage was great. In half an hour the robber chief and seven or eight of his men were killed, and the survivors lay exhausted and wounded on the ground.

Ansel had heard the noise of the combat, and as soon as it was light he hurried over to see what had happened. When he perceived the result of his plans, he ran back and roused his army.

"Heigh ho!" said Ronald, drowsily. "What are we to do now? Not much, I reckon, for it is nearly sunrise, and we shall want our breakfast."

"You have nothing to do," said Ansel, "but to mount and ride to the castle as fast as you can. The campaign is over."

"Good!" said the brothers, as they bridled the horses. They did not ask what had occurred, nor did they care. They probably thought that Ansel had discovered that the robbers had gone, and that it was of no use to follow them.

The whole party rode rapidly to the castle, and Ansel made his reports. Carts and men were sent to the scene of the conflict and the robbers' camp, and the wounded brigands were taken to the village, while a great deal of stolen property was recovered from the camp.

The Count was delighted. He complimented his Reserve Guard and their captain, and then he called Ansel into his private room to inquire into his exact plan of operations.

When he had heard what Ansel had done, and what the two brothers had not done, the Count was both pleased and angry.

"Look you," said he to Ansel. "Here are three purses of gold. I have changed my intentions about them, and they are yours. You have done well, and I will give you a week's holiday to spend with your family. Take your money and be happy."

When Ansel had joyfully left him, the Count sent for the soldiers of his Reserve Guard.

"You are Ansel's poor relations, I believe," said he.

"Aye, my lord!" they answered, "that we are."

"I can well believe you," said he; "and poorer and more contemptible relations man never had. Not only do you no work yourselves and prey on your industrious relatives, but you thank them not, nor give them any praise or credit. But I shall teach you a better way of living. Go!"

The next day these two lazy fellows were sent to the castle of the Count's brother, far away among the mountains, with directions to have them kept at hard work for a year, that they might learn what it was to earn the food they ate. But Ansel knew nothing of this; it would have spoiled his pleasure. He only knew, when his holiday was over, that his cousins had been sent to the Count's brother, where they could be made more useful than here. That afternoon, as Ansel was coming down the stairs into the outer hall, on his way to the village to spend his holiday, he met Maid Margaret.

"Oh, Ansel!" said she, "one thing I would ask you. Did you bring my beech-nuts?"

"There!" cried Ansel, "I forgot all about them. I was so excited, and in such a hurry. And I left the baskets with the sack in the forest."

"It matters not," said Maid Margaret. "The baskets were old, and I can get other beech-nuts. But, Ansel, there is another thing. You are a little fellow, Ansel, but you have a wise head and I like you well. The castle is all a-buzz with your exploits. If you like it, Ansel, I will marry you."

"That suits me very well," said Ansel; "when I come back from my holiday, I shall be much pleased to marry you."

"Thank you," said Maid Margaret, and she kissed him good-bye.

When Ansel came back to the castle, he and Maid Margaret were married, and they had quite a fine wedding. After a time, Ansel was made the castle steward, and he prospered and was able to help his father very much, besides laying up money for himself and wife.

As to the poor relations, they never ceased to think that there were no two men in the world who had been so badly treated as themselves.

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MONKEYS AND DOGS TO THE FRONT.

By M. M. D.

ONE evening last summer a wonderful thing happened to me. I went into a building with my eyes open, a sober middle-aged woman, with a great big son walking beside me,—and in less than five minutes I was a little bit of a girl holding tightly to my nurse's hand, and so perfectly delighted that I laughed "right out loud."

How did it happen? You shall hear, and yet that is the very smallest part of the story.

The building was the New York Aquarium, and we went there to look at queer fishes and beautiful sea-anemones, and perhaps sharks, whales, porpoises, and sea-serpents—who could tell? but, on entering, instead of going at once to the big glass tanks, as usual, we saw hundreds of chairs close together and hundreds of men, women and children sitting on them.

"Let us sit down, too," said my son.

Thinking it the fashionable thing to do, and being, as I have said, a sober middle-aged person, I complied at once, and—up went a curtain in front of us, disclosing a large stage or platform, where sat a monkey dinner-party!

Then it was that I became a little girl,—the surprise knocked ever so many years out of my life. I shook with laughter and had to take tight hold of my nurse's—I mean, my son's—hand to enable me to keep quiet. So far as I knew I was about ten years old. There were other children close by of about my own age, and after the first start we all laughed softly together. My son, however, staid as old as before, which must have made it rather awkward for him.

It was the funniest dinner-party that could be imagined. Five highly respectable monkeys in full dress sat at a table with plates and wine-glasses, and the sprightliest, most attentive of monkeys waited upon them, tray in hand, like a good, highly genteel waitress, as she was.

The monkey at the head of the table was dressed as a naval officer, with admiral's hat, epaulettes, and side whiskers all complete. He was very elegant in his manners, when not licking his plate, and he had an injured, reproachful way of turning on his seat and looking at the waitress when she failed to bring what he wanted, that was wonderful to see. At the foot of the feast sat a farmer monkey in funny felt hat, white smock and loose trousers. He had a tremendous appetite and soon finished his meal and began knocking hard upon the table for more. The admiral, who was very proud, never once noticed him, which the hungry farmer accepted in good part, as he did n't take any very great interest in admirals.

A PARTY OF FIVE.

But the side of the table was liveliest, after all. In the middle sat a fine monkey-lady, whom I

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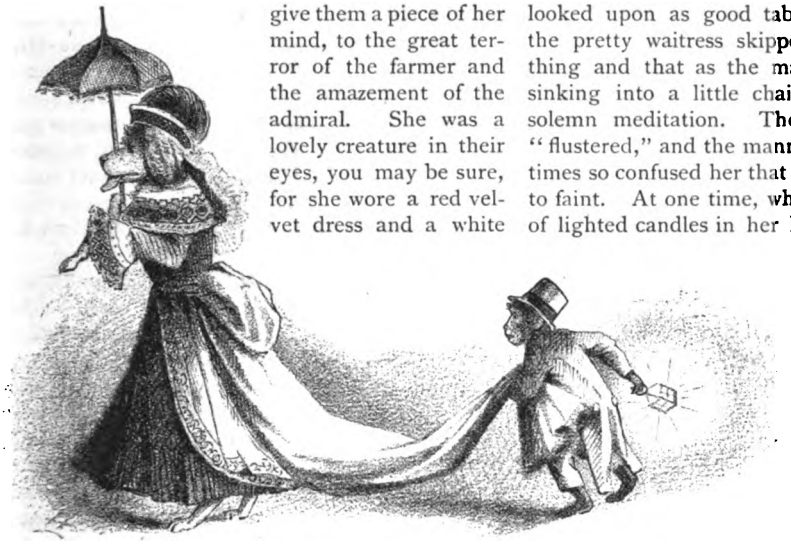
afterward learned was called "Mrs. Lorne," and the monkey gallants on each side took turns in conversing with her. Sometimes, indeed, they both addressed her at once, and then the fashionable Mrs. Lorne would utter a fearful screech and give them a piece of her mind, to the great terror of the farmer and the amazement of the admiral. She was a lovely creature in their eyes, you may be sure, for she wore a red velvet dress and a white hat with bright pink feather, and her coquettish way of tossing her head was quite irresistible. Wine was freely taken by all the guests, but I learned later that it was only raspberry juice and water. It was funny enough to see them take up their glasses in one hand, bow to each other, toss off the contents, and then pound the table for a fresh supply.



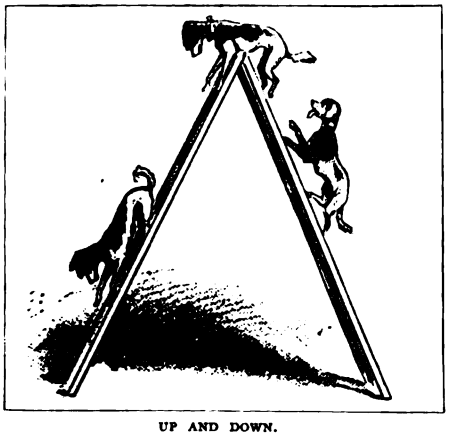
MADAME POMPADOUR TAKES HER AFTERNOON WALK.

I could not see what they had to eat, but it evidently was something good, for they smacked their lips over it and grabbed bits from each other's plates so often that their master frequently was obliged to expostulate with them.

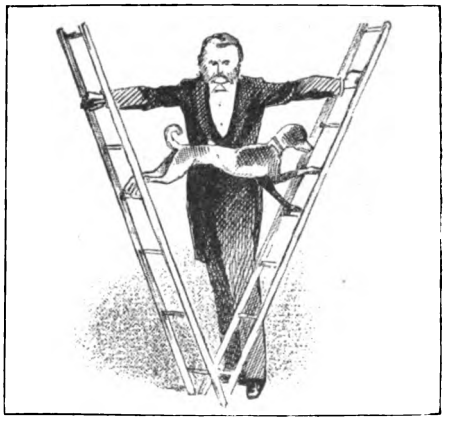
Ah, the master! I forgot to speak of him. He was their servant just then, and stood at a respectful distance behind the table, bottle in hand, ready to fill their glasses whenever called upon, or gently to remind the guests that to lick one's plate is not looked upon as good table manners. Meantime the pretty waitress skipped about, bringing this thing and that as the master ordered, and often sinking into a little chair near by for rest and solemn meditation. The dear thing was easily "flustered," and the manners of the admiral sometimes so confused her that she seemed almost ready to faint. At one time, when the master put a pair of lighted candles in her hands, bidding her hold them very carefully, she sprang up and ran from the stage with them, holding them both upside down, still blazing and spattering. Now and then the temptation to get a bit from the table grew so strong that she would watch her chance to take a sly grab when the guests were chattering together. Whenever she succeeded in this the hundreds of spectators would applaud heartily. We children thought it was rather improper for grown persons to encourage theft in that way, but we could n't help feeling sympathy for the pretty waitress, notwithstanding our good morals.

Ting-a ling-a ling!

It was so sudden that we hardly knew when it happened; but the curtain had fallen, and a bell was ringing. Only for an instant. Then the musicians, seated in front of the stage, struck up a lively air. The curtain went up again, and out



UP AND DOWN.



THE CLIMBER.

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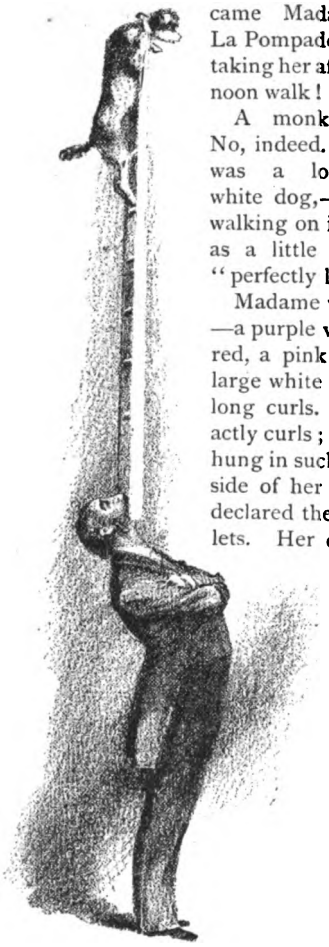


GIVING A FRIEND A LIFT.

came Madame La Pompadour, taking her afternoon walk!

A monkey? No, indeed. It was a lovely white dog,—a large French poodle walking on its hind-legs and dressed, as a little girl near us exclaimed, "perfectly lovely-ly!"

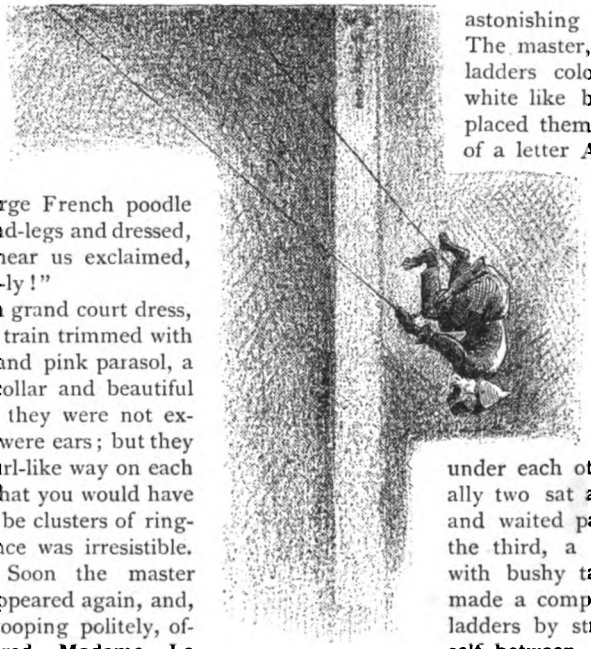
Madame was in grand court dress,—a purple velvet train trimmed with red, a pink veil and pink parasol, a large white lace collar and beautiful long curls. No, they were not exactly curls; they were ears; but they hung in such a curl-like way on each side of her face that you would have declared them to be clusters of ringlets. Her elegance was irresistible.

Soon the master appeared again, and, stooping politely, offered Madame La Pompadour his arm.

She took it gracefully with one forepaw, holding her parasol up with the other. You should have seen the two promenade together! Madame Pompadour's long train was held by a page in full livery. The page, though he was only a monkey, did remarkably well at first; but while they were thus promenading in stately fashion, he suddenly dropped the train, and, running off the stage, came back with a lighted lantern. In a twinkling, he had madame's train in his grasp again, and all would have gone well had he not accidentally jerked his mistress down. This was too much. Madame La Pompadour, I regret to say, quite forgot herself, and, with a withering howl at the awkward fellow, scampered off the stage on all fours!

Then came the "grand ladder act and barrel-walk by three Spanish Barbarino dogs."

Ah, it was wonderful! This time there were no dresses, but the dogs needed all their liberty of limb, for they had hard work to do. So hard, indeed, that we children could not have enjoyed it but for the fact that the three tails kept wagging, wagging all through the act. This showed that the actors liked it, and knew perfectly well that they were astonishing somebody. The master, holding two ladders colored red and white like barbers' poles, placed them in the form of a letter A without the cross-line. Up went the dogs, wag, wag, wagging in a procession; up and down, in and out, winding among the rounds, over each other, under each other, until finally two sat at the bottom and waited patiently while the third, a brown fellow with bushy tail, obligingly made a complete A of the ladders by stretching himself between them, just in the right place, his forepaws on one and his hind-paws on the other. Then the master made a V of the ladders, and again the Barbarinos in lively style managed to cover them all over inside and out, not caring a fig for the master's shaking and twirling and tipping of the ladders. The pictures give a fair idea of the movements; yet I should like to see again the solo ladder tricks, just to note the admiring way in which the two resting dogs would sit by, watching the performer, putting their heads together and nodding their tails in approbation. But they were most charmed when the best dog climbed a ladder to the top and staid there while the master took it up and held it, first on his shoulder, and then resting on his chin, while the music fairly ran wild with excitement.



"BROUGHT UP TO IT."

Next came in "the two merry spinsters," as the programme called them (I forgot to say that by this time we had obtained a printed programme which

A SOLO LADDER PERFORMANCE.

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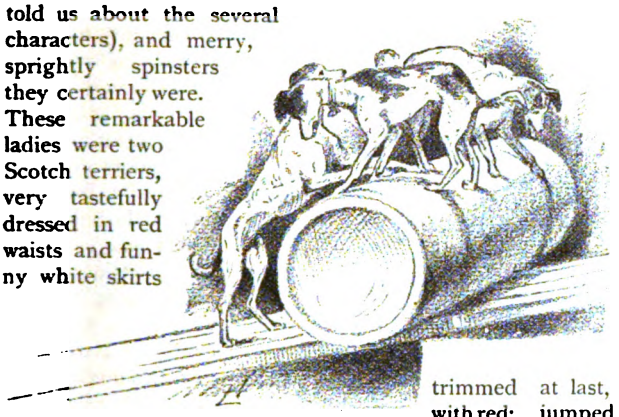
told us about the several characters), and merry, sprightly spinsters they certainly were. These remarkable ladies were two Scotch terriers, very tastefully dressed in red waists and funny white skirts trimmed with red; they had gauze veils hanging down their backs, and long ears like Madame Pompadour's. Not once in all their long performance did they put their fore-feet to the ground. They danced, pirouetted and capered in perfectly good time to the music, never taking their wistful eyes from their master. If for an instant they seemed to flag, his cheery "Vite-là!" gave them fresh spirit, and off they danced again. Two pretty little spinning-wheels with comfortable seats behind them stood in the middle of the stage, and often the two funny ladies would stop dancing and seat themselves at their wheels, both spinning together. Their little feet worked at the treadles, the wheels flew round, the music played, the master praised, and, right in the midst of it, down went the curtain again.



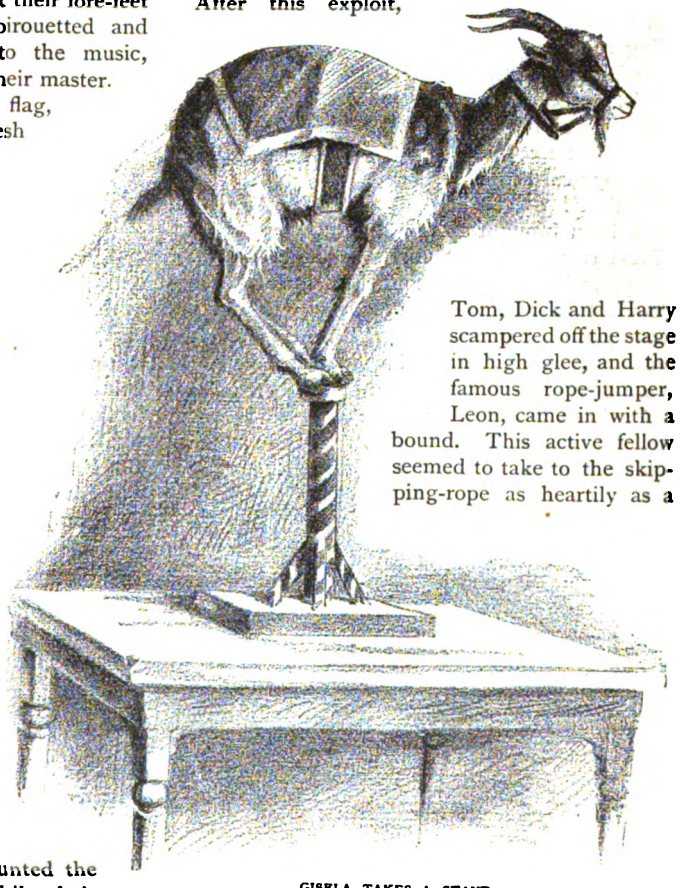
CAN THE DOGS HOLD ON?

Next, a great long barrel was brought in. The three Barbarinos formed in line, and, standing on their hind-legs, rolled the barrel entirely across the stage with their fore-paws to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home." Then one stood upon it, while the others rolled it, shifting his feet all the time to keep from falling off. If you ever have seen a dog in a tread-mill, you will know how he managed to do this. Soon two got upon the barrel, and one rolled it; and, finally, all three mounted the barrel and staid there somehow while their master rolled it rapidly up and down a long and slanting board. This was decidedly the hardest feat of all, and when they had accomplished it after a fashion, the three gifted fellows leaped upon their master, and barked with delight just like ordinary dogs.

Curtain—down and up, as before.

Now appeared three very large white poodles, each shaved on the back of the body so as to look like something between a puff-ball and a lion. They, too, were not dressed (by this time it looked strange to us children to see so many dogs without their clothes on!), and their names were Tom, Dick and Harry. The supple fellows flew through rings and wreaths suspended before them, and at last, when a barrel was held in the air, they jumped through it in so rapid succession that they seemed to be pouring out of it like a sort of very woolly water. The barrel was open at each end, of course, or they could not have jumped through.

After this exploit, Tom, Dick and Harry scampered off the stage in high glee, and the famous rope-jumper, Leon, came in with a bound. This active fellow seemed to take to the skipping-rope as heartily as a girl, for he easily cleared it twenty times without missing, while the master and his assistant turned it to slow and solemn music.



GISELA TAKES A STAND.

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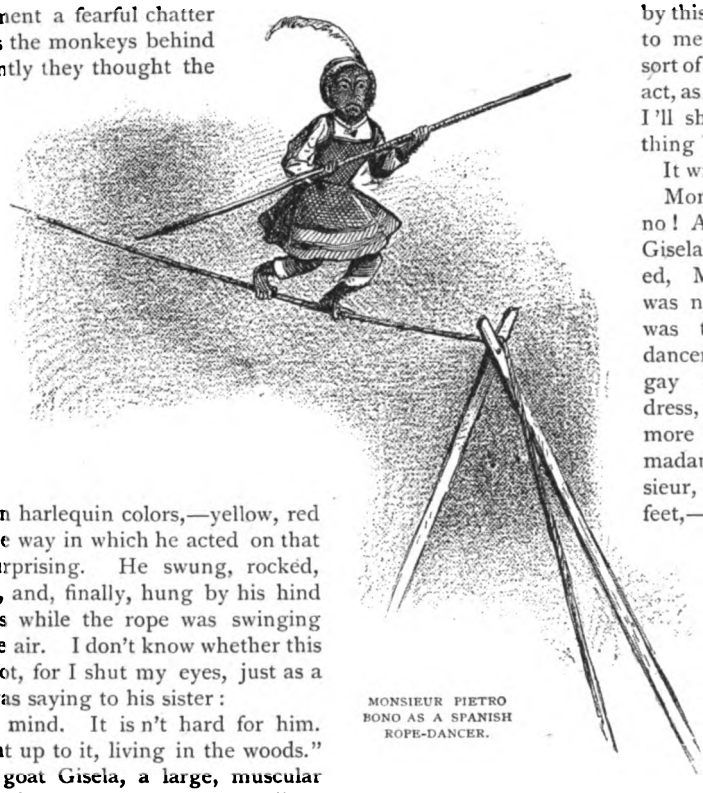
Just at this moment a fearful chatter was heard. It was the monkeys behind the scenes! Evidently they thought the dogs had done about enough. Their master took the hint, and so the next time the curtain rose, we saw a great rope swing hanging down from some place above the stage, and in came Master Jocko, a large baboon with puffy cheeks, grim, but ready for business.



MONSIEUR PIETRO BONO AS A SPANISH ROPE-DANCER.

He was dressed in harlequin colors,—yellow, red and brown, and the way in which he acted on that flying rope was surprising. He swung, rocked, turned somersaults, and, finally, hung by his hind hands, and all this while the rope was swinging hard, high up in the air. I don't know whether this part was fine or not, for I shut my eyes, just as a little boy near us was saying to his sister:

"Pshaw! don't mind. It is n't hard for him. He 's been brought up to it, living in the woods."

Next came the goat Gisela, a large, muscular creature, who seemed to require very little standing-room in this world, in spite of his size. The picture shows you his principal accomplishment; and yet one hardly can tell from it how very strange it was to see this big goat very, very cautiously mount and gather himself upon that little round bit of wood, placed far above the floor, and really too small to hold his four feet. Yet he turned himself completely around several times while in that position! I was glad when he jumped down and, making quite a respectable bow to the spectators, ran away to get his supper behind the scenes.

THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE AFRICAN POST.

The curtain had gone up and down so often that by this time it seemed to me only to give a sort of wink after each act, as if to say: "Now I 'll show you something better yet!"

It winked now.

Monsieur Pietro Bono! Ah! if the goat Gisela was sure-footed, Monsieur Bono was no less so. He was the tight-rope dancer. Attired in gay Spanish fancy dress, that seemed more suitable for a madame than a monsieur, he held up his feet,—or rather his lower pair of hands, for the monkey, being a four-handed animal, has no feet at all,—and the master rubbed them carefully with a bit of chalk. Once upon the tight-rope, Pietro Bono, scowling a moment at the musicians, who quickened their time accordingly, began to show his powers. He walked upon it, sat upon it, danced upon it, balancing his long pole, carrying a circlet of lighted tapers with his teeth, or holding a cup of water in each hand, until the audience clapped in delighted applause. But Monsieur Bono was not delighted. He looked grave as an owl, and that only made us laugh the more, for it was plain that he liked his master, and that he was quite willing to exert himself, but that he evidently had mistaken rope-dancing for a very solemn and dignified profession.

Next followed two dog-and-monkey plays. The first, called "The Break-down of the African Post," was very startling. An elegant little carriage, with lamps at the side, came upon the stage bearing a pair of gayly dressed monkeys, with monkey footman and driver in livery drawn by two spirited white dogs. Around and around they drove in fine style, when, all of a sudden, the carriage gave a lurch, the monkeys looked frightened half to death, the wheels came off, and away scampered the dogs pell-mell in true runaway style.

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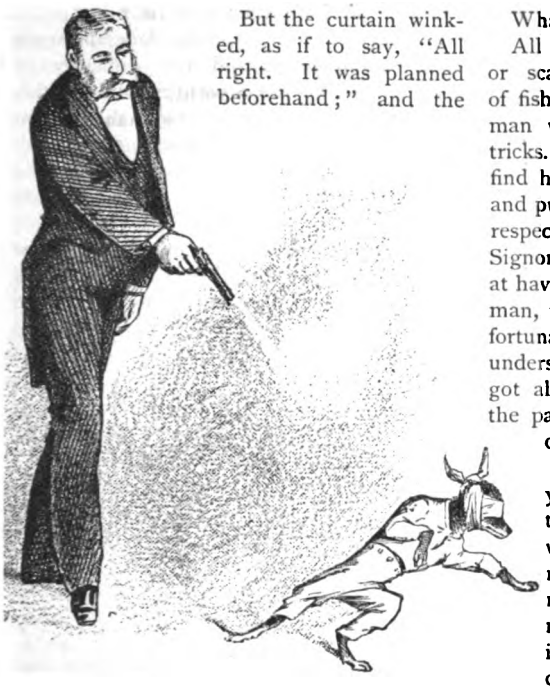


THE DESERTER IS CONDEMNED TO DIE.

But the curtain winked, as if to say, "All right. It was planned beforehand;" and the band had time only to stop its tune and strike up a new one when another play began.

"The Execution of the Deserter."

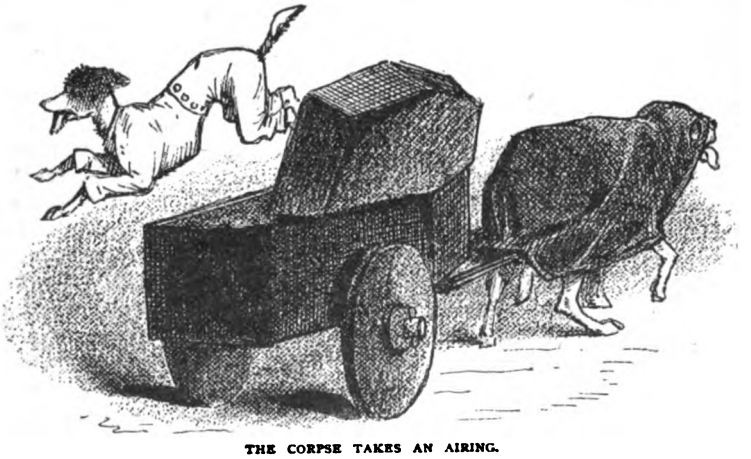
This I must describe briefly: A dignified monkey enters dressed as a military officer, a man (the master) hands him a paper in a grave, sorrowful way. A dog in uniform is brought in. His cocked hat and military coat are taken off. Evidently sentenced to die, he is placed in position, a bandage is tied around his eyes, the man fires a pistol at him, and the dog falls as if dead. They pick him up, drag him about, and lay him down again, but he does not show the slightest sign of life. Then comes a black cart with a coffin in it, dragged by a black-covered dog. The executed culprit is put into it limp and lifeless, and the procession moves solemnly on, when, just as the funeral cortège is going from the stage, the "corpse" suddenly leaps out of the coffin and dashes out of sight. At this wonderful piece of acting the people applaud tremendously, the music grows loud and warm, and the play is over.

What did we do then? Go home? Not so.

All of the hundreds of people left the building, or scattered in various directions, among the tanks of fishes, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to see the man who had taught these animals such astonishing tricks. So a messenger started off behind the stage to find him, while I hurriedly gathered my years together, and put them on as becomingly as I could, ready to be respectable and middle-aged again on the approach of Signor Taddei. He came before long, quite surprised at having been sent for,—a kind-looking, sober gentleman, who could n't speak a word of English. How fortunate that I was grown up again! Perhaps I could understand him. As he proved to speak French, we got along very well, and I always shall be grateful for the patient way in which he answered every question, often adding some welcome bit of information.

Had Monsieur owned these animals long? Oh yes, some of them for twelve years; he had been training animals for fifteen years. Did he have to whip them? "Oh no, indeed; that would do no good; it would frighten them. Kindness was much the best,"—and so on until we obtained many interesting facts. I shall repeat them to you in very much the same jerky way in which they came, for this has been quite a long story already.

Signor Taddei had come to America a few months before, bringing his animals with him; his daughter, who came also, assists him very much, and his pets are as fond of her as they are of him. She always stands behind the scenes to receive them when they run off the stage. They are fed and petted after each performance. The dogs like meat or sausage; the monkeys sometimes take meat, but generally they eat bread, milk, and rice. They like to drink raspberry or strawberry juice mixed with water. His monkeys tasted bananas in New York for the first time in their lives, and were delighted with them. Where did he get



THE CORPSE TAKES AN AIRING.

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his animals? Certainly, Madame should be told, with great pleasure. The dogs mostly were obtained in Austria, but his monkeys he picked up at circuses and zoölogical gardens—in fact at any place where he could find the right sort. He selects his monkeys usually by what he sees of them at the menageries, or zoölogical gardens. The best ones always are active and on the alert. Were monkeys as intelligent as dogs? Well, yes; no; he could n't say. Sometimes monkeys are brightest, sometimes dogs; it depends entirely upon the individual animal. Monkeys often forget their tricks when they come to a new place,—are distracted by new sights and sounds; dogs don't forget at all. A long time generally is needed for training either, but this, too, depends upon the animal's intelligence and the difficulty of the trick; it may be three months, six months, nine months, or a year. It took more than a year to train the chief ladder-dog. Madame would n't believe it, but another dog has been training for the same trick for a whole year and cannot perform it successfully yet.

Patient Signor Taddei! How he works! How his pets work! and how, together, they amuse and astonish us! And how they help us to understand God's dumb creatures, and teach us again and again that kindness is the best law.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

By E. N.

MOST of the girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS know Frank R. Stockton by his writings, but they may like also to know something of his personal history.

He was born in Philadelphia, Penn., April 5th, 1834, when William IV. was King of England, when France was governed by Louis Philippe, and Andrew Jackson was President of the United States.

It is said that the children of the French silk-weavers imagine the world to be made up of two classes of people,—those who weave silk, and those who wear it. And Frank Stockton may have imagined that the world was divided into two classes,—those who write books, and those who read them. As for himself, he meant to do both; for it happened that his lot was cast in a family of writers.

His father, William S. Stockton, was known, long before his son Frank was born, as a writer upon ecclesiastical matters; and for nearly fifty years he wrote ably and vigorously, advocating, with others, certain reforms in the Methodist church, which have since been adopted.

There was another son in the family, very much older than Frank, who was an eloquent and well-known preacher; and there was an elder daughter of the family whose poems may be found in the magazines of twenty years ago. And so Thomas H. and Elizabeth Stockton, gave an impetus to the literary aspirations of the younger children.

There were some half a dozen of these younger ones. At the head of the roll stood Frank and John. These two boys were inseparable companions. They talked, read, played, wrote and studied together. Whenever one entered a room, the other came close after; and, when they grew older, neither could tell of a boyish adventure in which the other had not had a part. They read the same books, and when they were not satisfied with the way the stories ended, they used to write out a new series of circumstances,—kill off, or marry the heroes and heroines as they pleased, and finish the stories to their liking.

In the evening, when the father wrote, he liked to have all the children around him, and if they had to be quiet, and often listen to long articles about church government, as they were read to their mother, yet the wood fire in the open Franklin stove, the apples hung on the string to roast, the chestnuts hidden in the ashes, the lessons to learn, the library books, the whispered joke and laugh, made the winter nights short in spite of church politics and the talk of older people, and it was far better than being sent off to a nursery.

So, out of this kind of life, with books and pictures, with talk of writing and writers, with newspapers and poetry, it was not strange that several of the children took to ink, like ducks to water; and that when the boys and their sister Louise began to write for magazines and papers, it seemed a very natural thing to do.

One of the first published articles of the boy Frank was a prize story in the "Boys' and Girls' Journal," a Philadelphia magazine. But he was probably a much prouder author when a long story,

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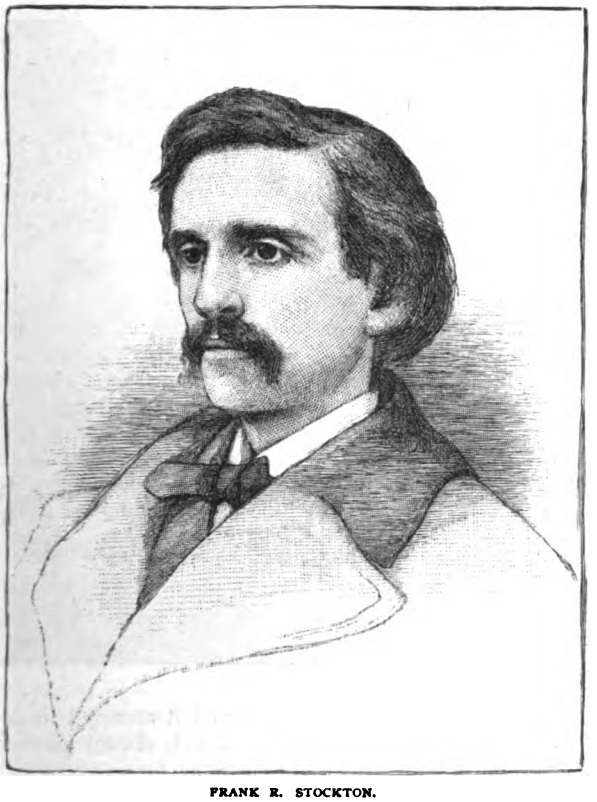
written by him, appeared in McMakin's "American Courier," a weekly paper of large circulation.

He was a very close student, it is said, and went rapidly through the public schools of Philadelphia, and graduated at the Central High School when he was eighteen years old, belonging to a class that has given Philadelphia some of her best-known professional men.

Many of these graduates, with other young men of the city, formed a literary society called "The Forensic and Literary Circle," with which Frank and John were connected for five or six years, reading at the weekly meetings many of their original productions, Frank's being generally stories, while his brother wrote poems. The long-continued influence of this society had much to do in eventually determining these two boys to select literature as their profession.



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

After his graduation, however, when it became necessary for Frank to select a business, he chose drawing and engraving on wood, having a decided talent for drawing, and a great love for it. But, after having thoroughly learned the business, and pursuing it successfully for some years, both in Philadelphia and New York, he determined to relinquish it entirely, and devote himself to literature. During all these years he had been writing for various magazines and papers.

Meantime, his brother John (whose name is now a tender memory) had chosen an editorial career, and was then editor of a daily paper in Philadelphia, the "Morning Post." And, upon this paper, Frank Stockton began to work at literature as a business. After this he went to New York, and was for a time connected with "Hearth and Home," for which he wrote a great many children's stories besides working on the paper editorially. He afterward joined the editorial staff of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, where he remained until ST. NICHOLAS was started in 1873. He has been connected with this magazine as assistant editor from the beginning, until quite recently, when he resigned to devote himself entirely to writing.

The first of his publications in book form was "Ting-a-Ling," a series of fairy stories. These were originally published in the "Riverside Magazine," and at once gave their author a position among the best American writers in the field of fancy and delicate burlesque. He also published "Roundabout Rambles," and, subsequently, the serial, familiar to our readers, which appeared in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, "What might have been Expected," was put into book form. His next volume for children was "Tales out of School."

Mr. Stockton writes not only for children, but for grown people. As a writer for children he has a certain jollity and curious invention running through all the delicate fancies of his fairy stories that make them quite unique; and his stories of ordinary life are all characterized by humor and out-of-the-way adventures. The same characteristics are noticeable in his stories written for older people. He always looks on the bright side of life, and there is nothing morbid in his writings.

One of the principal charms in his stories, and it is shown especially in such papers as the "Rudder Grange" series, published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, is his own entirely unaffected enjoyment of his characters. The reader finds Pomona and the eccentric boarder irresistibly funny, and when he laughs it is with the author.

In 1877, Mr. Stockton made a winter visit to Florida and the Bahamas, where he obtained much of the material for his serial story, "A Jolly Fellowship," begun in this number.

Mr. Stockton is married, and resides in a pleasant little village, about ten miles from New York.

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HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS AT HOME. (SEE PAGE 51.)

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of March, 1877, there was great excitement at No. 27, second floor, in a Seminary in the good old Maine State, for Belle Winship, the presiding goddess of the pretty little chamber, had sent out five mysteriously worded notes to as many girls, requesting their presence at ten o'clock A. M.

The wildest curiosity prevailed, very imperfectly controlled; but, at length, the hostess with great dignity mounting a shoe-box, spoke in these words: "Fellow-countrywomen: whereas, our recitation hall has been burned down, thereby giving us a vacation of two weeks, therefore I want to impart to you a plan by which we can better resign ourselves to this afflicting dispensation. You know," continued she, still impressively, "that papa and mamma are both away for the winter, thus leaving our cottage vacant, and it occurred to me as a brilliant idea that we six girls should go over and keep house a fortnight alone."

Here the tidal wave of her eloquence was impeded by the great enthusiasm prevailing. Cheers and applause greeted her.

"Oh, Belle, that is a lovely idea!" cried Lilla Porter; "but will your mother ever allow it, do you s'pose?"

"That 's the point," answered Belle, gleefully. "Here 's the letter I 've just received from papa:

Baltimore, March 2, '77.

MY DEAR CHILD: We don't like to refuse you anything while we are away enjoying ourselves, so, as the house is insured, you may go over and try your scheme.

Mamma says you must n't entirely demolish her jelly and preserves. My only wish is that you will be careful of the fires. I have scarcely any hopes but that you will burn the house down; however, I should like you to avoid it, if possible.—Your affectionate and imposed upon

PAPA.

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"Is n't he a perfect darling!" cried the enraptured quintette.

"I think," said demure Sadie Weld, "that before we feel too happy, we 'd better consult *our* 'powers that be,' and see if we can accept Bell's invitation."

"I sha' n't hear a 'No' from one of you," said she, energetically. "I 've thought it all over. You, Allie, and Josie Fenton are too far from home to go there anyway, so I shall lead you off captive. Your mother is in town, Lilla, so you can ask her immediately, and you and Edith, Sadie, are only a half day's journey away, and can find out easily. I know you can get permission, for it's going to be perfectly proper and safe. Grandma lives next door, and Uncle Harry can protect us from the rampaging burglars and midnight marauders that may happen in."

So the "Jolly Six" (as they were called by their school-mates) separated, to build many glittering castles in the air. Belle, it was decided, was to go on to her country home, in advance, and, with the help of a young Irish girl, prepare the house.

They had determined to have no servant, and their many ingenious plans for managing and dividing the work were the source of great amusement to the teachers, some of whom were in their confidence. Josie Fenton and Belle were to do the cooking, Jo having the sternly practical department best suited to her—meat, vegetables, etc.—while Belle concocted puddings, cakes, and the various little "messes" toward which school-girl hearts are so tender. Allie Forsaith, the oldest of the party and the beauty of the school, with Edith Lambert, attended to making of beds, tidying of rooms and setting of tables, while Lilla Porter and Sadie Weld, with noble heroism and self-sacrifice, offered to shoulder that cross of a girl's life,—the washing and wiping of dishes.

Wednesday morning the two maiden ladies living opposite the Winship cottage were transfixed with wonder by the appearance of Belle, who wanted the house-key left for safe keeping with them.

"Du tell, Isabel,—waal, I did n't expect to see you this mornin',—air your folks coming home?" asked Miss Mirandy.

"Oh, no," said Belle; "I 'm going to housekeeping myself."

"Good land! You haint run off and got merried, hev you?" cried Miss Jane.

"Not quite so bad as that; but I 'm going to bring five of my school-mates over to-morrow, and we intend to stay two weeks all alone."

"Land o' mercy," moaned the nervous Miss Mirandy. "That Pa o' yourn would let you tread on him and not notice it. Heow any sane man could do sech a crazy thing as to let a pack of girls tear his house to pieces, I don't see. You 'll burn us all up before a week 's out; I declare I sha' n't sleep a wink for worrying the whole time."

"You need n't be afraid, Miss Sawyer," said Belle, with spirit. "If six girls, all fourteen years old, can 't take care of a few stoves, I should think it was a pity. People don't seem to think nowadays that girls know anything; the world 's growing wiser every day, and I don't see why we should n't be as bright as those horrid girls of fifty years ago."

"Well, well, don't get huffy, Isabel; you mean well, but all girls are unstiddy at your age. Anyhow, I 'll try to keep an eye on ye. Here 's your key, and we can spare you a quart of milk a day and risins for your bread, if you 're going to make riz bread."

"Thank you; that 'll be very nice, and now I 'm going over to begin work, for I have heaps to do. Grandma's Betty is going to help me."

The day was very cold, and both busy little women shivered as they unlocked one frost-bitten door after another.

"We shall freeze stiff as pokers," chattered Belle; "but we can 't help it; let 's build a fire in every stove in the house and thaw things out."

This was done, and in an hour they were moderately comfortable. The weather being so cold, Belle decided on using only three rooms, all on the first floor; the large, handsome family sitting-room, the kitchen, and Mrs. Winship's chamber. This being very capacious, she moved a couple of bedsteads from other rooms, and placed the three side by side, filled up the intervening spaces with bolsters, and thus made one immensely wide bed.

"There, Betty, is n't that a bright idea? We can all sleep in a row, and then there 'll be no quarrelling about bed-fellows or rooms. I certainly am a born contriver," said Belle, with a triumphant little laugh.

The sitting-room coal-stove had accommodations, on top and back, for cooking, so she thought their suppers, with perhaps an occasional breakfast, might be prepared there. The large bay-window, with its bright drugget, would serve as a sort of tiny dining-room, so the handsome extension-table, with its carved legs, pretty red cover and silver service, was placed in it. This accomplished, and every room being made graceful and home-like by the dainty touch of Belle's pretty fingers, she went into her grandmother's, where four loaves of bread were baking and pies being filled, in order that the young housekeepers might commence with a full pantry.

"O, Grandma," said she, breathlessly tearing off her "cloud" and bringing down with it a sunshiny mass of bronze hair, "it does look lovely, if

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I do say it; and as for setting that house on fire, there's no danger, for it will take a week to thaw it into that condition in which it will burn. I have made up my mind that I wont build the fires every morning; even if I am hostess, I don't want to freeze myself daily for the cause of politeness. Has the provision man come yet?"

"Yes," said Uncle Harry, "and brought eatables enough for an army,—more than you girls can devour in a month."

"You 'll see," said Belle, laughingly. "You don't know the capacity of the 'Jolly Six' yet. Now, Betty, please take the eggs and potatoes and fish into our store-room. I've just time to make my cake and custard before I ride to the depot for the girls. Do you know, Uncle Harry, I'm going to do the most astounding thing! I've borrowed Farmer Allen's one-seated old pung,—the one he takes to town filled with vegetables,—and I'm going to keep it for our sleigh-rides. It will hold all six of us, and what do we care for public opinion?" finished she with a disdainful sniff.

CHAPTER II.

TWO hours later you might have seen the old pung drawn by Kate and Jerry, with Belle and Allie Forsaith on the seat, and four laughing, rosy-cheeked girls warmly tucked in buffalo robes on the bottom. Even the sober old sun, feeling under a cloud that day, poked his head out to see the fun, and became so interested that, in spite of himself, he forgot his determination not to shine, and stayed out all the afternoon.

When the girls opened the door and saw Belle's preparations,—the cozy sitting-room, with dining-table in the bay-window, three sofas in a row, so that on snowy days they might extend their lazy lengths thereon, and finally a huge barrel of nod-head apples in one corner,—there arose ecstatic cheers, loud enough to shock the neighbors.

"I know it's an original idea to have an apple-barrel in your parlor corner," laughed Belle; "but the common-sense of it will be seen by every thoughtful mind. Our forces will consume a peck a day, and life is too short to spend in galloping up and down cellar a dozen times a day for apples."

"Belle Winship, you're an inhospitable creature," said Lilla Porter. "Here I am, calmly seated on the coal-hod with my hat on, while you are talking so fast that you can't get time to show us our apartments."

"Apartments!" sniffed Belle in mock dudgeon. "You are very grand in your ideas! Behold your quarters, girls!" and she threw open the door of the large chamber.

"Belle, you will yet be Presidentess of these United States," cried Edith Lambert. "Any girl who can devise two such happy plans as an apple-barrel in a parlor corner and three beds in a row, ought to be crowned."

"Might a poor worm inquire, Belle," said Sadie, "why those croquet mallets and balls are laid out in file round the bed?"

"Why, those are for protection, you goose; s'posin' anybody should come in the piazza window at night and we had nothing to kill him with!"

"Yes, and 's'posin'' he should take one of the mallets and pound us all to a jelly to begin with?"

"That would be rather embarrassing," answered she, with a shudder.

"What could one poor man do against five girls banging him with croquet mallets, while the sixth was running to alarm the neighbors; and finally, in conclusion, I suggest that the cooks start supper," and Allie threw herself into an arm-chair, and put up a pair of stout little boots on the fender.

The unfortunate couple referred to exchanged looks of unmitigated disgust.

"Well," said the head cook, "I have my opinion of a girl who will mention supper before she's been in the house an hour. Belle, I foresee that they're going to make galley slaves of us if they can. Besides (turning again to Allie), it is n't to be supper, but dinner. The meals at this house are to be thus and so: Breakfast at 9 A. M.; lunch at 12 M.; dinner at 4 P. M.; refreshments at 7.30 P. M., and all affairs pertaining to eatables are to be completely under control of Mesdemoiselles Winship and Fenton. We sha' n't have you 'suggesting' dinner at all hours, Miss Forsaith."

"Oh, dear!" cried Sadie Weld in comical despair, "if we are going to be ruled over in this way, life will be a bitter pill. I dare say we shall be half-starved. Do give us something good to begin on, Bluebell!"

Judging from the scene at the table an hour later, it would not have made much difference whether the repast was sumptuous or not, so formidable were the appetites, and such the merriment.

"Oh, dear," said Belle dismally, to the assistant cook. "I will throw off all disguise and say this family is a surprise and a disappointment to me. When a person cooks twenty-seven potatoes with the reasonable expectation of having half left to fry, and sees a solitary one left in the dish, it's discouraging. Any way, we are through for to-night, so the Dish Brigade can marshal their forces. We will take our one potato into the kitchen, Jo, and see if we can make it enough for breakfast."

At nine o'clock that evening Uncle Harry went through the garden, and seeing a curtain up, looked in the back window of the sitting-room, thinking he had never seen a prettier or happier looking

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picture. Pretty Edith Lambert curled in an arm-chair near the astral lamp, her face resting on her two rosy palms, and her eyes bent over "Little Women." Bluebell, her bright hair bobbed in a funny little twist, from which two or three venturesome and rebellious curls were straying out, and her high-necked blue apron still on over her dark dress, was humming soft little songs at the piano. Roguish Jo was sitting flat on the hearth, her bright cheeks flushed rosier under the warm occupation of corn popping, and her dark hair kinking up into cunning tendrils round her face; and demure Sadie Weld with her shy, tender face, beside her on a hassock, knitting a "fascinator" out of white wool. These two, so thoroughly unlike, were never to be seen apart; indeed, they were so inseparable as to be dubbed the "Scissors" or "Tongs" by their friends. Allie and Lilla were quarreling briskly over a game of cribbage, Lilla's animated expression and merry, ringing laugh contrasting forcibly with Allie's lovely, calm face. She never was known to be excited over anything. It was she who carried off all the dignity and took the part of presiding goddess over the party. The girls all adored her for her beauty and superior age; for she was nearly sixteen.

THE BILL OF FARE.

"Well," said Jo, breaking the silence, "let us have refreshments, then a good, quiet talk together, and then muster the Hair-Crimping Brigade and go to bed. I think I have corn enough; I've popped and popped and popped as no one ever popped before, and till popping has ceased to be fun."

"Pop on, pop ever; the more you give us, Jo, the more pop-ular you 'll be," laughed Belle.

"She 's a veritable 'pop-in-J,' is n't she?" cried Lilla.

"Now, Lilla," said Edith, "let us get the apples and nuts, and we 'll sit in a ring on the floor, and eat. I sha' n't crack the almonds. The girl that hath her teeth, I say, is no girl, if with her teeth she cannot crack an almond. Lilla, you 're not a bit of assistance; you 've tied up the end of the nut-bag in a hard knot, upset the apple-dish, put the table-cloth on crooked, and—Oh! dear; now you 've stepped in the pop-corn" (as Lilla, trying desperately to cross the room without knocking something over as usual, had hit the corn-pan in her airy flight). "You have such a genius for stepping into half a dozen things at once, I should think you must be web-footed."

"Well, that 's possible," retorted the unfortunate Lilla, "I 've often been told I was a duck of a girl, and this proves it."

"Do you realize, girls," said Edith after a while, "that we shall all be visited by ghosts and horrible visions to-night, if we don't terminate this repast? I 'll put away the dishes, Belle, if you 'll move the sofas up to the fire, so that we can have our chat."

So, speedily, six warm dressing-sacks were slipped on, and then, the lamp being turned out, in the ruddy glow of the fire-light the brown, the yellow and the dark hair was taken down, and the girls, braiding it up for the night, talked and dreamed and built their castles in the air as all girls do.

"Girls!" said Alice softly, breaking an unusual silence of five minutes, "how thankful we ought to be for the happy lives God gives us! We have been put in this world and taken care of so beautifully every day; yet we don't often think about it."

"I think trouble, sometimes, more than happiness, leads us into thinking about God's goodness," said Edith, "though it 's very strange it should. It was Mamma's death that brought me to Him."

"What a perfect heathen I am!" burst out Josie. "I can't feel any of these things any more than if I was a Chinaman. I wonder if I shall ever get waked up!"

"Look out of this window, Jo," said Belle, who was leaning on the sill. "Don't you think that if God can make out of all that snow and ice in three short months, a lovely tender, green, springing world, He can make something out of you? Is n't it a wonderful thing that He can wake up the life that 's asleep under that frozen earth?"

"Well," rejoined Jo dismally, "there 's something to begin on out there, but I don't think I have much of a soul, anyway. I never have seen any signs of it. You always say things so prettily, Belle, that I like to hear you sermonize. You 'd make a good minister's wife."

"I think you have plenty of 'soul material,' Jo," said Lilla (confusedly struggling to make a figure of speech express her meaning). "There 's lots of it there, only it wants to be — blown up, somehow."

"Thanks for your encouragement," said Jo, amid the laughter that followed Lilla's peculiar

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metaphor. "I guess you 'll have to handle the spiritual bellows, and then you 'll find it 's harder work than you imagine. Now don't laugh, girls, because I really do feel solemn about it, only I talk in my usual dreadful way."

"You always make yourself appear wicked, Jo," said her loving champion, Sadie; "but I happen to know a few 'facks' in your case. Girls, last month

BELLE ASKS MISS SAWYER FOR THE KEY.

she gave every cent of her allowance to Mrs. Hart (that poor washer-woman who scorched her white overskirt), and stayed away from the levee to take care of that horrid room-mate of hers who had a headache."

"Sadie, if you don't desist," cried Jo, with a flaming face and brandishing a hair-brush fiercely, "I will throw this at your dear, charitable, little head. Now, Belle, you know we all agreed to tell a story or adventure each night before going to bed, and I think you, as hostess, ought to begin."

"Dear me, I can 't!" cried Belle. "Nothing ever happened to me except going to California and talking to Dickens once. That 's the sum total of my adventures."

"Tell us something about California, then. Oh, you do have such a good time, and funny things are always happening to you," sighed Lilla. "You never seem to have any trials."

"Trials!" rejoined Belle, sarcastically. "I should think I had n't! Perhaps I have n't a little brother and an awfully fussy old aunty! Perhaps I never had three-fourths of my alveolar processes come up through my jaw to be pulled out! Don't you call those 'afflictions'?"

"Yes, I do," answered Lilla, joining the general laugh; "and I 'll never allude to your good fortune again. Now tell us a California story,—that 's a dear,—for I 'm getting sleepy."

"Well," said Belle, casting her eyes round the room until they rested on the what-not, "I 'll tell you the story of these;" (taking up a string of

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dusky-looking pearls which had the appearance of having been burned) "and I shall make it just as 'bookish' and romantic as possible."

"Last summer, Mamma and I were boarding in a beautiful valley a hundred miles from San Francisco. It was near the mining districts, where Papa was attending to some business. Of course, a great many Mexicans and Indians, as well as Chinamen, worked in these mines, and we used to see them very often. Mamma and I were sitting under the peach-trees in the garden one afternoon; the fruit was ripe and hanging 'in bushels' on the trees, as beautiful to look at as it was luscious to eat; some of the peaches were a rich yellow inside and others snow-white, except where the crimson stone had tinged its socket with rosy little spots

"We were sewing and eating when the gate opened, and an Indian girl with an old squaw came in and approached us. The girl could speak English, and told me her name was Eskaluna. I knew then she was the beauty and belle of the tribe, and was going to marry the chief's son when the next moon came, for I had heard of her from our Indian cook, who was as gossipy as a Yankee. She was the most beautiful creature I ever saw: lovely black hair,—not so coarse as is usual with them,—brilliant dark eyes and good features, the prettiest slim hands and graceful arms, too. Then she was dressed gayly and handsomely in the fashion of her tribe, and on her lovely, bare, brown neck was this long string of Mexican pearls, which we noticed at once as being very valuable. She stayed there all the afternoon eating peaches, and really grew quite confidential. Mamma, meanwhile, had gone into ecstasies over her beautiful pearls, and had taken them from her neck to examine them. At sunset, when she went home to her wigwam, she slipped the necklace into Mamma's lap, saying, with her sweet trick of speech, 'I eat your peachie, you takie my beads.' Of course Mamma could n't accept them, and Eskaluna departed in quite a disappointed mood. I remember being sorry that the pretty young thing was going to marry the disagreeable, ugly chief. He was just as jealous and ferocious as he could be,—would n't let her talk to one of the warriors of the tribe, and had shot one man already because he fancied she liked him.

"In two days our Indian cook came home at night from the mines, saying he wanted a holiday the next morning to go to a funeral. You know in some tribes they burn the bodies of the dead. Well, we asked him the particulars, of course, and were terribly shocked when we heard that it was the funeral of Eskaluna. Nakawa told us the whole story in his broken English, and a sad enough one it was. Her lover, as I have said, was always jealous of her, and on the afternoon she came to our house, he had heard from some crafty villain or other (an enemy of Eskaluna's) that she was false, and instead of intending to marry him, she loved a handsome young Indian of another tribe and would run away with him.

"This fired his hot blood, and he rushed off on the village road determined to kill her. He climbed up a large sycamore-tree on a lonely part of the road, and there waited until the shadows fell over the mountain-sides, and the sun, dropping behind their peaks, left the San Jacinto valley in fast growing darkness. At last he saw the gleam of her scarlet dress in the distance, and soon he heard her voice as she came singing along, little thinking of her dreadful fate. He took sure aim at the heart that was beating happily and carelessly under her cape of birds' feathers, shot, and so swift and unerring his arrow that she fell in an instant,—dead upon the path. Then, leaving her with the helpless old squaw, he escaped into a cañon near by.

"The next day we went over to the Indian encampment, and reached the place just after poor Eskaluna had been burned on the funeral pile. We went close to the spot, and could hardly help crying when we thought of her beauty and sweetness, and her tragic death. Up near the head of the pile where that lovely brown neck of hers had rested,—the prettiest neck in the world,—laid this charred string of pearls she had worn in our garden. Mamma asked for it as a remembrance, and the old squaw gave it to her. Eskaluna's brother is on the war-path after her murderer, I guess, to this day, if he has n't killed him yet; for he was determined to avenge her. Now is n't that romantic, and terrible at the same time, girls? Poor Eskaluna! I don't know that her fate would have been much easier if she had married him; but it 's hard to think of her being so heartlessly murdered when she was so innocent and true; and that 's the end of my story. Now, come to bed, girls; it 's ten o'clock."

In a half hour all six were asleep, and the bright-faced moon, looking in at the piazza window, smiled as she saw the half-dozen heads in a row, and the bed surrounded by croquet mallets and balls.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day rose clear, bright and sparkling, but bitterly cold.

I cannot attempt to tell you all the doings of that indefatigable and ingenious bevy of girls during the day. Miss Mirandy, their opposite neighbor, had kept at her post of observation, the window, very closely, and had seen much to awaken scorn and surprise.

"Waal, Jane!" said she excitedly in the after-

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noon, "there they go ag'in! That's the fourth time their hoss has been harnessed into Allen's pung to-day; and now they've got their uncle. Whatever they find to laugh so over, and where they go to, is more 'n I can see. They hev n't done up their dinner dishes, I know, for I've been watching of 'em and they haint had time to do 'em so vast quick as this, though Belle Winship is as spry as a skeeter when she gets agoing."

Miss Mirandy's eyes were better than magnifying glasses, for, aided by a lively imagination, they could dart around corners and through doors with great ease. Belle avowed confidentially to Sadie that morning, when she met her eyes fixed on the pantry window, that she ble'eved Miss Mirandy could see a fly-speck on top of a liberty pole.

The girls had made a very lively day of it, and in the evening, their spirits being still high, they gave an impromptu concert; with Uncle Harry, two or three of Mrs. C.'s boarders, the young school-master and Hugh Pennell (home from college on vacation), for an audience; a small, but appreciative one.

Belle had a keen sense of the ridiculous and a voice like a meadow lark. Jo was capital, too, as a mimic, so together they gave some absurdly funny scenes from operas and the like. Belle had thrown on an evening dress of her cousin's, left in the house, which, with its short sleeves, showing her round, girlish arms, and its long train, made her such a distracting little prima donna of fifteen, that Hugh Pennell quite laid his boyish heart at her feet. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" with all the smiles, head tossings, arch looks, casting down of eyelids and kissing of finger-tips at close, which generally accompany it when sung by the stage soprano, and was greeted with rapturous applause. Then Jo, as the tenor, in dressing-gown and smoking-cap for male attire, sung a fervent duet with Allie Forsaith, rendering it with original Italian words, and embraces at the end of each measure. After bidding their visitors good-night at ten o'clock, and keeping the cooks company in the kitchen while they set muffins to "raise" for breakfast, the girls went to their room.

"I never had such a good time in my life," sighed Lilla, as she blew out the lamp and tucked herself in on the front side. "I only have two things to trouble me. First: my tooth feels as if it were going to ache again. Second: it's my turn to build the fire in the morning."

"Console yourself with one thought, my dear," said Belle, sleepily, yet sagely, "both those misfortunes can't happen to you, for if your tooth aches, we sha' n't make you build the fire."

Lilla's fears had foundation, however, for in the middle of the night, Jo, who slept next the front side, waked up to find her slipping out of bed.

"What's the matter, Lilla?" whispered she.

"Nothing; don't wake the rest, but that aching tooth of mine has given me the neuralgia. Where is the 'stuff' I bathe my face in, do you know?"

"Yes, just where you put it this morning, in the wash-stand closet; sha' n't I light the lamp and help you?"

"No, no," said Lilla. "I can put my hand right on it. Here it is! I'll bathe my face a few minutes and then try to get to sleep."

So she anointed herself freely, put the bottle and sponge under the head of the bed lest she should need them again, and, finally, the pain growing less, fell asleep.

In the morning, Belle, who waked first, rubbed her eyes drowsily, looked over to Lilla, who was breathing quietly, and uttered a loud shriek. This in turn aroused the other girls, who, looking where she pointed, followed her example. One side of Lilla's face was swollen, and of a dark, purple color, presenting a frightful appearance. At length, hearing the confusion, Lilla awoke with a start, and her eyes being open and rolled about in surprise, looked still more alarming.

"What's the matter, girls?" said she, sitting up in bed. Thereupon Edith and Allie began to cry, and nobody answered her.

"Keep calm," said Belle, tremblingly.

"Lilla, dear, your face is badly swollen and discolored, and we're afraid you'll be very sick, but we'll send for the doctor right away; does it pain you much?"

She jumped up hastily, and, looking in the mirror, uttered a cry of terror, and sank back into the rocking-chair.

"Oh dear! oh dear! What can it be! Oh take me home to papa, Belle! It must be a—a malignant fustule—or spotted fever—or something dreadful! What shall I do? Belle, you're a doctor's daughter; do find out what's the matter with me!"

"Girls," cried Belle, with a face like a ghost, "we can't be too quick about this. If you, Jo, will build a kitchen fire, and Allie do the same in here, then, after we've made her comfortable, Edith can run and tell Uncle Harry to come."

"She had a pain in her face last night," gasped Jo; "that must have had something to do with it. She put some of her medicine on and then dropped off into sleep. Come, darling, let us tuck you in bed again; try to keep up your courage!"

Then there was a hasty consultation in the kitchen, 'midst many groans and tears. Belle was authority on sickness, and she said, with an awe-struck face, that it must be a dreadful case of erysipelas in the very last stages.

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"But," cried Allie, perplexed, "it's a very strange case, for why does she have so little pain, and how could her face have turned so black from mortification in one night?"

"Heaven knows," said Belle, devoutly, and in abject terror, wringing her hands. "What to do with her I don't know. Whether to put hot bricks to her head and ice to her feet, or keep her head cold and soak her feet—whether to give her a sweat or keep her dry, or wrap her in blankets, or get the linen sheets. Jo is with her now. If you'll go and wake Uncle Harry, Edith, it's the best thing we can do. Please go with her, too, Sadie, and you wont be afraid together."

Allie and Belle rushed back to Lilla, who looked even worse, now that the room was bright with the glow of the open fire and the pale light of the student-lamp.

"You patient old darling!" cried Belle, plunging down on her knees beside the bed. "They've sent for the doctor, and now you'll be all right. Good gracious! what bottle have I tipped over under this bed?"

"It's my lotion for neuralgia," moaned Lilla faintly. "I bathed my face in it last night, and put it under there afterward."

"Your neuralgia lotion!!" shrieked Belle, with first a look of blank astonishment, and then one of insane excitement and glee mixed in equal parts. "Look at it, girls, and don't let me die laughing. Look, Allie and Jo! Oh, Lilla, you precious, precious goose!" and thereupon she dragged out from beneath the bed-curtain a pint bottle of—violet ink, and then relapsed into a paroxysm of merriment. Just then the back-door opened, and in hurried Uncle Harry and the girls, much terrified, for they had heard the shouts and gasps and excited voices from outside, and supposed, at least, that Lilla had fallen into convulsions.

"Let me see the poor child immediately," cried Mr. Winship. "What's the trouble with you, Belle, are you crazy? and where is Lilla?" (looking at the apparently empty bed, for Lilla had wound herself in the bed-clothes, disappeared from view, and was endeavoring to force a whole sheet into her mouth in order to render laughter inaudible). "Are you trying to play a joke on me?" continued he, with as much dignity as was consistent, in an attire made up of an under-flannel, a pair of trousers, wrong side out, rubbers, a tall hat and gold-headed cane which he had caught up in his hasty flight from his chamber.

"The fact is," answered Belle, between convulsive gasps and trying desperately hard to regain her sobriety,—"the fact is—Uncle Harry—we made—a mistake, and so did—Lilla. There were two bottles just alike in the closet, and in the night she bathed her face for ten minutes in the purple ink! Oh, oh, oh!!!"

Uncle Harry's face relaxed into a broad grin as he saw the joke.

"Oh, Mr. Winship, you should have seen her!" sighed Jo, lifting her head from the sofa-pillow with streaming eyes. "All her face, except part of her forehead and one cheek, was covered with enormous dark purple blotches. She looked like a calathumpian, or a leper, or anything else frightful!"

"Well," said Edith, slyly, "Belle said mortification had taken place. I don't think Lilla has ever been more mortified than she is now; do you?"

"Puns are out of place, Edith," said Belle severely. "Don't hurry, Uncle Harry. Don't let any thought of your rather peculiar attire cause you embarrassment."

But before Belle's teasing voice had ceased, the last thud, thud of his rubbers, and click, click of his gold-headed cane were heard in the hall, and he thought, as he tried to finish his night's sleep, that he would be cautious before he allowed these madcap girls to rout him out of bed again at three o'clock in the morning.

As for the girls themselves, they did not make a trial of slumber, but scrubbed Lilla energetically first, and then made molasses candy, determined that the roaring kitchen fire should be used to some purpose.

(To be continued.)

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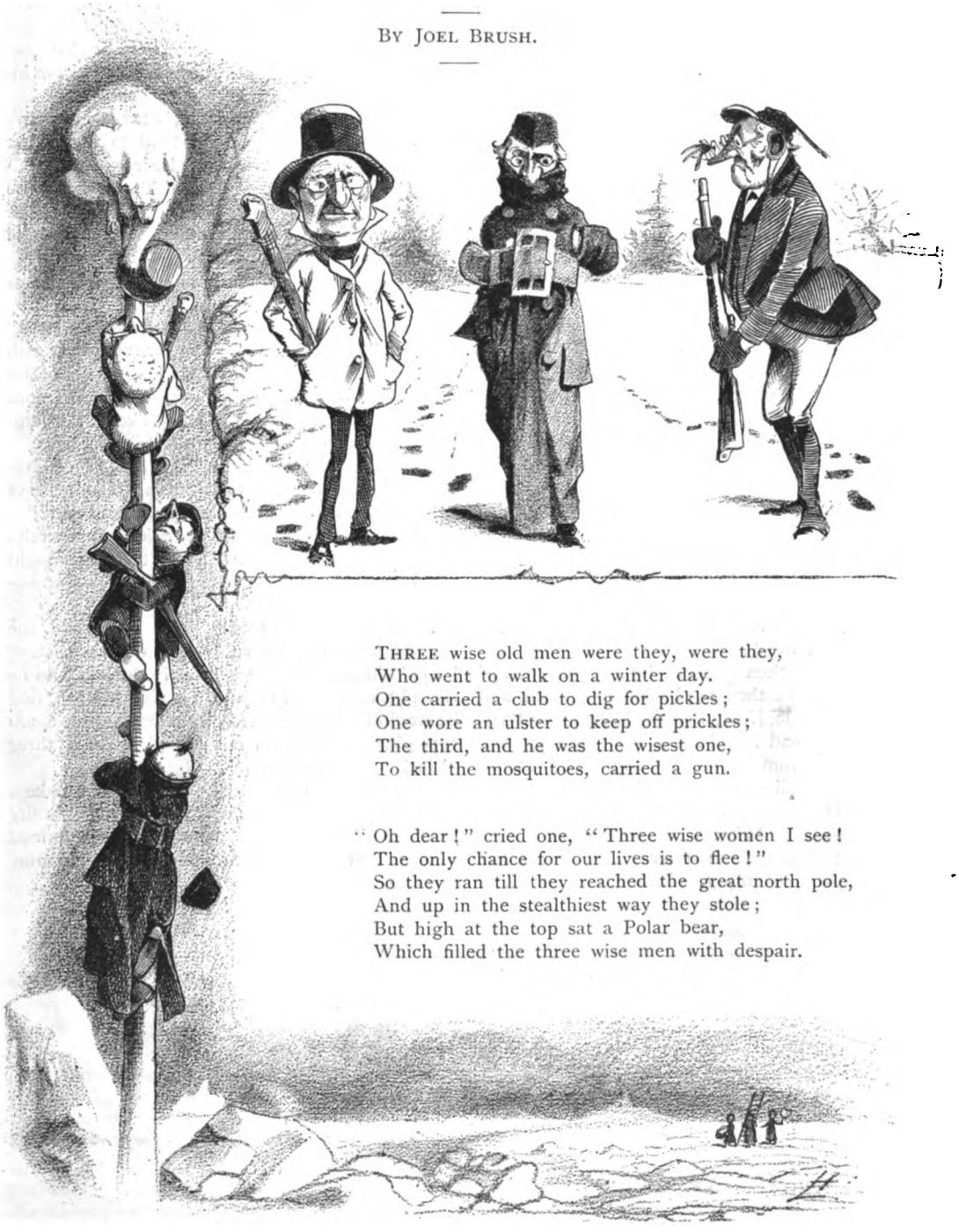
THE THREE WISE MEN.

[See "Three Wise Women," ST. NICHOLAS, for April, 1878, p. 432.]

BY JOEL BRUSH.



THREE wise old men were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter day.
One carried a club to dig for pickles;
One wore an ulster to keep off prickles;
The third, and he was the wisest one,
To kill the mosquitoes, carried a gun.

"Oh dear!" cried one, "Three wise women I see!
The only chance for our lives is to flee!"
So they ran till they reached the great north pole,
And up in the stealthiest way they stole;
But high at the top sat a Polar bear,
Which filled the three wise men with despair.

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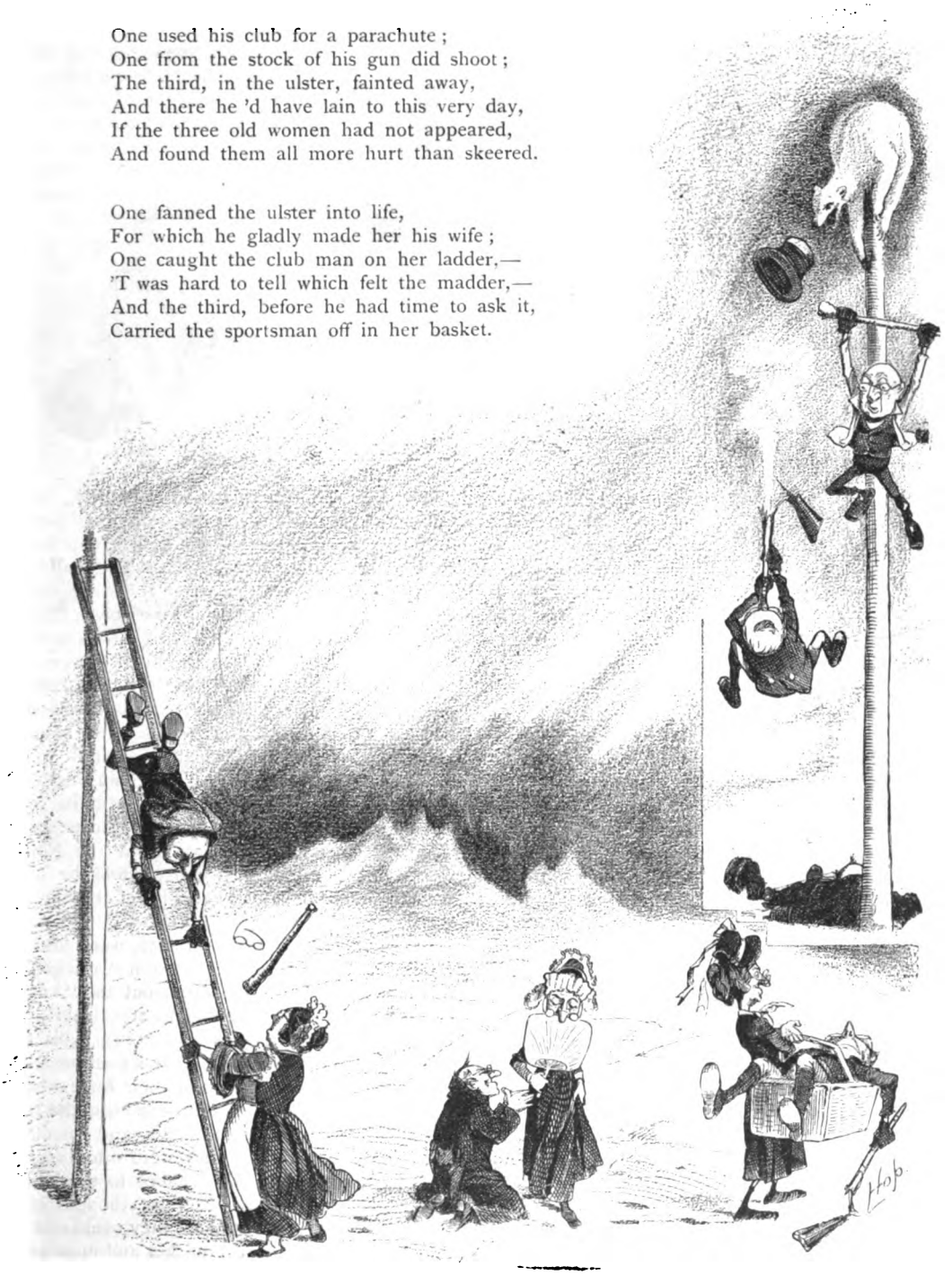
One used his club for a parachute;
One from the stock of his gun did shoot;
The third, in the ulster, fainted away,
And there he 'd have lain to this very day,
If the three old women had not appeared,
And found them all more hurt than skeered.

One fanned the ulster into life,
For which he gladly made her his wife;
One caught the club man on her ladder,—
'T was hard to tell which felt the madder,—
And the third, before he had time to ask it,
Carried the sportsman off in her basket.



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THE LOOK-OUT TREE.

BY FRED. BEVERLY.

THE trees and plants of the half-tropical forests of the Southern states are very interesting to one accustomed to our Northern woods. The elms, oaks and maples of the North give place to other species of the same family, and many entirely new kinds meet his eye. There are in the South, for example, true oaks which retain an evergreen foliage, and are therefore called *live-oaks*. Such a tree is shown in the picture on next page, and forms a portion of a scene perfectly characteristic of Florida.

The live-oak is, or has been, one of the most valuable of our forest trees—so valuable that the Government has protected and preserved large tracts or reservations of it in Florida, where no person is allowed to cut any timber. It is used altogether in ship-building, and the knees, or ribs, of vessels made from it will last a hundred years or more. There are yet shown on Cumberland island, near the coast of Georgia, the stumps of trees from which were shaped the timbers of the frigate "Constitution"—so celebrated in our history.

The live-oak is fast decreasing in numbers, and men are yet employed in cutting its valuable timber, which is shipped to the various navy-yards and stored up for future use.

I once visited a camp of "live-oakers" on Mosquito Lagoon, on the east coast of Florida. Three hundred men were employed, and they lived in little villages of palmetto huts, each group having its captain, teamster and cook. They all were Northern men, most of them from the lumber camps of Maine,—men born in the woods, and well accustomed to fatigue. At first, the oaks were cut upon the banks of the lagoon, but these were soon exhausted, and mile after mile the men had followed, building roads of logs across the marshes, and rude bridges over the creeks and swamps, until they had finally reached the margin of oak growth seven miles away. There was no other village near, and this settlement, with its many huts, huge barns (for all hay and provender for the cattle had to be brought from the North), stores, warehouses and wharfs, would be abandoned as soon as the supply of timber was exhausted.

Every morning a gang of men went into the woods; a certain number cut down the huge oak, others hew the logs square, cut out the "knees" or bent limbs which are the most valuable, and marked on every piece its contents in cubic feet. The timber was then taken by the teamsters, who hung them under the axles of their huge wheels, eight feet in diameter, and drew them to the river. Their teams contained six, eight, and sometimes ten yoke of cattle; and they were often nearly a day in accomplishing the distance to the lagoon. The native cattle were used, as, though hardly half the size of Northern oxen, they could undergo more fatigue, could travel quicker and more surely among the stumps and roots, and could live on less food. After the timber had been taken to the banks of the lagoon it was loaded upon huge, boat-

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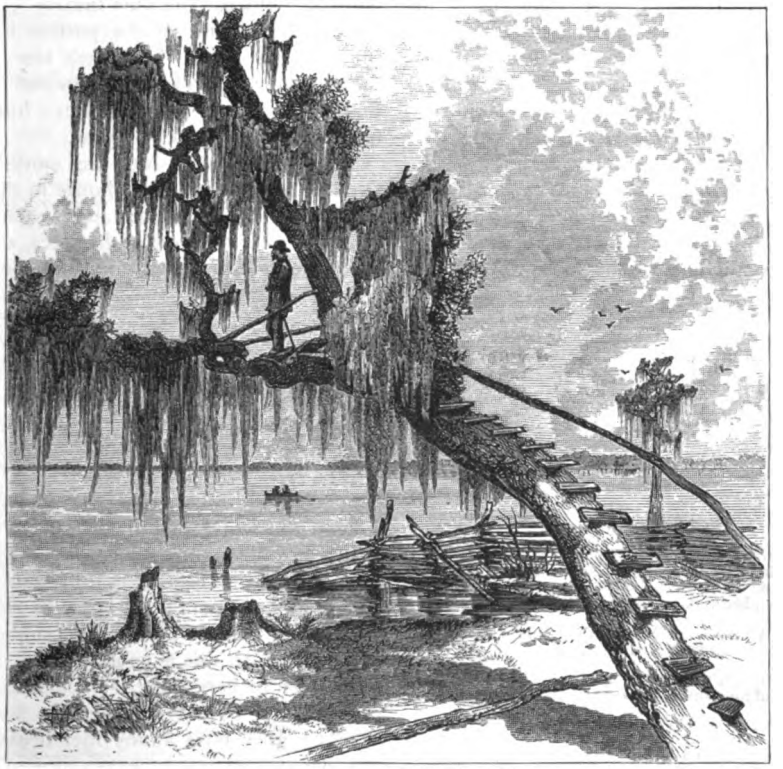
like rafts, called "lighters," and floated twenty miles away to the Inlet, where vessels were lying in wait for it. Every part of the process of securing this timber was attended with great hardship and even danger.

You cannot help noticing the drapery of the tree in the picture,—the long festoons of Spanish moss or *tillaudsia*, which is not a moss at all, but an air-plant. It garlands every tree, nearly, and grows in every swamp in Florida, in little sprays of gracefully curling tendrils, or in huge masses of interlaced and matted moss. Large quantities of it are gathered and buried in some pond, or steamed, until the outer cuticle comes off, leaving a woody fiber which is useful to us in various ways, chiefly as a stuffing for mattresses.

One hot day in August I was walking along the shores of a beautiful lake in Florida, the banks of which were lined with a luxuriant growth of trees and vines, made almost impenetrable by the hanging moss, when suddenly I heard sounds issuing from a tree near the thicket in which I was. I could see no one anywhere, and it was some time before I traced the sounds to the tree in our picture. There, half hidden in the dense shroud of moss, was a boy ten years old, singing:

> "Oh! Santa Fè is a very good lake,
> 'T is a very good place for me;
> For it has a bank that never will break,
> And that everybody can see."

As I stepped out upon the sandy shore, he shrank back, much ashamed of having been overheard. Nevertheless, he invited me to his platform, and I climbed up upon the cross-pieces which you see nailed upon the trunk of the tree.



"THE LOOK-OUT TREE."

He was a very pleasant little fellow, with blue eyes and yellow hair, the son of a planter who owned a great portion of the land about the lake. From our position we could look across the lake, into the pine woods two miles away, and up its shore for several miles. Tall cypresses grew thickly along the lake shore, draped, like our own tree, with long pendants of moss; behind us was the plantation, a narrow lane leading up the hill to the houses and out-buildings, surrounded with orange and lemon trees.

"And now, my little friend," said I, sitting down

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by his side, "how came you to have such a delightful play-house up in this tree?"

"This was n't built for a play-house; but Papa made it ever so many years ago for Mamma to watch from when he went across the lake. Do you see that green bank across the lake? That is an orange grove that Papa set out when sister was born (she is two years older than I), and when he would go over there with the men to work, Mamma would get so lonesome, that he built her this place for a look-out. We call it 'the look-out tree;' and when I was small, Mamma would bring me here on hot afternoons, and sit here till almost dark. One time she had waited for Papa till sunset, and he did not come, though she saw the boat leave the shore, and she thought she would go down. But just as she took me in her arms, and got up, she saw a wild cat coming right along the fence, toward the water. She did n't make a noise, but got right down behind the moss and waited. The wild cat jumped off the fence near the foot of the tree, began smelling of the foot-prints in the sand, and then scratching at the foot of the tree. He seemed ready to climb right up when something made him look out toward the lake, and there was the boat, coming as fast as our boys could pull it. That frightened him and he ran away. After that, Mamma did n't go there so much, and would not let me go, unless nurse or Papa was with me, till I was quite old."

"And what was the bank of which you were singing?"

"Oh! that is our orange bank across the lake. Nothing but frost can hurt that."

Then he told me of the portion his father had set aside for him. That each tree, being old as himself, now bore over two hundred oranges; and that he had received more than a hundred dollars from his orange bank last year.

Then I related to him the story of the Swiss family Robinson, of their house in the tree, which his "look-out" recalled; and we chatted till the sun drew near the tops of the trees, and we walked up to the gate together, and said good-by.

THE MAGICIAN'S LESSON.

(A dialogue in three scenes. From a German story.)

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

Pompey. Tall boy in foppish attire, dress coat with brass buttons, white hat with black band, eye-glass, cane, bright chintz vest and tight pantaloons, ruffled shirt, button-hole bouquet, black gloves, black mask.

Tommy Whiteface. Very small boy in white suit, with face and hands chalked white.

Another boy. Same size, with suit of black cambric, black mask, and tight-fitting black skull-cap.

Dick and Harry.—Two boys in common attire.

The Magician. Tall boy in long robe of black muslin, ornamented with figures cut from yellow cloth; very tall, black, pointed hat trimmed with yellow.

SCENE I.

The abode of the Magician, Scribble Scrabble Spatter Ink, who sits at a table covered with manuscript, holding a pen three feet long, which he often dips into a huge ink-pot, that stands beside the table near the center of the room. His pen-wiper, larger than a big cabbage, can be made of red muslin, with black pieces stuck on to represent ink-stains. The ink-stand is made by covering a barrel with black muslin, dull side out; the bottom is made larger than the rest by winding clothes about the lower part of the barrel under the cover. The word "ink" is printed with white chalk on the side of the ink-stand. The magician seems deep in literary labor, often dipping his pen into the ink-stand, and then writing, as if inspired. He is so absorbed that he at first pays no attention to the continued knocking of Julius Cæsar Pompey Augustus, who bursts into the room as if in terror and out of breath. The magician looks up with great dignity and completely awes Pompey, who leans against the wall in terror.

Magician. I am the greatest writer that the world has ever seen,
I cover half the pages of the "Weakly Magazine;"
I keep the world in order, with the magic of my pen,
And teach the best of manners to the worst of boys and men.

Pompey. Great Scribble Scrabble Spatter Ink,
I come to ask a boon;
I see you 're very busy, so I 'll state my business soon.
The naughty boys annoy me, because I am not white,
And I beg that you will help me to set the matter right.

Magician. State your grievance, August Pompey, as quickly as you can,
For I am always glad to help a colored brother man;
'T is the duty of a writer to right the wrongs of all,
And to shed his ink most freely for the good of those who call.

Pompey. [*Struts across the room with great airs.*
When, in this modest manner, I promenade the street,
I attract the idle notice of all the boys I meet,
And some of them leave off at once their labor or their games

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To run along behind me, and call me ugly names.

Magician. Keep dark, poor Pompey Cæsar, and when forth again you walk,

And are troubled by boys' actions, or by their idle talk,

Just run with all your might to me, and if they follow you,

I'll teach them such a lesson as will make them very blue.

Pompey. Expect them very soon, great sir, for I am very sure

Their cruel speech and actions I no longer can endure.

I'll bring before your highness the very first I meet,

And I know that I shall see them at the corner of the street.

[Pompey goes out backward, bowing most profoundly, and the Magician settles down to his writing as if absorbed.

SCENE II.

A street. Tom, Dick and Harry are engaged in playing marbles in the right corner. Julius Cæsar Pompey Augustus enters at right, and struts along.

Tommy. There goes that Julius Cæsar with all his pomp and pride;

How high he holds his haughty head! Note his conceited stride!

Now let us follow after him, and have a little fun,

And let us chase him home again, as fast as he can run.

Pompey. You naughty boys desist, I pray, and pay me more respect;

If I am darker in my face, pray why should you object?

If your black hearts showed in your face, then all the world could see

That I, the white, and you, the dark, would then most surely be.

Tommy. Come show us, Pompey Cæsar, how fast your legs can run,

For we are going to chase you now to have a little fun.

So run, you unbleached contraband, as quickly as you can;

Run, run, you brunette brother, you stylish African.

[Pompey runs off, as if in terror, and the three boys run after him.

SCENE III.

The abode of the Magician as before, excepting that the small boy, dressed completely in black, is concealed inside the ink-stand. The Magician is still writing very busily as before, and looks up in great surprise and annoyance as Pompey dashes into the room, closely followed by the three boys, who seem frightened and try to escape, but the door proves to be closely shut behind them, and they stand looking at the Magician, who lays down his pen, after wiping it carefully on his huge pen-wiper, rises from his chair and speaks.

Magician. Why are you here, O, sable one? and you three idle boys?

To stop the current of my thought with your discordant noise?

Do you know the world will suffer, if I lay aside my pen?

For it is mightier than the sword when wielded by some men.

Pompey. Great sir, I am the very man who called a while ago,—

The one to whom you promised to take away his woe.

I am Julius Cæsar Pompey, and I bring before you here

The boy who makes my life so hard, and keeps me full of fear.

Magician. What is your name, you naughty boy? and what have you to say

In answer to this cruel charge, that you, in idle play,

Have troubled this poor African, because he's poor and weak?

Or is it that his face is black? What is your answer?—speak!

Tommy. My name is Tommy Whiteface, and I own that I have done

A very hard and cruel thing, to make poor Pompey run.

But he walked so very oddly, and had so many airs,

That we tried to teach him manners, and to give him little scares.

Magician. I am here to teach you manners, and will try to scare you too,

So you will never plague a man because he's black or blue.

I'll dip you in my ink-stand, and Pompey then can see

You can no longer laugh at him, for you'll be as black as he.

[The Magician then takes up Tommy by the collar of his coat and dips him into the ink-stand. Then he takes hold of the collar of the boy in black clothes, who has been concealed, and lifts him out; so to the audience the effect is very startling, as he has apparently changed color. He puts the boy down, and Pompey and the other boys point at him and laugh.

Magician. Laugh not at him, poor Pompey, because he laughed at you,

But try to pity and forgive, and learn this maxim true,—

'T is only manners make the man, and whether black or white,

You always can command respect, if you respect the right.

CURTAIN.

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BESSIE BARTON'S LARGE FAMILY.

BESSIE BARTON is a little girl with a great many brothers and sisters, but they all are grown up, and she is the only child left.

It is a very lonely thing to be just one little girl in a big house, and one day Bessie really could not stand it. She said she must have something alive to play with, so her mamma made it known that she would like to have a kitten. The next morning some boys brought her seven. She could n't

make a choice, so she took them all. You never saw such a greedy girl for kittens; she wanted one for every day in the week, she said. She had one over, for a girl brought a little gray kitten, curled up fast asleep in a bird-cage!

"Oh!" cried Bessie, "I 'll take that, too! I have n't a single gray one." So the other girl lifted up the top of the cage and let out the kitten. The poor little thing had awakened and was making a dreadful noise and scratching.

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"He has n't a very good disposition, I 'm afraid," she said. "I call him 'Pepper;' that 's gray, you know, and kind of sharp and fiery. What do you call your other kittens?"

"Oh, my!" said Bessie, "I don't know. Boys brought them, and they never do think of things like girls. What shall I do?"

"I 'll help you," said the other girl. And the two curly-heads puzzled themselves for full an hour to find names that would "fit the pussies," as Bessie said.

There was "Pepper," to begin with; then the twins they called "Trotty"

and "Spotty," and the three black ones "Topsy," and "Jet," and "Snuffy" (because one had such a funny little way with its nose); and the two white kittens "Snow" and "Whitey."

Bessie was a very happy girl now, and played all day long with her family of kittens. But they had to sleep in the cellar; mamma said there really was n't room for so many kittens anywhere else. That was bad. Once Snow got among the coal, and Bessie had to give her a bath, in a real bath-tub, before she was fit to be seen. That was a dreadful punishment, for cats are like some children, and never like to be washed.

When Bessie opened the door for the kittens each morning, they always

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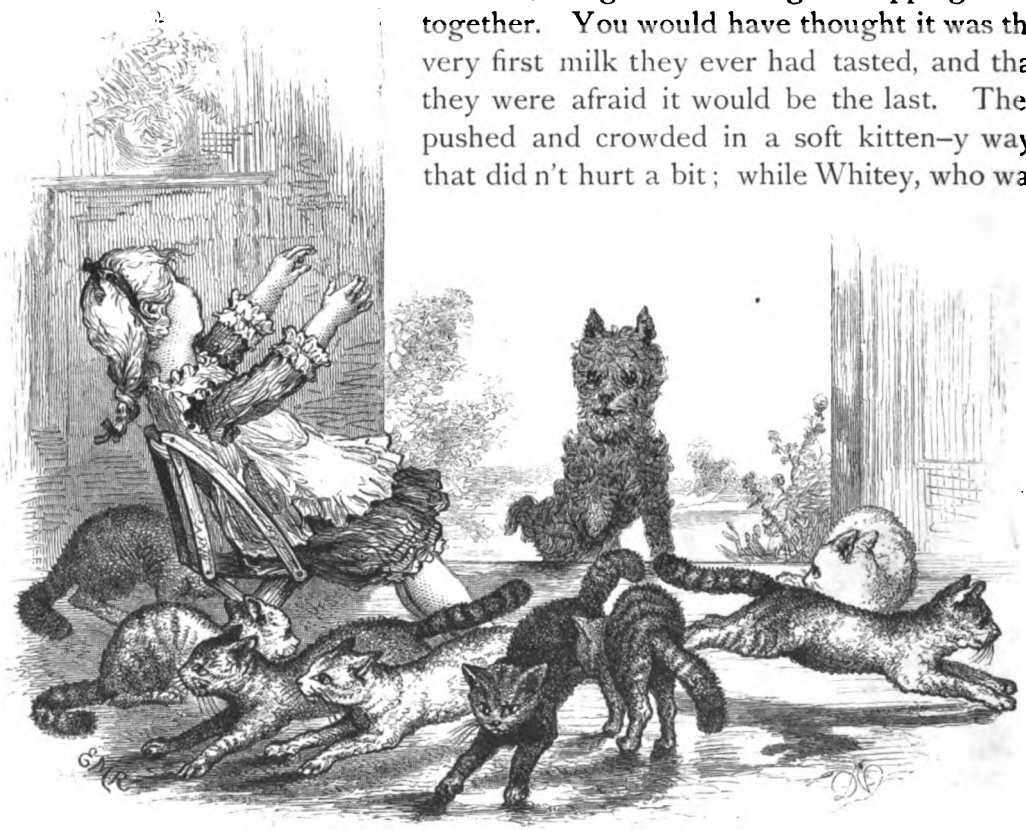
came hurrying in, saying "good-morning," as plainly as kittens can say it, and calling out, pussy fashion, "Do hurry up breakfast; we 're hungry."

This breakfast was a great yellow bowlful of milk. It was quite heavy, but Bessie would let no one but herself carry it to the corner of the kitchen which belonged to her kittens, who crowded so closely around that sometimes she almost tripped.

It was a very funny sight to see the eight furry little heads around this one bowl, and eight little tongues lapping milk together. You would have thought it was the very first milk they ever had tasted, and that they were afraid it would be the last. They pushed and crowded in a soft kitten-y way, that did n't hurt a bit; while Whitey, who was



not as tall as the other kittens, had to stand up and lean over very far; once she fell in and was almost drowned before Bessie could get her out.

As soon as the kittens were old enough, Bessie began to have school. Her school was on the Kindergarten system. She had little balls of light-colored paper or worsted and bits of string; and I could n't begin to tell you the wonderful things her scholars did with them.

Once something happened which almost put an end to Bessie's school forever. It was a very warm summer morning, so she sat in her little chair near the garden door of the sitting-room, and her scholars would rush out

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and chase butterflies till they were tired; then they would come back and lie down and wink lazily at Bessie, or wash their faces right in school, getting ready for a good nap; and would not attend to their lessons at all. Suddenly a sharp "KI-YI" was heard, and there at the open door stood a little Scotch terrier, looking in; his shaggy hair hanging down over his eyes, his little white teeth gleaming, and one paw uplifted as if ready for a spring.

One look from the kittens, and school was out. Those who could run, ran; but Snow was so frightened she could not stir, and Topsy and Spotty were n't much better off. Even Bessie fell back in her chair and held up her hands in terror. Pepper was the only brave one; he got his back up and sputtered as fiercely as he could.

Bessie soon recovered her courage; then the little dog came up to her, wagging his little bit of a tail and looking so friendly that she put out her hand and patted him.

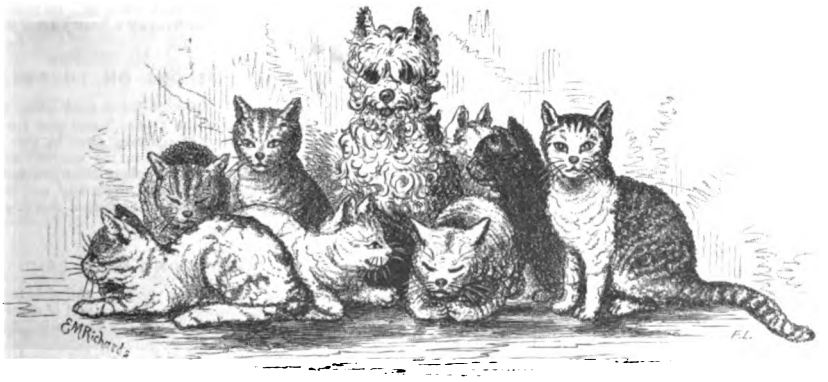
He did n't seem to belong to any one, and he would not go away; so, as he was a very little fellow, Mr. Barton said they would keep him.

"What shall we call him, papa?" asked Bessie.

"Ki-yi!" barked the dog, who was standing by wagging his funny little tail, and looking very much as if he understood what was going on.

"Oh, hear him!" laughed Bessie, clapping her hands. "He has named himself." So they called him Kiyi. At first the kittens did not like him at all; but he was very good and never barked at them or ran after them, so after a while they grew to be quite fond of Master Kiyi, and would play all day long with him.

Kiyi goes to Bessie's school, too, and is "head scholar." But Bessie loves them all the same, and thinks her large family just the nicest and best in the world.



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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is five years old this month, and a good, bright, happy five-year-old he is, or my name 's not Jack. If every one could do as much in five years as ST. NICHOLAS has done,—teaching, helping, and amusing thousands upon thousands of people, little and big,—what a world this would be!

All honor to him on his sixth birthday, and a long life of usefulness and joy!

Now you shall have

A MOTTO FOR "THANKSGIVING" DAY.

A BIT of paper has come to me marked "A Motto for Thanksgiving Day." That means every day, I suppose, unless there are some days on which one ought not to be thankful.

This is what the scrap says,—and I hope you will be duly grateful for that, too, my dears:

One day, as the famous Frenchman Descartes was eating at a table piled with good things, a gay nobleman came up, and said to him:

"Hey!—What?—Do you philosophers eat dainties?"

"And do you think, then," mildly answered Descartes, "that good things were made only for fools?"

From this you may see that even good things are to be taken cheerfully,—as philosophers take them.

THE NAVAJOES AND TURKEYS.

AT first, one would think that turkeys ought to be happy out among the Navajoe Indians, who live near the north-western border of Mexico, for red men of that tribe will not eat them. They believe that bad white men, when they die, are changed into turkeys, and this thought, I 'm told, takes away the Indian's relish for the bird.

But, after all, this makes very little difference to the turkeys, for, although the Navajoes themselves will not eat them, they are very ready to catch the poor things and sell them to white men who have not yet been changed.

QUEER PLACES FOR SHELTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you let me tell your young folks something?

One day Papa came in with something tied in his handkerchief, and told us to guess what it was. I guessed spring-flowers; but Charley said, "No, it 's alive. I see it wriggling." Then he shouted out "Snakes!" Papa shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Birds!" Papa again shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Toads!" Papa said, "No," and put the handkerchief on the table, and began untying it, while the children clustered around.

He laid back the corners of the handkerchief: there were three dark-gray little balls lying close up to a dark-gray big ball. In the midst of the "Whys!" and the "What-are-theys?" the big ball shot over to a book-case and hung like a bat against a blue-book, while the three little balls rolled over, and showed twelve legs a-working and a-squirming.

"Flying squirrels!" shouted Charley. Charley was always shouting, as if all the world was deaf. Yes, it was a mother flying-squirrel and three baby-squirrels.

"Let 's put 'em in Canary's cage!" shouted Charley.

"Let 's!" shouted all the rest.

So we brought in the pretty blue cage, where the dear little canary had died, and put in the four new pets, and heaped the floor with corn and cracked nuts. Next we got a stick, and very gently poked Mamma Bunny. It was sport to see her flying leaps from side to side and from perch to floor.

That night we put the cage in a closet to keep it from the cat. Early the next morning we were all at the closet to see the funny pets. We found the cage empty. Bunny had squeezed through the bars, and had got out her three helpless babies. But where had she hid them and herself? We looked and looked and looked all about the closet, moving everything. We were about to give up the search, when Charley shouted he had found them all cuddled in Papa's boot. We put them back in the cage, but the next morning they were out again. This time they were hid under Charley's pillow, inside the case. Another time we found them in the washstand-drawer, behind the towels. She hid once with all her babies on a high shelf. I don't know how she could have got them up there. One morning, when Papa went to put on his stocking, he found the whole squirrel family in the toe. Of course he shouted. She hid in a pigeon-hole of Papa's desk, on top of the clock, and in such queer places that sometimes we would seek hours before finding her. One day we looked all morning, and at dinner had not found her. In the afternoon I put on a dress, which had been hanging in the wardrobe. The pocket seemed very heavy. I put in my hand and jerked it out with a scream, for I had felt something soft and warm,—Bunny and her babies!—Yours truly, S. W. K.

A HUMMING-BIRD'S MISTAKE

Flemington, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In August you told how a bee was "sold" by mistaking an anemone for a flower.

It reminds me that once as I was sitting on the porch near some flowers, a humming-bird, after tapping many of the flowers for sweets, actually flew down to my feet and tried to get honey from some very pretty embroidered flowers on my slipper! Now where was his instinct?

By the way, I once heard Professor Lockwood of New Jersey say that "Instinct is a convenient word, used by philosophers to hide their ignorance."—Yours, with many a hearty good wish,

E. VOSSELLER.

WATER-MELONS ON THORNS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have read what you told us in October about the "Joy of the Desert," and now I wish to tell you about another curious kind of planting done by the Arabs. In the desert there is a plant that grows in the sandiest soil. It is called "camel's thorn," and can always collect some moisture. The Arabs make a small cut in the plant near the root and put in a water-melon seed. This sprouts and grows, producing a delicious fruit. Don't you think this is curious? H.

A GOOD THING WELL SAID.

MY DEAR JACK: Please ask the boys and girls to tell you who it was that said the following good thing, and of whom he said it. *I* know, but I wish them to know too.—Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

"His heart was as wide as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

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A RIVER IN A STRAIT-JACKET.

DEAR, dear! I'd always had a notion that strait-jackets were things put on crazy people to keep them from hurting themselves; but now comes word that a person named Eads has made up his mind, and actually begun, to put the Mississippi River into a strait-jacket!

His plan is to build out from each bank into the broad stream a number of narrow jetties at proper distances apart. Jetties are long walls made of withes woven into large, flat, oblong frames, and these frames are weighted with stones and sunk and fastened into place in layers, one above another.

On watching some of these jetties at the river's mouth, just after they were placed, it was found that, at first, the water stole slowly through them; but, on its way, it left upon every part, inside and outside, a great deal of the mud it was carrying. At length, so much mud had been left that the water could no longer get through, and had to flow past the ends of the jetties, only eddying idly in the bays at their sides, and leaving more and more of its mud upon them all the time.

Then, of course, the river between the jutting ends of the opposite jetties being much less than its former width, and yet as full as ever, rushed along, scooping a deep channel, straight, free from snags and shoals, narrow when compared with its former self, and livelier, but restrained from overflowing its banks.

A WATER-SPOUT ON THE HUDSON.

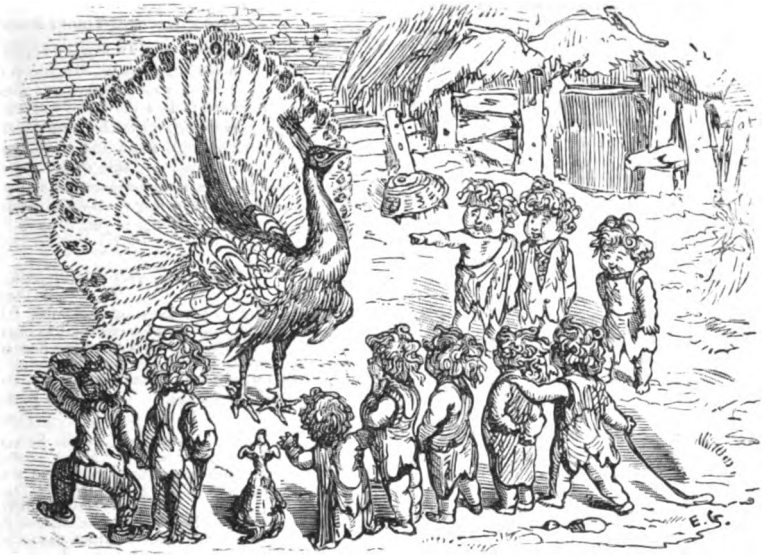
MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having seen the picture of a water-spout in the October number, I thought I would write and tell you that I saw a water-spout not long ago. I was visiting at a place on the Hudson when two thunder-storms came, one up the river, the other down. They met almost directly in front of where I was, and a water-spout was formed, which whirled rapidly round and round until the clouds of rain shut it from sight. I read the next day in the local newspaper that the spout was estimated to be twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter.

The short article under your picture said that you did not know whether water-spouts rose from the water or reached from the clouds downward. The one that I saw came from the river and reached upward to the clouds.—Yours respectfully,

"AN INQUIRING OBSERVER."

PEACOCK FISH, PEACOCKS AND LITTLE BOYS.

THEY tell me that there is a kind of fish in the Indian seas called the peacock fish, because of his brilliant colors. I wonder if he is as proud as our land peacock, and whether or not he can spread his tail on grand occasions after the fashion of the bird that struts into my meadow sometimes? This bird lives on a fine estate near by, but once in a while he comes over to astonish us with his splendor. One night I dreamed that he came along, and had just spread himself and put on his grand airs, when ten little youngsters sprang from nowhere in particular, and began to point at him with shouts and laughter.



MY DREAM.

"Ho! ho!" cried they. "Is n't he proud? Ho! ho!"

A queer little stumpy-tailed dream-dog was with them, and he fairly sneered instead of barking.

"Well!" exclaimed the peacock in the harshest voice you ever heard, "what if I *am* proud? Who 'd ever see these tail feathers, I 'd like to know, if I was n't proud? Look out that *you're* not proud,—you that have n't a feather on your bodies,—p–a–a–u–w!"

This was too much for the ten little boys. They gave a shout, and sprang upon the peacock, and each one tried to get a feather, but he gave a tremendous scream and ——

I awoke, and there was the sun, with every ray spread, rising to the tune of Cock-a-doodle-doo!

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THE LETTER-BOX.

THE paper on California street-cars in this number of ST. NICHOLAS will interest you very much, we trust, for it was written in San Francisco by a gentleman who found out all he could concerning the road, on purpose to tell you about it. He also had the photographs taken from which our pictures are made, so that you might see exactly how the cars and streets look. ST. NICHOLAS already has told you many things of California and Colorado, and there are others of which it hopes some day to speak. Many of you may remember the picture of Seal Rock, near San Francisco, in our very first number, and Miss Greatorex's sketches of the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, published thirteen months later. The editor of this magazine lately has seen these things in reality. She has walked in the Garden of the Gods, and seen all its wonderful stone images that nature set there none can say how many centuries ago, and she has stood on the white sands where the Pacific Ocean rolls in night and day, and watched the great seals sporting on huge rocks * that rise from the sea, only a few yards from shore. She has ridden in those very horse-cars of which you have a photograph this month, and been "towed by rail" along with Chinamen and little San Francisco boys and girls until she felt quite at home among them.

Dear San Francisco girls and boys!—can she ever forget them?—how a large number formed themselves into a gay procession bearing banners, and torches, made of tall callas, with scarlet flowers stuck in for the flame, and came to her door, laden with flowers and cheering in honor of ST. NICHOLAS. A beautiful sight it was, and its memory never will leave the grateful heart it cheered.

Yes, all across the continent, the boys and girls everywhere had a good word for ST. NICHOLAS, and in some way their faces seem now to link themselves into a bright garland stretching from New York to San Francisco, so fresh, dewy and smiling that snow blockades and alkali dust are forgotten, and only the pleasures of the trip are remembered; only the fact that joy and health came to her and staid, and that American scenery, even as viewed from the railroad, has the spirit of almost all the fine scenery of the world. It was June, but we had snow. There were gardens, but we slipped past them into forests. There were prairies, but we were whirled to them through mountain gorges. There were sparkling stretches of sand, but the mountain stream soon leapt down and made us forget them.

The Pacific Railroad,—what a wonderful thing it is! Every day it takes its fresh loads of travelers and freight. Every day its cars start from New York for the Pacific shores, and every day they meet trains coming eastward to the Atlantic. No more hardships to endure, such as you read of in Mr. Brooks's story of "The Boy Emigrants," where people had to cross the great West as best they could, in wagons, on foot and on horseback, exposed to countless privations and dangers. Now you sit in luxury all day, sleep in luxury all night, and sail on wheels across the living map of these United States, studying a fresh state or territory almost every day. In a word, the Pacific Railroad is something for which every civilized American should give thanks, —— and this is a wonderful country.

Lacon, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to know how we once caught a canary bird.

One day my little sister was playing on the piano when a little stray bird came hopping in and seemed to be attracted by the music; for when the music ceased the bird would hop away, coming again at every stroke of the piano until we placed a cage with an open door on the floor, when it walked in. We shut the door, and it remains with us to this day. It has a very pretty top-knot, and we named it Topsy It is a very sweet singer, and we should not like to part with it.—Your constant reader, E. B. T.

Mountain Top Hotel.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and I have got to lie down a great deal in the day, and your magazine helps me to pass the hours away pleasantly. I was up in the mountains last summer, and two or three people there saw snakes. I could hardly go out to walk, and I must say I would like to have seen a snake. But not by myself.

My little sister is the only one in the family that gets stung by bees Last summer she was stung on her lip, and papa said the bee kissed her, and again a bee stung her on her lip, and the next time she was stung on the head. She did look funny when she came down the next morning with her lip all swelled up. I am ten years old. I have to stop. Give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.—I remain your constant reader, MARY STEWART SMITH.

P. S.—Some people spell my name this way, Stuart. I spell it any way.

Springfield, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICKLESS: i am one of you little readers and i thought i would tell you a bout a fight i had with a tree frorg the other day i was at my grand ma he had been a staying thare in a shugar tree in the back yard for a year or. so the other day he crawled up to the opening of his hole and begun to lick his tong out at me, i got me a long pole and stuck it up in the opening and pull him out he begun to jumpe at me until he got in reched of me and I gove him a lick on the head and ended him.—Yours, CLARENCE I. HOLMAN.

We do not see what need there was for Clarence to kill the frog, which fed on insects and would have done no harm; but we print his letter because of its graphic description of the fight.

WORK FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE picture of "The Young Hunter" on page 28 was drawn especially to illustrate a story by some ST. NICHOLAS reader, but we don't know yet who the lucky young author is. Though the picture is ready, the story is still to be told. Who will tell it? The best story received before November 1st shall be printed *with the picture* in our Young Contributor's Department, and all we ask is that it shall be neatly written and on only one side of the paper; that the writer's name, age and address, shall be placed at the top of the first sheet, and that the length SHALL NOT *exceed* 500 *words*. Now, boys and girls, let us hear from every one of you.

ALLITERATIVE SENTENCES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your September "Letter-Box," a sentence is asked for, each word of which is to begin with Z. Here is one: "Zounds! zouaves zoutch zygodactylous zoo-zoos zealously?"

We give herewith the dictionary translation: "Zounds! Zouaves stew pair-toed wood-pigeons zealously?"

Your friends, HELEN B. & JENNIE MARSH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it must be very difficult to speak correctly the language of which "Maud" wrote in our September number; but nevertheless I have composed a sentence with each word beginning with Z, and here it is: "Zoned Zebulus zanied zealous Zelie's zebu." As this sentence is difficult to solve, I shall translate it: "Girdled Zebulus imitated zealous Zelie's zebu." I am twelve years old, and have never written to you before. Zebulus and Zelie are both Latin proper names. Yours truly, H. M. J.

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I want to tell you about a picnic that I went to this summer, and the same thing happened to us that happened to the children in the story of "One Saturday," in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS. I was visiting in Winterset, Iowa, and my uncle took us to a picnic on the Devil's Backbone. It is a ledge of rock nearly two hundred feet high, with a river running around three sides of it. We rode out there in the morning, and after they had unharnessed the horses from the carriages we went down to the river to fish. By and by we began to get hungry, and we went up to set the table and get dinner. When we got there we saw a horrid old cow with her nose in one of the baskets of lunch, and another old cow was dragging mamma's ulster off into the woods. They had eaten all the bread and butter, but had not got as far as the ice-cream, so I did not feel as bad as the grown people did. I thought right away about the children in the story. Good-bye.—Your friend, FRANK C. BALDWIN.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that my uncle's hotel, where I was staying, was named the ST. NICHOLAS.

Chateau Thierry, Marne, France.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will know by the address of my letter that in the far-off valley of the Marne, as in many other countries, you have friends and readers. My sister, Louise, and I are so

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1873.

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glad when ST. NICHOLAS comes, the stories are so nice and the pictures so pretty.

This is a very picturesque part of France. On the hill-sides are pretty villages with woods and vineyards and wheat-fields between. And there are many donkeys, for the vignerons use them to cultivate their fields, which are so steep that carts cannot go up. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—Your little friend and reader,

CLOTILDE DE LA VAULX.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a long time and like you very much indeed. I send you a few verses of poetry which I made myself, and hope you will print them.—Yours truly, N. V. U.

THE LAKE.

O come you hither
From that lake,
For my own sake,
For my own sake.

And bring with
You a little cake,
For your own sake,
For your own sake.

And we will eat
It by the lake,
For our own sake,
For our own sake.

And we will also
Our dog take,
For his own sake,
For his own sake.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I send you a list of the different ways in which the name Girard has been spelled on letters passing through the post-office at Girard since June, 1878.

I think that it is quite as remarkable as the different ways of spelling kerosene, as mentioned by "Mary N. G." in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for December, 1877.

Scherard, Girhard, Ciret, Girarde, Scherath, Gerart, Scharait, Juryard, Gyrard, Jerod, Gerrard, Dearard, Cirard, Sirard, Garald, Girart, Girad, Jerard, Gard, Girrard, Guyrard, Girrd, Shrad, Grairad, Giarid, Gired, Garrad, Gerard, Gyard, Gried, Girriard, Giriad, Giyard, Girlard, Girako, Grara, Gigard, Gerat, Girte, Girrar, Girraid, Gurard, Charard, Juard, Girah, Siarrard, Garyeride, Giraret, Chrad, Jewrard, Gairyard, and Sirard.

One word spelled fifty-two different ways, and none correct!

Your reader, M. E. ADAMS.

North Chemung, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask a favor of you. Will you please tell me how to make a "Christmas city." I am eleven years old and live in North Chemung, Chemung County, N. Y. I must now close.—Your constant reader, FREDDIE CASADY.

A full and clear description of the way to make a "Christmas city" is printed in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear about a little city boy's doings one day in the country? Here is the story.—Yours truly,

M. H. J.

BO'S FIRST DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

His name was Boanerges Smith, and he was seven years old, the pet and pride of the family. His parents were about to go to Europe, but Bo—that was his name for short—was to stay behind. So, a week or two before his parents were to start, he was sent to a maiden aunt in the country.

Bo had never been in the country before. All he knew about it was that milk, butter and eggs, came from there, and that they had something to do with cows and hens; cheese grew there too, and maple-sugar, he thought.

He reached his aunt's late at night, and, wide-awake, at sunrise, started out in search of knowledge. Some eggs in the pantry set him at his questions. Having found out that once a day each hen laid an egg in a nest in the barn and wood-shed, he soon came in with a hatful.

"Is n't it time for maple sugar to be ripe, auntie?" he asked, presently.

"No!" said she, sharply, and then explained the maple-sugar process.

A brood of soft, downy, yellow chickens called forth his delight.

"Where did the hens get all those little birds, auntie?"

"The hen just sits on the eggs and keeps them warm, and the chickens come out of them, one out of each egg."

A new idea was born in that boy's head. He gathered the nest-eggs out of all the nests.

"I 'll have live chickens, anyhow," he said, and he sat down on the eggs to warm them. There were no chickens to show, and the stain would n't wipe off, hard as he tried.

His aunt was very angry when he told the how and why.

"You 've broken up all the nests."

"Oh no, auntie. I did n't break the nests; 't was just the eggs!" said Master Bo. And his clothes were changed

An old torn picture-book of animals next attracted his attention.

"What 's this, aunt?" asked he.

"It 's an ant-eater," she said, glancing at it and then off to her cake again.

"What do they call it so for?"

"Because it eats ants."

"Truly? Aint you fooling me?"

"No. I never do such things."

"How big is it?"

"I don't know."

"Does it eat boys?"

"*No.* I said it eats *ants.*"

"Is n't it wicked for it to eat aunts?"

"No. It is made on purpose for that."

"Do you think they have any in London?"

"Boanerges Smith, just you go away now, and not ask another question, or I 'll put you to bed."

Bo went sadly away. By and by he sat down to fulfill a promise to write to his father. This is what he wrote:

"Deer pa i want you to git me a anteater in london ant ses tha are made a purpus to eat ants. an i want wun to eat her up she is so cros to me i found 8 egs to day an i seddown on 5 an I did n't git eny chickens atol i want to go home an see ma an you patoo from your son bo."

His father read it, and the end was that Bo was brought home and taken to Europe after all.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put this riddle in the "Letter-Box," and I shall be very much obliged to you. The answer is not hard to find, I think.—Your friend and reader, L. E.

RIDDLE.

There is in, on, and round this earth
A Power clothed with light,
A wonder-working, airy thing,
Yet neither fiend nor sprite.

Man feared, then chained, this dreadful Power
By force of stronger law.
Oft dazzled by its raiment bright,
Its self man never saw.

Now, tamed and harnessed, it is sent
On errands night and day;
It tells ten thousand messages,
Yet not a word can say.

It travels through the ocean's deep,
Green valleys still and dim;
'T is fleeter than the fleetest fish,—
And yet it cannot swim.

It pierces through the soundless seas,
And slips beneath the sky;
But though it passes through the air,
It has no wings to fly.

And while it cannot walk, nor talk,
Nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep,
There 's scarce a thing in all the world
Has made more people weep.

Than any herald on this earth
It has a fleeter fame.
Now, just put on your thinking-cap,
And tell me what 's its name.

Plainfield, Connecticut.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the other little girls' letters, so perhaps they will like to read mine.

In the winter I read you aloud evenings. But in the summer I cuddle in some shady corner, and have you all to myself.

I went on an excursion to Block Island last summer. The sail was pleasant, but the boat was awfully crowded. We were tired coming home; but we all laughed when a tipsy man on the cars sang, "There is rest for the weary." I should have liked Block Island a great deal better if they had had nice things to eat at the hotels.

I cannot cook anything but mud-pies; but I am learning to sew, and to-day I finished the sixth sheet I have been turning. My sister said they were nice for me to learn on, and she praised me, and told me I had done bravely. But I used to sigh dreadfully over them some days, when the sun was hot, and my pies were out in the full

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blaze. I make them in scalloped tins, and they are really delicious to look at. I don't think pies are healthy, so I never eat them.

I am twelve years old, and weigh eighty pounds, and am just as well as I can be all the time. And when I go to bed it only seems a minute before morning, because I sleep so soundly.

My cousin Ned brought a St. Bernard puppy from New York last week; but the first day he was here he fell out of the hammock where he was swinging, and broke his neck. I think it was the saddest thing that could happen to him.—I am your loving little friend,

DAISY EATON.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine since it was first published, and having read in it many little stories about children's pets, I thought I would give an account of our singing mouse.

We have had it two years and a half. My father caught it in a trap; it looks like a common mouse and is very tame, eating from our hands and singing when we whistle to it.

It eats bread, cheese, starch, and other things, and also drinks milk, but likes water better. It lives in a starch-box, with a little cage on top, and with a wheel in which it delights to turn. It has escaped several times, but always seems pleased to get back. Once it was away two or three days, but was found in the cellar by my sister; it was on a high shelf looking over the edge at her; she was attracted by its singing.

One night one of the family found a very small mouse in a bedroom singing very sweetly; it sat still until she tried to catch it, when, unfortunately, she smothered it.—Yours truly, W. RUSSELL FEARON.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A NEW STYLE OF PUZZLE.

DOUBLE RHYMING.

IN each of the following verses, find a suitable word to put at the beginning of the first line; prefix a letter to this word to make the first word for the second line, and, to the word so made, prefix another letter to make the first word for the third line. Proceed in like manner in order to make the words that are to be put at the ends of the lines. Then, in each verse, the beginning words will rhyme by themselves, and the ending words by themselves. Thus: if the first word of the first line were "rain," the second line might begin with "train," and the third with "strain;" and, if the last word of the first line were "asp," the second line might end with "rasp," and the third with "grasp."

—— in whist, with players, is always sought by ——.
——, by wealth, to matrons, is brought within their ——.
—— the soldier hero, to hold the deadly ——.

—— are not caught at sea, out where the billows ——.
—— are used for trout, for blue-fish you must ——.
—— are by anglers used, when by a stream they ——.

—— one of Irving's stories, the hero's name is ——.
—— crossed his path one time, and gave him one sore ——.
—— is a Chinese word;—the ending word is ——.

"—— give to me," says God, "that peaceful be thy ——."
—— shepherd! Hear yon wolf! 'Ware, lest thy flock he ——!
—— off each woolly fleece! and take them then to ——.

—— fruit the grocer sold and paper by the ——
—— fresh and good he sold, and coffee, tea and ——
—— gave he to his boy; the neighbors heard him ——.

H. A. A.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

. . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . .

ACROSS: 1. A portion. 2. Fit. 3. An animal. 4. A lass.
DOWN: 1. A vegetable. 2. A verb. 3. A color. 4. To be full. 5. A beverage. 6. In rigmarole. 7. A river in Scotland. S. N. C.

WHAT IS IT?

KINGDOMS: Animal, Vegetable, Mineral, and National.

Prominent in membership of the strictest cold-water society; bestows an hereditary title of honor; the voice of sorrow and of suffering; the result of blows; rugged, and wildly picturesque; quiet and inoffensive, but disturbing peaceful elements when excited; though living in the midst of a cold-blooded set, that prey upon one another, and upon travelers in their domain, ever preserving the warmth of a large, generous nature, that has been devoted to the enlightenment of the world. M. S. R.

CHANGED FINALS.

IN each of the following examples change the last letter of the word first described, and thus form the second.

1. A girl's name; a boy's nickname. 2. A New England city; barterings. 3. A mart; a bird. 4. A manger; a stem of a plant. 5. A tree; a flower. 6. To contrive; a dramatic composition. 7. Penetrated with leaden pellets; having foot-coverings. 8. A sharp sound made with the hands; a 'long-shore inhabitant.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND.

1. IN swallow, not in cuckoo. 2. A projection sometimes found on the wheels of intricate machinery. 3. A mark indicating omission. 4. A small bird that sings sweetly. 5. A juicy summer vegetable. 6. A spelled number. 7. In tiger, not in koodoo. ISOLA.

EASY RHYMED REBUS FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wait, but not in go;
My second in yes, but not in no;
My third is in live, but not in die:
My fourth is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fifth is in in, but not in out:
My sixth is in lean, but not in stout;
My seventh is in give, but not in take;
My eighth is in trowel, but not in rake;
My ninth and tenth are both in found,
And whole 's a general renowned.

J. SEDGWICK.

TWO EASY DOUBLE SQUARE-WORDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. That which. 2. Uncommon. 3. Level. 4. Tidy.
DOWN: 1. A bird. 2. To hold. 3. An inclosed space. 4. A pavilion.

II. ACROSS: 1. A brilliant body. 2. Title. 3. A sign. 4. To go.
DOWN: 1. Congealed water. 2. To domesticate. 3. An ejaculation often met with in the Bible. 4. To tear. H. H. D.

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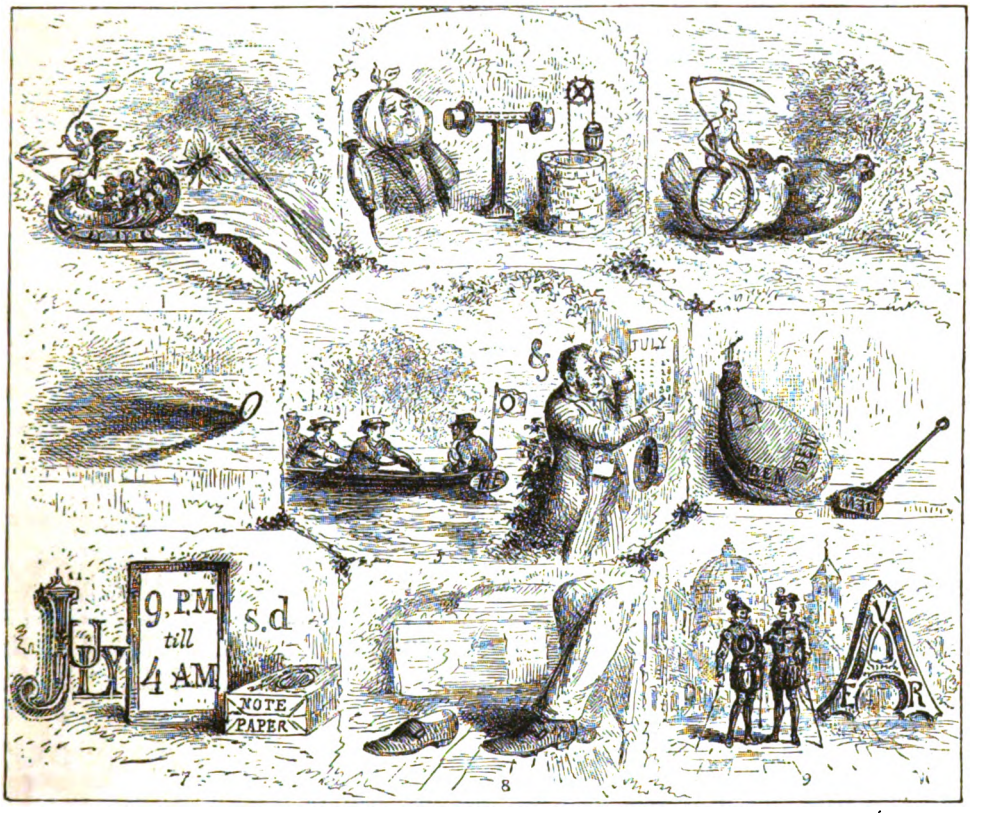
PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



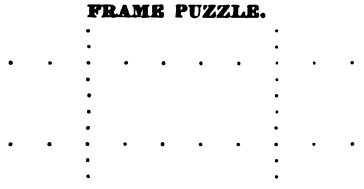
Each picture suggests the title of a well-known English Play. What are the titles?

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a species of carbon. The words are of one length.

1. A girl's name. 2. A title of respect. 3. A small animal. 4. Another girl's name. 5. A measure of length. 6. A conjunction. 7. To put together.

FRAME PUZZLE.



MAKE the frame of four words of ten letters each, so that the letter O shall come at each of the four corners where the words intersect. The words mean: Marvelous, an edged weapon, one of an old school of poets, a stone used by jewelers. J. P. B.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a banquet, and leave an exploit. 2. Syncopate a guide, and leave a stratagem. 3. Syncopate a genus of plants, and leave a spar. 4. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave a legal instrument. 5. Syncopate the stony frame of a certain sea-animal, and leave a combustible fossil. 6. Syncopate part of an animal, and leave a trigonometrical line. 7. Syncopate a carnivorous animal, and leave transfer of property. 8. Syncopate a domestic animal, and leave a prophet. C. O.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A large serpent. 3. A horned animal. 4. A tree. 5. A vowel. ISOLA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with a word, or words, which, when suitably transposed, will fill the remaining blank, or set of blanks, and make sense. Thus, in the first sentence, the first blank may be filled with the word "founders," and this may be transposed so as to make two words, "four ends," which will fill the remaining blanks and make sense.

1. The —— of that college had —— —— in view, and one of them was, to make both ends meet.
2. That French peasant girl —— volubly of her new ——.
3. The crafty gypsy —— —— of our party home with good "——."
4. "Do you not find that the thought of such —— troubles you?" "——, —— —— —— in feeling reconciled to my opponent."
5. —— —— ten pounds of —— silver.
6. The haughty —— of York and Leeds
   Danced gayly o'er the flowery ——.
7. In that remote —— I think —— —— to the support of education in proportion to their means.
8. He did not —— —— wreath of oak-leaves for his brow, although among them bobbed some little ——.
9. Washington —— the people to pay great attention to the proper —— of the young.
10. Said a confirmed opium-eater: "—— —— —— cross new —— and visit strange countries."
11. I once heard a Connecticut boy say, "—— —— —— —— as I come in sight of my home on the ——!" B

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NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters, and am the name of a Club which distinguished itself last summer.

My 25, 12, 6, 22, 2, is a summer resort. My 16, 3, 11, 15, is a foreign city. My 5, 9, 1, 2, 19, 20, 21, 13, 17, 20, is a noted character in history. My 24, 23, 1, 14, 10, 16, is an article of dress worn by ladies and gentlemen. My 18, 4, 23, 8, 17, 11, 7, is a genial expression. HARRY H.

DROP-LETTER REVERSIBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED REVERSIBLE WORD-SQUARE.

—
—E—
—E—E—
—E—
—

FILL in the diagram, using only two other letters besides the one given, in such a way as to form a reversible diamond containing a reversible word-square. The diamond will then read, across:

1. In administratrix. 2. Moisture. 3. Sprinkled with brilliant drops. 4. To unite. 5. In indemonstrable. PERRY ADAMS.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

THE noisiest of the noisy;
The blackest of the black;
The busiest of the busy,—
A mischief-loving pack.

SECOND.

We lengthen out by inches,
And suffer awful pinches.
Pedestrian and poet
To our assistance owe it
That they excel. Also by them it is
We 're often brought to sad extremities.

WHOLE.

We affect corners,
And suggest birds.
We reveal ages,
Yet speak no words. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS.—I saw STUDENTS by the CENTER-TABLES, puzzling over MATHEMATICS, and perplexed about ASTRONOMY.

REBUS.—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

COMPLETE DIAMOND.—

M
RAT
MARAT
TAR
T

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATION.—

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

EASY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.—Boston.

ANAGRAM WORD SQUARES.—

	CHOIR		RIGHT		DEPTH		LAUGH
	HORDE		IDLER		ESSAY		ALPHA
I.	ORRIS	II.	GLARE	III.	PSALM	IV.	UPPER
	IDIOT		HERON		TALON		GHENT
	RESTS		TRENT		HYMNS		HARTS

POETICAL REBUS.—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

RIDDLE.—A Drop.

SUGGESTED WORD-SQUARE.—

To buy a *lime* was foolish waste.
(I 'd no *idea* how it would taste!)
"I 'll just have bread and *meat*," said Daisy.
"Who *eats* a fruit like that, is crazy!"

VERY EASY SQUARE-WORD.—1, Pin; 2, irc; 3, new.

DECAPITATIONS.—1, Aerie, Erie; 2, chart, hart; 3, sloop, loop; 4, broom, room; 5, crate, rate; 6, screw, crew; 7, class, lass; 8, cheat, heat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rip Van Winkle; rive, pink, lawn.

EASY MELANGE.—1, Hearth, earth; 2, heath; 3, heart; 4, tare; 5, rate; 6, hart; 7, art; 8, heat; 9, ear; 10, tea; 11, hat; 12, rat; 13, tar.

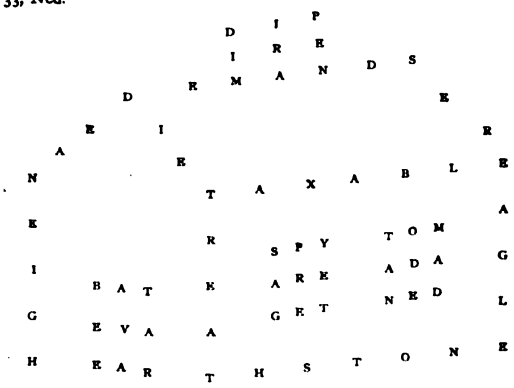
EASY HIDDEN FISHES.—1. Skate. 2. Bass. 3. Eel. 4. Cod. 5. Barbel. 6. Shad. 7. Trout. 8. Herring. 9. Shark. 10. Smelt.

PROVERB ENIGMA.—"Great oaks from little acorns grow." 1, Tiger; 2, slater; 3, frog; 4, macaw; 5, stork; 6, loon.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.—In verse form:

"As Knight upon this checkered board,
From square to square leaps boldly on;
As fiercely on the Persian horde,
Down poured the Greeks at Marathon;
So may each youth who reads this lay,
Press bravely onward to the fight,
And through life's long hard battle day,
Still strike for freedom, truth and right."

CABIN PUZZLE.—1, Hearthstone; 2, taxable; 3, demands; 4, neigh; 5, treat; 6, eagle; 7, dean; 8, diet; 9, sere; 10, dim; 11, Ira; 12, pen; 13, dip; 14, ire; 15, man; 16, bee; 17, Ava; 18, tar; 19, bat; 20, Eva; 21, ear; 22, sag; 23, pre; 24, yet; 25, spy; 26, are; 27, get; 28, tan; 29, ode; 30, mad; 31, Tom; 32, Ada; 33, Ned.



DROP-LETTER STAIR PUZZLE.—Going upstairs: 1, Leet; 2, teem; 3, meed; 4, deer; 5, reel; 6, leek; 7, keep. Going down-stairs: 1, peek; 2, keel; 3, leer; 4, reed; 5, deem; 6, meet; 7, teel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 18 from "The A's and A's," Emma McCall; Renny, Harry, and John O'Hare; "Come on, Church;" S. Norris Knapp, Arabella Ward, William W. Bellinger, Bertie Jackson, Bertie Breckenfeld; A. M. Ackerman, and De Witt C. Weld, Jr.; Edith Prince; Henricus, and his Cousin; Charles H. Stout, Hilda Sterling, "47 Cranberry Street," Dycie Warden, E. J. S., Willie Gray, X. Y. Z., "Feramorz," "J.," Charles Mettenheimer, George K. French, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Aggie McElhinney, Maggie McElhinney, M. O. Smith, "Ivanhoe," C. H. S., "Two Wills," Mamie A. Carter, Julia Lathers, Amy and Nellie Slade, Grace and Abbie F. Brownell; C. A. W., Jr.; Lewis G. Davis, Josie Morris Brown, Alice Lanegan, John Pyne, Nellie Emerson, Effie K. Stockett, F. S., Marie and Beth, "Fritters," "Higgle," Mary Southwick, Southwick C. Briggs, Daisy Briggs, "Beech Nut," "Two Nellies," "B. B. of Barrytown," Nettie James, Esther M. Crawford, Osmer Abbott, Dick Harrison, Philip Harrison, Thomas L. Wood, Anna Emma Mathewson; Willie B. Deas, and F. D.; Harry Folger, Florence Rogers, Florence L. Turrill, Hope Rising Dobson, Carrie Speiden, Mary Flower Speiden, Amy Growley, Laurie T. Sanders, Hattie M. Fox, Sarah Gallett, Pearl A. Means, W. E. W., Beishi, Alice Keller, Georgie B., Bessie Hard, Emma M. Kent, Rae Lemert, "M——! Laura," W. S. Reed; "Carissimo, etc.;" Dycie Warden, Clarence M. Trowbridge; "Nancy Lee and Johnny Morgan;" Fanny Clark, Estelle Jennings, Geo. P. Dravo; Lena and Winnie; Louise J. Hedge, "Brutus and Cassius," H. B Ayers, Mary C. Warren, Edith Merriam, F. J. F., Bessie C. Barney, Eddie W. D.; Lizzie and Kittie Leach, Mamie Todd, Edith Whiting, "Dolly," M. G. A.; Geo. C. Wedderburn, Jr., and L. A. W.; Margaret Gemmill, Edward Vultee, William H. McGee, and May Duffau.

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COMING HOME.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1878. NO. 2.

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COMING HOME.

BY M. M. D.

(See Frontispiece.)

"COME, Kitty, come!" I said;
But still she waited—waited,
Nodding oft her pretty head
With, "I 'm coming soon.
Father 's rowing home, I know,
I cannot think what keeps him so,
Unless he 's just belated.—
I 'm coming soon."

"Come, Kate!" her mother called,
"The supper 's almost ready."
But Kitty in her place installed,
Coaxed, "I 'm coming soon.
Do let me wait. He 's sure to come;
By this time father 's always home—
He rows so fast and steady;
I 'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" her brothers cried;
But Kitty by the water
Still eagerly the distance eyed,
With "I 'm coming soon.
Why, what would evening be," said she,
"Without dear father home to tea?
Without his 'Ho, my daughter'——?
I 'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" they half implore.
The child is softly humming,
She hardly hears them any more;
But "I 'm coming soon"
Is in her heart; for far from shore—
Gliding the happy waters o'er—
She sees the boat, and cries, "He 's coming!
We 're coming soon!"

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WILD BECKY.

By Emma Plimpton.

If there was one thing that the country folks of Millville were proud of, over and above the new organ in their "meetin'-house," it was the Millville boarding-school, which capped the very topmost pinnacle of their village. A light set upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place. Not that the villagers received much benefit from the institution beyond the glory of its existence in their midst, for the cost of tuition was far beyond the means of the honest farmers, whose daughters were fain to be content with the learning obtained in the humble district school.

Cynthia Adams was the only day scholar; but she was the Squire's daughter, and it was a matter of course that her schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village girls.

One day, as the scholars were hanging over the school-yard fence, or sitting in groups on the steps waiting for the school-bell to ring, they heard a man with a lusty pair of lungs shouting, "Gee, haw, git up thar!" in a voice so loud that it threatened to shake the hills.

"That is one of old Miller's whispers, I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He 's a farmer about here, with a roaring voice. Such a queer old fellow as he is, to be sure. I wish you girls could see him."

"I wish I might," answered fun-loving Millie King. "Does he live far from here?"

"His house is 'way down by the edge of the town, beyond the pine woods; they call the place Biscuit City."

"Why? Because they have so many biscuits there?" asked a dozen voices at once.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I guess it is because they don't have them," she said; "perhaps they wished they did, and so called it that. All I really know about it is, that there does not seem to be any one there to cook much, any way; for Farmer Miller lives alone with his granddaughter, a girl about our age."

"Could n't she make biscuits?" persisted Millie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded in Biscuit City.

"Becky! I 'd like to see anything decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have anything to do with her, for she 's such a wild, harum-scarum thing, and so green too, that you 'd mistake her for grass, just as likely as not."

Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the "Gee-haws" sounded nearer every moment, and now a pair of oxen came lumbering over the brow of the hill, followed by a rickety hay-cart, at the end of which was poised a bare-headed young person in a cloud of dust. Her ample bonnet swung from the top of one of the poles which formed the sides of the cart, evidently for the purpose of proving to the passers-by that the occupant possessed the article, though she did not choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her companion, Farmer Miller, with thundering exclamations, drove the cart up to the school-house gate.

"Pile out, Becky!" he roared, "and we 'll soon fix it up with 'em here. Don't be skeered, gal. Be you the school-marm?"

The question was addressed to Miss Peters, the principal, who at this juncture came politely forward.

"I have 'nt much larnin' myself, ma'am," he continued, "but I 'm bound that my gal here shall have as good a chance as the rest of 'em. She 's a good gal, Becky is, only a trifle wild-like, and needs settling a bit. I 'm a better hand at settling bills than lively young creaturs like this one, so if you 'll tend to one, I 'll tend to t' other;" and handing the poor girl over, tumbling her bonnet after her, he was half-way down the hill before Wild Becky had made up her mind whether she would be settled or not.

It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, she thought; and glancing shyly out from under her long lashes, her eyes

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rested gladly on the familiar features of the Squire's daughter.

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nodding in such a civil way that it surprised herself.

Cynthia looked blankly into her face a moment without making the slightest sign of recognition, then wheeling round on her heels, she turned her back squarely upon her.

A titter went round the yard; every one seemed amused but poor Becky, who shut her mouth tightly, and her heart too, for that matter, and fairly hated her kind. As she joined the crowd squeezing into the school-house, she wondered why she had ever consented to be brought to school. The old wild life perfectly contented her. To roll about for hours under the wide-spreading oaks with the friendly squirrels, or to chase the brook as it dashed gayly down the hills, was much pleasanter than the society of other girls, she had always thought.

But the fact was, her grandfather had taken it into his dear old head to make a lady of her, and rather than disappoint the kind soul who did so much for her, Wild Becky had made a desperate effort to plume herself down that morning into a civilized girl, and mingle with her fellow-beings.

It was harder even than she had imagined: the close school-room almost stifled her, while the dull, monotonous hum of voices had such a stupefying effect that, before she had been seated long, her head dropped on her desk and she fell fast asleep. She was awakened by something tickling her nose; putting her hand up quickly, a great bouncing butterfly fluttered through her fingers and shot up into the air. Now this was a playmate Wild Becky never could resist: without half realizing where she was, she burst into a loud laugh, and was making a dive for it when, recollecting herself, she slid down again into her seat, with the painful consciousness that all eyes were upon her. The pair that terrified her most were those upon the platform,—not Miss Peters's eyes, but those of another teacher who had come into the room during Becky's nap.

FARMER MILLER BRINGS WILD BECKY TO SCHOOL.

"Where did *you* come from?" asked the woman, sharply, for she was indignant at the interruption of her class.

"Biscuit City, ma'am," was the prompt reply.

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"A land productive of biscuits and rude girls," returned the teacher, facetiously, at which the scholars, particularly the older ones, laughed most obligingly.

"Unless you can command yourself, you had best return there at once," she continued.

Wild Becky did not need much urging on that score. As quickly as possible she sprang from her seat, and vaulting through the open window, swung herself down to the ground as neatly as a boy would have done it, for she was in great wrath. To be snubbed herself was bad enough, but to hear one speaking disrespectfully of her home was a little more, she thought, than any mortal was called upon to bear. So, off she trotted, never looking behind her until she brought up at her kitchen door.

Through the opening she could see her grandfather bending over the big brick oven.

"Sakes alive, school aint out yet, be it?" he asked, lifting himself up to get a good view of the clock.

Becky flung herself down on the steps and poured forth her injuries, winding up with a declaration of independence.

"I 'll never go again; never. You will not ask it of me, will you, grandfather?"

"Not if you 're set ag'in it," said the old man with a sigh; and he passed into the buttery and brought out a heaping dish of pancakes.

"I thought as how you 'd come home hungry, and so I made a lot of 'em."

Becky had a weakness for pancakes, and was quite touched with the attention. She moved a chair near them and tried to eat; but somehow they seemed to stick in her throat. The idea that her grandfather was sorely disappointed made them very hard to swallow.

"What makes you care so much about my being a lady?" she said at length, laying down her knife and fork and looking fixedly at him.

The old farmer wiped his glasses carefully.

"I dun know," he answered; "p'r'aps its 'cause your mother would have liked it; she used to take to l'arnin', and to gentle ways, and grand folks, as nat'rally as horses take to hay. I wanted you to be like her; but laws me! 't aint in natur' 's you could be that kind any more than a hen could be a gosling. It don't matter."

"Yes it does, grandfather;" and Becky, jumping up, wound her arms around his neck, and shed a tear or two on the back of his old waistcoat.

"It is n't that I 'm so against the learning," she continued; "it 's the folks I can't stand."

"Well, some of 'em is rather tryin'," answered the farmer; "but there is one powerful queer thing in human natur'. If you feel ag'in a man, do a favor for him, an' you 're sure to like him better. There 's Squire Adams, I used to hate him like pisen; but since I 've been in the habit of lending on him my yoke of oxen, I 've got the better on it."

"Well, grandpa, I 'll go to school just one day longer to lend 'em to his daughter."

Becky spoke jestingly at the time, but as the patient expression settled again on the face she loved, all the better part of her wild nature was stirred.

"That 's a queer idea of yours," she cried, "and I 've a mind to see if it will work in my case."

And then she fell to thinking what she could possibly do for those whose wealth so far exceeded her own.

"Such fixed-up city girls have n't the slightest idea how to have a good time. I might bring them down here and show them how it is done. It would be a deal of trouble; but perhaps it might make me feel better toward them. I 'd rather have snakes 'round, by half; those stuck-up things will make all manner of fun of me, and of the dear old place; but s'pose they do, it wont hurt."

So, to the surprise of everybody, the following day Wild Becky appeared at school. The scholars all laughed as she came tearing in, and, making a queer little bob which did duty for a courtesy, begged to be forgiven yesterday's misdoings.

Perhaps Miss Peters knew by instinct what a penance this was to the child, or it may be that, in spite of her prim little way, she had a real sympathy for Becky, and disapproved of the offensive manner of her assistant. At all events, the matter was lightly treated, and the "wild girl" was soon established in her own seat.

At recess, the girls paired off two by two, but no one spoke to her.

"Dear, dear," thought the child; "nobody is n't anybody here unless they are a couple, and I aint!"

When the afternoon session broke up that day, a hay-cart with two big work-horses stood drawn up before the fashionable establishment. The floor of the cart was strewn thickly with fragrant hay, while old Farmer Miller, in his shirt-sleeves, held the reins. Cynthia Adams was one of the last to leave the school-room. Who can describe her astonishment when, upon gaining the yard, she beheld Wild Becky standing on a horse-block, and actually inviting these city girls to "hitch on?" Most of the scholars looked as horrified as Cynthia had expected; but Millie King and four or five other jolly souls tumbled in just for the fun of it.

Farmer Miller shouted to Miss Peters that he 'd bring 'em home safe and sound afore bed-time, and, cracking his whip, they were soon rattling down the hill, the girls getting such a shake-up as

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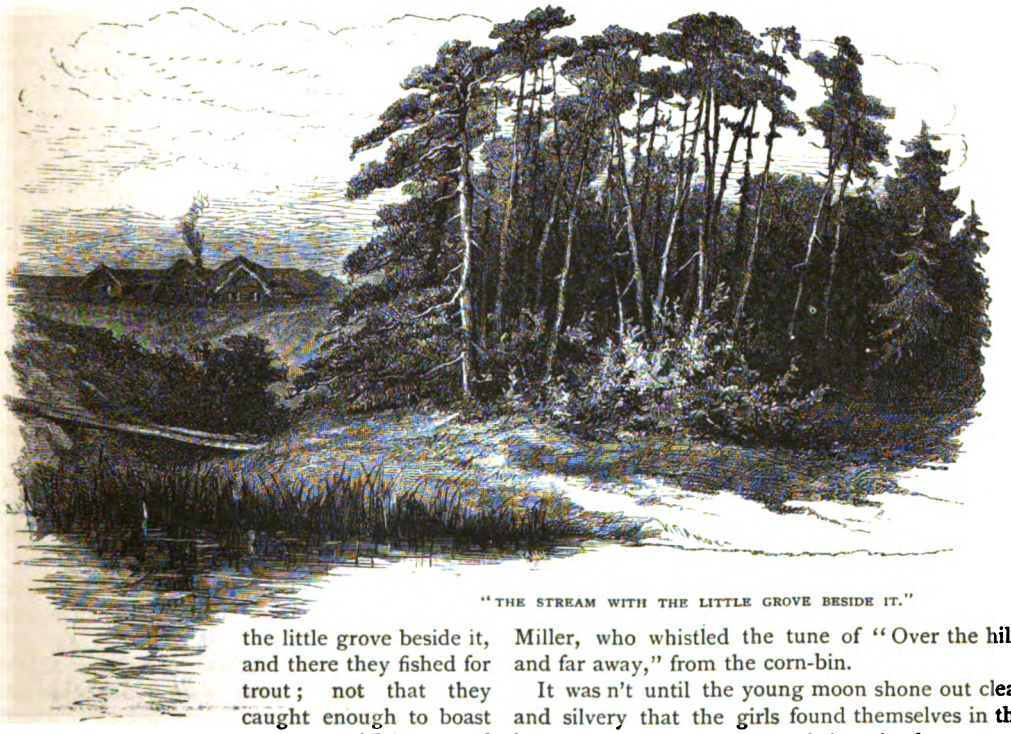
they had never had before; but they held on to the poles like monkeys, filling the way with their merry shouts and laughter, and by the time they reached the long winding road through the pine-woods, they were thoroughly enchanted with their novel mode of riding.

Such a queer, homely house as it was before which they stopped! Becky did n't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its numberless hiding-places, initiating them at once into the most approved way of sliding down the hay-mows, and riding on the great swinging doors. She took them also across the meadows to the stream, with the little grove beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that uproar of voices. When they tired of that sport, they chased the colts in the orchard, and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation, that the girls, as they said, "almost died of laughing."



"THE STREAM WITH THE LITTLE GROVE BESIDE IT."

The sun was getting low, and the grass was all purple with shadows, when she brought out a table and said that they would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut-tree.

"This is the time they 'll laugh," thought Becky; "but let 'em; I could n't get up a genteel tea, to save my life, and I sha' n't try."

And, surely enough, the girls did laugh. To see such great platters of smoking-hot sweet corn, such huge pitchers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry school-girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to hear.

"Why, Becky, you have enough here to be dealt out for a whole term up to the boarding-school!" said Millie; and she gave thanks that Miss Peters was n't there to see them eat; and well she might, for that prudent lady would have been shocked, indeed, at the sight.

Then followed a shake-down on the smooth floor of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer Miller, who whistled the tune of "Over the hills and far away," from the corn-bin.

It was n't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the girls found themselves in the hay-cart riding briskly toward the school.

"I believe I never had such a good time in all my life before," cried Millie, as she saw, with regret, the outline of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer.

Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices, and blessed it in his heart. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left them, she crawled over to her grandfather's side, and laid her hand, warm from the grateful grasp of the school-girls, on his arm. She cried:

"You are right, grandpa, after all; girls are better playmates than squirrels, and there is nothing

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like doing favors for folks to make one feel good-natured toward them."

After this, Becky never had any more trouble about "being a couple," nor was she disturbed again by disrespectful references to her home and its productions.

In fact, before many days had passed, to get an invitation to Biscuit City was considered by her schoolmates as the acme of bliss; but the girls noticed that it was the home-sick or the neglected that were invited oftenest.

This started a better state of things with Becky. She began to truly like the girls; then she loved one or two dearly in true school-girl fashion, and, to be worthy of their love, she tried to improve her manners. Next came ambition in her studies, and as under it all lay a deep affection for the good grandfather, she came out at the end of the year one of the brightest, happiest girls in the school.

There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the old man roared to the teacher one day, "She could n't be tamed all to once;" but his little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the unhappy, and in making sunshine for all, Becky became in time a lady in every sense of that much misused term.

"I WISH I WAS A MAN!"

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"I WISH I WAS A WOMAN!"

A "MUCHACHO" OF THE MEXICAN CAMP.

By Mary Hallock Foote.

His name was Estaban Avilla, and he was called "for short" "Banito."

We became acquainted one afternoon on the road to the Mexican camp. I had just met Tommy Job (a Cornish lad who brought our milk in the morning and our mail in the afternoon) and taken from him two or three letters, and was sitting on a dusty rock by the roadside reading them. A step pausing beside me, and a shadow falling across my page, I looked up and saw a pair of black eyes looking down. Banito did not want to read my letters,—he thought I was drawing; and all the miners' children in both the Cornish and Mexican camps felt at liberty to look over my shoulder when I was sketching. I don't think I ever invited them to do so. They did it quite naturally, regarding it, perhaps, as part of that right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to which most of them were born. I folded my letter up and looked at Banito, whereupon he gave a short laugh and darted off up the hill. Just at the top, where the road winds out of sight round a shoulder of the hill, with the shadow of a live-oak tree lying black across it, he stopped and looked back, his little, dark figure between the blue sky and the reddish-yellow road. Nothing else to be seen except the live-oak tree with its spot of black shade.

It took me some time to climb the hill up which

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Banito had fled so quickly, then I saw him curled up in the limbs of the live-oak peering down at me with a half-shy, half-saucy smile.

"Come down and let me draw a picture of you," I said. (The Mexican children play with those of the Cornish camp, and understand English quite well.) He laughed and turned his head away sharply, but I knew he would come down.

"Come where I can sit in the shade," I said, "and bring my stool."

BANITO AND HIS PET.

I left the little camp-stool in the middle of the road and walked on slowly, as if waiting for him.

"There is a big shade down there."

He pointed to the slope of the hill where another live-oak leaned his dark, twisted trunk away from the wind. All the trees lean the same way, for the same untiring steady wind blows for months and months over these hills. Their boughs are trimmed, on the under side, as smoothly as the top of a hedge, as far as the hungry cattle can reach. I made myself comfortable in the "big shade," and began sharpening a pencil. Banito made himself comfortable in the sun, pulling at the dry bunches of sage-grass, and looking at me from the shadow of his hat-brim with those queer, dubious glances.

If the camp-children had been robins in spring, and we the first ripe cherries, they could not have found us more quickly, or flocked more gayly and noisily about us. There were muchachos from the Mexican camp,—every shade of brown and yellow,—there were rosy, saucy, irrepressible Cornish youngsters. I tried to keep them near me, so my shy little model might be undisturbed; but one ruddy-brown Mexican boy—cheeks the color of a russet apple in October—stole behind him and pricked him in the neck with a sheep-burr.

Catching my eye, he plunged back into the midst of the group under the tree.

I asked his name, and Banito said it was his brother, Francisco, and that he was "very bad"; but he laughed as he said it. Then I remembered his face as one of a flock of six that crowded round me one day when I sat making a sketch under the shadow of the high, bare porch of their "casa."

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The mother, leaning over the railing, had told me all their names. She, too, had said Francisco was very bad ("muey malo," she called it), and she, too, had laughed. I asked Francisco where he kept all his badness, for I could not see any of it in his face. Bad boys do not look as happy as Francisco did, and he snuggled in among his comrades as if he were sure of a welcome. He looked merry, wild and dirty. I dare say he tore his clothes, and was a sad trouble to his mother. A little girl who jogged my elbow and was invited to move further off (and cordially assisted to do so by all her neighbors) had the bluest eyes that ever shone under a torn hat-brim.

"Was she not a Cornish girl?" I asked.

"No," she said; "I 'm English."

"Were you not born at the mine? Perhaps you are an American."

"No, ma'am. I aint a 'Merican. I was born down to San José."

Another little girl coughed and looked as if she had been ill. She told me they "was allays sick back there," and when I tried to find out where "back there" was,—where she had lived before coming to the mine,—she only answered my repeated questions with: "Oh, in a kind o' brown house back there."

Banito had been very still for some time, and his face began to droop as if he were tired; so I hurried with the sketch. The children hearing the heavy wheels of the stage rattling up the last hill, scampered off to welcome it on its arrival, in company with all the dogs and other loose and noisy live-stock of the camp.

Banito looked wistfully after them, but with the prospect of "two bits" resigned himself to five minutes longer.

"Two bits" represents a large share of the joys of this world to an Almaden boy. For two bits you can get of Costa—the vegetable man—a ripe, spicy musk-melon as big as your head, or a water-melon twice as big, or a hatful of peaches, or a double handful of fresh figs, or two paper bags of stale candy at the store. A Cornish lad might put it in a tin bank until Christmas and the new stock of toys arrived, but a Mexican never!

I am quite sure Banito's silver quarter was spent before he slept that night, and as the Mexicans are very generous, no doubt the five brothers and sisters in the bare, high-stooped house on the hill, each had a share in Banito's purchase, including Francisco, who was "muey malo."

The little dark object which Banito holds by a string is meant to look like a "horned toad." They are strange little creatures,—so delicately made, yet so roughly carved and fretted; so still, sometimes for long minutes, that they might indeed be carved stone or fretted bronze; then, at a sudden movement, they will slide off as swift and silent as a shadow. They are utterly deaf,—even a pistol-shot fired close to one's head would not disturb his immovable stillness if he saw nothing to alarm. They seem to have a kind of sensitiveness under the rough, dark skin; light finger-touches on the head will soothe them to sleep, and they are easily tamed into a dull, passive companionship.

A friend of mine had one named "Mr. Hopper," which she kept in various dim corners of the house and garden. He came to a tragic end at last by winding the string that held him round and round a stubby bunch of grass, in his efforts to escape some object which had frightened him, and so hung himself. We thought, perhaps, it was deliberate suicide on Mr. Hopper's part, as he seemed of a melancholy and listless disposition, and took but little interest in life.

THE PETERKINS DECIDE TO STUDY THE LANGUAGES.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

Certainly now was the time to study the languages. The Peterkins had moved into a new house, far more convenient than their old one, where they would have a place for everything and everything in its place. Of course they would then have more time.

Elizabeth Eliza recalled the troubles of the old house, how for a long time she was obliged to sit outside of the window upon the piazza, when she wanted to play on her piano.

Mrs. Peterkin reminded them of the difficulty about the table-cloths. The upper table-cloth was kept in a trunk that had to stand in front of the door to the closet under the stairs. But the under table-cloth was kept in a drawer in the closet. So, whenever the cloths were changed, the trunk

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had to be pushed away under some projecting shelves to make room for opening the closet door (as the under table-cloth must be taken out first), then the trunk was pushed back, to make room for it to be opened for the upper table-cloth, and, after all, it was necessary to push the trunk away again to open the closet-door for the knife-tray. This always consumed a great deal of time.

Now that the china-closet was large enough, everything could find a place in it.

Agamemnon especially enjoyed the new library. In the old house there was no separate room for books. The dictionaries were kept upstairs, which was very inconvenient, and the volumes of the encyclopædia could not be together. There was not room for all in one place. So from A to P were to be found down-stairs, and from Q to Z were scattered in different rooms upstairs. And the worst of it was, you could never remember whether from A to P included P. "I always went upstairs after P," said Agamemnon, "and then always found it down-stairs, or else it was the other way."

Of course now there were more conveniences for study. With the books all in one room, there would be no time wasted in looking for them.

Mr. Peterkin suggested they should each take a separate language. If they went abroad, this would prove a great convenience. Elizabeth Eliza could talk French with the Parisians; Agamemnon, German with the Germans; Solomon John, Italian with the Italians; Mrs. Peterkin, Spanish in Spain; and, perhaps he could himself master all the Eastern languages and Russian.

Mrs. Peterkin was uncertain about undertaking the Spanish, but all the family felt very sure they should not go to Spain (as Elizabeth Eliza dreaded the Inquisition), and Mrs. Peterkin felt more willing.

Still she had quite an objection to going abroad. She had always said she would not go till a bridge was made across the Atlantic, and she was sure it did not look like it now.

Agamemnon said there was no knowing. There was something new every day, and a bridge was surely not harder to invent than a telephone, for they had bridges in the very earliest days.

Then came up the question of the teachers. Probably these could be found in Boston. If they could all come the same day, three could be brought out in the carry-all. Agamemnon could go in for them, and could learn a little on the way out and in.

Mr. Peterkin made some inquiries about the Oriental languages. He was told that Sanscrit was at the root of all. So he proposed they should all begin with Sanscrit. They would thus require but one teacher, and could branch out into the other languages afterward.

But the family preferred learning the separate languages. Elizabeth Eliza already knew something of the French. She had tried to talk it, without much success, at the Centennial Exhibition, at one of the side-stands. But she found she had been talking with a Moorish gentleman who did not understand French. Mr. Peterkin feared they might need more libraries, if all the teachers came at the same hour; but Agamemnon reminded him that they would be using different dictionaries. And Mr. Peterkin thought something might be learned by having them all at once. Each one might pick up something beside the language he was studying, and it was a great thing to learn to talk a foreign language while others were talking about you. Mrs. Peterkin was afraid it would be like the Tower of Babel, and hoped it was all right.

Agamemnon brought forward another difficulty. Of course they ought to have foreign teachers, who spoke only their native languages. But, in this case, how could they engage them to come, or explain to them about the carry-all, or arrange the proposed hours? He did not understand how anybody ever began with a foreigner, because he could not even tell him what he wanted.

Elizabeth Eliza thought a great deal might be done by signs and pantomime. Solomon John and the little boys began to show how it might be done. Elizabeth Eliza explained how "*langues*" meant both "languages" and "tongues," and they could point to their tongues. For practice, the little boys represented the foreign teachers talking in their different languages, and Agamemnon and Solomon John went to invite them to come out, and teach the family, by a series of signs.

Mr. Peterkin thought their success was admirable, and that they might almost go abroad without any study of the languages, and trust to explaining themselves by signs. Still, as the bridge was not yet made, it might be as well to wait and cultivate the languages.

Mrs. Peterkin was afraid the foreign teachers might imagine they were invited out to lunch. Solomon John had constantly pointed to his mouth as he opened it and shut it, putting out his tongue; and it looked a great deal more as if he were inviting them to eat, than asking them to teach. Agamemnon suggested they might carry the separate dictionaries when they went to see the teachers, and that would show they meant lessons and not lunch.

Mrs. Peterkin was not sure but she ought to prepare a lunch for them, if they had come all that way; but she certainly did not know what they were accustomed to eat.

Mr. Peterkin thought this would be a good thing to learn of the foreigners. It would be a good

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preparation for going abroad, and they might get used to the dishes before starting. The little boys were delighted at the idea of having new things cooked. Agamemnon had heard that beer-soup was a favorite dish with the Germans, and he would inquire how it was made in the first lesson. Solomon John had heard they were all very fond of garlic, and thought it would be a pretty attention to have some in the house the first day, that they might be cheered by the odor.

Elizabeth Eliza wanted to surprise the lady from Philadelphia by her knowledge of French, and hoped to begin on the lessons before the Philadelphia family arrived for their annual visit.

There were still some delays. Mr. Peterkin was very anxious to obtain teachers who had been but a short time in this country. He did not want to be tempted to talk any English with them. He wanted the latest and freshest languages, and at last came home one day with a list of "brand new foreigners."

They decided to borrow the Bromwichs' carry-all, to use besides their own for the first day, and Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon drove into town to bring all the teachers out. One was a Russian gentleman traveling, who came with no idea of giving lessons, and perhaps he would consent to do so. He could not yet speak English.

Mr. Peterkin had his card-case, and the cards of the several gentlemen who had recommended the different teachers, and he went with Agamemnon from hotel to hotel collecting them. He found them all very polite, and ready to come, after the explanation by signs agreed upon. The dictionaries had been forgotten, but Agamemnon had a directory which looked the same, and seemed to satisfy the foreigners.

Mr. Peterkin was obliged to content himself with the Russian instead of one who could teach Sanscrit, as there was no new teacher of that language lately arrived.

But there was an unexpected difficulty in getting the Russian gentleman into the same carriage with the teacher of Arabic, for he was a Turk, sitting with a fez on his head, on the back seat! They glared at each other, and began to assail each other in every language they knew, none of which Mr. Peterkin could understand. It might be Russian, it might be Arabic. It was easy to understand that they would never consent to sit in the same carriage. Mr. Peterkin was in despair; he had forgotten about the Russian war! What a mistake to have invited the Turk!

Quite a crowd collected on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. But the French gentleman politely, but stiffly, invited the Russian to go with him in the first carry-all. Here was another difficulty. For the German professor was quietly ensconced on the back seat! As soon as the French gentleman put his foot on the step and saw him, he addressed him in such forcible language that the German professor got out of the door the other side, and came round on the sidewalk, and took him by the collar. Certainly the German and French gentlemen could not be put together, and more crowd collected!

Agamemnon, however, had happily studied up the German word "Herr," and he applied it to the German, inviting him by signs to take a seat in the other carry-all. The German consented to sit by the Turk, as they neither of them could understand the other; and at last they started, Mr. Peterkin with the Italian by his side, and the French and Russian teachers behind, vociferating to each other in languages unknown to Mr. Peterkin, while he feared they were not perfectly in harmony, so he drove home as fast as possible. Agamemnon had a silent party. The Spaniard by his side was a little moody, while the Turk and the German behind did not utter a word.

At last they reached the house, and were greeted by Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza, Mrs. Peterkin with her llama lace shawl over her shoulders, as a tribute to the Spanish teacher. Mr. Peterkin was careful to take his party in first, and deposit them in a distant part of the library, far from the Turk or the German, even putting the Frenchman and Russian apart.

Solomon John found the Italian dictionary, and seated himself by his Italian; Agamemnon, with the German dictionary, by the German. The little boys took their copy of the "Arabian Nights" to the Turk. Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain to the Russian that he had no Russian dictionary, as he had hoped to learn Sanscrit of him, while Mrs. Peterkin was trying to inform her teacher that she had no book in Spanish. She got over all fears of the Inquisition, he looked so sad, and she tried to talk a little, using English words, but very slowly, and altering the accent as far as she knew how. The Spaniard bowed, looked gravely interested, and was very polite.

Elizabeth Eliza, meanwhile, was trying her grammar phrases with the Parisian. She found it easier to talk French than to understand him. But he understood perfectly her sentences. She repeated one of her vocabularies, and went on with—"*J'ai le livre.*" "*As-tu le pain?*" "*L'enfant a une poire.*" He listened with great attention, and replied slowly. Suddenly she started after making out one of his sentences, and went to her mother to whisper, "They have made the mistake you feared. They think they are invited to lunch! *He* has just been thanking me for our politeness in inviting them to *déjeûner*,—that means breakfast!"

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"They have not had their breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking at her Spaniard; "he does look hungry! What shall we do?"

Elizabeth Eliza was consulting her father. What should they do? How should they make them understand that they invited them to teach, not lunch. Elizabeth Eliza begged Agamemnon to look out "*apprendre*" in the dictionary. It must mean to teach. Alas, they found it means both to teach and to learn! What should they do? The foreigners were now sitting silent in their different corners. The Spaniard grew more and more sallow. What if he should faint? The Frenchman was rolling up each of his mustaches to a point as he gazed at the German. What if the Russian should fight the Turk? What if the German should be exasperated by the airs of the Parisian?

"We must give them something to eat," said Mr. Peterkin in a low tone. "It would calm them."

"If I only knew what they were used to eating," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Solomon John suggested that none of them knew what the others were used to eating, and they might bring in anything.

Mrs. Peterkin hastened out with hospitable intents. Amanda could make good coffee. Mr. Peterkin had suggested some American dish. Solomon John sent a little boy for some olives.

It was not long before the coffee came in, and a dish of baked beans. Next, some olives and a loaf of bread, and some boiled eggs, and some bottles of beer. The effect was astonishing. Every man spoke his own tongue and fluently. Mrs. Peterkin poured out coffee for the Spaniard, while he bowed to her. They all liked beer, they all liked olives. The Frenchman was fluent about "*les mœurs Américaines.*" Elizabeth Eliza supposed he alluded to their not having set any table. The Turk smiled, the Russian was voluble. In the midst of the clang of the different languages, just as Mr. Peterkin was again repeating, under cover of the noise of many tongues, "How shall we make them understand that we want them to teach?"—at this very moment—the door was flung open, and there came in the lady from Philadelphia, that day arrived, her first call of the season!

She started back in terror at the tumult of so many different languages! The family, with joy, rushed to meet her. All together they called upon her to explain for them. Could she help them? Could she tell the foreigners they wanted to take lessons! Lessons? They had no sooner uttered the word than their guests all started up with faces beaming with joy. It was the one English word they all knew! They had come to Boston to give lessons! The Russian traveler had hoped to learn English in this way. The thought pleased them more than the *déjeûner*. Yes, gladly would they give lessons. The Turk smiled at the idea. The first step was taken. The teachers knew they were expected to teach.

"Will you walk into my frying-pan?"
Said the Nabob to the trout.

"No, thanks, my lord, 't is cooler here;
I don't think I 'll come out."

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A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter III.

Rectus Opens His Eyes.

WAS all right the next day, and we staid on deck most of the time, standing around the smoke-stack when our noses got a little blue with the cold. There were not many other people on deck. I was expecting young Rectus to have his turn at sea-sickness, but he disappointed me. He spent a good deal of his time calculating our position on a little folding-map he had. He inquired how fast we were going, and then he worked the whole thing out, from Sandy Hook to Savannah, marking on the map the hours at which he ought to be at such and such a place. He tried his best to get his map of the course all right, and made a good many alterations, so that we were off Cape Charles several times in the course of the day. Rectus had never been very good at calculations, and I was glad to see that he was beginning to take an interest in such things.

The next morning, just after day-break, we were awakened by a good deal of trampling about on deck, over our heads, and we turned out, sharp, to see what the matter was. Rectus wanted me to wait, after we were dressed, until he could get out his map and calculate where we were, but I could n't stop for such nonsense, for I knew that his kind of navigation did n't amount to much, and so we scrambled up on deck. The ship was pitching and tossing worse than she had done yet. We had been practicing the "sea-leg" business the day before, and managed to walk along pretty well; but this morning our sea-legs did n't work at all, and we could n't take a step without hanging on to something. When we got on deck, we found that the first officer, or mate,—his name was Randall,—with three or four sailors, was throwing the lead to see how deep the water was. We hung on to a couple of stays and watched them. It was a rousing big lead, a foot long, and the line ran out over a pulley at the stern. A sailor took the lead a good way forward before he threw it, so as to give it a chance to get to the bottom before the steamer passed over it and began to tow it. When they pulled it in, we were surprised to see that it took three men to do it. Then Mr. Randall scooped out a piece of tallow that was in a hollow in the bottom of the lead, and took it to show to the captain, whose room was on deck. I knew this was one way they had of finding out where they were, for they examined the sand or mud on the tallow, and so knew what sort of a bottom they were going over; and all the different kinds of bottom were marked out on their charts.

As Mr. Randall passed us, Rectus sung out to him, and asked him where we were now.

"Off Hatteras," said he, quite shortly.

I did n't think Rectus should have bothered Mr. Randall with questions when he was so busy; but after he went into the captain's room, the men did not seem to have much to do, and I asked one of them how deep it was.

"About seventeen fathom," said he.

"Can we see Cape Hatteras?" I said, trying to get a good look landward as the vessel rolled over that way.

"No," said the man. "We could see the light, just before day-break, but the weather 's gettin' thick now, and we 're keepin' out."

It was pretty thick to the west, that was true. All that I could see in the distance was a very mixed-up picture of wave-tops and mist. I knew that Cape Hatteras was one of the most dangerous points on the coast, and that sailors were always glad when they had safely rounded it, and so I began to take a good deal of interest in what was going on. There was a pretty strong wind from the south-east, and we had no sail set at all. Every now and then the steamer would get herself up on top of a big wave, and then drop down, sideways, as if she were sliding off the top of a house. The mate and the captain soon came out on deck together, and the captain went forward to the pilot-house, while Mr. Randall came over to his men, and they got ready to throw the lead again. It did n't seem to me that the line ran out as far as it did the last time, and I think I heard Mr. Randall say, "Fourteen." At any rate, a man was sent forward to the pilot-house, and directly we heard the rudder-chains creaking, and the big iron arms of the rudder, which were on deck, moved over toward the landward side of the vessel, and I knew by that that the captain was putting her head out to sea. Mr. Randall took out the tallow from the lead and laid it in an empty bucket that was lashed to the deck. He

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"'HOLD YOUR TONGUE!' ROARED MR. RANDALL."

seemed to be more anxious now about the depth of water than about the kind of bottom we were passing over. The lead was just about to be thrown again, when Rectus, who had taken the tallow out of the bucket, which stood near us, and had examined it pretty closely, started off to speak to Mr. Randall, with the tallow in his hand.

"Look here!" said Rectus, holding on to the railing, "I'll tell you what would be a sight better than tallow for your leads. Just you get some fine, white Castile-soap, and ——"

"Confound you!" roared Mr. Randall, turning savagely on him. "Hold your tongue! For three cents I'd tie you to this line and drag the bottom with you!"

Rectus made no answer. He did n't offer him the three cents, but came away promptly, and put the piece of tallow back in the bucket. He did n't get any comfort from me.

"Have n't you got any better sense," I said to him, "than to go, with your nonsense, to the first officer at such a time as this? I never saw such a boy!"

"But the soap *is* better than the tallow," said Rectus. "It's finer and whiter, and would take up the sand better."

"No, it would n't," I growled at him; "the water would wash it out in half a minute. You need n't be trying to tell anybody on this ship what they ought to do."

"But supposing ——" said he.

"No," I exclaimed, in a way that made him jump, "there's no supposing about it. If you know their business better than they do, why, just let it stand that way. It wont hurt you."

I was pretty mad, I must say, for I did n't want to see a fellow like Rectus trying to run the ship. But you could n't stay mad with Rectus long. He did n't mean any wrong, and he gave no words back, and so, as you might expect, we were all right again by breakfast-time.

The next morning we were surprised to feel how warm it was on deck. We did n't need our overcoats. The sea was ever so much smoother, too. There were two or three ladies on deck, who could walk pretty well.

About noon, I was standing on the upper deck, when I saw Rectus coming toward me, looking very pale. He was generally a dark sort of a boy, and it made a good deal of difference in him to look pale. I was sure he was going to be sick, at last,—although it was rather queer for him to knock under when the voyage was pretty nearly over,—and I began to laugh, when he said to me, in a nervous sort of way:

"I tell you what it is, I believe that we 've gone past the mouth of the Savannah River. According to my calculations," said he, pointing to a spot

"RECTUS SHOWED ME THE MAP."

on his map which he held in his hand, "we must be down about here, off the Georgia coast."

I have said that I began to laugh, and now I kept

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on. I just sat down and roared, so that the people looked at me.

"You need n't laugh," said Rectus. "I believe it 's so."

"All right, my boy," said I; "but we wont tell the captain. Just let 's wait and have the fun of seeing him turn 'round and go back."

Rectus did n't say anything to this, but walked off with his map.

Now that boy was no fool. I believe that he was just beginning to feel like doing something, and, as he had never done anything before, he did n't know how.

About twelve o'clock we reached the mouth of the Savannah (without turning back), and sailed twenty miles up the river to the city.

We were the first two persons off that vessel, and we took a hack to the hotel that the purser had recommended to us, and had the satisfaction of reaching it about ten minutes ahead of the people who came in the omnibus; although I don't know that that was of much use to us, as the clerk gave us top rooms, any way.

We went pretty nearly all over Savannah that afternoon and the next day. It 's a beautiful city. There is a little public square at nearly every corner, and one of the wide streets has a double row of big trees running right down the middle of it, with grass under them, and, what seemed stranger yet, the trees were all in leaf, little children were playing on the grass, and the weather was warm and splendid. The gardens in front of the houses were full of roses and all sorts of flowers in blossom, and Rectus wanted to buy a straw-hat and get his linen trousers out of his trunk.

"No, sir," said I; "I 'm not going around with a fellow wearing a straw-hat and linen breeches in January. You don't see anybody else wearing them."

"No," said he; "but it 's warm enough."

"You may think so," I answered; "but I guess they know their own business best. This is their coldest season, and if they wore straw-hats and linen clothes now, what would they put on when the scorching hot weather comes?"

Rectus did n't know, and that matter was dropped. There is a pretty park at the back of the town, and we walked about it, and sat under the trees, and looked at the flowers, and the fountain playing, and enjoyed it ever so much. If it had been summer, and we had been at home, we should n't have cared so much for these things; but sitting under trees, and lounging about over the green grass, while our folks at home were up to their eyes, or thereabouts, in snow and ice, delighted both of us, especially Rectus. I never heard him talk so much.

We reached Savannah on Tuesday, and were to leave in the steamer for St. Augustine Thursday afternoon. Thursday morning we went out to the cemetery of Bonaventure, one of the loveliest places in the whole world, where there are long avenues of live-oaks that stretch from one side of the road to the other like great covered arbors, and from every limb of every tree hang great streamers of gray moss four and five feet long. It was just wonderful to look at. The whole place seemed dripping with waving fringe. Rectus said it looked to him as if this was a grave-yard for old men, and that every old fellow had had to hang his beard on a tree before he went down into his grave.

"THE WHOLE PLACE SEEMED DRIPPING WITH WAVING FRINGE."

This was a curious idea for Rectus to have, and the colored man who was driving us—we went out in style, in a barouche, but I would n't do that kind of thing again without making a bargain beforehand—turned around to look at him as if he thought he was a little crazy. Rectus was certainly in high spirits. There was a sort of change coming over him. His eyes had a sparkle in them that I never saw before. No one could say that he did n't take interest in things now. I think the warm weather had something to do with it.

"I tell you what it is, Gordon," said he,—he still called me Gordon, and I did n't insist on

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"Mr.," because I thought that, on the whole, perhaps it would n't do,—"I 'm waking up. I feel as if I had been asleep all my life, and was just beginning to open my eyes."

A grave-yard seemed a queer place to start out fresh in this way, but it was n't long before I found that if Rectus had n't really wakened up he could kick pretty hard in his sleep.

Nothing much happened on the trip down to St. Augustine, for we traveled nearly all the way by night. Early the next morning we were lying off that old half-Spanish town, wishing the tide would rise so that we could go in. There is a bar between two islands that lie in front of the town, and you have to go over that to get into the harbor. We were on the "Tigris," the Bahama steamer, that touched at St. Augustine on her way to Nassau, and she could n't get over that bar until high-tide. We were dreadfully impatient, for we could see the old town, with its trees, all green and bright, and its low, wide houses, and a great light-house, marked like a barber's pole or a stick of old-fashioned mint-candy, and what was best of all, a splendid old castle, or fort, built by the Spaniards three hundred years ago! We declared we would go there the moment we set foot on shore. In fact we soon had about a dozen plans for seeing the town.

"OLD MENENDEZ."

If we had been the pilots, we would have bumped that old steamer over the bar, somehow or other, long before the real pilot started her in; but we had to wait. When we did go in, and steamed along in front of the old fort, we could see that it was gray and crumbling and moss-covered, in places, and it was just like an oil-painting. The whole town, in fact, was like an oil-painting, to us.

The moment the stairs were put down, we scuffled ashore, and left the steamer to go on to the Bahamas whenever she felt like it. We gave our valises and trunk-checks to a negro man with a wagon, and told him to take the baggage to a hotel that we could see from the wharf, and then we started off for the fort. But on my way along the wharf I made up my mind that as the fort had been there for three hundred years, it would probably stand a while longer, and that we had better go along with our baggage, and see about getting a place to live in, for we were not going to be in any hurry to leave St. Augustine.

We did n't go to any hotel at all. I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Cholott, and on our way up from the wharf, I heard some one call out that name to a gentleman. So I remembered my letter, and went up and gave it to him. He was a first-rate man, and when we told him where we were going, we had quite a talk, and he said he would advise us to go to a boarding-house. It would be cheaper, and if we were like most boys that he knew, we 'd like it better. He said that board could be had with several families that he knew, and that some of the Minorcans took boarders in the winter.

Of course, Rectus wanted to know, right away, what a Minorcan was. I did n't think it was exactly the place to ask questions which probably had long answers, but Mr. Cholott did n't seem to be in a hurry, and he just started off and told us about the Minorcans. A chap, called Turnbull, more than a hundred years ago, brought over to Florida a lot of the natives of the island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean, and began a colony. But he was a mean sort of chap; he did n't care for anything but making money out of the Minorcans, and it was n't long before they found it out, for he was really making slaves of them. So they just rose up and rebelled and left old Turnbull to run his colony by himself. Served him right, too. They started off on their own accounts, and most of them came to this town, where they settled, and have had a good time ever since. There are a great many of them here now, descendants of the original Minorcans, and they keep pretty much together and keep their old name, too. They look a good deal like Spaniards, Mr. Cholott said, and many of them are very excellent people.

Rectus took the greatest interest in these Minorcans, but we did n't take board with any of them. We went to the house of a lady who was a friend of Mr. Cholott, and she gave us a splendid room, that looked right out over the harbor. We could see the islands, and the light-house, and the bar with the surf outside, and even get a glimpse of the ocean. We saw the "Tigris" going out over the bar. The captain wanted to get out on the same tide he came in on, and he did n't lose any time. As soon as she got fairly out to sea, we hurried down, to go to the fort. But first, Rectus said, we ought to go and buy straw-hats. There were lots of men with

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straw-hats in St. Augustine. This was true, for it was just as warm here as we have it in June, and we started off to look for a straw-hat store.

We found that we were in one of the queerest towns in the world. Rectus said it was all back-streets, and it looked something that way. The streets were very narrow, and none of them had any pavement but sand and powdered shell, and very few had any sidewalks. But they did n't seem to be needed. Many of the houses had balconies on the second story, which reached toward each other from both sides of the street, and this gave the town a sociable appearance. There were lots of shops, and most of them sold sea-beans. There were other things, like alligators' teeth, and shells, and curiosities, but the great trade of the town seemed to be in sea-beans.* Rectus and I each bought one, for our watch-chains.

I think we tried on every straw-hat in town, and we bought a couple in a little house, where two or three young women were making them. Rectus asked me, in a low voice, if I did n't think one of the young women was a Mohican. I hushed him up, for it was none of his business if she was. I had a good deal of trouble making Rectus say "Minorcan." Whenever we had met a dark-haired person, he had said to me: "Do you think that is a Mohican?" It was a part of his old school disposition to get things wrong in this way. But he never got angry when I corrected him. His temper was perfect.

I bought a common-sized hat, but Rectus bought one that spread out far and wide. It made him look like a Japanese umbrella. We stuffed our felt hats into our pockets, and started for the fort. But I looked at my watch and found it was supper-time. I had suspected it when I came out of the hat-shop. The sea-trip and the fine air here had given us tremendous appetites, which our walk had sharpened.

So we turned back at once and hurried home, agreeing to begin square on the fort the next day.

Chapter IV.

To the Rescue.

The next morning I was awakened by Rectus coming into the room.

"Hello!" said I; "where have you been? I did n't hear you get up."

"I called you once or twice," said Rectus; "but you were sleeping so soundly, I thought I 'd let you alone. I knew you 'd lost some sleep by being sick on the steamer."

"That was only the first night," I exclaimed. "I 've made up that long ago. But what got you up so early?"

"I went out to take a warm salt-water bath before breakfast," answered Rectus. "There 's an eight-cornered bath-house right out here, almost under the window, where you can have your sea-water warm if you like it."

"HOW?"

"Do they pump it from the tropics?" I asked, as I got up and began to dress.

"No; they heat it in the bath-house. I had a first-rate bath, and I saw a Minorcan."

"You don't say so!" I cried. "What was he like? Had he horns? And how did you know what he was?"

"I asked him," said Rectus.

"Asked him!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you got up early and went around asking people if they were Mohicans!"

"Minorcans, I said."

"Well, it 's bad enough, even if you got the

* Sea-beans are seeds of a West Indian tree. They are of different colors, very hard, and capable of being handsomely polished. They are called "sea-beans" because great numbers of them drift up on the Florida and adjacent coasts.

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name right. Did you ask the man plump to his face?"

"Yes. But he first asked me what I was. He was an oldish man, and I met him just as I was coming out of the bath-house. He had a basket of clams on his arm, and I asked him where he caught them. That made him laugh, and he said he dug them out of the sand under the wharf. Then he asked me if my name was Cisneros, and when I told him it was not, he said that I looked like a Spaniard, and he thought that that might be my name. And so, as he had asked me about myself, I asked him if he was a Minorcan, and he said 'yes.'"

"And what then?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Rectus. "He went on with his clams, and I came home."

"You did n't seem to make much out of him, after all," said I. "I don't wonder he thought you were a Spaniard, with that hat. I told you you 'd make a show of yourself. But what are you going to do with your Minorcans, Rectus, when you catch them?"

He laughed, but did n't mention his plans.

"I did n't know how you got clams," he said. "I thought you caught them some way. It would never have entered my head to dig for them."

"There 's lots to learn in this town about fish, and ever so many other things besides; and I tell you what it is, Rectus, as soon as we get through with the fort,—and I don't know how long that will take us, for I heard on the steamer that it had under-ground dungeons,—we 'll go off on a first-class exploring expedition."

That suited Rectus, exactly.

After breakfast we started for the fort. It is just outside of the town, and you can walk all the way on the sea-wall, which is about a yard wide on top,—just a little too wide for one fellow, but not quite wide enough for two.

The United States government holds the fort now, of course, and calls it Fort Marion, but the old Spanish name was San Marco, and we disdained to call it anything else. When we went over the draw-bridge, and across the moat, we saw the arms of Spain on a shield over the great gate of the fort. We walked right in, into a wide hall, with dark door-ways on each side, and then out into a great inclosed space, like a parade-ground, in the center of the fort, and here we saw a whole crowd of Indians. We did n't expect to find Indians here, and we were very much surprised. They did not wear Indian clothes, but were dressed in United States military uniform. They did n't look like anything but Indians, though, for all that. I asked one of them if he belonged here, and he smiled and said "How?" and held out his hand. We both shook it, but could make nothing out of him. A good many of them now came up and said "How" to us, and shook hands, and we soon found that this meant "How d' ye do?" and was about all they knew of English.

We were lucky enough, before we got through shaking hands with our new friends, to see Mr. Cholott coming toward us, and he immediately took us in charge, and seemed to be glad to have a job of the kind. There was nothing about the fort that he did n't know. He told us that the Indians were prisoners, taken in the far West by United States troops, and that some of them were the worst Indians in the whole country. They were safe enough now, though, and were held here as hostages. Some were chiefs, and they were all noted men,—some as murderers, and others in less important ways. They had been here for some years, and a few of them could speak a little English.

He then took us all over the fort,—up an inclined plane to the top of the ramparts, and into the Indian barracks on one of the wide walls, where we saw a lot of Cheyennes and Kiowas, and Indians from other tribes, sitting around and making bows and arrows, and polishing sea-beans to sell to visitors. At each corner of the fort was a "look-out tower,"—a little box of a place, stuck out from the top of the wall, with loop-holes, and a long, narrow passage leading to it, with a high wall on each side to protect from bullets and arrows the man who went to look out. One of the towers had been knocked off, probably by a cannon-ball. These towers and slim little passages took our fancy greatly. Then Mr. Cholott took us down-stairs to see the dungeons. He got the key and gave it to a big old Indian, named Red Horse, who went ahead with a lighted kerosene lamp.

We first saw the dungeon where the Indian chief, Osceola, was shut up during the Seminole war. It was a dreary place. There was another chief, Wild Cat, who was imprisoned with Osceola, and one night Osceola "boosted" him to a high window, where he squeezed through the bars and got away. If Osceola had had any one to give him a lift, I suppose he would have been off too. Rectus and I wondered how the two Indians managed this little question of who should be hoisted. Perhaps they tossed up, or perhaps Wild Cat was the lighter of the two. The worst dungeon, though, was a place that was discovered by accident about thirty years ago. There was nothing there when we went in; but, when it was first found, a chained skeleton was lying on the floor. Through a hole in the wall we crept into another dungeon, worse yet, in which two iron cages were found hung to the wall, with skeletons in them. It seemed like being in some

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other country to stand in this dark little dungeon, and hear these dreadful stories, while a big Indian stood grinning by, holding a kerosene lamp.

Mr. Cholott told us that one of the cages and the bones could now be seen in Washington.

After Mr. Cholott went home, we tramped all over the fort again by ourselves, and that afternoon we sat on the outer wall that runs along the harbor-front of the fort, and watched the sail-boats and the fishermen in their "dug-outs." There were a couple of sharks swimming up and down in front of the town, and every now and then they would come up and show themselves. They were the first sharks we had ever seen.

Rectus was worked up about the Indians. We had been told that, while a great many of the chiefs and braves imprisoned here were men known to have committed crimes, still there were others who had done nothing wrong, and had been captured and brought here as prisoners, simply because, in this way, the government would have a good hold on their tribes.

Rectus thought this was the worst kind of injustice, and I agreed with him, although I did n't see what we were going to do about it.

On our way home we met Rectus's Minorcan; he was a queer old fellow.

"Hello!" said he, when he saw Rectus. "Have you been out catching clams?"

We stopped and talked a little while about the sharks, and then the old man asked Rectus why he wanted to know, that morning, whether he was a Minorcan or not.

"I just wanted to see one," said Rectus, as if he had been talking of kangaroos or giraffes. "I 've been thinking a good deal about them, and their bold escape from slavery, and their ——"

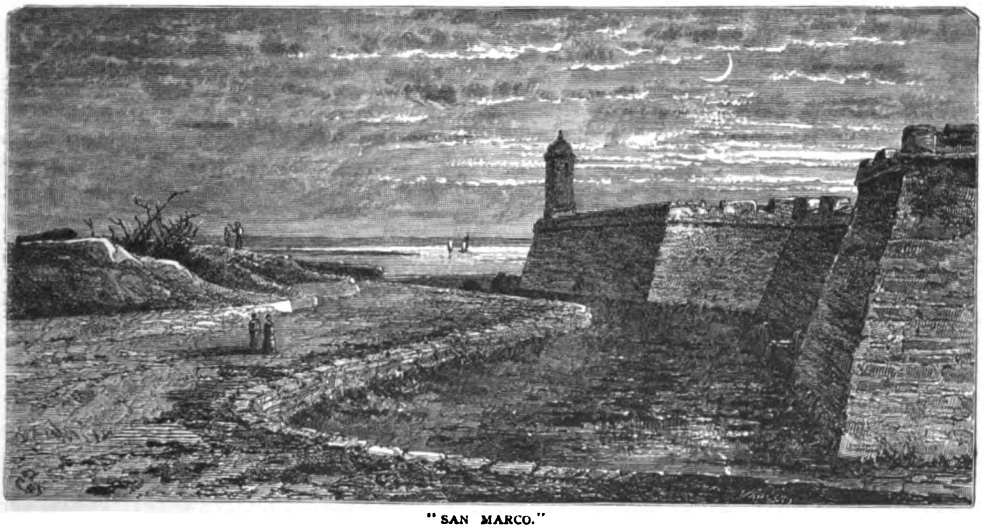
"Slavery!" sung out the old man. "We were never slaves! What do you mean by that? Do you take us for niggers?"

He was pretty mad and I don't wonder, if that was the way he understood Rectus, for he was just as much a white man as either of us.

"Oh no!" said Rectus. "But I 've heard all about you, and that tyrant Turnbull, and the way you cast off his yoke. I mean your fathers, of course."

"I reckon you 've heard a little too much, young man," said the Minorcan. "Somebody 's been stuffin' you. You 'd better get a hook and line, and go out to catch clams."

"Why, you don't understand me!" cried Rectus. "I honor you for it!"



"SAN MARCO."

The old man looked at him and then at me, and then he laughed. "All right, bub," said he. "If ever you want to hire a boat, I 've got one. My name 's Menendez. Just ask for my boat at the club-house wharf." And then he went on.

"That 's all you get for your sympathy with oppressed people," said Rectus. "They call you bub."

"Well, that old fellow is n't oppressed," I said; "and if any of his ancestors were, I don't suppose he cares about remembering it. We ought to hire his boat, some time."

That evening we took a walk along the sea-wall. It was a beautiful star-light night, and a great many people were walking about. When we got down near the fort,—which looked bigger and grayer than ever, by the star-light,—Rectus said he would

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like to get inside of it by night, and I agreed that it would be a good thing to do. So we went over the draw-bridge (this place has a draw-bridge, and portcullises, and barbicans, and demi-lunes, and a moat, just as if it were a castle or a fort of some old country in Europe),—but the big gate was shut. We did n't care to knock, for all was dark, and we came away. Rectus proposed that we should reconnoiter the place, and I agreed, although, in reality, there was n't anything to reconnoiter. We went down into the moat, which was perfectly dry, and very wide, and walked all around the fort.

We examined the walls, which were pretty jagged and rough in some places, and we both agreed that if we *had* to do it, we believed we could climb to the top.

As we walked home, Rectus proposed that we should try to climb in some night.

"What 's the good?" I asked.

"Why, it would be a splendid thing," said he, "to scale the walls of an old Middle-Age fort, like that. Let 's try it, anyway."

I could n't help thinking that it would be rather a fine thing to do, but it did seem rather foolish to risk our necks to get over the walls at night, when we could walk in, whenever we pleased, all day.

But it was of no use to say anything like that to Rectus. He was full of the idea of scaling the walls, and I found that when the boy did get worked up to anything, he could talk first-rate, and before we went to sleep I got the notion of it, too, and we made up our minds that we would try it.

The next day we walked around the walls two or three times, and found a place where we thought we could get up, if we had a rope fastened to the top of the wall. When General Oglethorpe bombarded the fort,—at the time the Spaniards held it,—he made a good many dents in the wall, and these would help us. I did climb up a few feet, but we saw that it would never do to try to get all the way up without a rope.

How to fasten the rope on the top of the wall was the next question. We went in the fort, and found that if we could get a stout grapnel over the wall, it would probably catch on the inside of the coping, and give us a good enough hold. There is a wide walk on top, with a low wall on the outside, just high enough to shelter cannon, and to enable the garrison to dodge musketry and arrows.

We had a good deal of trouble finding a rope, but we bought one, at last, which was stout enough,—the man asked us if we were going to fish for sharks, and did n't seem to believe us when we said no,—and we took it to our room, and made knots in it about a foot apart. The fort walls are about twenty feet high, and we made the rope plenty long enough, with something to spare. We did n't have much trouble to find a grapnel. We bought a small one, but it was strong enough. We talked the matter over a great deal, and went to the fort several times, making examinations, and measuring the height of the wall, from the top, with a spool of cotton.

MAIDEN'S HEART.

It was two or three days before we got everything ready, and in our trips to the fort we saw a good deal of the Indians. We often met them in the town, too, for they were frequently allowed to go out and walk about by themselves. There was no danger, I suppose, of their trying to run away, for they were several thousand miles from their homes, and they probably would not care to run to any other place, with no larger stock of the English language than the one word "How?" Some of them, however, could talk a little English. There was one big fellow—he was probably the largest of them all—who was called "Maiden's Heart." I could n't see how his name fitted, for he looked like an out-and-out savage, and generally wore a grin that seemed wicked enough to frighten settlers out of his part of the country. But he may have had a tender spot, somewhere, which entitled him to his name, and he was certainly very willing to talk to us, to the extent of his ability, which was not very great. We managed, however, to have some interesting, though rather choppy, conversations.

There was another fellow, a young chief, called

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Crowded Owl, that we liked better than any of the others, although we could n't talk to him at all. He was not much older than I was, and so seemed to take to us. He would walk all around with us, and point out things. We had bought some sea-beans of him, and it may be that he hoped to sell us some more. At any rate, he was very friendly.

We met Mr. Cholott several times, and he told us of some good places to go to, and said he 'd take us out fishing before long. But we were in no hurry for any expedition until we had carried out our little plan of surprising the fort. I gave the greater part of our money, however, to Mr. Cholott to lock up in his safe. I did n't like old Mr. Colbert's plan of going about with your capital pinned to your pockets. It might do while we were traveling, but I would rather have had it in drafts or something else not easily lost.

We had a good many discussions about our grapnel. We did not know whether there was a sentinel on duty in the fort at night or not, but supposed there was, and, if so, he would be likely to hear the grapnel when we threw it up and it hit the stones. We thought we could get over this difficulty by wrapping the grapnel in cotton wool. This would deaden the sound when it struck, but would not prevent the points of the hooks from holding to the inner edge of the wall. Everything now seemed all right, except that we had no object in view after we got over the wall. I always like to have some reason for doing a thing, especially when it 's pretty hard to do. I said this to Rectus, and he agreed with me.

"What I would like to do," said he, "would be to benefit the innocent Indian prisoners."

"I don't know what we can do for them," said I. "We can't let them out, and they 'd all go back again if we did."

"No, we can't do that," said he; "but we ought to do something. I 've been around looking at them all carefully, and I feel sure that there are at least forty men among those Indians who have n't done a thing to warrant shutting them up."

"Why, how do you know?" I exclaimed.

"I judge from their faces," said Rectus.

Of course this made me laugh, but he did n't care.

"I 'll tell you what we could do," said he; "we could enter a protest that might be heard of, and do some good. We could take a pot of black paint and a brush with us, and paint on one of the doors that open into the inner square,—where everybody could see it,—something like this: 'Let the righteous Indian go free.' That would create talk, and something might be done."

"Who 'd do it?" said I. "The captain in command could n't. He has no power to let any of them go free."

"Well, we might address the notice to the President of the United States—in big black letters. They could not conceal such a thing."

"Well, now, look here, Rectus," said I; "this thing is going to cost too much money. That rope was expensive, and the grapnel cost a good deal more than we thought it would; and now you want a big pot of black paint. We must n't spend our money too fast, and if we 've got to economize, let 's begin on black paint. You can write your proclamation on paper, and stick it on the door with tacks. They could send that easier to the President than they could send a whole door."

"You may make as much fun as you please," said Rectus, "but I 'm going to write it out now."

And so he did, in big letters, on half a sheet of foolscap.

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU?

BY MARY E. FOLSOM.

CAN you make a rose or a lily,—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make but one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

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CHICKEN LIZZIE.

BY L. DUYKWOOD.

LIZZIE'S father was dead. He had been a troublesome man; so now Lizzie's mother said:

"We've no one to hinder us; let's pack up our bundles and travel."

"That will be delightful!" answered Lizzie.

So they started off, and as long as the mother's savings lasted her, they journeyed in the cars, or by the boat, or in a cart. When the money was nearly gone, they walked. At last, they came to a queer little village, and on a common at one end, with a small garden fenced in around it, stood a little empty brown cottage.

"This is the very village and the very house where I should like to live," said Lizzie's mother.

"I, too," said Lizzie.

So, by inquiring, they soon found the owner. Lizzie's mother arranged to take in washing and pay every week so much for her cottage. The very next day they bought a bed, a pot and a pan, pasted brown paper in the broken window-panes, and were all settled comfortably, when Lizzie pinned upon the walls some colored pictures she had received in Sunday-school.

"Now if we only had a few chickens," said the mother; "they are so useful, and such friends! I have a little money left; so, Lizzie, take a slice of bread-and-molasses in your little basket, and right after breakfast to-morrow go and see if you can buy some anywhere. But be sure to be home at dinner-time, or I shall think you are lost."

Next day, Lizzie started off in her little gray dress, with her little basket on her arm. She walked a long distance on the country-road, and at last came to a lonely white cottage, behind which stood a barn and a hen-house, while all about walked any number of chickens of many varieties. Lizzie crept in under the fence and sat down on a stone to watch them.

By and by, thinking it might be getting late, she went to the kitchen door and knocked. She knocked till she was tired, but no one answered her.

"They may be in the parlor," she said to herself, and went around to pound on the front door. Still no one took the least notice of her presence. Lizzie felt rather puzzled, but supposing there must be yet another entrance, she went to the rear of the house to look for it. There she found a green door with a stone step, and, close by, a hogshead full of water under the spout. On this door she thumped,—first softly, then louder and louder.

"Why don't you come, you deaf things?" said Lizzie, aloud.

She was answered by a long-drawn "mieauw!" Starting back, she almost stepped on a large gray cat, who looked at her hard for a moment out of his fierce yet languishing green eyes, and then sitting down on the door-stone, folded his tail about him and went to sleep. Lizzie stood and looked at him, and once in a while he opened his eyes straight on her. But he never moved, and she did not like to reach over him to knock again.

Lizzie reflected a moment, and then opened the little gate that led into the poultry-yard. She looked back as she went in, and saw the green-eyed cat staring at her; but his eyes closed at once, as Lizzie shut the gate behind her.

In the middle of the yard stood a can. Lizzie lifted it, and found it was an oil-can. "What a queer place for it!" she thought. "As there seems to be nobody to see to it, I'll move it to one side, where it will not be knocked over." Near the oil-can was a small tub of water. That was for the chickens to drink from. All about, in every direction, walked the chickens—except some who were shut up in coops, and some who were still cackling inside the hen-house.

Lizzie flattened her nose against one of the windows of the hen-house, and tried to see what was going on; but the glass was too dirty. Then she made an attempt to poke her head in at the hole in the door which the hens went through; but a hen who wanted to get out just then, flew against her face, nearly blinding her; so she was glad to give it up.

Hearing pigs, she went in search of them, and almost stepped into their sty, which, unfenced, was just a hollow place dug down a few feet below the ground. The pigs seemed wild with hunger, and quite active enough to jump out at her; so Lizzie made haste away from them also.

"Perhaps there is some one in the barn," she thought, but found that as silent as the house, except for an old white hen in the hay-loft, who jumped off her nest uneasily at Lizzie's approach, and threw herself to the ground; but without breaking her neck, as Lizzie had feared. As she stood still a moment inside the barn, there came a queer noise overhead that seemed rather alarming; but Lizzie was a wise girl, and went out at once to discover what it was. Looking toward the roof, she saw it was covered with pigeons walk-

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ing about in every direction, sometimes stooping under to get into their little houses; and when they stooped, a cross brown pigeon gave them each a push to make them fall off; but, fortunately, none did.

Lizzie looked around for a stone to throw at the brown pigeon; but just then it seemed to her she heard indistinct voices and footsteps coming nearer, and wondered what the family would think to see a strange child making herself at home in their poultry-yard. But in vain she looked about her for any human presence. The voices and footsteps died away suddenly, and there were only the busy, enterprising chickens searching for food, or rushing in and out of the hen-house; and there were the sad or lazy ones shut up in coops, or squatting in holes they had made in preparation for a short nap. There were the pigeons pattering above her head; and when she looked over the gate, there sat the gray and green cat, staring and sleeping on the door-stone.

"I 'm sure I heard voices and steps," said Lizzie, half aloud.

The cat mieauw-ed just then, and directly after, one of the roosters gave a loud crow. All the other fowls who were able followed his example in quick succession.

"That 's a beautiful noise!" thought Lizzie. "I wish I could crow, too; but I am afraid they would laugh at me if I tried. I think I 'd better eat my bread, and then, if no one comes, I 'll go home."

Lizzie now found a comfortable stone, and sat down to lunch. Directly in front of her rose a small heap of stones shaped very regularly, like an old-fashioned rocklet, only without the earth or vines. This mound puzzled her all the time she was eating, and she could not make up her mind as to its use. When she had finished, she started up and walked around the house, peeping into the three windows as she passed. At the first, she saw a pig's face within, close to the pane, but it vanished as she approached. Lizzie went backward and forward several times, always with the same effect.

"Well," she concluded, feeling a little queer, "I don't see why they should keep a pet pig instead of a pet dog or a pet baby; but it certainly is a pig. I don't like pigs, and I sha' n't go near it."

So she passed that window and went to the next, where there was clearly nothing but a pot of flowers; but at the third stood a woman in a white apron, with a red bow at her neck. She, too, vanished as Lizzie came nearer.

"She has heard me at last, and gone to open the door!" was Lizzie's first thought.

But the door did not open; and when Lizzie walked backward and forward, the woman appeared and disappeared, just as the little pig had done.

Lizzie gave a little shiver, and, looking behind her as she ran, she took refuge on the front door-step. While she stood there reflecting, some people drove by in a cart. As soon as they saw Lizzie, they pointed at her and laughed, and looked over their shoulders, laughing and pointing at her as long as they were in sight.

"Is anything the matter with me?" thought Lizzie, examining herself all over. "No! Well, then, is there anything the matter with the house? I don't see anything," she said to herself, shaking her head as she stood off to examine it, "unless they were laughing at the woman and the pig."

She stood still a long while thinking, and then concluding it must be late, she started for home, determining to come again next day and see if any one would appear to explain matters.

The sun, which had been clouded, shone out; the fascinated yet dreary feeling which had oppressed her fell off as she left the silent house behind her, and hastened to meet her mother.

On the next day, this persevering girl started off, as before, directly after breakfast, in her little gray dress, and with her little basket on her arm, containing this time two slices of bread-and-molasses instead of one, in case she should stay later at the silent house. When she arrived there, everything seemed the same as on the day before. In fact, she could hardly help thinking it was the day before, and that she had never gone home since the first visit.

The oil-can which she had moved so carefully was now back again in the middle of the yard. The cross, brown pigeon stood at the edge of the roof to push the others off; the pigs seemed as wildly expectant as at first; the gray and green cat stared and went to sleep on the door-stone; the chickens were still occupied in getting a living, or, perhaps, fattening themselves to suit other tastes.

The flower-pot, the little pig, and the obstinate woman blocked up the windows as before. Every one still seemed deaf to her knocking; and when she finally went to the front of the house, some people passing by in a cart laughed and pointed at her till they vanished below the hill in the road.

Lizzie stood awhile with her mouth and eyes wide open, and then she started for home, which she reached at about the middle of the afternoon.

More than ever curious and determined, Lizzie on the third morning left home after breakfast in her little gray dress, with her little basket on her arm, in which this time there were three slices of

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bread-and-molasses, in case she should not return before supper. Nothing was changed at the silent house, and Lizzie spent the day exactly as she had spent the former two.

At last, the sun set, twilight came on, and when it began to grow dark, Lizzie, tired with her wanderings, fell sound asleep, with her head against the fence of the chicken-yard.

She was awakened by a bright light and a burst of music. She stared in amazement, for the mysterious house had become a gorgeous palace, the barn was a stately castle, the hen-house a fantastic pavilion, and the heap of stones a dancing-hall, beautiful as a Greek temple, and lit with thousands of lamps and Chinese lanterns. Instead of a chicken-yard, she was standing in a garden laid out with every beauty of art and nature. Before her, where the oil-can had so obstinately stood itself, a cool fountain, glimmering in the moonshine, shot softly into the air. A little to the right, the tub of water was represented by a placid lake, on which were a number of little boats filled with ladies and gentlemen, who, as the music struck up, were landing hurriedly and walking toward the dancing-hall.

Lizzie was thinking where she could hide herself, when a tall young man in a gray suit, with a savage moustache, came up to her and asked her to dance the "Lancers" with him. Not daring to refuse, she accepted his arm, and followed the procession to the dancing-hall. She had no idea of the different figures, and made so many mistakes that her partner grew quite angry. Something in the glare of his eyes made Lizzie think of the cat on the door-stone, and, looking stealthily behind him, she noticed a number of times that his coat-tails seemed as if they moved uneasily; and when Lizzie put her set entirely out by her ignorance of the grand chain, the coat-tails were so agitated that he was obliged to move away from the column near which he was standing. Directly after, he seized hold of an awkward-looking young man in a suit of white linen and yellow shoes, and said in so loud a whisper that Lizzie overheard him:

"You 've got to waltz with this girl. She 's a perfect idiot."

Then he walked off, and the other young man made Lizzie a very shy bow, and came and stood by her. After a few minutes, they got on very well. He told Lizzie he did not like to waltz, because every one knocked against him, and proposed that they should promenade in the garden. Lizzie consented, and was quite comfortable, till a heavy fellow in a plaid suit, with dreadful red hair, and spurs on his boots, came toward them, and saying roughly, "It is my turn now," carried her off to the ball-room.

Both these gentlemen had one striking peculiarity, which was, that they never began or ended a sentence without making a noise that sounded like k-r-r-r, and then choking it down, either as if they had the hiccough badly or were trying not to crow. Lizzie was anxious to get away from this last partner, for he was so rough, and pulled her around so that her breath was all gone; and, finally, his spurs caught in her dress, and tore the whole hem off. He thought this accident was all Lizzie's fault, and left her very much disgusted.

The dancing had now stopped, and the musicians were playing a march, while the company promenaded toward the pavilion. As they were passing Lizzie, a gentleman offered her his arm. She took it, and examined him as she followed the procession to the pavilion, where a table was elegantly set out with supper and flowers. He was an immensely stout young man with small eyes, and a hoarse cold that obliged him every few minutes to make a grunting noise in his throat. She was not pleased with his appearance, and still less with his conduct at supper. After leaving his partner for some time, he returned, swallowing the last morsel of something which had made his face greasy. He offered Lizzie a heaped-up plate, and grunted savagely as he whispered to her, "It 's chicken salad—and very nice." The bashful young man in white happened to be near Lizzie. He gave a great start, and looked at her when her partner made this remark. Lizzie thought perhaps he was afraid to get himself some supper, and kindly offered him her plate. The poor young man gave her a reproachful glance, and then walked away, much to her astonishment.

Her partner disappeared suddenly every few minutes, and came back, eating, to offer her some other dish. At one time he seemed in a happy state over some ice-cream. "It 's frozen custard," said he, "and custard is made from eggs." A stout woman sitting near him, in a speckled brown dress, became so agitated as he said this, that he nearly choked himself in fits of laughter.

At intervals, during the supper, a lady in white, with a ruby cross hung round her neck, and a bouquet in one hand, walked up and down the room, leading a little boy that Lizzie thought would have been pretty if his eyes had been larger, and if he had not looked so dreadfully stuffed. He was elegantly dressed, and every now and then the lady would stop before the table and feed him coaxingly with some dainty. At last he complained of headache, and was carried away by the white lady.

Lizzie was glad when the supper came to an end, but she was obliged to walk back to the hall without her partner, who was sitting in a corner eating and drinking, quite forgetful of her.

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She was standing alone in the ball-room, when she heard a little man, in brown, saying crossly to a young lady in white:

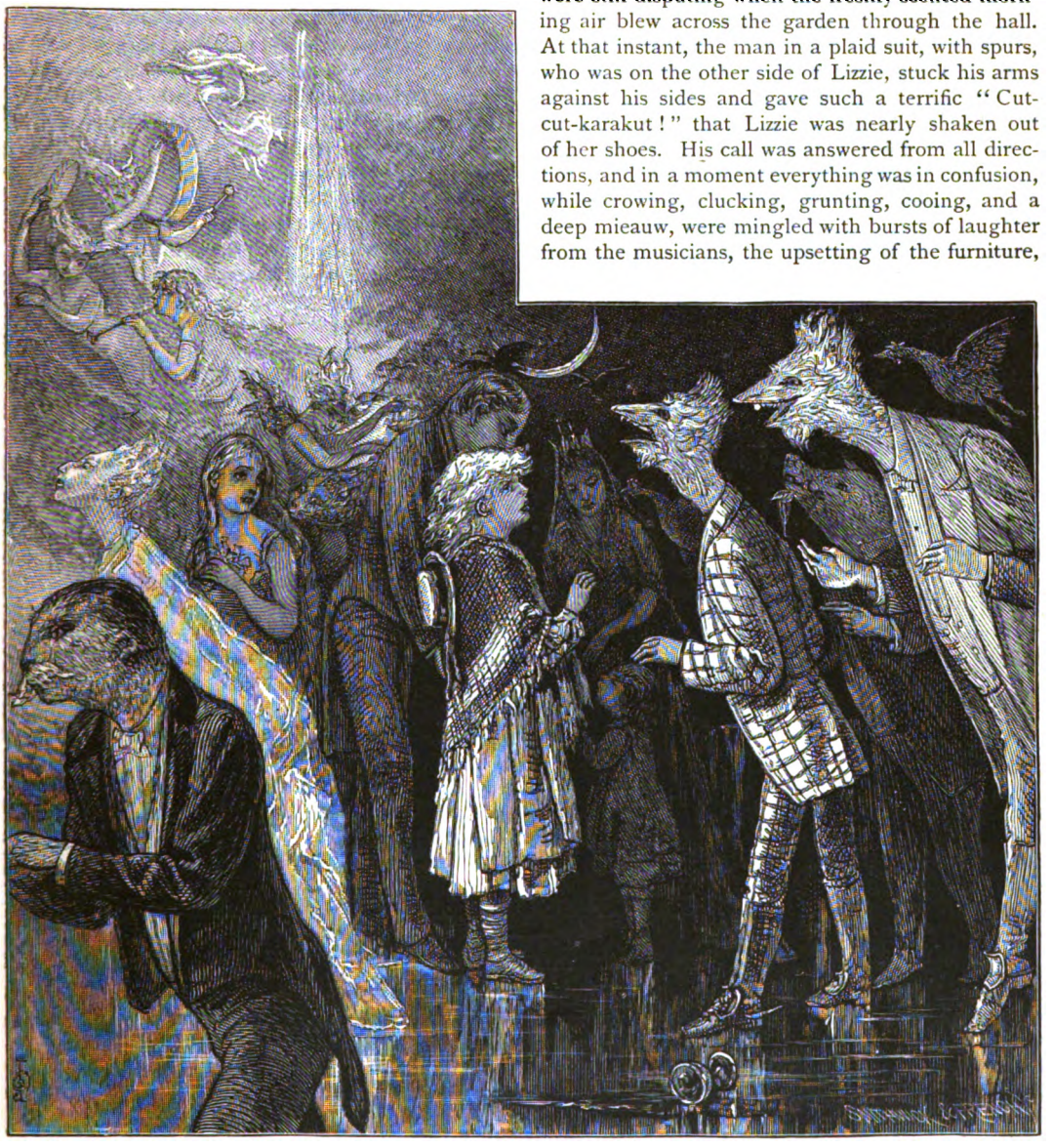
"I don't care if I *am* engaged to be married to you. Do you think I must stick to you all the time? Let me go; I want to dance with that gray girl!"

The poor young lady in white subsided, and the man in brown first trod on Lizzie's toes, and then asked her to dance.

"I can't," said she.

"I'll teach you in a minute," said the brown man.

Lizzie continued to refuse and he to insist. They were still disputing when the freshly scented morning air blew across the garden through the hall. At that instant, the man in a plaid suit, with spurs, who was on the other side of Lizzie, stuck his arms against his sides and gave such a terrific "Cut-cut-karakut!" that Lizzie was nearly shaken out of her shoes. His call was answered from all directions, and in a moment everything was in confusion, while crowing, clucking, grunting, cooing, and a deep mieauw, were mingled with bursts of laughter from the musicians, the upsetting of the furniture, and the tearing and scrambling of all the company to rush away somewhere.



LIZZIE IN THE DANCING-HALL.

Lizzie rushed with the rest, and hiding herself in a corner, as soon as everything was quiet fell asleep.

When she awoke it was day and the sun was

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shining. "Well, it 's about time," she thought, "to wake out of this dream." Just then, seeing a grain of corn near by, she ran to it, picked it up with her mouth, and swallowed it whole. Then she stood still, and turned her head to one side to think. "That was a queer thing to do," she said to herself; "can it be I am at all like a chicken?"

She ran to the tub of water, and, looking in, saw reflected as plump and pretty a little gray chicken as you could find anywhere. "Oh! my little gray dress!" thought Lizzie; "how well it takes!"—as if she had been looking at her photograph. "But how angry I should have been if any one had dared to tell me I should ever become a chicken."

All that day Lizzie felt awkward, and rather homesick for her mother. On the next, she began to be comfortable; and on the third, she asked herself, "Is my mother a chicken, or what is she?" After that she never remembered her old home. She attended the nightly balls with her enchanted companions, but knew no more about herself than about them, whether she was most animal and part human, or most human and part animal, which was rather unsatisfactory. So she remained a chicken, and enjoyed herself like other chickens.

If you walk far out into the country, you will come into a brown road, and by and by you will see a white house with a poultry-yard attached. There, if many chickens are running about, you will be sure to find a pretty little gray hen. That is the Lizzie chicken waiting for you, or for some one, to come and break her enchantment.

THE STUDENT.

KING ALFRED'S LANTERN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

DID you ever try to imagine, when you were studying the beginnings of English history, what kind of people those old Anglo-Saxons were, and how they lived? They were our far-off ancestors, and our language for the most part was made from theirs; in fact, we are called Anglo-Saxons ourselves; so we ought to be interested in them.

They were a rude people in many respects, and lived in a rude way, compared with ours. How would you like windows which had no glass in them,—very small windows, too,—but had oiled paper or sheets of horn instead? Of course the rooms must have been dark and dismal, you will say. And what would you think of houses without chimneys, or anything *we* should call chimneys? But matters were really not much better, even in king's houses, about ten hundred years ago.

The most important room in those days was called the hall; and it was large enough to accommodate the family, the great company of servants, and all the guests who chose to come. They ate there, sat there, and most of them slept there, on rough benches, or rolled up in skins on the floor. It was open to every chance traveler, to the wandering harpers, to beggars, and everybody else.

The fire was built against a clay or stone arrange-

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ment, answering for a fire-place, at one end, or on an immense stone hearth in the middle; and the smoke, after floating up overhead, found its way out through an opening or a kind of turret in the roof. At dark they heaped high the logs and fagots; and happy was he who on a stormy night could get near the blaze. When supper-time came, servants stood behind those at table and held torches over their heads till the meal was over; and when bed-time came, the guests who had any other place than the hall to sleep in were lighted to it in the same way.

As for the king, he was more privileged than that; though just what they first used for lights, and just when lamps became common among the Anglo-Saxons, it is not easy to find out. We see in some very old pictures a simple little lamp, shaped perhaps like a saucer, hung by chains at the side of the room, and holding, no doubt, a piece of wax or some kind of oil, with a strip of cloth in it for a wick. Sometimes, in the royal chambers, for a very long time after King Alfred's day, a light was kept by means of a cake of wax in a silver basin.

They knew how to make candles, however; but instead of putting one *in* a candlestick, it was put *on* it. The candlestick had a point at the top, called a spike, and the candle was made hollow at the bottom, and slipped down over the spike; one so fixed was known as a "pricket."

There is, among some illustrations of old customs, a picture of a candlestick, which is very queer though very elegant, and looks like a little piece of furniture. It is a tall stem rising from a three-footed, three-cornered stand, very much ornamented; it comes to a point at the top, and a little way below is a plate to hold the tallow or wax that might run down. We do not know that King Alfred had anything like this; but he had what nobody had ever seen before in that country, for he invented it himself, and that was a *lantern*.

This good king was a very busy man; the people around him might be willing to idle away their days over the fire, listening to the harpers, telling stories, and playing with the hounds, but he felt that he had a great work to do. He wanted to make his subjects more civilized, to teach them useful arts, and he had not an hour to waste. He built towns, he built ships; he read, and studied, and wrote,—and that was wonderful, indeed, in those days when there were but few books, and when even princes could not write their own names. He was the best, the wisest, and the most learned king that the Saxons had ever had.

He used to carry in his bosom "memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies," and this journal he was in the habit of examining so much that "he called it his *hand-book*." And, perhaps, that is where the word "hand-book" came from. Of course, he read far into the night, but he soon found two troubles,—

A SAXON LANTERN.

there was no way to mark the time, for there were no clocks nor watches then, and he could not keep a steady light, because the houses were so open that the wind came in from every quarter. He had noon-marks, but those amounted to nothing on rainy days; and everybody knows what a country England is for rain.

However, when such a man as Alfred makes up his mind to do a thing, he is almost sure to find a way. So he had a quantity of wax prepared, took enough of it to weigh down seventy-two silver pennies, and of it had six candles made, all weighing the same, and each twelve inches long, and marked off into twelve divisions. He planned so nicely that these six would burn twenty-four hours; and he always kept one lighted day and night before some holy relics and images of saints which he had, and which, being a very pious man, he carried about with his luggage wherever he went.

He would now have had not only tolerable light, but a very good way of marking the hours, if the candles had always been sure of burning a given time. But if the wind blew, the flame would flare, and perhaps go out; and the king made up his mind that there could be something done to remedy this,—and he did it. He made a frame-work, and fixed into it little plates or windows of horn, scraped so thin that the light could shine through, set his candle inside, and shut it in,—and the thing was done. He had a lantern, sure in all weathers. A very small affair it may seem to *you*, but it was a great one to *him*.

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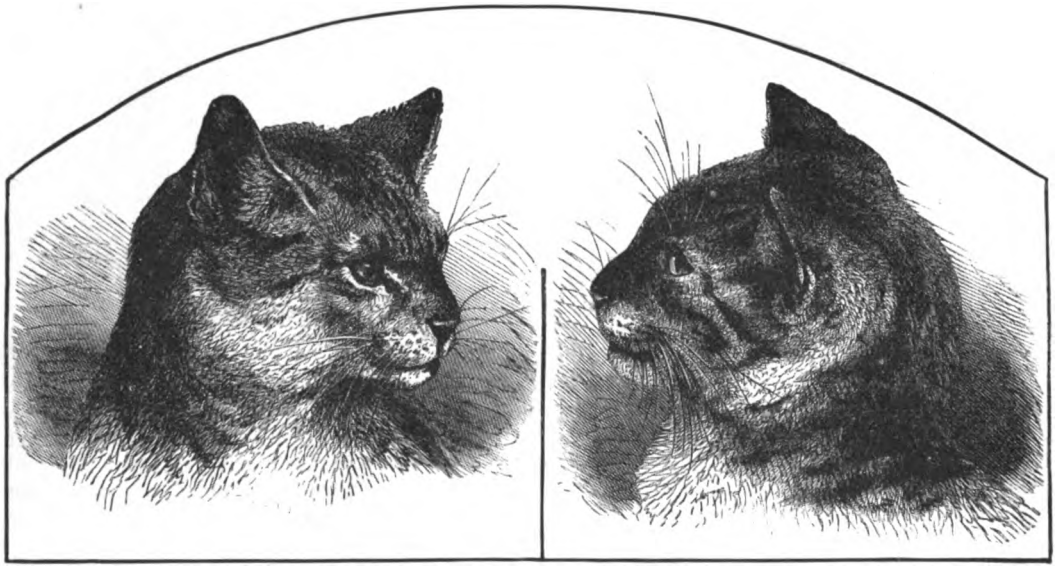
Overleaf is a picture of a Saxon lantern which may be almost like his, though it is probably an improvement on it; for no sooner does one man invent a thing, than another finds a way to make it better. This, in shape, makes one think of a bird-cage without the tray or railing. It has a kind of cupola-like top, and is much ornamented; there are bands with bosses on them, looking like metal, around the bottom, the middle, and next to the roof; and there is a pretty arched door. Altogether, it is a very curious, but a rather clumsy and rather dark lantern.



THE TWO CHESHIRE CATS.

By A. P. Williams.

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat pout?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see an oyster walk about?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could grin?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know they made tin-dippers out of tin?"

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat cry?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a snapping-turtle fly?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could smile?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know it took two halves to make a mile?"

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Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat weep?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a weasel fast asleep?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could laugh?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know there were two quarters in a half?"

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat swoon?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever teach an elephant a tune?"

ITALIAN FAIRY TALES.

By T. F. Crane.

I FEAR some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will exclaim, on reading the title of this article, "What, more fairy tales?" and will instantly suspect the writer of designing to pass off on them some moral lesson under the thin disguise of a story, or to puzzle their heads with some of the genuine marvels of science in masks of hobgoblins, kobolds and magicians.

But my fairy tales are *real* fairy tales.

"So much the worse," I hear some cry; "we know all the *real* fairy tales by heart. Are they not, after all, the same dear old stories where ——?"

Yes, these stories are the same all the world over, and that is just why they are attracting so much attention nowadays from learned men in every country who have been asking themselves the question some of you may have asked yourselves: "Why are they so like each other?"

I hope to show you that the more these stories of various countries resemble each other, the more valuable and interesting they are.

Some of the fairy tales that you have read are English,—like "Jack the Giant-killer;" some are French,—like "Puss in Boots" (where many of these French stories came from I will tell you presently); and the large majority, German; for every

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child, almost, is acquainted with Grimm's "Household Stories," either in the German or the English version.

I dare say that many of you have read also Dasent's "Popular Tales, from the Norse," and Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Tales." Those of you who are somewhat familiar with these charming books—one of which speaks for the extreme north of Europe, the other the south of Asia—can make your own comparisons, and will perhaps be surprised to see how close is the resemblance you thought only general and accidental.

I can mention briefly but two stories. You remember the story in Grimm of "Faithful John," and the young king whom he served so truly, and who went in search of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace. You know the king carried off the princess and, as they were sailing home, Faithful John heard three crows relating certain dangers to which the royal pair would be exposed, and any one who saved them would be turned to stone. In spite of the prospect of this terrible fate, Faithful John saves his master and mistress and is changed into a statue. The king grieved for the loss of his trusty servant, and was told that he would restore him to life by sacrificing his own children. This the king did, and in the end recovered both his children and Faithful John, "and they lived happily together to the end of their days."

In Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," there is a story called "Rama and Luxman; or, The Learned Owl." In this tale two friends go in search of the beautiful princess whom the rajah's son, Rama, has seen in a dream. After many difficult exploits the prince wins his bride, and they start on their journey home. Luxman loved his friend the prince so greatly that he usually watched all night at the door of his tent, and one evening he heard two little owls chattering in a tree. They were relating to each other the story of Rama and Luxman's lives and adventures, and one of the owls foretold the dangers to which they must yet be exposed: a falling tree, an unsafe door-way, and a snake which threatens the life of Rama's bride. As in the German story, Luxman saves his friend's life and is turned to stone. The spell can only be broken by the touch of Rama's child. Years roll by before Rama has one, and then the parents watch anxiously for the moment when the child shall touch the statue. "But for three months they watch in vain. At last, one day, when the child was a year old, and was trying to walk, it chanced to be close to the statue, and, tottering on its unsteady feet, stretched out its tiny hands and caught hold of the foot of the statue. Then Luxman came to life instantly, and stooping down took into his arms the little baby who had rescued him, and kissed it."

A touching ending of a beautiful story, and one true in more ways than one, for many a heart as hard as stone has softened beneath the touch of a little child's hand!

Those of you who want to extend this comparison will find another remarkable resemblance between Dasent's story of "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body," and the Hindoo story of "Punehkin."

But you ask: "Which is the original and which is the imitation in these stories?" And I have to answer that all are equally original, or, rather, that all are children of a parent long since gone. And then I might give you a long, and tiresome account of the time when, ages ago, our ancestors dwelt in Central Asia, and amused themselves with the germs of the stories which now amuse you. But it is enough now to say that when this people left their home in Asia and came to Europe and settled there, they brought with them their customs and religious beliefs, many of which yet survive in children's games, and in the fairy stories we are talking about. You can now see, perhaps, why these familiar stories have a value besides the amusing of children who never heard the words "Indo-European" or "Folk-lore," and would not understand them, perhaps, if they did.

The oldest collections of fairy tales in Europe were made by two Italians, named Straparola and Basile, who lived during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The first fairy tale, which appeared in France over two hundred years ago, "The Clever Princess," was taken from Basile's collection which supplied Charles Perrault, afterward so celebrated for this kind of stories, with his "Cinderella." He is also indebted to Straparola for his "Puss in Boots;" so you see we owe some of our most popular stories—I mean, of course, their written form—to Italians. Since Straparola and Basile the Italians have almost entirely neglected this class of stories until within a few years, when learned scholars have made collections of them for a purely scientific purpose, and it is from some of these collections that I am going to give you a slight idea of the stories that entertain the people of Sicily and Tuscany. I have translated them directly from the Italian and Sicilian dialect, and as my object is not only to amuse you but also to add to your material for comparison between the stories of various countries, I shall give you old friends with new faces, and tell you the Italian "Cinderella" and the Sicilian "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon."

The first story is from Palermo, in Sicily, and is called, "Lu Re d'Amuri," or, The King of Love.

Some of you will at once recognize its likeness to a class of stories of which the Norse tale of "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" is an excellent example, and some of you may perhaps see its

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marked resemblance to the old story of "Cupid and Psyche," familiar to all students of mythology.

ROSELLA AND THE TURK.

Once upon a time there was a man with three daughters who earned his living by gathering wild herbs. One time he took his youngest daughter with him. They came to a garden and began to gather vegetables. The daughter saw a fine radish and began to pull it up, when suddenly a Turk* appeared, and said:

"Why have you opened my master's door? You must come in now, and he will decide on your punishment."

They went down into the ground, and when they were seated they saw a green bird come in and bathe in a pan of milk, then dry itself and become a handsome youth. He said to the Turk:

"What do these persons want?"

"Your Worship, they pulled up a radish and opened the subterranean door."

"How did we know," said the father, "that this was Your Excellency's house? My daughter saw a fine radish, it pleased her, and she pulled it up."

"Well, if that 's the case," said the master, "your daughter shall stay here as my wife; you may fill this sack with gold, and go; when you want to see your daughter, come and make yourself at home."

The father took leave of his daughter and departed.

When the master was alone with her, he said:

"You see, Rosella (Rusidda), you are mistress here," and gave her all the keys. She was perfectly happy (literally, "was happy to the hairs of her head").

One day, while the green bird was away, her sisters visited her and asked her about her husband. Rosella said she did not know, for he had made her promise not to try to find out who he was. Her sisters, however, persuaded her, and when the bird returned and became a man, Rosella put on a downcast air.

"What is the matter?" said her husband.

"Nothing," answered Rosella. She let him question her awhile, and, at last, said:

"Well, then, if you want to know why I am out of sorts, it is because I wish to know your name."

Her husband told her that it would be the worse for her, but she insisted on knowing his name. So he made her put the gold basins on a chair and began to bathe his feet.

"Rosella, do you really want to know my name?"

"Yes."

And the water came up to his waist, for he had become a bird and had got into the basin. Then he asked her the same question again, and again she answered yes, and the water was up to his mouth.

"Rosella, do you really want to know my name?"

ROSELLA AND THE GIANTS. (PAGE 105.)

* Turks or Saracens play an important part in Sicilian stories and traditions. The island of Sicily was conquered by the Saracens in A. D. 827, and occupied by them until the Norman conquest in the eleventh century.

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"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then know that I am called THE KING OF LOVE!"

And saying this he disappeared, and the basins and the palace disappeared likewise, and Rosella found herself alone out in an open plain without a soul to help her.* She called her servants, but no one answered her. Then she exclaimed:

"Since my husband has disappeared, I must wander about alone and forlorn to seek him!"

So she began her wanderings, and arrived at night in another lonely plain; then the poor girl felt her heart sink, and not knowing what to do, she exclaimed:

"Ah! King of Love,
You did it, and said it.
You disappeared from me in a golden basin,
And who will shelter to-night
This poor unfortunate one?"

When she had uttered these words an ogress appeared, and said: "Ah! wretch, how dare you go about seeking my nephew?" and was going to eat her up; but she took pity on her miserable state, and gave her shelter for the night. The next morning she gave her a piece of bread, and said:

"We are seven sisters, all ogresses, and the worst is your mother-in-law; look out for her!"

To be brief, the poor girl wandered about six days, and met all six of the ogresses, who treated her in the same way. The seventh day, in great

ROSELLA GIVES BREAD TO THE DOGS.

distress, she uttered her usual lament, and the sister of the King of Love appeared and said: "Rosella, while my mother is out, come up!" and lowered the braids of her hair and pulled her up. Then she gave her something to eat, and told her how to seize and pinch her mother until she cried out: "Let me alone for the sake of my son, the King of Love!"

ROSELLA SWEEPS AWAY THE COBWEBS.

Rosella did as she was told, but the ogress was so angry she was going to eat her. But her daughters said they would abandon her if she did.

"Well, then, I will write a letter, and Rosella must carry it to my friend."

(Now this friend was an ogress worse than herself.)

Poor Rosella was disheartened when she saw the letter, and, descending the ladder of hair, found herself in the midst of a lonely plain. She uttered her usual complaint, when, all at once, the King of Love appeared, and said:

"You see, your curiosity has brought you to this point!"

Poor thing, when she saw him she began to cry, and begged his pardon for what she had done. He took pity on her, and said:

"Now listen to what you must do. On your way you will come to a river of blood; you must stoop down and take up some in your hands, and say: 'How beautiful is this crystal water! such water as this I have never drunk.' Then you will come to another stream of turbid water and do the same there. Then you will find yourself in a garden where there is a great quantity of fruit, pick some and eat it, saying: 'What fine pears! I have never eaten such pears as these.' Afterward, you will come to an oven that bakes bread day and night, and no one buys any, although it is very cheap. When you come there, say: 'Oh, what fine loaves! bread like this I have never eaten,' and eat some. Then you will come to an entrance guarded by two hungry dogs; give them a piece of bread to eat. Then you will come to a door-way all dirty and full of cobwebs; take a broom and sweep it clean. Go in, and half-way up the stairs you will find two

* In the story of "Cupid and Psyche" the wife does not see her husband, who comes to her only in the dark. In her curiosity to see his face she lights a wax taper, and a drop of melted wax falls on her sleeping husband who disappears, and whom she has to seek through many tasks and dangers. This is the interesting Norse story of "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon." There is also in Sicilian a story which is what is called a variant (or different version) of the story we are giving above. It is called "Lu Re Cristallu," or "King Crystal," and in it a young girl marries a husband whose face she never sees. Her inquisitive sisters give her a wax candle, and tell her to light it when her husband is asleep, and see his face. This she does, but unfortunately drops some hot wax on her husband's nose, and he starts up, crying: "Treason! Treason!" and drives his prying wife out-of-doors. She cannot find her husband again until she has worn out a pair of iron shoes in her search.

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giants, each with a dusty piece of meat by his side; take a brush and clean it for them. When you have entered the house, you will find a razor, a pair of scissors and a knife; take something and polish them. When you have done this, go in and deliver your letter to my mother's friend, the ogress. While she is reading it, snatch up a little box on the table and run for your life. Take care to do all the things I have told you, or else you will never escape alive."

Rosella did as she was told, and while the ogress was reading the letter, Rosella seized the box and ran for her life. When the ogress had finished reading her letter, she called:

"Rosella! Rosella!"

When she received no answer, she perceived that she had been betrayed, and cried out:

"Razor, Scissors, Knife, cut her in pieces!"

They answered:

"As long as we have been razor, scissors and knife, when did you ever deign to polish us? Rosella came and brightened us up."

The ogress, enraged, exclaimed:

"Stairs, swallow her up!"

"As long as I have been stairs, when did you ever deign to sweep me? Rosella came and swept me."

The ogress cried in a passion:

"Giants, crush her!"

"As long as we have been giants, when did you ever deign to clean our food for us? Rosella came and did it."

Then the furious ogress called on the entrance to bury her alive, the dogs to devour her, the furnace to burn her, the tree to fall on her, and the rivers to drown her; but they all remembered Rosella's kindness and refused to injure her.

Meanwhile, Rosella continued her way, and at last became curious to know what was in the box she was carrying. So she opened it and a great quantity of little puppets came out; some danced, some sang, and some played on musical instruments. She stopped and amused herself a long time; but when she was ready to go on her way the little figures would not go back into the box. Night approached, and she exclaimed, as she had so often before:

"Ah, King of Love," etc.

Then her husband appeared and said: "Oh! your curiosity will be the death of you!" and commanded the puppets to enter the box again. Then Rosella went her way and arrived safely at her mother-in-law's. When the ogress saw her, she exclaimed:

"You owe this luck to my son, the King of Love!" and was going to devour poor Rosella, but her daughters said:

"Poor child, she has brought you the box; why do you want to eat her?"

"Well and good; you want to marry my son, the King of Love; then take these six mattresses, and go and fill them with birds' feathers!"

Rosella descended and began to wander about, uttering her usual lament. When her husband

CINDERELLA AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN (PAGE 106).

appeared, Rosella told him what had happened. He whistled, and the King of the Birds appeared and commanded all the birds to come and drop their feathers, fill the six beds, and carry them back to the ogress, who again said that her son had helped Rosella. However, she went and made up her son's bed with the six mattresses, and that very day she made him marry the daughter of the King of Portugal.

Then she called Rosella, and, telling her that her son was married, bade her bear two lighted torches* for the newly wedded pair. Rosella obeyed, but soon the King of Love, under the plea that Rosella

* It was the custom in Rome and Greece to conduct the bride to her husband's house at evening by torch-light, and the above mention of torches is undoubtedly the popular recollection of what was once a national custom.

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was tired of bearing the torches, persuaded his bride to take her place and let the poor girl rest.

Just as the queen took the torches in her hands, the ground opened and swallowed her up, and the king remained happy with his Rosella, while the hateful old ogress died of apoplexy, brought on by her rage.

The next story I shall tell you is the world-famous one of "Cinderella," which I give as it is told to the children in the country around Pisa.

Once upon a time there were a man and a woman who had two daughters; one of them handsomer than the other. One of these girls was always sitting in the chimney-corner, and so they called her Cinderella. Her mother did not love her at all, and every morning sent her to take out into the fields certain ducks she owned, and gave her a pound of hemp to spin. One morning, while she was watching the ducks, she came to a ditch and sent them into the water, saying:

"Ducks, ducks, drink, drink!
If it is turbid do not drink,
If it is clear drink all you can!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words when she saw before her a little old woman.

"What are you doing here?" said the old woman.

"I am tending the ducks and must spin this pound of hemp."

"Why do they make *you* do these things?"

"Mamma wishes it."

"Does she never send your sister to watch the ducks?"

"Never!"

"Then, my dear girl, I will make you some presents: Take this comb, my child, and comb your hair."

When Cinderella did so, grain in abundance fell out of her hair on one side, and the ducks ate it until they were satisfied. When she combed the other side, jewels fell out. Next the old woman gave her a box, and told her to put them into it, and hide it carefully in her trunk. Then she struck her wand and commanded the hemp to be spun, which was instantly done.

"Now, go home," said the old woman, "and come here every day and you will find me."

Cinderella went home and said nothing, and sat in the chimney-corner; every morning she went and met the old woman, who combed her hair and spun her hemp. One morning, after the hemp was spun, the old woman said:

"Listen: to-night the Prince gives a ball, and has invited your father, mother and sister; they will ask you in jest whether you want to go too; say you do not wish to. Do you see this little bird? Hide it in your room, and this evening, when they have gone away, go to the bird and say:

'Little green bird,
Make me more beautiful than I am.'

In a moment, you will be dressed for the ball; take this wand, strike it, and a carriage will appear. Go to the ball, no one will recognize you, and the Prince will dance with you; but take care, when they go out into the supper-room, that you call your carriage and depart, so that they cannot see where you go. Then, go to the bird again, and say:

'Little green bird,
Make me homelier than I am.'

And you will be as you were before; go back to your chimney-corner, and say nothing."

Cinderella took the bird home, and concealed it in her trunk; and when evening came, and she was left alone, she went and did all the old woman had told her to do. When she arrived at the ball the Prince danced with her and fell in love with her; but as soon as the supper-hour came, she entered her carriage and went home.

When the Prince missed her, he bade his attendants look for her everywhere; but they did not find her.

Hoping that she would return if he gave another ball, the Prince informed all his guests before they went that they were invited to another ball the next night. The father, mother and sister, went home, and found Cinderella sitting by the fire.

"It was a splendid ball," said her mother; "and there was a lady there who was a beauty, and nobody knows who she was. If you had only seen how handsome she was!"

"It makes no difference to me," said Cinderella very meekly.

"You see," said her mother, "there is going to be another ball to-morrow; you can go if you want to."

"No, no; I will stay by the fire and be comfortable."

In the morning, she went out as usual with the ducks, and found the old woman, who told her to go to the ball again in the evening, and, if she was followed, to throw some money out of the carriage-window.

Everything happened as on the previous evening; the Prince was delighted to see her, and gave his servants orders to keep their eyes on her. So, when she entered her carriage, they began to run after her; but she threw so much money out that they stopped to pick it up, and so lost sight of her, and

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the Prince, in despair, was obliged to give a third ball the next night.

On her return, her mother said to Cinderella that there was to be another ball; but she did not care to hear about it, and acted as if it were nothing to her. In the morning, she took out the ducks and found the old woman.

"So far, everything has gone well; but listen: this evening, you will have a dress with little gold bells, and gold slippers. The Prince's servants will follow you,—throw them one slipper and some money; but this time they will find out where you go."

When night came, and she was alone in the house, the little bird caused her to be dressed in a magnificent dress all covered with little golden bells, and, for her feet, little gold slippers which were a wonder. The Prince danced with her, and was more and more in love with her. When she entered her carriage as usual, the servants followed her, but paid no attention to the money; one of them, however, picked up the slipper. When they saw where the carriage stopped, they went back and told the Prince, who rewarded them richly.

The next morning, Cinderella went out with the ducks and found the old woman, who said to her:

"You must hurry this morning, for the Prince is coming for you."

Then she gave her the comb, spun her hemp, and made her go home. As soon as her mother saw her, she said:

"Why have you come back so soon this morning?"

"Go and see how fat the ducks are," she answered; and her mother saw that they were really fat, and was silent. At noon, the Prince came with his carriages and knocked at the door. They saw that it was the Prince, and all ran down to meet him, except Cinderella, for she went to the bird, who clothed her again in the dress with the gold bells, but gave her only one golden slipper.

Meanwhile, the Prince asked her father:

"How many daughters have you?"

"One only; here she is!"

"What, have you no others?"

"Yes, Your Highness; but I am ashamed * * * she is always sitting in the chimney-corner, and is all covered with ashes."

"Never mind; go and call her," said the Prince.

So her father called: "Cinderella, just come down here a moment!"

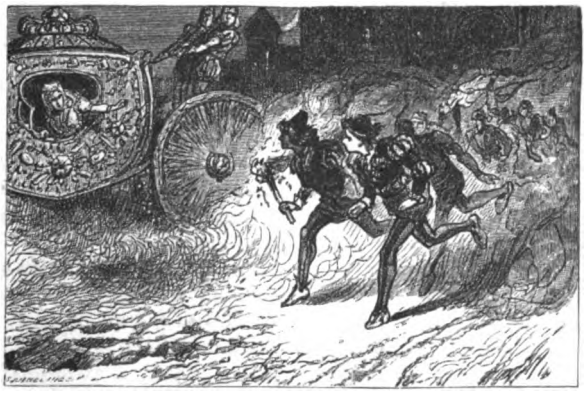
As she came down the stairs, at every step the little bells went *ting, ling, ling!*

"There, you see the dunce," said her mother; "she has dragged the shovel and tongs after her!"

But they were all thunder-struck when she appeared dressed like a beauty.

"She is the one I have been looking for," said the Prince; "she lacks only one golden slipper; let us see if this is the missing one!"

Then he pulled from his pocket the golden slipper, and gave it to Cinderella, who blushed and put it on, and saw that it was her own. The Prince at once asked for her hand, and her father and mother could not say "No." Cinderella took with her the little bird, and all the riches she had received from the old woman, and went away with the Prince. They had a splendid wedding, and treated her father, mother and sister, as well as if they had always been kind to her.



THE PRINCE'S ATTENDANTS PURSUE CINDERELLA.

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SNAKES AND BIRDS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE nests of the humming-birds are as beautiful as such a bird's home ought to be. They are formed of the down attached to the seeds of various wild plants like the milk-weed, the furze from the stems of ferns, the silk of spiders' webs and gossamer, soft lichens and cottony mold, and are exceedingly delicate and pretty. Each nest contains only two eggs.

The eggs of all the several hundreds of kinds of humming-birds which inhabit North and South America—and nowhere else, by the way—are pure white, and some of them not as large as the drop of ink clinging to the end of my over-filled pen.

In the case of many of the humming-birds, the nest is tucked into a little bag formed by folding over the edges near the point of a long drooping leaf. This makes them inaccessible to their enemies, and very secure. Other species place their homes in a crotch of a bush between upright twigs; while the ruby-throat—the

> "Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
> Lover of sunshine and lover of summer,"

which visits the "odorous bowers" of our northern greenhouses and gardens—constructs a cup of vegetable shreds, matted and glued together, with a downy bed within, and saddles it upon the upper side of a limb of some orchard or forest tree. Only about twice as large as a thimble, and covered with wood lichens and bits of green moss, it looks so very much like an old knot, or scar, or excrescence on the bark, that few persons would think of its being a nest, if they saw it at all, unless they happened to discover the owner enter or leave it.

The artist has shown us an unusually large nest; but as his entire picture, with its long-nosed snake, could not, of course, have been based on an instantaneous photograph, we must make due allowance.

But in spite of the great care with which the tiny dwelling is hidden, snakes' sharp eyes sometimes find it, as they detect the nests of almost all other birds, and they stealthily crawl out on the bending branches, grasping stronger ones with their tails lest the slenderer supports should break, and devour the callow young or suck the eggs.

The daring courage of humming-birds is well known. They will fight anything whatever that interferes with them, and dart with such lightning rapidity at the object of their hatred, pecking at the eyes with their needle-like beaks, that they drive away the enemy by small, but persistent torments, as effectually as if they did it by force.

Frequent contests between birds and serpents in which the reptile sometimes comes off victor, and afterward eats the bird, have given rise to a widespread notion that the snake's eye has, over most small birds, a singular and irresistible influence, causing them, in spite of every effort, to draw nearer and nearer, and at last fall senseless into the reptile's open jaws. It has even been said that our common black-snake "draws" cat-birds down from the tops of tall trees to certain death, by a charm which they had no power to break; and other incidents, equally hard to believe, are told of the *fascination* of a serpent's basilisk eye. The older these tales are, the more they savor of the marvelous; for they began to be believed long before any books were written. At last, the ancient poets—who were public story-tellers, somewhat like the minstrels and bards of whom Sir Walter Scott writes

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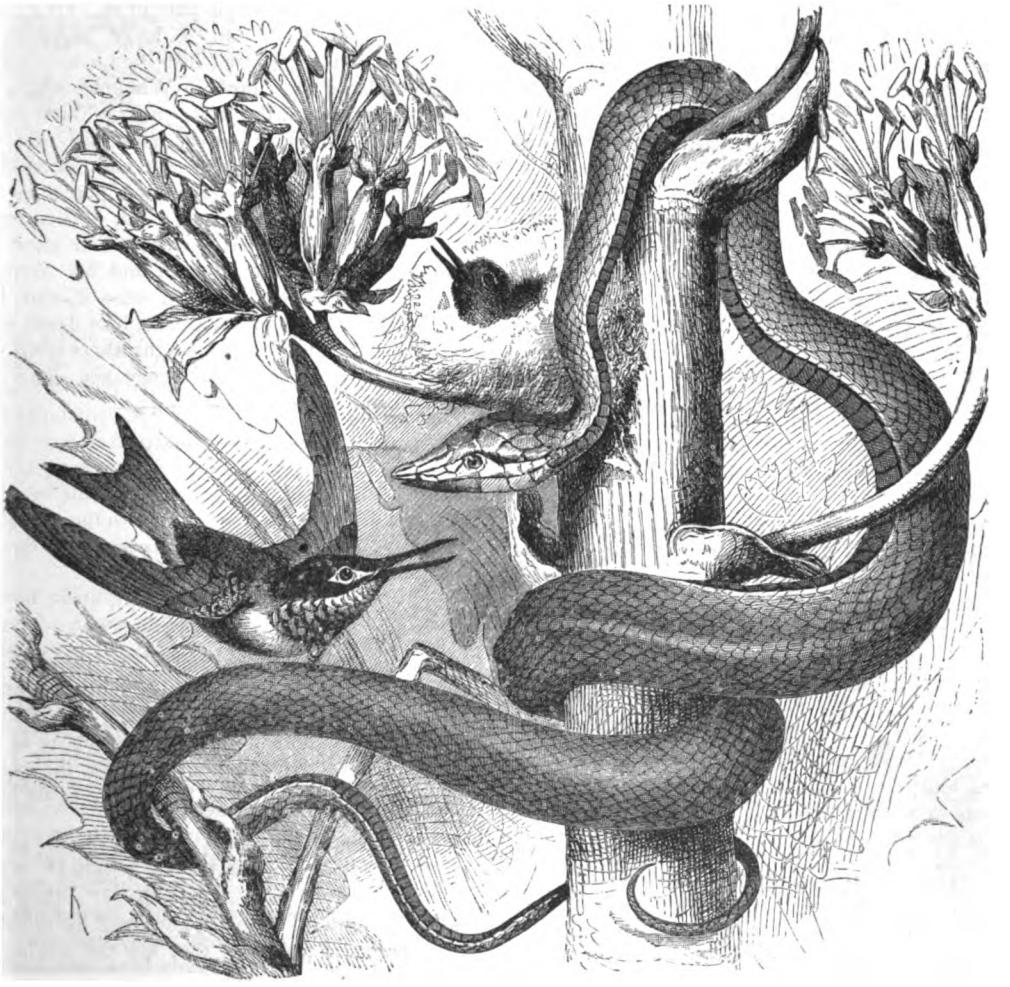
in his novels, and were accustomed to invent long "yarns" for the amusement of the people, and also in payment for their own board and lodging—imagined an animal called the basilisk, or the cockatrice, as it is translated in the Bible. They described it as born from an egg, laid by a very old cock, and hatched by a reptile. In general shape, this fabulous animal was like a chameleon; but it had a head and eight feet like a cock, and short wings on its shoulders. Its very presence was fatal to all other animals, including man; its breath poisoned the air, and its glance was death. Afterward, as people began to doubt some things that these old poets told them, they took away one by one the deadly powers of the basilisk, and at last left it only power to lure any animal to destruction by the fascination of its glittering eye. This idea survives even to this day. People who believed that the really rather dull eye of the black-snake, or rattle-snake, or tiny grass-snake, can charm an active bird into dropping into its jaws, could have believed easily in the griffins and harpies, sirens and incombustible phœnixes * of the old Greeks.



THE SNAKE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

At the same time, there is a grain of truth in each of these marvelous tales of imaginary animals and their deadly qualities. The bird knows perfectly well the danger which lies in getting too near that gently waving head, with its gleaming scales and flaming tongue; it knows the power of that snake to spring at it and strike it a fatal blow; and the

* A description of many of these mythological creatures, with illustrations, can be found in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1875.

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mere presence of the terrible danger might be so attractive to the bird that it would venture too near, and so fall a prey to its recklessness. Love of danger for its own sake is certainly a characteristic of many men, and some do not seem able to resist encountering the greatest risk and doing themselves positive harm, for no reason except that they have a good opportunity. Many persons commit suicide, doubtless, under the same strange longing to throw one's self off precipices, or into deep water, which we have felt, most of us, when we have been standing on the top of a big building, or close to the swift and turbulent rapids at Niagara Falls, for example.

It may be that the fearful peril—and there is no danger a bird can better appreciate—stupefies and turns the heads of the birds until, often, they commit suicide. But this is not caused by any "fascination" from the eyes of the snake, for when a heronry catches fire, or a house is burning upon which storks have built their nests, the poor owners will fly round and round in the smoke and flame as though they found it impossible to leave the spot, until they fall dead; and, sometimes, when the Carolina marshes are flooded by gales driving the water in-shore, the rails will seem to become perfectly crazy and senseless of all other harm, in their anxiety for the safety of their homes.

Then, too, it may sometimes happen that, in the course of the struggle, the bird will become wounded, and faint from lack of blood, or, under the influence of the reptile's venom, will slowly cease its resistance, and at last fall down as though charmed. But, in general, the snakes have a hard time of it in a fight with their feathered foes.

More than once a single pair of mocking-birds has been known to kill a large black-snake that had insinuated himself into the bush in which they had placed their home. Whenever the ugly reptile is discovered, the male mocker darts upon it with the speed of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head. The snake soon perceives his danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid father redoubles his exertions, and even after the snake has reached the ground, and his strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes it, and, lifting it partly from the ground, beats it to death with his wings. Cat-birds and brown thrashers often will protect their nests, and deal vengeance upon the robber, in the same fashion.

THE EAVES, THE FLOWERS, AND THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA BURT.

DUSTY and weather-beaten was the old eaves-trough, —so very old, a part of it had actually fallen out, leaving a hole; and the rest was seamed with many a crack and crevice. Mosses began to gather in the grooves; and one day a wee, slender thing came up through the mosses into the light. Straight, and pale, and tender, this tiny plant grew up alone: in sun, and wind, and rain, it stoutly held its own. In silence, yet pausing not, it grew. Swiftly and surely it put forth leaf by leaf; until, one day, it was crowned with a golden crest of flowers. And then it proved to be the wee-est golden-rod ever seen.

No one knew how it came, or whence. All the neighbors were thinking of themselves. The grape near by was busy with its fruit. The trumpet-vine swung from the trees, its royal red trumpets ready for the king. The birds were teaching their fledgelings how to fly, and the white clouds above in the blue were never still an hour. As for the plants that grow upon the ground, they never could have lifted their eyes so high.

So, when these lofty folks saw the flowers in the trough, they began to wonder "Is it right?" "Is it best?" and "what shall we do with it?"—they said among themselves. They all knew well the meadow was its home; for afar off they saw the waving of the proud heads of its kin.

In time it ceased to be a wonder and was forgotten.

Next year, out of the mosses in the crevice of the trough grew a row of tiny plants, pale, and slender, and resolute. And they grew up swiftly, and flowered into five little golden-crested rods.

This time, the neighbors were disturbed indeed. They talked it over and over together, and wondered what next would come to pass.

At length, they got a pair of philosophers to come and see. They were two fork-tailed swallows.

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They came, they perched upon the ridge of the roof, and looked and chattered. They said:

"Little flowers, are you mad, to come up in the trough, and live without friends, or earth to grow in? Why do you so?"

"Because we were sown," said the flowers.

"But it is wrong," said the two birds in concert. "Whereunto may not this evil grow? You are misplaced, and are, moreover, the most ridiculous little pigmies ever seen."

"All we know is, we were sown," said the flowers.

"Why don't you refuse to grow?" said the birds.

"Because we are bound to do the best we can," said the flowers.

"At least, you could wither before the sun!" said one bird.

"Or break before the wind!" said the other.

"Or refuse to bloom!" cried both.

"Oh," said the flowers, with modesty, "we may be little and lone; but let us hold our own stout hearts, at least."

"But are you happy?" said the birds.

"Most happy," said the flowers,—and just then a ray of sun-light fell on them,—"since we 've done the best we could."

"And are you willing to live on just for that?"

"Yes! oh yes!" cried all the five little golden-rods in a breath.

Then the stupid swallows flew away quite disgusted, and told all the wise plants that those five little flowers were too ignorant to be taught.

PAUL JONES OF OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN.

(A True Story.)

By Laura Winthrop Johnson.

My children, would you like to hear an old man's story? Then gather 'round my great arm-chair, and listen.

"Do I remember the Revolutionary war?"

Not quite, I must say; but I can look back to the time when this century was a very young one, and younger than any of you. I will tell you a story of something that happened to me when this same century had just come of age,—that is, in the year 1821.

I was then about eighteen years old, and my father had hired me out to a lumber merchant at Glenn's Falls, who had sent me down the river into the Catskills as one of a gang for cutting timber and getting out hemlock-bark. It was hard work, but we had jolly rough times, and I liked the life, and the dry, cold air of the mountains. There was always something going on in our lumber-camp. It was fine to hew down the great trees, and to hear them fall with a crash that seemed to shake the hills, and we liked rolling the great logs, all singing in chorus, and the building of roaring camp-fires at night, with plenty of songs and stories and jokes as we sat around them. We were simple young fellows, and very small jokes lasted a long time, and could be used over and over again, while the dark woods rang with our uproarious laughter.

The river then was very unlike what it is now. There is still plenty of wilderness among the Catskills, more than there was twenty or thirty years ago. For then there were tanneries in every valley, but now they all have disappeared, and the big hemlock-trunks, stripped of their bark, lie rotting in labyrinths on the long slopes, covered with a dense new growth.

At that time, however, half the course of the Hudson was a wilderness. Here and there at long intervals were small towns and villages, and farms and manors were seen, where the banks were less high and shaggy. No railroad trains rushed along the shores; no steam-whistles broke the silence; no great three-story steam-boats thundered by, thronged with people. The river was a quiet place in those days. Light, graceful sloops, and slow-moving barges and arks were all the craft we saw on its waters, excepting the little steam-boats, not much larger than one of our small tugs, that came up sometimes, and were still looked upon with a touch of wonder.

As for the great ice-houses, the factories, the fine

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country-seats and pretty villas that now crowd the shores of the broad river, they had not been dreamed of. The scream of the eagle and the blue-jay alone broke the silence.

Our boss was a first-rate fellow, and one Christmas-day he let us have a holiday and a

"AFRAID? NO! FATHER TOLD ME TO STAY HERE, AND I'M GOING TO DO IT."

big sleigh-ride. All the girls of the country round were invited, the snow lay just deep enough, and the sleighing was capital.

But I was sulky and would not go, because I'd been 'cut out,' as we called it, with the girl I wanted to take. I was very fond of still-hunting, and in my vexation I went off to look for deer. Beyond the Kauterskill Clove, I did n't know the

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country very well, but an old man told me they often crossed the pass above Plauterkill and I went to look for them there.

I hunted all day, and found no deer; they had grown shy and scarce, and had gone away, over the mountains toward Hunter. I had a long chase over their tracks, up the Clove to Hayne's Falls, and away over to the top of Plauterkill Clove, and then along the pass by the shoulder of Indian Head, to the side of Overlook Mountain. It was coming on toward night, with a wild sunset blazing, and gusts of wind springing up, and I began to think of getting back, or, at least, of finding some place to sleep; for, in my eagerness for deer, I had gone too far to return to Catskill village that night. I thought I might get as far as Plauterkill or Hayne's Falls, where there were a few houses.

I was turning to go up the pass again, when, just on the edge of the hemlock forest, under a ledge of rocks on the mountain-side, I saw a small quarry, where a few paving stones had been taken out, and close by a smoke curling into the air. I looked sharp, and, sure enough, there was a little hut tucked under the ledge; just a shed, so rough that it seemed like part of the rock, with a stone wall, and a few slabs and boughs to roof it over.

The sun was setting angrily down the valley, behind the distant Shandaken range, and pouring on the near mountains great dashes of orange light; and the purple chasms between, and the black pines and hemlocks that stood out against the heights where the snow was sky-blue and gold,—all had a strange and stormy look. I was just thinking how handsome those mountains were, and yet what dangerous faces they had, as if they meant to have a wild night of it among themselves. Overlook had his white cap on, and the others were gathering mist around their tops. The day had been still, but now a strong wind blew from the hills, and drove the loose snow in fine powder before it. I was just noticing all this, you know, and saying to myself that there was not a moment to spare, and I must hurry, or the storm would be upon me, when I heard a little voice near me, calling out:

"Mister! have you seen my father, anywheres?"

I started with surprise to see in that lonely wintry place the figure and face of a pretty little boy, about ten years old, suddenly standing out against the sunset sky.

"Your father? No, my boy," said I. "But what are you doing here, miles away from any house, all alone at this time of day?"

"Why, you see, sir," said the boy, as cheerful as a chipmunk, "my father *told* me to stay till he came back. He went down this morning to Woodstock to get news of mother who is very sick. If she 's no better, he 'll come up to-night and take me home to-morrow, but, if she is better, he 'll want me to stay here with him, and help get out some more stone."

"But, my boy," said I, "there 's a heavy snow-storm coming. Look down there toward Shandaken. Look at the queer colors in that sky. If you stay here to-night you will be covered in with drifts till next summer, and never come out alive. Have you got food?"

"Enough for to-night," said the brave little fellow.

"And are you not afraid of——" I stopped short. I was going to say bears, for I had seen plenty of their tracks that day.

"Afraid? No! Father's *sure* to come. He told me to stay, and I 'm going to do it."

I went into the little cabin and found a tiny stove, a few armfuls of chips, a pitcher of water, a bit of bread and cheese, and a pair of tattered blankets; that was all. My heart sank. Fuel, to be sure, was plenty, but how was that heroic little fellow to bring enough to keep himself from freezing if his father did not come.

It seemed almost certain death for him to remain there in the lonely pass through such a storm as was close at hand. It was growing dusk in the high valley; light flurries, forerunners of the tempest, were beginning to sweep down from the heights and long lines of white clouds were filing through the gorges.

"Come with me, my boy," I cried. "Come at once! We may get across to the head of Plauterkill before the storm bursts, and we shall be more sheltered in the woods. See how dark it grows all of a sudden."

"I *must* mind my father," said he. "He *told* me to stay, and I 'm *going* to stay. He 'll be *sure* to come."

"Who knows," thought I, "but your father may be drinking all this time in the old tavern at Woodstock? Yet so sharp a boy would have learned already not to trust such a father as that."

"Look here, my little man," I said; "you 've *got* to come with me. If you wont, I shall carry you. I must not leave you here. Come along! You 've got to go!"

As I started forward to take hold of him the boy gave a shout of laughter, and springing through the door-way vanished among the woods in a twinkling. I drew a long breath of wonder, and ran as fast as I could in the direction in which he had disappeared, but though I searched the mountain-side for nearly half an hour, so cunningly had he hidden himself away in the bewilderment of rocks and fallen trees, that my search was vain. He knew too well, all the caves and fastnesses of Overlook,

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and was laughing at me, safely hidden away in one of them, like a little Puck, or mocking mountain sprite. The powdering drifts that were flying about had already hidden his small footsteps. The twilight was nearly gone, large flakes of snow began to fall thickly, and an ominous roar could be heard in the tops of the pines. The storm was upon me. I thought it best to take care of number one, as I had lost the half one, but I was sorely troubled and could not bear to leave that boy behind. Yet, though my conscience smote me, I hurried on as fast as possible through the pathless woods, often straying out of my course in the whirling tempest, till I reached, I hardly know how, the charcoal-burners at the top of the pass. There I got warm and rested a little, and then got on a little farther to Plauterkill Falls, where I spent what was left of the night.

Next morning I started early to get back to my work, though it was a very hard tug, and the storm was not much abated. But I did not want the boss to think that I had been carousing overnight. I valued my character a great deal, and meant to keep it up. I tried to persuade the people at Plauterkill to go over for the boy, but they would not go out-of-doors that day, they said, for Jones's boy, or any other boy. He might take care of himself.

Our lumbering was stopped for a while by that storm, and our gang were sent over to Rondout to ship timber, and from there back to Glenn's Falls, and I never knew what became of that boy. I always blamed myself for not staying with him for the night, or at least till his father came, and for my cowardice in caring more about losing my place, or possibly my life (for I came mighty near being lost in that storm), than for the safety of that fine, manly little fellow, whose bright face haunted me for many a day. Well, time went on. I was married to the very girl for whose sake alone I took to the woods that day; I tried to gain some education and read all the books I could get; I rose to be a partner and then to be a boss lumber-man myself. I grew rich, and middle-aged, and old, and still I heard nothing of the boy, though I made many inquiries after him. I never had any children of my own, to live, and I kept wishing I could adopt that boy; for, strange to say, it never occurred to me that if he were alive, he would be a middle-aged man, only eight or ten years younger than I. He always appeared to my fancy as the fine, handsome child of ten whom I had seen darting through the cabin-door into the forest, dim with winter twilight. I used often to go up and down the river then on business, but I never much fancied to pass by the Catskills. I don't know how it was, but it seemed as if that little fellow had somehow got a hold on my heart, and would n't let go. One day I was on the Albany boat,—it was in the fall of 1860,—and when about noon, or later, we came in sight of the fine old mountains, looking just the color of blue-bells and periwinkle flowers, I turned my back to them. There was a handsome man, with hair just turning iron-gray, standing near, who looked at me rather hard, as I wheeled short round, as if he wondered what I was about, for I suppose I looked as if I had something on my mind.

So I said to him: "I don't much like to look at those splendid old fellows, because I have been always afraid that I may have been partly the cause of the death of a little chap, away up there by Overlook, many years ago."

"Why, how was that?" said the gentleman, as polite as possible. Then I told him all the story, just as I have told it to you, and he listened, with a queer twinkle in his eye; but the water stood in them, too.

"Then," said he, "my friend, don't trouble yourself any more about that boy. You were not at all to blame. He is still alive, to my certain knowledge; for here he stands before you, and his name 's Paul Jones."

I could scarcely believe my senses, and it was a minute or two before I could take it all in.

"You that boy!" said I, and starting back, I nearly went over the guards in my wonder. "Why, you must be Rip Van Winkle himself! But, do tell me all about it."

"Well," said he, "I was tickled enough when I found I had outwitted you, and saw you go away beaten. I knew my father would come, for he never broke his word to me, and in about an hour he did come; but he 'd had a very hard time getting there. My mother was better, and it would n't do to try, he said, to get home that night. I tell you we had a rough time in that hut, all snowed in and nearly frozen; but we managed to hold out till the next afternoon, when the storm abated a little, and hunger started us back to Woodstock. We managed to struggle through. My father carried me most of the way on his back; there were a few farm-houses at the foot of Overlook to rest in, and, though we were almost frozen again, we reached Woodstock before night-fall. I was as much troubled about you as you were about me; for I did not think you knew the woods as well as my father. I was right about my father, you see? I was sure he would come, and come he did; but we did n't get out any more stone for a good while.

"He did not care for danger, my father did n't; if he 'd given me his word he kept it, and I kept mine. So here I am, Rip Van Winkle if you like, and you may make friends again with our jolly

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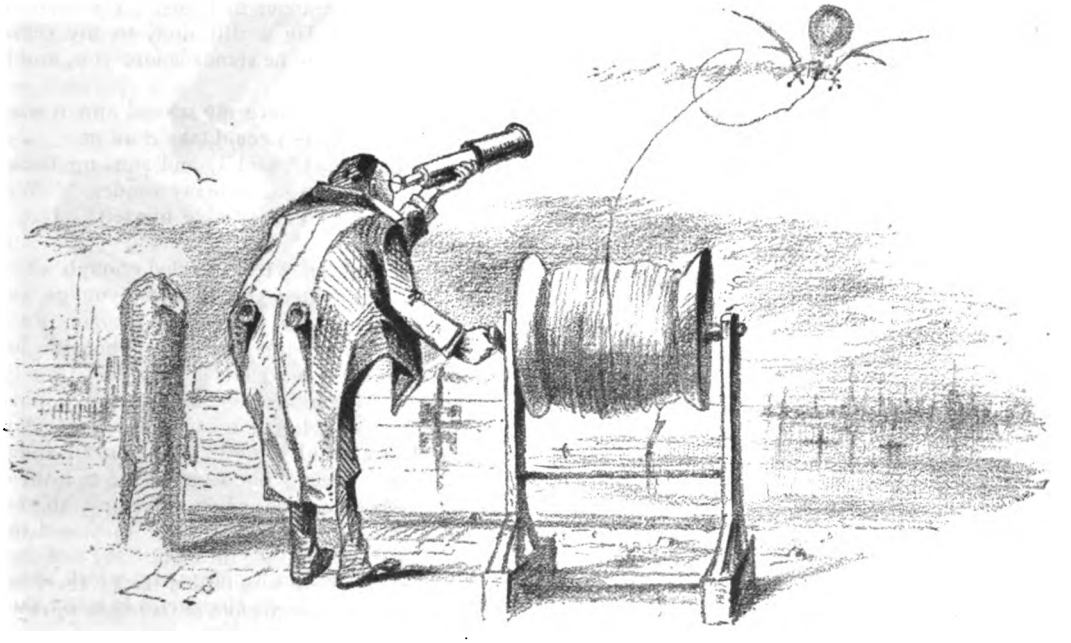
mountains, who are good friends of mine, too. Why, have n't we both made our money out of 'em, —you in lumber, I in stone? I was brought up among them, and I 'm fond of them. I know every nook and cranny of 'em, and I could have told you that day where to find the deer you were after. I even knew of a famous bear-hole, where, if you 'd wanted, you could have found a big she-one with cubs. My father got them some time afterward with me and the dog. And now, if you 'll just land here, at Rondout, you 'll find my team waiting, and I 'll drive you over to my house, beyond Kingston toward the quarries, where you 'll find my wife, as pretty a woman as any on the river, and as fine a family of boys and girls as you 'd wish to see. We shall be just in time for a good old-fashioned early tea, and a good appetite."

The end of it was that he persuaded me to accept his invitation, and I went to visit my old and new friend, Paul Jones. And there, among the children of the household, I found a little Paul,—a manly boy of ten,—who seemed the very same whom I had left alone in the mountain-pass forty years before.

He has always spent a great deal of time with me ever since, and I have considered him as my child.

I should be very lonely now if it were not for my friend, Paul Jones, and his charming family. They form quite a large colony, and I am always quite at home among them; for the best friend of my old age is the boy whom I found and lost on the side of Overlook Mountain on that wild winter's night of 1821.



A WISE man built him a flying machine;
"'T will cross the ocean," quoth he, "I ween.
'T will cross the ocean safely, I trow,
But 't will have to cross without me, I vow!"

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THE MICROSCOPE; AND WHAT I SAW THROUGH IT.

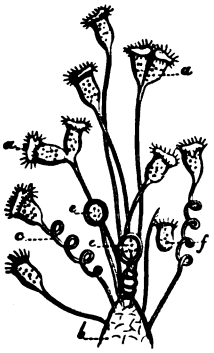
By Mrs. Mary Treat.

THE picture on this page represents a compound binocular microscope-stand. It is called binocular because it has two tubes, so that we can use both eyes; and it is called compound because it has two sets of glasses. At the top of the microscope, marked *a*, *a*, are the eye-pieces through which we look. The lower end of the tube, *b*, is where we screw on the object-glass,—the real magnifying power,—and these object-glasses are called low or high according to the number of times they magnify. An object-glass magnifying 15 diameters would be low, but one of 1,500 diameters would be very high.

A good microscope is such a complicated piece of machinery, and costs so much, that boys and girls, generally, must be contented to use smaller and less satisfactory instruments, or to hear and read about what older people see; but I hope some of my young readers may become so much interested that when they grow older they will procure microscopes and go on with the delightful work which we older people must in course of time lay aside.

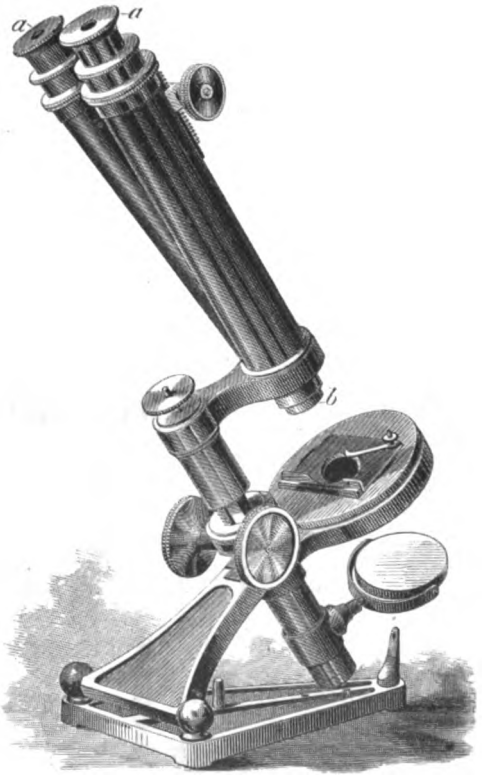
The microscope reveals fairy-like, beautiful creatures, far more beautiful than those you read of in fairy-tales; and our fairies in this real world pass through as many forms or transformations as the most approved fairy of the imagination could desire.

The picture on page 117 represents a group of these fairy creatures, as seen through an object-glass magnifying about 160 diameters. It is called a "tree vorticella" and lives in the water. You will think it looks much more like a tree with flowers on the ends of the branches than it does like living, moving creatures; but if you could look into the microscope and see how wonderfully polite they seem, how they bow and courtesy to each other as if preparing for a grand quadrille, you would not hesitate in calling them marvelous, beautiful, fairy creatures. Yes, a tree endowed with life and motion, and the little bell-shaped animals are decked out in gay colors,—red and green and yellow,—making them as brilliant as a many-hued flower. The margin of the bell is beautifully fringed with hairs or cilia, and this fringe is almost always in rapid motion, making a little current in the water, by which means they capture their food. But the little creatures will not accept everything for food which the current brings them; a great many small particles they reject, and send whirling away, which shows they have power and discrimination to select their food just as larger animals have.



DEVELOPMENT OF VORTICELLA.

a, *a*, in division; *b*, base; *c*, coiled stem; *e*, *e*, encysted vorticella; *f*, floating bell, just freed from stem.



A COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.

Now and then, one breaks away from the home stem [see *f* in picture showing development of vorticella], and instantly goes whirling away as if delighted to be free, no longer tied to its parent.

In a book entitled "Great Wonders in Little Things," by Rev. Sidney Dyer, I found the following pleasing passage on the movements of the free vorticellæ:

"It is very interesting to watch the eccentric movements of the free vorticellæ. They seem to exult in their deliverance from restraint; hence they part from the stem, where they have had their growth,

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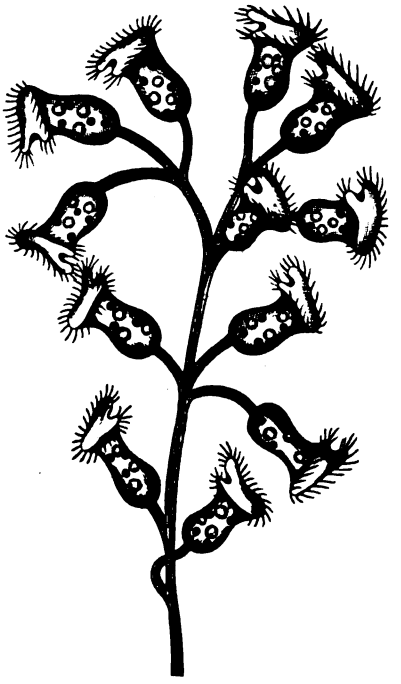
with a violent jerk, and spring away with a flying speed. Here they go, over and over, like a gymnast turning somersaults,—now stopping to revolve in an eccentric orbit, or spinning like a top; now zigzag, or with an up-and-down motion. Occasionally one will stop, and, turning the mouth or bell downward, will remain motionless, except a rapid play of the cilia, which is so violent as sometimes to give an oscillating motion to the animal. This motion continues for a few moments, when the creature either resumes or, which is more generally the case, suddenly flies into broken fragments, like the bursting of a grind-stone, from too rapid revolution."

We can, when looking at wonders like these, say with Solomon: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." We look and look again, and wonder if it is a dream or reality that we see. We are truly beholding something stranger than the "stuff that dreams are made of, yet as real as the everlasting hills,—a delicate picture of nature's painting."

I have often watched the little bell-shaped animals after they became free from the parent stem, but I never saw one break into fragments as the reverend gentleman describes, while it had the regular form of the true vorticella; but in another form called the encysted stage [see *e*, *e*, on page 116], when the little animal is inclosed in a transparent shell corresponding to the chrysalis stage of the butterfly, I have seen this thin shell break, freeing numerous tiny monad-like bodies, which the microscopists tell us, after passing through different forms, at last become real bell-shaped vorticellæ. This transformation is no more wonderful than that of the ugly-looking caterpillar passing into the chrysalis stage, from which emerges the lovely butterfly.



A TREE VORTICELLA.

MISTLETOE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY.

By Margaret Bertha Wright.

It once happened to two American wanderers to spend Christmas in an old French chateau. Many Christmases had passed since these Americans had seen their own native land. Some of them had been spent in "Merrie England," where the heavy plum-puddings had given them nightmares enough to equip a cavalry regiment, and where the sight of hundreds of thousands of beeves' hearts and slaughtered swine had filled them with thoughts which were not merry, and had made them long for that blessed land, beyond the sea, in which plump turkeys, delicious cranberry sauce and golden squash pies were at that very time making thousands of tables a lively sight for hungry eyes to see. Six-years-old Charley, coming to his first Christmas dinner in England, piteously said: "Why, mamma, 't is n't a really true 's-you-live Christmas at all, 'cause there 's no squash pie."

How the good-natured English friends laughed at the word "squash!" "Do you have higgledy-piggledy and clushy-mushy, as well as squash, in America?" asked one lady, whose only idea of squash was that it was a decayed peach, or an over-ripe cucumber fallen from a great height.

We reached the grand old chateau, so venerable and ivy-grown, six weeks before Christmas. Thus we were in time to see the curious and interesting harvest which is collected every year, about the end of November. This is the gathering of the mistletoe, which grows abundantly in the apple-orchards of Normandy, and is sent thence in great quantities to London and New York, though chiefly to the former city. For New York, the mistletoe is gathered near the end of November; for London, it is harvested a few days before Christmas. It is used for the decoration of homes during the holi-

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days, and I have seen it left hanging to the chandeliers, sometimes, withered and dry, until another Christmas-tide brought fresh boughs and berries. The hanging of the mistletoe is a cause of much frolic and laughter in the house. It is the rule that whoever is passing under the mistletoe-bough must submit to being kissed then and there by whosoever chooses to take that liberty. As a bough usually hangs from the center of the ceiling, spreading over a large space, it follows that there must be much dodging or much kissing; I am inclined to think that there are both.

The origin of this use of the mistletoe is not known; but we do know that more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the glad stars sang together over the manger in Bethlehem, and wise men brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to a young Child in the peasant mother's arms, England was a chill, mist-covered island, inhabited only by savages, who wore garments of skins and lived in huts of mud and stone. Among these savage Britons there were pagan priests called Druids. These priests were a mysterious folk, who lived in dense woods far away from other men, and who, in the gloomy solitudes of the forest, performed strange secret ceremonies. The "sacred groves," as they were called, were of oak; for the oak was a divine tree, according to the Druidical religion. Within these sacred groves, the priests, it is recorded in history, offered their sacrifices, and in some manner, not now known, they employed the mistletoe. But all mistletoe was not sacred to the Druids. They would have none but that which clung to the trunk and was nourished by the sap of the divine oak. To them, the apple-tree mistletoe, which modern England uses so freely in her holiday festivities, would be a worthless and common thing.

When, in later centuries, England was taught the Christian religion by priests who went thither from Rome, the people, though professing a belief in Christ, retained many of their heathen rites and customs changed from their original meaning and purpose. At any rate, from the Druids has come the modern usage of the mistletoe-bough, strangely preserved in festivities which commemorate the birth of Him whose pure worship destroys all heathen superstitions.

The mistletoe is a parasite which fastens its roots and tendrils so firmly and closely to the tree on which it grows, that it is often difficult to tell where the tree leaves off and the parasite begins. Its leaves are of a dull green color, and it bears white, wax-like berries. It has boughs and branches, and long, tough leaves, and it looks like other and more honest plants, which do not steal their support. It sucks the life from the fruit-trees, which, after a while, droop, wither and die, forming a mere support for the plant. There is a story of an Englishman, who was so attached to the Christmas customs of his country that when he removed his home to California he carried with him some of the mistletoe and set it upon apple-trees. But the transplanted parasite did not seem to care for the apple-trees of America, when it could have richer food. So it left these and fastened itself to the wild plum-trees which grew profusely in that region. So strong did the mistletoe become in that fruitful climate, that it finally sucked out the life-sap of the wild plum-trees of the neighborhood, far and wide. And that was not all. A tribe of debased Indians, called Diggers, had always depended on the wild plums for their living. The mistletoe killed the plum-trees, and the failure of the plum harvest caused famine, distress and death among the hapless Diggers.

Before Christmas, and when the apples have been gathered and carried to the cider-presses, or stored away in "*caves*," as the French call their cellars, all the peasant children of the neighborhood, and poor people from the towns, come out to the mistletoe harvest. They are hired by the farmers for a few cents a day, and they gladly come with huge baskets, and with little donkey-carts (not much larger than wheelbarrows), called *charrettes*. These are piled so high with the harvested parasite that they look like miniature hay-carts going home to the farmer's barn.

Little Jeanne Duval came up to the chateau from *Maire* Brisé's orchard, having heard the foreign lady say that she wished to see the harvesters at work. "Will you tell the lady who talks like a baby that I have come to show her the way to the orchard?" she said to Eliza, the *femme de chambre*. The lady whose American-French seemed so baby-like to the patois-speaking child, rode along the broad highway, regarding the demure little maiden by her side more than the beautiful world about her, all silver-gray and tawny-gold, olive-green and crimson in its glorious autumnal dress. Little Jeanne wore a coarse gray woolen petticoat reaching to her ankles, and beneath this were so many other short, full-gathered petticoats that her skirts stood out as if she were "making a cheese," as the children say. She wore coarse stockings and *sabots*, or wooden shoes, that seemed as if they had been cut with a jack-knife from solid chunks of wood. Her loose black jacket reached just below her waist, and her head was covered with a white cotton cap, very like a night-cap, in which, as the lady said to herself, she looked "like a little old woman cut short."

On the way to *Maire* Brisé's orchard they passed Jeanne's mother washing clothes at a wayside fountain; and she smiled and bowed as the little party

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went by. The good woman covered each article, as she washed it, with a thick lather of soap, then, spreading it on a smooth board before her, she pounded it with a wooden shovel-shaped implement with all her might and main. Master Charley said she "gave it ballywhack," whatever that may be.

"What do you call that shovel-shaped thing?" Jeanne was asked. But Charley, who had felt very insecure in his clothes ever since he came into the region of wayside washer-women, answered for her, "The champion button-smasher."

Down in the orchard a large company of peasants were busy at work. The men threw off their *sabots* and climbed the gnarled apple-trees, where they could cut off the mistletoe with small, sharp saws. The women and children caught the branches as they fluttered down in great straggling masses, and loaded them into baskets and crates. The mistletoe is in so much demand in English markets that the French farmers find it profitable to encourage its growth, even though the parasite kills the apple-trees at last. So, enough is left at every harvest to increase and multiply itself for the next year. It clings, clings, clings, like drowning men to wreck stuff, so that sometimes, in tearing it away, the branch to which it has fastened itself is riven from the tree. Some of the masses of foliage are so large that, at that special Christmas already mentioned, one huge bough was more than the butler at the chateau could manage to hang from the carved oak beams of the dining-room ceiling.

A VISIT TO THE MISTLETOE-GATHERERS.

After the mistletoe is gathered, it is tightly packed into great wooden crates, like hen-coops, and sent by steamer to England. From England, a portion of it goes to America, where thousands of English families, in the home of their adoption, can eat and drink their hearty Christmas cheer beneath the familiar Druidical shadows. And it is not unlikely that, as they recall the Christmas festivities of Merrie England, and cast their eyes upward at the Normandy mistletoe, they may say, with a sigh, "Ah, this mistletoe, after all, is nothing like the mistletoe at home!"

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THE SMILING DOLLY.

BY M. M. D.

I WHISPERED to my Dolly,
And told her not to tell.
(She 's a really lovely Dolly,—
Her name is Rosabel.)

"Rosy," I said, "stop smiling,
For I 've been dreadful bad!
You must n't look so pleasant,
As if you felt real glad!

Still Rosabel kept smiling;
And I just cried and cried—
And while I searched all over,
Her eyes were opened wide.

"Oh, Rosy, where I dropt it
I can't imagine, dear;"
And still she kept on smiling,—
I thought it very queer.

"I took mamma's new ear-ring,—
I did, now, Rosabel,—
And I never even asked her,—
Now, Rosy, don't you tell!

"You see I 'll try to find it
Before I let her know;
She 'd feel so very sorry
To think I 'd acted so."

I had wheeled her 'round the garden
In her gig till I was lame;
Yet when I told my trouble,
She smiled on, just the same!

Her hair waved down her shoulders
Like silk, all made of gold.
I kissed her, then I shook her,
Oh, dear! how I did scold!

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"You 're really naughty, Rosy,
To look so when I cry.
When *my* mamma's in trouble
I never laugh: not I."

And *still* she kept on smiling,
The queer, provoking child!
I shook her well and told her
Her conduct drove me wild.

When—only think! that ear-ring
Fell out of Rosy's hair!
When I had dressed the darling,
I must have dropped it there.

She doubled when I saw it,
And almost hit her head;—
Again, I whispered softly,
And this is what I said:

"You precious, precious Rosy!
Now, I 'll go tell mamma
How bad I was—and sorry—
And O, how good you are!

"For, Rose, I had n't lost it—
You knew it all the while,
You knew I 'd shake it out, dear,
And that 's what made you smile."

THE NEW CLOTHES.

(A True Story.)

By Aunt Fanny.

One bright morning, last winter, "Aunt Fanny" received a mysterious letter. It was what is called an anonymous letter, for the writer's name was not signed at the end of it. An anonymous letter is very often unkind in intention, and painful to read; but, strange to tell, this one was perfectly delightful, as you shall see, for here it is:

"To Mrs. ——

"Dear Madam: Having noticed in the 'New York Tribune' a few lines to the effect that you would kindly receive toys and clothing for the children of the poor, and see that they were properly bestowed, I send you by express a box of clothing which I have made, and which I desire that you will give to one little girl. I believe that they will fit a child of ten or eleven years of age. The time that I have so pleasantly employed in sewing on these little garments causes me already to feel an interest in the child who will wear them. And so, when you receive the box, if you will kindly write a line to an address I shall give below, and tell me something about the child, it will gratify me very much. My own name I wish to withhold; but a note to 'Dr. K——, F. on H.,' will reach me."

The next day the box arrived and was opened. At the top was such a pretty dark-brown plaid dress! It had little fluted white muslin ruffles at the neck and wrists; an outside pocket ornamented with a bow of beautiful cherry-colored ribbon on the right side; while inside the pocket was a nice little handkerchief. Was n't that quite complete?

Then there was a gray Balmoral skirt, with a flounce bound with bright cherry-colored braid; two white flannel petticoats made with tucks, to be let down when that happy little girl who was to get them should grow taller; pretty drawers trimmed with Hamburg edging; chemises also trimmed; several pairs of stockings, and five more pocket-handkerchiefs. So you see that, except boots and a hat, it was a perfect outfit.

Aunt Fanny was charmed, and immediately sat down and wrote this note to the delightfully mysterious lady:

"Dear Madam: I have received your letter and the box of clothing. You have made for me a great pleasure, and a very serious mission, for I must not carelessly part with so good a gift. I must try to find just the right little girl, and as this will take time, you may not hear from me again for a week or ten days. With hearty thanks, believe me very cordially yours,

"Aunt Fanny."

And now she began to inquire among her friends for a very poor and very deserving family. One lady said she knew a poor man, who had fallen months ago from a high ladder, hurting his back so dreadfully that he had been in bed ever since. His wife, with all her efforts, could scarcely get bread for him and their children, and never any clothes. The eldest child, who was a girl, would be just the one for the beautiful and useful present.

"Oh yes; send her to me," said Aunt Fanny. "I am sure she will do."

It rained in torrents the next morning, but what did Nannie, the poor girl, care for that? Was she not to get a box full of new clothes? She ran all the long distance to Aunt Fanny's house. An old shawl was pinned over her head, her ragged dress hardly held together, and there were great holes in her boots. And what a long, lanky, square-shouldered girl she was, to be sure! and how she twisted

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and wriggled as she said: "Please, ma'am, I 'm sent for the clothes," and then her eyes grew so big and so wishful that Aunt Fanny brought out the box at once.

"Suppose we try the dress on," she said. "I am afraid that it will be short for you; but never mind that, if it fits in the waist."

The miserable ragged dress was taken off, and the new one put on. It was made to button in the back. Aunt Fanny pulled and tugged, but it would not come together; it did not fit at all; and she said, kindly:

"I am sorry, dear, but I am afraid you are too big for the clothes."

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears. "Oh, ma'am, don't say that! Oh, I want them so much! I 'll hold my breath if you will try to button it again! Oh, do try! I wish I was n't so big!"

Aunt Fanny tried, but it was of no use; the waist was at least four inches too narrow; and nearly crying herself because she was so sorry for Nannie, she took off the beautiful dress, and put the ragged one on again. Then she told Nannie not to be quite heart-broken, for she would try to find something for her that *would* fit. She hunted up a good dress of her own, and another larger one, which came out of a parcel sent "for the poor." This one would do for the hard-worked mother, and these, with some other things, she gave to the sobbing girl, and as it had stopped raining, she sent her home.

Then another child was recommended, but Aunt Fanny was afraid that her parents would sell these nice clothes for drink. They had sold other things which had been given to their children, and so this poor little one must be denied. Was not this miserable? But it only proves what wise folks tell us, that neither you, nor I, nor any one, can do wrong without causing some innocent person to suffer; so let us take heed what we do.

Well, the days went by; the right little girl did not appear, and Aunt Fanny was quite troubled. At last, a dear friend came to make a call, to whom was told the story of the clothes. Clapping her hands, she joyfully exclaimed:

"Why, *I* have the very child for you!—a dear, good little German girl. Her mother is dead; her father has deserted her and two elder sisters, who work at trades; they go away early in the morning and leave this little one to wash the dishes, and clean and tidy up the two small rooms they call their home. Then little Annie comes to my mission-school, and is such a good little scholar!—so quick, obedient and gentle. After school, she hurries home;—she makes up the fire; she washes and irons the clothes; she cooks their little bit of dinner, and she has everything clean, neat and cheerful for her tired sisters when they get back at night. She tells them 'welcome home' in her sweet, quaint, German fashion; and—well—no matter how it storms without, love sends a warm, rich glow all through those poor little rooms, and makes them beautiful! The sisters spend their evenings reading, sewing, and telling each other all that has happened during the day; and then, contented and thankful, they say their simple prayers and go to rest. Why," said Mrs. A., "my husband and I once invited ourselves to take tea with them. We sent in all the goodies, of course, but they furnished the welcome, and we never have spent a pleasanter evening."

"But," said Aunt Fanny, hesitating just a little, "is this child poor enough to be the fortunate one?"

"Well, *I* think so. The elder girls, work as hard as they may, can only earn enough to meet the rent, and find food, light and fire. After these are paid for, there is very little left for clothes, and they were lamenting to me that 'liebchen Annie' was so badly off for warm petticoats and stockings, and yet they could not see their way to buy any."

"Poor little thing! she shall be the one; send her along," said Aunt Fanny.

And that settled the matter.

The next morning, a pale, pretty little girl came in, shy and trembling, saying, with a timid little smile:

"Mrs. A. sent me to you, ma'am."

"Did she tell you what I wanted you for?"

"No, ma'am."

And the little thing clasped her hands, and a questioning look stole into her gentle face, but she did not say a word.

Just at this moment Mrs. A. came hurrying in.

"Oh, here you are," she said to Annie. "Well, Aunt Fanny, she 'll do, wont she?"

The little girl wondered what it was that she was to "do" for, as Aunt Fanny, laughing, went out of the room, and soon returned with the box. Her wonder increased, as the pretty dress was lifted out and "tried on." It fitted as if it had been made for her. The little white ruffles round the neck and hands, and the red bow on the pocket, were so becoming that both ladies exclaimed:

"Oh! now, is n't that nice!"

And Aunt Fanny added:

"Yes, we are right this time; Annie must have the clothes."

Then they took out and displayed, to the astonished gaze of the child, the gay Balmoral and flannel petticoats, the drawers, stockings, chemise and pocket-handkerchiefs, and ended by kissing Annie

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on her cheek,—now crimson with excitement,—and saying:

"They are yours, dear,—all for you."

At first, Annie did not know what to make of it. Her dark eyes grew large and larger. She looked at Mrs. A., then at Aunt Fanny, and then at the new clothes. All at once, she gave a joyful little skip in the air, her eyes grew wildly happy, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"Somebody—you ma'am—have given these beautiful new things to me. Is it so? Oh, a thousand thanks! Thank you a thousand times!"

"It is not I, dear, but a kind lady who made them for some little girl whom I was to choose, and I have chosen you. Can you write, Annie?"

"Not very well, ma'am."

"Never mind; I want you to write a little note, as nicely as you can, thanking that good lady. I do not know her name, but it will be sure to reach her."

Then Aunt Fanny made the clothes into as small a bundle as she could; but even then it filled the arms of that joyful little girl, who said that it did seem as if she could never wait till night to tell her sisters the good news. Then Aunt Fanny and Mrs. A. kissed her, and sent her home as happy as a queen,—yes, and a great deal happier.

And now a letter was written to the lady, and in it she was told all that you have been reading here; and a few days after, Aunt Fanny received this answer:

"I thank you for writing to me about the disposition of the clothes, and very much for taking so much trouble to find a child to whom they would be most serviceable. The story of her life is quite touching, and it has been so gratifying to know something about one, in whose behalf I have spent so many pleasant hours in sewing. I like to sew for the poor, and if you know of any one in special need, I shall be glad to help them. I will no longer withhold my name, though I never wish to be known in any work of charity, except as a friend."

And then this good "friend" signed her name, and told Aunt Fanny how to send letters in future.

A few days after, little Annie's letter went to her "friend." It was written in the tiniest little letters, and looked as if a doll had written it. This is what it said:

"DEAR MADAM: Thank you, from my heart, for my beautiful new clothes. You are so kind, so very kind. I will try my best to deserve my blest fortune, and I am your grateful little

"ANNIE W."

Annie still lives with her sisters, and is their little maid-of-all-work,—scrubbing and rubbing, and sweeping and dusting, and cooking and washing, and yet finding time to go to school, for she well understands the great importance of a good education.

I think she deserved the new clothes. Don't you?

A DAY WITH THE PONIES.

BY JOSEPHINE NORMAN.

I AM going to spend the day at Oaklawn, just outside of the city of Buffalo, with my little cousins, Lutie, Alice and Louis, and thinking it too selfish to keep the pleasure to ourselves, will take with me any readers of the ST. NICHOLAS who care to go. We will start from the Square and drive along the "Avenue," our prettiest street. After a drive of nearly three miles, we draw near our destination, Oaklawn, the delight of the children in our fair city; for here are the Liliputian ponies about which we are going to tell you. Do you see that house of many gables, at the left? It stands with its barns and stables, in a broad expanse of about twenty acres of land,—the house is surrounded by trees, under which we see some of these little ponies,—and the children hardly can wait until we drive up the short hill and enter the grounds, to jump from the carriage and run after their four-footed friends. But we must leave the children for a moment and speak to the lady of the house, Mrs. L——, who, recognizing the familiar shouts of the children, is coming to meet us with some of her dogs about her. She warmly welcomes us, and, sending away the carriage, we are ready for a long day's visit. First of all we will see the ponies; and here come the little girls, Lutie and Alice, already mounted on the ponies, Lucy and Rebecca, Louis running by them to see no harm can come to his little cousins; but you would not fear too great a draught on his manly strength (of eight years) if you could see the gentle amble of the ponies as they come toward us with their accustomed burdens, and

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stop of their own accord to get the usual petting from the elder members of the party. The children are in great glee, and off go the three, with some of the dogs after them, as happy as children can be; and, as they are evidently going to see the other ponies, we will walk after them at our leisure.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

Mrs. L—— takes us to make the first call upon the aged grandmother, the pony Fanny, given to her nearly thirty years ago. Fanny is now blind, but is kept alive by the kind attentions of her mistress; she has the freedom of the grounds, and, as no one on the place is ever allowed to tease any animal, is much happier than she could be anywhere else. Then we look at Matilda Stuart and Louise Deshler, daughters of Fanny. They are dark bay, about forty-eight inches high (the largest ponies that Mrs. L—— has); with them are Hannah, a bay, of forty inches, and Artaxerxes Longimanus, a black beauty of about the same height.

Now, little ones, get your mamma's tape-measure or brother's rule, so that you can understand just how high these little ponies are that we have found in the orchard. You must measure the exact height from the ground. They are so very small that you will hardly believe that there are such perfect little horses in the world. They are smaller than General Tom Thumb's ponies; he has tried to purchase some of Mrs. L——, but she never will sell a pony to be put in a show, for fear it might be ill treated.

Lucy and Rebecca are here with the children, and all the other ponies are coming toward us, so we can see them without any trouble. In 1865, Mrs. L—— sent a Scotchman to the Shetland Islands to buy ponies for her, but with instructions not to bring any one that was over forty inches in height. After six months he returned with Lucy, Rebecca, May Ensign and Jessie; he had brought a fifth, which died on the passage; but it was thought very fortunate that he was able to get four to America; they are rarely transported safely, the change in food being so great. This man, however, wisely brought enough of their own food to get them safely to America without any change being necessary. And what do you think that food was? I should like to wait and see if any of you could guess; but, as I cannot, I must even tell you that it was dried fish and sea-weed! This seems strange food for horses; but these ponies utterly scorned grain, grass or hay, until they found they could have no more fish to eat.

Lucy, the eldest, is a black pony, so old that her head is gray and so gentle that nothing can startle her, and she is always ready to be driven or ridden by the children. Rebecca, a brown, is often called grandmother; she is so very staid and correct, that she never will stray away, no matter how many gates are open, and will even virtuously pass by the gate of the kitchen garden if it happens to be open, —a temptation that the others never try to resist. Rebecca has a great affection for a very large family horse named George, and, during the summer, it is one of the sights of the place to go to the stable and see George and Rebecca keeping each other free from their common enemy, the fly. Rebecca will stand by the heels of George, whisking her tail around his legs, and he will swing his heavy tail about her body, performing the same

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kindly service of driving the flies away; they stand in this way for hours, keeping each other very comfortable.

May Ensign, also brown, is the swiftest pony in the collection; and these last-mentioned ponies, Lucy, Rebecca, and May Ensign, are thirty-eight inches in height. Jessie is the prettiest; she is mouse-colored, with a dark line from mane to tail, and is smaller than the others, being not quite thirty-eight inches high. Here also we find the twin brothers, Henry Ward Beecher and Charley, only thirty-six inches high; they are so perfectly matched that you cannot tell them apart. They came to this city four or five years ago, with a drove of sheep from Scotland; the drover brought them with him, meaning to take them West; but, upon reaching Buffalo, he found them so emaciated, that he feared to take them farther, and sold them to a gentleman in the city, who afterward sold them to their present mistress. They are justly considered one of the most curious sights of the city, and when their mistress appears in the park with the twins, as leaders in her "four-in-hand," do you wonder that the children think that there never was such a wonderful equipage seen before! The grown people think so, too, judging by the great number that invariably follow her as she sits in her little carriage (made, in London, to suit the size of the smallest ponies) and drives along, sometimes with a child beside her, of whom, perhaps, she does not even know the name, but who "wants to wide," and with her groom sitting behind in the rumble. But we have not yet mentioned the three ponies which are considered by their mistress as her "gems." Now, my dears, have you the tape-measure or rule mentioned before? If so, find thirty-two inches, that is the height of a fine little bay pony, Frank Tracy. Now, look at this beauty, Agnes Ethel, the most perfect little animal, and only thirty inches high; and at this other fellow, George Washington (so named, because it was a Centennial colt), of the same height as Agnes Ethel, thirty inches. Does it seem possible that such ponies are in daily use in a prosaic, matter-of-fact country like ours? But they really are, and many strangers go to see them; and, I presume, some of you children may have heard of them before; but if any of you doubt, you can ask one of the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, for he was at Oaklawn a few years ago, and saw some of these very ponies, and any of you can see them, if you like, and ever come to our good city.

HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

YOU may think, dear readers, that Lilla's "mortification" was quite an excitement in this enterprising young household; yet I assure you that never a day passed but a ridiculous adventure of some kind overtook the girls. The daily bulletin which they carried over to Mrs. C.'s boarding-house kept the worthy inmates in constant wonderment as to what would happen next. Sometimes there was an arranged programme for the next day, prepared the night before, but oftener, things happened "of themselves," and when they do that, you know, pleasure seems a deal more satisfying and delightful, because it is unexpected. Uncle Harry was in great demand, and very often made one of the gay party of young folks off for a frolic. They defied King Winter openly and went on all sorts of excursions, even on a bona-fide picnic, notwithstanding the two feet of snow on the ground. The "how" of it was this: On Friday the boys, Hugh Pennell, Jack Brayton, Belle's cousin, and Geoffrey Strong turned the great bare hall in the top of the old Winship family house—Uncle Harry's—into a perfect bower.

By the way, I haven't told you about Geoffrey Strong yet, because there was not time, but he is a lad I should like all my girl readers to

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know. He was only seventeen years old, but had finished his sophomore year at Bowdoin College, and was teaching the district school that he might partly earn the money necessary to take him through the course. He was as sturdy and strong as his name, or as one of the stout pine-trees of his native state; as gentle and chivalrous as a boy knight of the olden time; as true and manly a lad, and withal as good and earnest a teacher—notwithstanding his youth—as the little country urchins and urchinesses could wish. Mr. Winship was his guardian, and thus he was quite one of the family.

Well, the boys were making a picnic ground when I interrupted my story with that long parenthesis. They took a pair of old drop-curtains and made a dark green carpet, stretched across the floor smoothly and tacked down—wreathed the posts, and trimmed doors and windows with evergreens, and then planted spruce and cedar and hemlock trees in the corners and scattered them about the room, firmly rooted in painted nail-kegs.

"It looks rather jolly, boys, does n't it," cried Jack. "But I guess we've gone as far as we can—we can't make birds and flowers and brooks!"

"What's the difficulty?" asked energetic Geoff.

"We'll borrow Mrs. Winship's two cages of canaries and Mrs. Adams's two; then we 'll bring up Miss Belle's pet parrot, and all together we 'll be musical enough."

This they accordingly did, and their forest became tuneful. The next stroke of genius came from Hugh Pennell. He found bunches of white and yellow everlastings at home with which he mixed some cleverly constructed bright tissue-paper flowers (of mysterious botanical structure) and adorned the room. And, behold, their forest blossomed!

"But we 're through now, boys," said Hugh dejectedly, as he put his last bed of whiteweed and buttercups under a shady tree. (They were made of paper, and planted artistically in a chopping-tray.) "We can't get up a brook, and a brook is a handy thing at a picnic, too."

"I have an idea," cried Jack, who was mounted on a step-ladder and engaged in tying a stuffed owl and a blue-jay on to a tree-top. "I have an idea. We can fill the ice-water tank, put it on a bracket, and let the water run into a tub; then station a boy in the corner to keep filling the tank from the tub. There 's your stagnant pool and your running streamlet! What could be more romantic?"

"Out with him!" shouted Geoff. "He ought to be drowned for proposing such an apology for a brook."

"Well," said Jack, "the sound would be watery and trickling. I 've no doubt the girls would be charmed."

"We 'll brook no further argument on the subject," retorted Hugh; "the afternoon is running away with us. We might bring up the bath-tub, or the watering-trough, sink it in an evergreen bank and surround it with house-plants, but I don't think it would satisfy us exactly. I 'll tell you, let us give up the brook and build a sort of what-do-you-call-'em for a retreat, in one corner."

After some explanations from Hugh about his plan, the boys finally succeeded in manufacturing something romantic and ingenious. Two blooming oleanders in boxes from Mrs. Winship's parlor, a hemlock tree with a mystic seat under it, an evergreen arch above, a little rockery built with a dozen stones from the old wall behind the barn, and potted scarlet geraniums set in among them, two hanging baskets and a bird-cage. With nothing save an air-tight stove to warm it into life, the cold bare hall was magically changed into a fairy green forest vocal with singing birds and radiant with blooming flowers.

The boys swung their hats in irrepressible glee.

"Wont that be a surprise to the people though! Wont they think of the desert blossoming as the rose!" cried Hugh.

"I fancy it wont astonish Uncle Harry and Aunt Emily much," answered Jack, dryly, "inasmuch as we 've nearly borrowed them out of house and home during the operation. The girls will be—stunned—though. Just imagine Belle's eyes! I told them we 'd see to sweeping and heating the hall, but they don't expect any decorations. Well, I 'm off! Lock the door, Geoff, and guard it like a dragon; we meet at eleven to-morrow morning, do we? Be on hand sharp, and let us all go in and view the scene together."

Jack and Hugh started for home, and Geoff down-stairs to run a gauntlet of questioning from Jo Fenton (present in the kitchen on one of the borrowing tours of the day) as to why so much mysterious hammering was going on.

* * * * * *

While these preparations were in progress the six juvenile housekeepers were undergoing abject suffering in their cookery for the picnic. It had been a day of disasters from beginning to end—the first really mournful one of their experience.

It commenced bright and early, too; in fact, was all ready for them before they awoke in the morning, and the coal fire began it, for it went out in the night. Everybody knows what it is to build a fire in a large coal stove; it was Jo's turn for fires, and I regret to say this circumstance made her a little cross, in fact, audibly so.

After much hunting for kindling-wood, however,

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much chattering of teeth (for the thermometer "was below zero"), much vicious banging of stove doors, and clattering of hods and shovels, that trouble was overcome. But, dear me, it was only the first drop of a pouring rain of accidents, and at last the girls accepted it as a fatal shower which must fall before the weather could clear, thus resigning themselves to the inevitable.

The breakfast was as bad as a breakfast knew how to be. The girls were all cooks to-day in the exciting preparation for the picnic, for they wanted to take especially tempting dainties in order that they might astonish more experienced providers. Sadie had scorched the milk toast. Edith, that most precise and careful of all little women under the sun, had broken a platter and burned her fingers. Lilla had browned a delicious omelet, waved the spider triumphantly in the air, astonished at her own success, when, alas, the smooth little circlet slipped ill-naturedly out into the coal hod. Lilla stood still in horror and dismay, while Belle fished it hastily out, looking very crumpled, sooty, shrunken and generally penitent, if an omelet can assume that expression. She slapped it on the table severely, and said, with a little choke and a tear in her voice:

"That is going to be rinsed and fried over and eaten. There is n't another thing in the house for breakfast. Alice put cream-of-tartar into the buckwheats, instead of saleratus, and measured it with a tablespoon besides, and I 'm ashamed to borrow anything more of grandma."

"Never!" cried Allie, with much determination. "Sooner eat omelet and coal-hod too! Never mind the breakfast! What shall we take to the picnic?"

"Mince-pies," cried Jo, animatedly.

"Goose," answered Belle. "There is n't time to make minced-meat, of course."

"At any rate, we must have jelly-cake," said Lilla, with decision, while dishing up the injured omelet for the second time. "We 'll make the delicacies. Mrs. Pennell and Mrs. Winship will be sure to bring bread and meat and common things."

"Oh, tarts, tarts!" exclaimed Edith in an ecstasy of reminiscence. "I have n't had tarts for a 'perfect' age! Do you think we could manage them?"

"They must be easy enough," answered Sadie, with calm authority. "Cut a hole out of the middle of each round thing, then fill it up with jelly and bake it; that 's simple."

"Glad you think so," responded Edith, with an air of deep melancholy and cynicism, as she prepared to wash the breakfast china and found an empty dish-water pot. "I should think the jelly would grow hard and crusty before the tarts baked, but I suppose it 's all right. Everything we touch to-day is sure to fail."

"Oh!
how
much
better
if you
said,
I 'll—I 'll—I 'll
try—try—try!" sang Belle, in a spasm of gayety.

"Oh, how much sadder you will feel when you 've tried, by and by," retorted Edith.

And so the time passed until at one o'clock Allie Forsaith went to bed with a headache, leaving the kitchen in a state of general confusion and uproar. I cannot bear to tell you all the sorry incidents of that dreadful day, but Belle had shared in the blunders with the rest. She had gone to the storeroom for citron, and had stumbled on a jar of frozen "something" very like minced-meat. This, indeed, was a precious discovery! She flew back to the kitchen, crying:

"Hurrah! We 'll have the pies, after all, girls! Mamma has left a pot of minced-meat in the pantry. It 's frozen, but it will be all right. You trust to me. I 've made pies before, and these shall not be a failure."

The spider was heated, and enough meat for three pies put in to thaw. It thawed,—naturally, the fire being very hot, and presently became very thin and curious in its appearance.

"It looks like soup, with pieces of chopped apple in it," said Lilla to Belle, who was patting down a very tough, substantial bottom crust on a pie-plate.

"We-l-l, it does!" owned the head-cook, frankly; "but I suppose it will boil down or thicken up in baking. I don't like to taste it, somehow."

"Very natural," said Lilla, dryly. "It does n't look 'tasty'; and, to tell the truth, it does not look at all as I 've been brought up to imagine minced-meat ought to look."

"I can't be responsible for your 'bringing up,' Lill. Please pour it in, and I 'll hold the plate."

The mixture trickled in; Belle put a very lumpy, spotted dough coverlid on it, slashed an original design in the middle, and deposited it in the oven, with a sigh of relief.

Just at this happy moment, Betty Bettis, Mrs. Winship's girl, walked in with a can of kerosene.

"Don't you think that 's funny-looking minced-meat, Betty?" asked Sadie, pointing to the spider.

Betty the wise looked at it one moment, and then said, with youthful certainty and disdain:

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"'T aint no more mince-meat than a cat's foot."

This was decisive, and its utterance fell like a thunder-bolt upon the kitchen-maids.

"Gracious!" cried Belle, dropping her good English and her rolling-pin at the same time. "What do you mean? It looked exactly like it before it melted. What is it, then?"

"Suet," answered cruel Betty Bettis. "Your ma chopped it and done it up in morlasses for her suet plum-puddens this winter. It's thick when it's cold; and, when it was froze, like enough it did look like pie-meat, with a good deal of apple in it; but it aint no sech a thing."

"'T AINT NO MORE MINCE-MEAT THAN A CAT'S FOOT!"

This was too much. If I am to relate truly the adventures of this half-dozen suffering little maidens, I must tell you that Belle entirely lost that sweet, sunny temper of hers for a moment; caught up the unoffending spider, filled with molasses and floating bits of suet; carried it steadily and swiftly to the back-door; hurled it into a snow-bank; slammed the door, and sat down on a flour-firkin, burying her face in the very dingy roller-towel. The girls stopped laughing.

"Never mind, Bluebell," cooed Sadie, sympathetically smoothing her curly hair with a very doughnutty hand, and trying to wipe away her tears with an apron redolent of hot fat. "You can use the rest of the pie-crust for tarts, and my doughnuts are swelling up be-yoo-ti-ful-ly!"

Belle withdrew the roller from her merry, tearful eyes, and said, with savage emphasis:

"If any of you dare tell this to-morrow, or let Uncle Harry or the boys know about it, I 'll —— I don't know what I 'll do," finished she, weakly.

"That's a fearful threat," laughed Jo.

"The King of France and fifty thousand men,
Pluck'd forth their swords! and put them up again."

And so this cloud passed over, and another and yet another, with comforting little gleams of sunshine between, till at length it was seven o'clock in the evening before the dishes were washed and the kitchen tidied; then six as tired young housewives stretched themselves before the parlor-fire as a bright blaze often shines upon. Belle, pale, pretty little hostess, was curled up on the sofa with her eyes closed. The other girls were lounging in different attitudes of dejection, all with from one to three burned fingers enveloped in rags. The results of the day's labor were painfully meager: a colander full of doughnuts, some currant-buns

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and a loaf of dark cake tolerably light. Out in the kitchen-closet lay a melancholy pile of failures: Allie's pop-overs, which had refused to pop; Sadie's tarts, rocky and tough; and a bride's-cake that would have made any newly married couple feel as if they were at the funeral of their own stomachs. The girls had flown too high in their journey through the cook-book. Belle and Jo could really cook plain things very nicely, and were considered remarkable caterers by their admiring family of school-mates; but the dainties they had attempted were entirely beyond their powers; hence the pile of wasted "goodies" in the closet.

"Oh dear!" sighed Lilla. "Nobody has spoken a word for an hour, and I don't wonder, if everybody is as tired as I. Shall we ever get rested enough to go to-morrow?"

"I was thinking," said Edith, dreamily, "that we have only seven days more to stay. If they were all to be as horrible as this, I should n't care much; but we have had such fun, I dread to break up housekeeping."

"Well," said Belle, waking up a little, "we will crowd everything possible into that week, and make it a real carnival time. To-morrow is Saturday and the picnic; on Monday or Tuesday we 'll have some sort of a 'pow-wow' (as Uncle Harry says) for the boys, in return for their invitation, and then we 'll think of something perfectly grand and stupendous for Friday, our last day of rest. It will take from that till Monday to get the house into something like order." (This with a remorseful recollection of the terrible "back bedroom," where everything imaginable had been dumped for a week past.)

"I have n't finished trimming our hats," called Allie, faintly, from the bed. "I 'll do it in the morning while you are packing the lunch."

The girls had tried to get up something jaunty, picturesque and summerish for a picnic costume; but the weather being too cold for a change of dress, they had only bought broad straw hats at the country store,—hats that farmers wore in haying-time, with high crowns and wide brims.

They had turned up one side of them coquettishly, and adorned it with funny silhouettes made of black paper, descriptive of their various adventures. Lilla's, for instance, had a huge ink-bottle and sponge; Belle's, a mammoth pie and frying-pan. Around the crowns they tied scarfs of different colors, interwoven with bunches of dried grasses, oats and everlastings.

Half-past eight found them all sleeping soundly as dormice; and the next morning, with the reboundativeness and enthusiasm that youth brings, they awoke entirely refreshed.

The picnic was a glorious success. It was a clear, bright day, and not very cold; so that, with a good fire, they were able to have a couple of windows open, and felt more as if they were out in the fresh air. The surprise and delight of the girls knew no bounds when they were ushered into their novel picnic-ground, and even the older people avowed they had never seen such a miracle of ingenuity. The scene was as pretty a one as can be imagined, though the young people little knew how lovely a picture they helped to make in the midst of their pastoral surroundings. Six charming faces they were, happy with girlish joy, sweet and bright from loving hearts, and pure and tender from innocent, earnest living. Belle was radiant, issuing orders for the spread of the feast, flying here and there, laughing over a stuffed snake under a bush (Geoff's device), and talking merry nonsense with Hugh, her arch eyes shining with mischief under her great straw hat.

The canaries sang, and Marcus Aurelius, the parrot, talked, as if this were the last opportunity they ever expected to have; the worsted butterflies and stuffed birds fluttered and swayed and danced on the quivering tree-twigs beneath them almost as if they were alive.

The table-cloth was spread on the floor, real picnic fashion (the boys would allow neither tables nor chairs), and the lunch was simply delectable. Mrs. Winship, Mrs. Brayton and Mrs. Pennell, with affectionate forethought, had brought everything that school girls and boys particularly "affect,"—jelly-cake, tarts and hosts of other goodies. How the girls remembered their closetful of "attempts" at home; how they roguishly exchanged glances, yet never disclosed their failures; how they discoursed learnedly upon yeast-powder *vs.* saleratus, raw potato *versus* boiled potato yeast, and upon many questions of household economy with great dignity and assurance!

In the afternoon, they played all sorts of games,—some quiet, more not at all so,—until at five o'clock, nearly dark these short days, they left their make-believe forest and trudged home through the snow, baskets under their arms, declaring it a mistaken idea that picnics were entirely summer affairs.

"What a gl–orious time we 've had!" exclaimed Jo, as they busied themselves about the home dining-room. "Yesterday seems like a horrible nightmare, or at least it would if it had n't happened in the day-time. The things we carried were not so v–e–r–y bad, after all! I was really proud of the buns, and Sadie's doughnuts were as 'swelled up' as Mrs. Brayton's."

"And a great deal yellower and spotted-er," quoth Edith, in a sly aside.

"Well," admitted Sadie, ruefully, "there was full enough saleratus in them; but I think it very

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unbecoming in the maker of the bride's-cake to say anything about other people's mistakes! Bride's-cake, indeed!" finished she, with a scornful smile.

"True!" said Edith, much crushed by this heartless allusion to what had been the most thorough and expensive failure of the day; "I can't deny it. Proceed with your sarcasm."

"This house looks as if it were going to ride out!" exclaimed Alice. "Do let us try to straighten it before Sunday! The closets are all in snarls, the kitchen 's in a mess, and the least said about the bedroom the better."

Accordingly, being inspired by Alice's enthusiasm, they began to work and improve the hours like a whole hiveful of busy bees. They put on big aprons and washed pans and pots that had been evaded for two days, made fish-balls for breakfast, dusted, scrubbed, washed, mended, darned and otherwise reduced the house to that especial and delicious kind of order which is likened unto apple-pie. And thus one week of the joys and trials of this merry Half a dozen Housekeepers was over and gone.

CHAPTER V.

MONDAY morning broke. Such a cold, dismal drizzly morning! The wind whistled and blew about the cottage until Lilla suggested tying the clothes-line round the chimneys and fastening it to the strong pine-trees in front for greater safety. It snowed at six o'clock, it hailed at seven, rained at eight, stopped at nine, and presently commenced again to go through the same varied programme. After breakfast, Belle went to the window and stood dreamily flattening her nose against the pane, while the others busied themselves about the room.

"Well, girls," said she at length, "we 've had four different kinds of weather this morning, so it may clear off after all, but it does n't look like it. It 's too stormy to go anywhere or for anybody to come to us, so we shall have to try violently in every possible way to amuse ourselves. But I must run over to Miss Mirandy's for the milk before it rains harder. Perhaps I shall stumble over some excitement on the way: who knows!"

So saying, she ran out, and in a few moments appeared in the yard wrapped in a bright red water-proof, the hood pulled over her head, and framing her roguish rosy face. In ten minutes she returned breathless from a race across the garden and a vain attempt to keep her umbrella right side out. She entered the room in her usual breezy way, leaving the doors all open, and sank into a chair with an expression of mysterious mirth in her eyes.

"Well!" cried the scarlet-mantled saucy little maiden; "I have the most enormous, improbable, unguessable surprise for you; you never will think, and anyway I can't wait to tell, so here it is: We are all invited to tea this afternoon with Miss Mirandy and Miss Jane! Is n't that 'ridikilis?'"

"Do tell, Isabel," squeaked Jo with a comically irreverent imitation of Miss Jane. "Air you a going to except?"

"Oh yes, Belle, we 'd better go," said Edith Lambert. "I should like to see the inside of that funny old house, and I dare say we shall enjoy it."

"We are remarkably favored," laughed Belle. "I don't think anybody has been invited there since the Sewing Circle met with them three years ago. They live such a quiet, strange, lonely life! Their mother and father died when they were very young, more than fifty years ago. They were quite wealthy, and left this big house all furnished and quantities of lovely old-fashioned dishes and pictures. All the rooms are locked, but I 'll try to melt Miss Mirandy's heart and get her to show us some of her relics. Scarcely anything has been changed in all these years, except that they have bought a cooking-stove. Miss Jane hates new-fangled things, and is really ashamed of the stove, I think; as to having a sewing-machine or a yeast-cake, or an egg-beater, or a carpet-sweeper,—why she would as soon think of wearing an overskirt and a bustle! I believe there is n't such a curious house, nor another pair of such dried-up, half-nice, half-disagreeable people in the country."

And Belle's criticism was quite just. The old house stood in a garden which, in the sweet spring-time, was filled with odorous lilacs, blossoming apple-trees, and long rows of currant and gooseberry bushes. In the summer, too, there were actual groves of asparagus, gaudy sunflowers, bright hollyhocks, gay marigolds, royal fleur-de-lis,—all respectable old-fashioned posies, into whose hearts the humming-birds loved to thrust their dainty beaks and steal their sweetness. Then there were little beds paved round with white clam-shells, where were growing trembling little bride's-tears, bachelor-buttons, larkspur, and china pinks. No modern blossoms would Miss Mirandy allow within these sacred ancient places, no begonias, gladiolas, and "sech," with their new-fangled, heathenish, unpronounceable names. The old flowers were good enough for her; and certainly they made a blooming spot about the dark house.

Now indeed there was neither a leaf nor a bud to be seen; snow-birds perched and twittered on the naked apple-boughs, and drifts of snow lay over the sleeping little seed-souls of the hollyhocks and marigolds, keeping them just alive and no more, in a freezing, cold-blooded sort of way common to snow. But if the garden outside looked like a relic of the olden time, the rooms

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inside seemed even more so. The "keeping-room" had been refurnished fifteen or twenty years before, but so well had it been kept that there still hovered about it a painful air of newness. Over the stiff black hair-cloth sofa hung a funeral wreath in a shell frame, surrounded by the Sawyer family photographs,—husbands and wives always taken in affectionate attitudes, that their relations might never be misunderstood. In a corner stood the mahogany what-not, with its bead watch-cases, shells, and glass globe covering worsted flowers, together with more family pictures in black cases on the top shelf, and a marvelous blue china vase holding peacock's feathers. Then there was a gorgeous "drawn in" rug before the fire-place, with impossible purple roses and pink leaves on its surface, and a tall three-legged table holding a magnificent lamp with a glass fringe around it, and a large piece of red flannel floating in the kerosene.

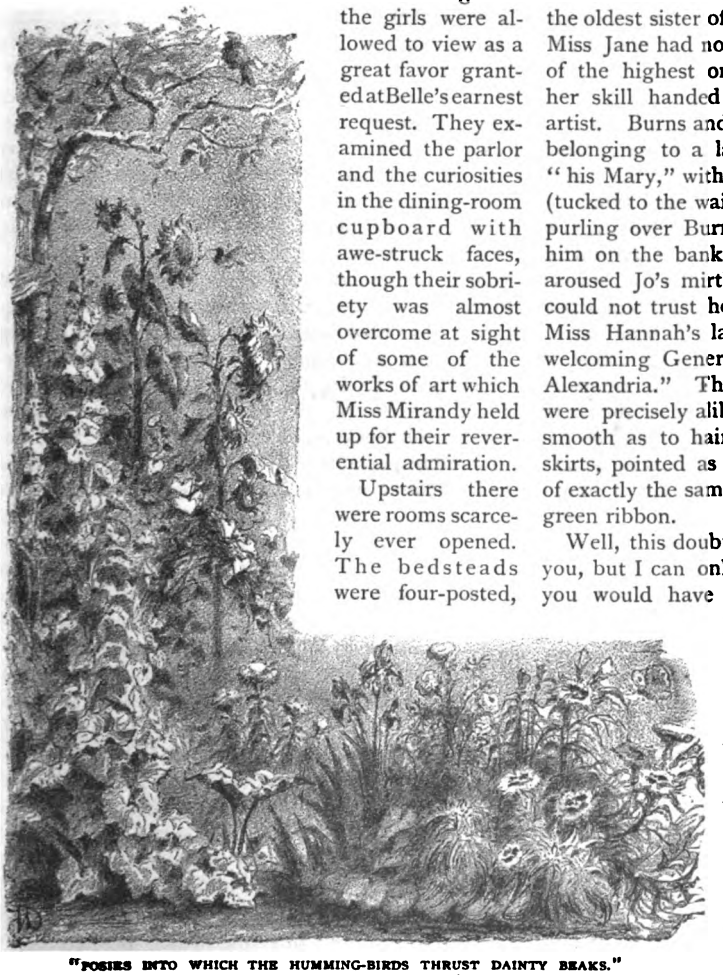
All these glories the girls were allowed to view as a great favor granted at Belle's earnest request. They examined the parlor and the curiosities in the dining-room cupboard with awe-struck faces, though their sobriety was almost overcome at sight of some of the works of art which Miss Mirandy held up for their reverential admiration.

Upstairs there were rooms scarcely ever opened. The bedsteads were four-posted, and so high with many feather beds, that their sleepy occupants must have ascended a step-ladder, or climbed up the posts hand over hand and dropped down into the downy depths. The counterpanes and comforters were quilted in wonderful patterns. There was a wild-goose chase, a log-cabin, a rocky mountain, an Irish plaid, and a "charm quilt" in twelve hundred pieces, no two alike. The windows in the "best chamber" had white cotton curtains with fringe; the looking-glass was long and narrow with a yellow-painted frame, and a picture, in the upper half, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, the Alps in question being very pointed and of a sky-blue color, while Napoleon, in full-dress uniform, with never an outrider nor a guide, was galloping up and over on a skittish-looking pony. These things nearly upset Jo's gravity, and she quite lost Miss Jane's favor by coughing down an irrepressible giggle when she was being shown a painting of Burns and his Mary, done in oils by Miss Hannah, the oldest sister of the family, and long since dead. Miss Jane had no doubt that Hannah's genius was of the highest order, although the specimens of her skill handed down would astonish a modern artist. Burns and his Mary were seated on a bank belonging to a landscape certainly not Scottish; "his Mary," with a sort of pink tarlatan dress on (tucked to the waist), while a brook was seemingly purling over Burns's coat-tail spread out behind him on the bank. It was this peculiarity which aroused Jo's mirth (as it well might), so that she could not trust herself to examine with the others Miss Hannah's last and finest effort,—"Maidens welcoming General Washington in the streets of Alexandria." The maidens, thirteen in number, were precisely alike in form and feature, all very smooth as to hair, long as to waists, short as to skirts, pointed as to toes, and carrying bouquets, of exactly the same size and structure, tied up with green ribbon.

Well, this doubtless seems all very tiresome to you, but I can only say that had you been there, you would have laughed with Jo and Lilla, or politely smothered a smile with Sadie and Alice.

The tour of inspection finished, the girls sat down to chat over their fancy work, while the two ladies went out to get supper.

"My reputation is gone," whispered Jo, solemnly. "To think that I should have laughed at last when I had been behaving so beautifully all the afternoon; but Mr. Burns was the last straw that broke the camel's back of my politeness; I could



"POSIES INTO WHICH THE HUMMING-BIRDS THRUST DAINTY BEAKS."

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n't have helped it if Miss Mirandy had eaten me instead of frowning at me," said she.

"Well," cried Lilla, jumping up impulsively and knocking down her chair in so doing, "I 'm going to beard the lion in his den, and see if they wont let me help them. Don't you want to come, Jo?" The two girls ran across the long cold hall, opened the kitchen door stealthily, and Jo asked in her sweetest tones, "Can't we set the table or help you in any way, Miss Mirandy?"

"No, I thank you, Josephine; there is nothing to do, or leastways you would n't know where things were, and would n't be any good. The Porter girl may come in if she wants to, but two of you would only clutter up the kitchen."

So Lilla went in meekly, and poor Jo flew back to the parlor smarting under a bitter sense of disgrace. The sisters fortunately knew nothing of Lilla's aptitude for blunders, else she never would have been suffered to touch their precious household gods. As it was, by dint of extreme care she managed to get the plum sauce on the table, and set the chairs around without any serious disaster. To be sure, in cutting the dried beef, she notched memoranda of the pieces shaved on each of her fingers, so that when she finished they were perfect little calendars of suffering; however, this only concerned herself, and she did not murmur, as most of her ordinary mistakes implicated other people.

"CAN'T WE SET THE TABLE, MISS MIRANDY?"

At half past five they sat down to supper; and such a supper! Miss Mirandy was evidently anxious to impress the young people. The best pink "chany" set had been unearthed, and there were several odd dishes besides of great magnificence. There were light soda-biscuits as large as saucer plates, and there was cold buttermilk bread; a blue-and-white bowl held tomato preserves, while a glass one was full of delicious apple-sauce cooked in maple syrup; then there was a round creamy cottage-cheese, white as a snowball; a huge golden dried pumpkin pie, baked in a deep yellow plate; the brownest and plummiest and indigestible-est of all plummy cakes, with doughnuts and sugar gingerbread besides. This array of good things being taken in with rapid and rabid glances, the girls exchanged involuntary looks of delight, and even emitted audible sighs of happiness. To say that they did justice to the repast would be a feeble expression, for in truth the meals of their own preparation were irregular as to time, indifferent

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as to quality, and sometimes, when they calculated carelessly or unwisely, even small as to quantity.

After tea was over, each of the girls was required to give, in answer to a string of questions asked, her entire family history; for no titbit of information concerning other people's affairs was uninteresting to Miss Jane or Miss Mirandy. This cross-examination being finished, they rose to go, not being able to bear any longer the quiet, proper, suppressive atmosphere that surrounded them. When they had taken their leave, and the sound of their merry voices and ringing laughter floated in from the garden, Miss Mirandy sank into a chair, and waved a fan excitedly to and fro, her mouse-colored complexion having taken on quite a pink flush from the unwonted dissipation.

"Wall, Jane," said she, "it's over now, and we've done our dooty by Mis' Winship: she's a good neighbor, and I wanted to act right by Isabel when her Ma was away, but of all the crazy 'stivering' girls I ever see, them do beat all; though they did behave tolerable well this afternoon."

"They seemed to enjoy their vittles," said Miss Jane; "I never see girls make a heartier meal. We ought to be very thankful we hev n't any young ones or men-folks to cook for, Mirandy."

And with this expression of gratitude on her lips, she lighted a candle, and after locking up the house securely, the two went to their bedroom to sleep the sleep of the calm and the virtuous.

Their merry visitors, undisturbed by the pelting rain from above, and the deep "slosh" beneath, waded over into their own grounds with many a hearty laugh and jest.

"Oh, how delightful our own sitting-room looks!" exclaimed Sadie, as they opened the door and gathered about the cheerful fire in the grate. And indeed it did, after the stiff, prim arrangement of the rooms they had left. The flickering blaze cast soft shadows on the walls, and touched the marbles on the brackets with rosy tints; the canary birds had their heads hidden under their wings fast asleep, and the dog and cat were snoozing peacefully together on the hearth-rug.

(To be continued.)

ELISABETH'S ROSEN.

VON KATHARINE JACKSON.

[We shall be glad to hear from the girls and boys concerning this story. All translations received before New Year's Day shall be acknowledged in our March number.]

AUF steiler Höhe steht ein altes Schloss. Man nennt es die Wartburg. Wisst ihr auch wer dort gewohnt hat? Vor etwa siebenhundert Jahren war es die heilige Elisabeth, und später, im sechszehnten Jahrhundert der grosse Reformator Luther. Aber heute erzähle ich nur von der heiligen Elisabeth.

Sie war in Ungarn geboren, eines König's Tochter, und wurde als Kind in goldener Wiege nach Thüringen gebracht, wo sie mit einem Fürsten vermählt ward, der selbst noch ein Knabe war und Ludwig hiess. Seine Heimath war die Wartburg, und ringsum gehörten ihm Land und Leute. Elisabeth aber wuchs nicht nur schön und anmuthig heran, sie hatte auch ein frommes und überaus liebreiches Gemüth und erbarmte sich besonders der Armen und Dürftigen.

Das gefiel anfangs ihrem Gemahl, der sie sehr lieb hatte. Er wehrte ihr auch nicht wenn sie in das Thal stieg um eigenhändig die Armen und Kranken zu speisen, zu kleiden und sie zu trösten. Wem dies aber nicht gefiel, das waren die Höflinge ihres Gemahls. Von Neid und Miszgunst getrieben, verdächtigten sie die Fürstin bei dem letztern, und, in einem Augenblick des Zornes, verbot er ihr endlich vom Schlosse herabzusteigen und wie eine Magd den Armen Almosen und Hülfe zu spenden.

Sie aber konnte es nicht über das Herz bringen die armen Hülfsbedürftigen zu vernachlässigen, und als eines Tages ihr Gatte hinunter in die Stadt gegangen war, schlich sie sich zum Thore hinaus, mit einem Korbe voll Brod, Fleisch und Eiern unter dem Mantel. Noch war sie nicht halb den Berg hinab, da kommt ihr plötzlich der Fürst mit seinem Gefolge entgegen, und frägt sie in strengem Ton, was sie unter dem Mantel trage? Bleich vor Schrecken, antwortete sie: "Es sind Rosen, gnädigster Gemahl!" Der Fürst schlug den Mantel zurück, und da lagen in dem Korbe die schönsten halberblühten Rosen!

Von diesem Anblick tief ergriffen, umarmte der Fürst sein frommes Weib, bat sie um Verzeihung und verbot ihr fortan nicht mehr dem Drange ihres mildthätigen Herzens zu folgen.

Die Höflinge wurden wegen ihres niedrigen und böswilligen Wesens von ihrem Herrn mit strengen Worten gestraft. Das Beste von der Geschichte aber ist, dass die Rosen der Elisabeth sich alle wieder in nährende Speise verwandelten sobald sie in die Mitte der sie erwartenden Armen trat, deren Hunger sie nun zu stillen vermochte.

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THE LITTLE SWEET CAKE.

By Charlotte Soulard.

Do you like sweet cakes? No?

Oh, you say, "Yes." You do like them. That is better. So do I. But did you ever have a sweet cake jump out of your hand and run away from you,—a spicy sweet cake, with a temper of its own? I did once, but it ran in a queer way; for it was round and had no legs. How I chased that cake, all the way down the garden walk! Some one else chased it too. It was Pompey, our dog. But he ran so very, very fast that he tumbled past it, head-over-heels. I beat him, and caught the cake. He barked at every bite I took. The cake was quiet enough; and it never ran away any more. This reminds me of a story my dear grandmother told me when I was a little bit of a girl. You shall hear it:

One bright summer's day an old woman was baking some little sweet cakes, while her husband sat near the kitchen door smoking his pipe, and on the stove stood a small black kettle which the old woman always used when she boiled her potatoes. When the old woman took the pan from the oven, one of the little sweet cakes hopped out of it and ran away. Pretty soon it met a boy who said to it: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It said: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will run away from you if I can." Then it ran away from the boy.

After it had gone a little farther it met a girl, and she said to it: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It made the same answer: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will

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run away from you if I can." Before the little girl could put out her hand to take it, it ran away from her, and ran and ran until it came to a broad and deep river. While it stood there wondering how it should get across, a sly old fox came up, and he also said: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It said to the fox as it had said to the others: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will run away from you if I can."

"Stop!" said the fox; "I will carry you over the river if you will get on the end of my tail." The little sweet cake said: "I fear you will eat me up." The fox said: "Try me, and you will see."

So the little sweet cake got on the end of his tail.

Pretty soon the fox called out: "The water is getting deeper and you must get on my back." The little sweet cake said: "I fear you will eat me up." But the fox again said: "Try me, and you will see." So the little sweet cake hopped up along the back of the old fox. After swimming still farther out into the river, the fox cried out to the little sweet cake to get up to the top of his head, or it would surely be drowned; and though the poor little sweet cake was afraid of the fox, it was still more afraid of the deep water, and so it crept up to the top of his head. Very soon the fox was in the middle of the river, where the water was very, very deep, and so he called out, in a loud voice, to the little sweet cake, to get on the end of his nose; and, as soon as it did so, the wicked old fox opened his mouth very wide and ate up the poor little sweet cake before it could say a word.

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THE FIVE-FINGER FOLK.

By Olive A. Wadsworth.

Ah! what dear little things the five-finger folk are! And they live on every little baby-hand. Can you find them? First, there 's Little Pea, she 's the smallest of all; Tilly Lou stands next; she is taller than Little Pea. Bess Throstle is of about the same size as Tilly Lou; and Lu Whistle, who is the tallest of the family, stands between them. Then there 's Tommy Bumble,—sometimes known as Thumbkin,—what a plump, funny little fellow he is!

Now you shall have a song about them all; so hold out your little fist and we 'll begin:

Little Pea, Little Pea, pray where are you going,
In your little pink hood and your little pink shoe?
"I 'm going where *she* goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Tilly-Lou."

Tilly-Lou, Tilly-Lou, pray where are you going,
With motions as light as the down of a thistle?
"I 'm going where *she* goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Lucy Whistle."

Lu Whistle, Lu Whistle, pray where are you going?—
You 're frail to be tossed in the jar and the jostle!
"I 'm going where *she* goes, my next little sister;
I always go with her—my own Bessie Throstle."

Bess Throstle, Bess Throstle, pray where are you going?—
Beware, as you rove, of a trip or a tumble!
"I 'm going where *he* goes, my only big brother;
I always go with him—my own Tommy Bumble."

Tom Bumble, Tom Bumble, pray where are you going,
If you don't think it rude to ask or to guess?
"I 'm going where *they* go, my four little sisters—
Little Pea, Tilly-Lou, Lu Whistle, and Bess."

Little folk, little folk, where *are* you all going?
Going up?—going down?—going out?—going in?
"We 're going, we 're going, we 're going creep-mousing
Right under the dimple in baby's own chin!"

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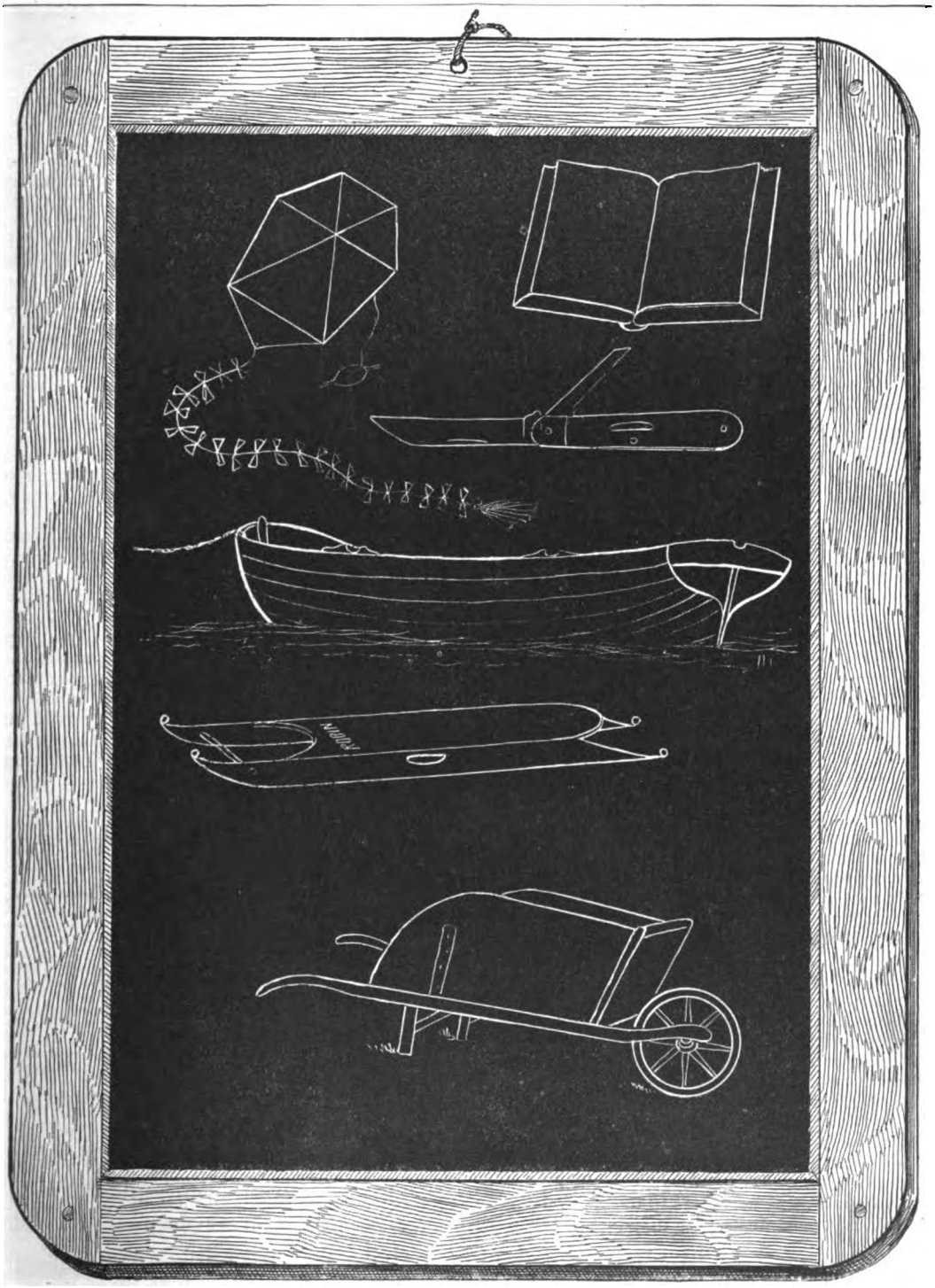

A KITE; a book; a knife; a boat; a sled; a wheelbarrow. Now, which of these shall brother or sister copy for you on the slate?

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NOW for the long, cold, silent nights, and short, brisk, busy days,—though I 'm told there are some parts of the world where things are just the other way, about this time, and other parts where it is all night and no day, and yet others where it is all day and no night. Well, well! A cheery world it is; never dark on one side but what the sun smiles bright and warm upon the other.

Here, now, is something jovial, about

THE LARGEST WEDDING THAT EVER WAS.

YOUR "Jack" has told you about many large things, my hearers, and now you shall have an account, sent by Mrs. Kellogg, of the largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began.

It took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite the victors and the vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Now, guess how many people he ordered to be married? You never could do it.

Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; one hundred of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Medean families, and ten thousand of his Greek soldiers were to marry ten thousand Asiatic women;—twenty thousand two hundred and two people to be married at once!

I don't see how they ever managed to get up a feast for so many; but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests beside. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain, near the city, a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were a hundred gorgeous chambers for the hundred bridegrooms, while, for the remaining ten thousand, an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry; and tables were spread outside for the multitude.

A separate seat was assigned to each pair, and all were arranged in a semicircle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet-hall and took their places. And now, don't think that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple: the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example. That was the way. Then came the festival, lasting five days, with music and feats of jugglery, and play-acting, and all kinds of delightful games.

MUSSELS THAT TRAP DUCKS.

ONCE I heard a woful tale of a duckling,—a handsome, downy, active little fellow who came to an untimely end. It happened on the Pamunky River, in Virginia.

At low tide, one day, the little duck was paddling around, lively and busy as usual, when, suddenly, he stopped right where he was, unable to move; and when the tide came in, it rose above his unlucky head, and drowned him.

The cause of this was a mussel, into whose gaping shell the duckling had accidentally put his foot. Snap went the jaws of the shell, and the poor duck was held fast.

This took place some time ago, and now, I am told, there are no ducks on Pamunky River; the mussels are too many and too fond of trapping.

HOW TO MAKE A WIND-HARP.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In your October number, some one asked how to make a wind-harp, or Eolian harp. As I happen to have an old paper telling people just how to make one, I will tell you. First get a long, narrow box, as long as the window in which it is to be placed. It must be made of thin pine, four inches deep and five in width. On the top, at the ends, fasten two bits of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick. Into one of these pieces put seven "twisting" pegs, such as are used for fiddles; into the other piece fasten the same number of small brass pins. To each pin tie one end of a string made of catgut, and twist the other end of the string around a peg, tuning the string in unison with the rest, by turning the peg as in a fiddle. Place over the row of strings, and three inches above them, a thin board held up by four pegs fastened into supports glued to the ends of the box inside. The harp is then complete and should be put in place, the window partly closed. To increase the draught of air, the door or an opposite window in the room should be open. If the harp be placed in a strong current of air in a grotto or arbor, or hidden in some shady nook near a waterfall, the effect of its sweet sound is improved.—Yours truly, N. E. H.

JAPANESE MANNERS.

A SCHOOL-BOY was walking down my meadow some time ago, with a sharp-nosed man, who seemed to have taken him quite by surprise. He was screaming straight into the round eyes of the little fellow:

"What! call the Japanese 'half-civilized? Why, their servants and laborers are as polite as possible among themselves, no less than toward persons of high station. It seems to come natural to them to say: 'Pray excuse me,' 'Condescend

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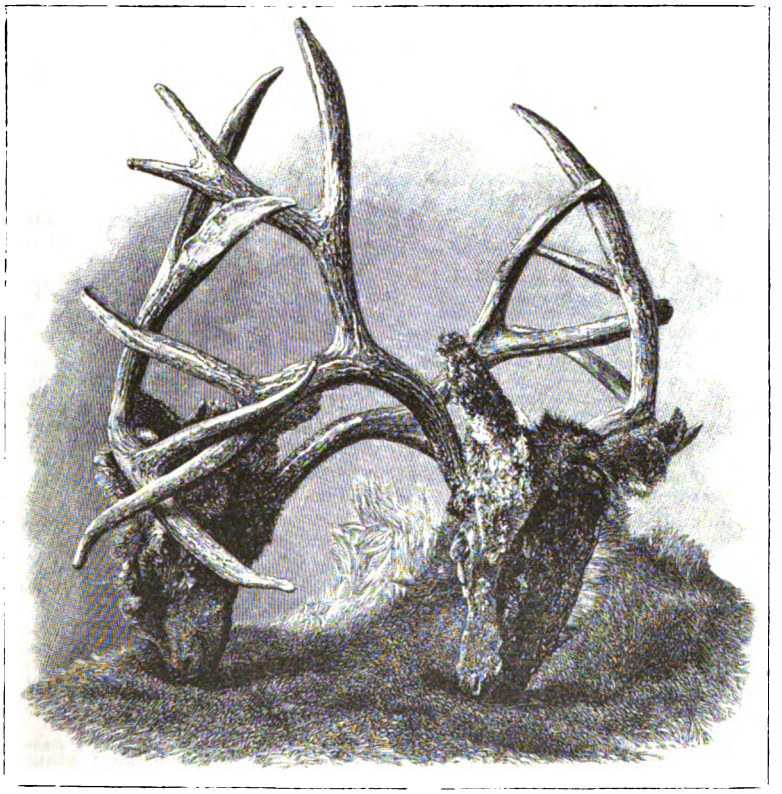
to let me see it,' 'With pleasure,' 'Pardon my rudeness,' 'Allow me to offer you a cup of tea,' and so on; and all without the least constraint or stiffness. Now, when you can show me habits so courteous and a spirit so gentlemanly among ——"

I did n't catch any more of what the sharp-nosed man said; but he went striding off beside the little boy, shaking his fist high in air. For aught I know, he might have been going to wind up with some unpleasant reference to ——, but I don't see what use there can be in *my* guessing.



THE RECORD OF THE FIGHT.

A STRANGE END TO A FIGHT.

DEACON GREEN sends a curious photograph, which the editors have had engraved. This is what the deacon says about the picture:

"These two skulls of stags, with their horns so firmly locked together that they could not be separated, were found in the mountains of Colorado. It is quite plain that they once belonged to a couple of stags who had a terrible fight in the solitude of the mountains. After the combat had been kept up some time, their horns became so tangled and locked together that they could not get them apart. It is very probable, that when this happened, they stopped thinking of fighting, and tried their best to get away from each other. But this was of no use. Their horns were so firmly interlocked that they could not twist nor pull them apart. So they stumbled about, for the rest of their lives, with their heads close together. We cannot know how long they lived this way. They may have been able to eat a little grass, if both of them agreed to put down their heads at the same time. But at last they died. And how curiously things turned out! Each of them hoped to kill the other, and yet the result of the quarrel was to bind them together as long as they lived, and even death did not part them. And, if they thought that no one would ever know of their fight, how greatly they were mistaken! The record of their combat—these two skulls fastened together—has remained for many a long year, and will remain for many a year to come. It was truly a strange end to a fight.

"Shakspeare makes Polonius say:

> 'Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear 't, that the opposer may beware of thee.'

These stags did that with a vengeance; did n't they?

"It very often happens in other fights or disputes that the fighters cannot stop and separate just when they wish to. Something is apt to get hopelessly interlocked and tangled, such as good-will, or self-respect, or fairness, or honor. Still, one must n't be too peaceable, as the Quaker said when he took up a pitchfork as he saw the mad bull coming."

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THE LETTER-BOX.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read a piece in Jack-in-the-Pulpit in the number for January, 1878, which I picked up lately, about a garden in winter time. We have flowers all the time in Santa Barbara. The roses are prettier in winter than in summer, and we never see snow except on the mountains; but we have a beautiful sea.—Yours truly,

E. M. L.

IN the November "Letter-Box" we asked the boys and girls to send us before *November* 1, short stories, written by themselves, concerning the picture of "The Young Hunter," on page 28 of the November number. "November 1" was a mistake; and now we say that the best one of these stories, written by a boy or girl, and received before *December* 1, shall be printed, *with the picture*, in our "Young Contributors' Department;" provided, of course, that the young author complies with the other conditions mentioned in the November "Letter-Box."

A YOUNG correspondent, who must be fond of surprising facts and figures, sends us the following information which he has gathered concerning London, England:

It covers within the fifteen miles' radius from Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles.

It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants.

It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe.

It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire, and Durham combined.

It has a birth in it every five minutes, a death in it every eight minutes, and seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets.

It has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened, and 9,000 new houses built, in it every year.

It has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day.

It has an influence with all parts of the world, represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.

Castle Hill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send an answer to the question asked by "D. J.," in your October number. The question was: "Which was the greatest battle of Alexander the Great?" Noun: "Toes."

And the answer was to be in rhyme and contain the noun "Toes." Here is my answer:

Alexander's greatest battle
(As everybody knows),
Was the battle of Arbela,
Where the crowd was so tremendous
That the soldiers—Saul defend us!—
Trod on one another's "toes."

A. L. RIVES.

T. H. L.—"Down in the dumps," is not thought a polite expression; but, if it is slang, it certainly is very old slang, and, perhaps, its origin is more aristocratic than that of many upstart, fashionable new words. It means "dejected," or "out of spirits,"—and is derived from the name of Dumpos, a King of Egypt, who built a pyramid, but died of melancholy.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard from the late General Scammon this anecdote of Ben McCullough, who was prominent in the Confederate army. He was a West Point graduate, and while U. S. Artillery colonel, made a visit to Montreal, where he was present at a military parade. The Canadian officers, in compliment to his army rank, invited him to maneuver a horse-battery. A horse-battery was something unknown in U. S. military service, and McCullough was completely ignorant of the drill. The U. S. officers who accompanied him, knowing of this ignorance, expected to hear him decline the Canadian invitation. But without a sign of being disconcerted, McCullough replied that he would be very happy to maneuver the battery, and promptly stepped into the position of command.

If you ever heard a military drill, you will remember that you could n't make out a word the commanding officer said; that his orders seemed incoherent sounds delivered explosively, but passed through mufflers. McCullough remembered this, and argued in a flash that the men knew the drill "by heart," as dancers know the figures of a quadrille, and that a *staccato* bark would serve for a signal as perfectly as the most cleanly cut words. So he stood up straight, looked at the battery-men in an awful way, and shouted in a voice of muffled thunder: "Fee! foh! fum!" The thoroughly trained men executed the first movement in the familiar drill, and when McCullough saw it drawing to a close, he gave a second gutteral shout: "Hi to the Poles!" The next order was, "Run like mad!" and the next, "Blu! dah! g'long!"

Here are some others: "Hop! skip! jump!" "Charge for the moon!" "Storm Venus!" "Go to thunder!"

Of course the words were spoken in a very smothered way; but he stood up grandly, looking like a major-general, though ready to burst with laughter. It seems to me that somebody standing near must have found him out.—Truly yours,

G. M. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are always so kind as to answer questions sent to ST. NICHOLAS, so I am going to ask you in what sense the word "Mizpah" is used on Christmas cards, valentines, etc. Can you also tell me how many years a student must remain at West Point or Annapolis in order to graduate?—Yours very truly,

RITA T. HOWLAND.

Mizpah is the name given by Jacob and Laban to a pillar raised to commemorate their vows of friendship. In Genesis, chapter xxxi, verse 49, the interpretation given is: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another." No doubt, the same interpretation may be pleasantly given to the word when used on Christmas cards.

To graduate at either Annapolis or West Point, the student must remain four years and, of course, pass the examinations.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other night a man came past our place with a big box of pigs, and papa bought 4, one for each of us. We each have now 1 pig apiece, 1 dog, 18 chickens all together in a house that my brothers built, and 3 goats, 1 donkey, 3 wagons, and 1 sulky and 2 turtles. I am a little over 10 years old.

When I don't have anything to do, I just pick up one of your books and read and get out enigmas. It is real fun.—Yours very truly,

MARIE MANICE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of mine, who at one time lived in Rome, Italy, tells this story, which those of your readers who have a special love for Michael Angelo and his works may like to know:

A young sculptor named Hogan, while studying his art in Rome, used to stand, for many minutes together, lost in self-forgetful fits of admiration, before some of the masterpieces of the old-time sculptors. A statue by Michael Angelo—representing St Bruno in the act of preaching one of his wonderful sermons—oftenest and strongest cast this spell upon the young man Indeed, it is said that he visited this statue daily, standing before it for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, and gazing at it, in an ecstasy of delight and deep study.

One day, while thus engaged, Hogan was tapped on the shoulder by an old friend, who said to him:

"What is the meaning of this freak of yours, friend Hogan?"

"I am waiting for him to speak," said the sculptor, in his usual quiet tone, and pointing to the statue.

The story is a true one, and I think Hogan paid a deserved homage to Michael Angelo.—Yours truly,

P. J. H.

Brooklyn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please publish this poem of mine in the Letter-Box?—Truly yours,

R. G.

ONE LITTLE CLOUD.

ONE little cloud,
Whither do you roam?
Pretty little cloud,
You 'd better go home.

Suppose you get lost
In the sky so blue,
Then, little cloud,
What would you do?

Little cloud answered,
"I just came out to play,
My friends are coming soon
To make a rainy day."

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: We are twins, and were ten years old last March, and we want to tell you about two 'coons that we had, and we named them Mary and Jack, and they were so tame that they would climb upon our shoulders, and lick our faces, and play with our hair, and they always ate with their fore-paws; and we had to watch them when they were loose, as they would go to the neighbors' houses

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and get on their beds and sleep, which was very naughty, as they always played in the dirt, and had such dirty feet; and they would get in an apple or cherry tree and throw the fruit at people, and then hide. One day they found the butter in the house and began to eat it with their two paws, which was very comical to see. One night, when they were chained up, some dogs got at them, and killed them, and we were very sorry, as we had become very fond of them.—Yours truly, ROSA AND LILLIE PARKHURST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old, a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I see in it some letters and poetry written by little girls of my age; and I have written some poetry which is simple, and brings in all the neighbors, both rich and poor, in our neighborhood, but please don't print where our neighborhood is. If it is good enough for the "Letter-Box," I should like very much to see it there.—Your constant reader, J. S.

"FIRE! fire!"
Said Mrs. McGuire.
"Where? where?"
Said Mrs. Blair.
"Down town,"
Said Mrs. Brown.
"Oh! oh! save us!"
Said Mrs. Davis.
"Where will we get water?"
Said Mrs. McWhorter.
"In the race,"
Said Mrs. Gamerace.
"Or in the ditch,"
Says Mrs. Fitch.
"Put on the water and drench her!"
Says Mrs. Spencer.
"How the flame ascends!"
Said Mrs. Bens.
"There goes the floor in!"
Said Mrs. Doren.
"The fire-men need relief,"
Said Mrs. O'Kieffe.
"See the stuff they are carting!"
Said Mrs. Martin.
"Largest fire I've ever seen!"
Said Mrs. Dean.
"I'm glad I am not neighbor,"
Said Mrs. Seabor.
"For that building there's not a hope!"
Said Mrs. Rope.
"These fires are very troublesome,"
Said Mrs. Robison.
"Fire leaves a black mark,"
Said Mrs. Clark.
"I am sure there is nothing blacker,"
Said Mrs. Tacker.
"I must go home, they will miss me,"
Said Mrs. McChesney.

Claremont, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was looking at ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, this week, and I discovered a mistake in the picture of a boy milking a cow. (P. 517.)

I used to live in Fairfield, New York, and one time, when I was visiting a farmer, I went to the barn, and the hired man, Jim, came in to milk. He sat down on the left-hand side of the cow, and she kicked him over. Farmer Neely dryly remarked:

"You'd better try the right side, next time."

Now, I want to ask you if your artist has put the boy on the "right and proper side" of the cow? EDDIE M. GODDARD.

You certainly are right, Eddie, as to the side one should take when milking a cow; but, if you will read the story again, you will see that none of the party, except Bob Trotter, knew how to milk a cow. The artist remembered this when making his picture, which shows Kit at the wrong side of the cow trying to milk, and Bob Trotter coming across the field toward him and his amused companions.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell you about a curious surprise party that really was held in the winter of 1828, in what is now Hillsboro', Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice had gone away from their log-cabin, which was away off from everywhere, to make a long visit in a distant town. Mary, their daughter, aged thirteen, was left in charge of the home, and of her brothers, William and John, one nine years old, and the other, seven.

Well, on the first day the father and mother were away, the boys dropped off to sleep at dusk, weary with extra play. Mary tidied up, barred the doors, raked together the embers on the hearth, put on a few bits of wood, and was just about to go to bed, when from outside sounded a terrible scream! This made the hearts of all stand still with fear, for the scream was made by a panther.

Soon he was scratching at the front door, and bounding against it, trying to force his way in. Again and again Mary called the dog, but no answer came. Presently the panther went around to the back door, having failed in front; but the bars were strong, and he could not get in that way. Then the children heard him clambering up the corner of the cabin and leaping about upon the roof, and next they heard his hungry sniffing at the top of the wide chimney. Then, something had to be done at once, if they would prevent their unexpected visitor from dropping in and making a meal of them.

What Johnnie did, and what the panther did besides sniffing up there, I don't know. But William said over and over the little prayer that begins, "Now I lay me." Mary leaned over the hearth a moment, listening, open-mouthed and staring, her head under the chimney, and the light of the low fire flickering over her face and form. Then she seemed to awake suddenly, and, seizing the straw bed, she threw it on the fire. The flames quickly roared up the chimney, and, no doubt, singed Mr. Panther's whiskers. At least, he must have taken offense at this warm welcome, for, giving a harsh, discouraged howl, he leaped from the roof, and never called again.

I think that was well and bravely done by Mary. Since then, William has become a parson. Yours truly, B. S. H.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One evening we were playing paper dolls and telling ghost-stories, when we heard a step in the hall like something promenading up and down. We were very much frightened, as the step was like none we had ever heard before. We ran and looked over the stairs, and what do you suppose we saw? A GREAT BIG GOOSE!—Your little friends, ALICE AND AMY.

Cernay-la-ville, France.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You see I am in Cernay-la-ville, a French village of about fifty old thatched houses, a *mairie* (town hall), and a picturesque church.

Cernay-la-ville, and the two or three villages near, belong to a duchess. A while ago, the duchess invited the Maréchal McMahon to hunt through her reserved grounds. He accepted the invitation, and one afternoon we saw him and his attendants hunt through the big beet-fields behind our house.

We first saw a long line of fifty beaters,—"rabattoirs," they are called,—hand in hand, on the distant hill, waving red and white flags, and going across the country. Before them scudded the big hares, and skimming over the ground came the quail, glancing a moment in the sun as they turned for shelter into the beet-field, which soon was full of game. The hunters then advanced into the field in a line, with men to pick up the game close behind. Soon there was a popping of guns, like a small skirmish; sometimes a pheasant would start up and twenty marksmen would fire at him, and he would sail triumphantly by. We cheered him as he went over our heads.

But a big hare was the best: he broke out of the beet-field, and got through the line of rabattoirs posted to prevent the game from passing. They waved their flags and set on their dog; then there was a confusion like the blowing down of a line full of washed clothes; but the hare finally bore bravely away. The dog in his eagerness turned a double somersault, and lost the scent, and the hare was gone. "A hare-breadth escape."—Yours, R. B.

Yonkers, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your youngsters may be interested in finding the solution of the problem which has puzzled mathematicians of all ages, viz., the Squaring of the Circle.—Yours truly, J. N.

My first is never square, but always round—
My second flew too near the sun, he found—
My third 's the rarest of all rarities—
My fourth to bring forth out of nothing is—
My fifth is shed on heroes by their deeds—
My sixth is due to good men of all creeds.

ANSWER.

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia, send the "Boy Trapper," the second volume of the "Boy Trapper" series. It continues the story begun in the first volume. The author is Harry Castlemon, and the story and pictures are calculated to interest boys in a wholesome way.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS. Houghton, Osgood & Co. This is another of the illustrated "Bodley" books by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It is, if possible, even better than its forerunners, in the way it is

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made and in its curious and charming cover. Besides its other good points, it has special local and historical interest; for it tells, in a bright and pleasant way, how the whole Bodley family cruised in a carry-all through Essex County, Massachusetts,—one of the parts earliest settled by the Puritans. It describes what the Bodleys saw and did, and the stirring tales and quaint anecdotes they heard concerning famous personages and places of old times and of to-day.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY sends:

"Guiding Lights," a small illustrated book by F. E. Cooke, telling in plain language the stories of the lives of Michael Angelo Buonarotti: Madame Guyon, the devout Frenchwoman; Martin Luther; and Frederick Perthes, the German bookseller and philanthropist;—four shining examples of true manhood and womanhood;—

"Heroes of Charity," by James F. Cobb, Fellow of the English Royal Geographical Society,—also an illustrated book of biographies. The men whose lives the volume records are John Howard, the prisoners' friend; Las Casas, the friend of the American Indians; Johannes Falk, the friend of poor children; Pestalozzi, the wonderful school-master; Baron de Montyon, the kind Frenchman; and Valentine Haüy, the friend of the blind. The reading matter in this book is clear and unpretentious, but the pictures are poor;—

"Champions of the Reformation," by Janet Gordon, Illustrated, gives in a simple, pleasant way the histories of eight worthies of the great Reformation;—

"Daisybank," by Joanna H. Mathews, illustrated, is an interesting story of a boy who got into trouble by mixing with evil companions;—

"Christmas Jack." By Rev Edward A. Rand. Illustrated. A pathetic temperance story;—

"Handsome Harry." By Sarah E. Chester. Illustrated. A pleasant and natural story of lively boys and girls, and how they grew to be handsome inwardly as well as outwardly;—

"Life and Adventures in Japan." By E. Warren Clark. Illustrated from original photographs, and with an outline map. This is a crisp, plain, and interesting account of varied life in Japan, by one who spent four years there, and used his eyes to good purpose.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 15, from James H. Slade, Jr., Anna R. Stratton, Ernest A. Munsell; Lewis G. and Bertie Davis; Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, "Princy," S. Norris Knapp, "N. E. W. S.;" Carrie and Mary F. Speiden; Emma Lathers, "R. N.," Geo. Houghton, "Nice Little Camerinos," Mina C. Packard, C. L. S. Tingley; Harry and Jack Bennett; Mary H. Bradley, Southwick C. Briggs, Maria Briggs, Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, Minnie Bissell, B. P. Emery, "Fritters No. 2," "Willowbrook," Neils E Hansen, Willie Gray, Dycie Warden, Julia Crafton, John V. L. Pierson, Charles H Stout, Irla Smith, "F. W.," Maud L. Smith, "Hard and Tough," Lulu Robert; "Dr. J. E Clark and Wife"; "Don Hippolite Lopez Pomposo and Signora Marie Baratta Morgani"; H. B. Ayres, Bessie Hard, Florence L. Turrill; David Phillips Hawkins and Lesh; "Ursino," J. Wade McGowin; "Litchfield, no name"; "Two Wills," Sarah Gallett, Emmy A. Leach, Kate Sampsen; Amy Z. Adams, Walter and Grant Squires, and "Mrs. Foulard and the lamented T. J."

Mamie E. Sumner, and "Bessie and her Cousin," answered correctly all the puzzles in the October number.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM a familiar proverb composed of twenty-six letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 13, 9, are plants with bitter juice. 2. My 5, 11, 10, is a division of land. 3. My 2, 6, 7, 8, has no end. 4. My 23, 24, 16, 17, is a troublesome insect. 5. My 20, 18, 21, 12, 15, is a bitter medicine. 6. My 14, 19, 22, 25, 26, is a fixed number of small articles.

G. Y. C.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. To weave. 2. A southern constellation containing nine stars. 3. A consonant. 4. Part of the human body. 5. Separated into blocks Diagonal, from left to right, downward: Uncovered. Diagonal, from right to left, reading downward: Arrows. Central, reading downward: A weapon.

CYRIL DEANE.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Find the names of two celebrated statesmen, represented by these pictures.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

IT was last year that Lena omitted her singing, as well as her drawing. She became deaf, and the glint of the light hurt her eyes. So they had to let her teacher,—Maria,—go. But, before she went, they had a sail, or rather a row, together, after which Maria left to teach a young Italian.

In the above sentences are concealed seven words, meaning: 1. The world. 2. A Scripture name 3. Used for lighting. 4. Scraped linen used in dressing wounds. 5. A Shakspearean character. 6. A mariner. 7. Dried grass.

The initials and finals of these words name the chronicles of a certain nation.

STALLKNECHT.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND, reading across: 1. In imprimatur. 2. A house of entertainment. 3 To bury. 4. What everything is at first. 5. In Merovingian.

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND, reading across: 1. In antediluvian. 2. Fear. 3. String. 4. What everything must have. 5. In amber.

THE CENTRALS, connected, form one word, reading across, meaning, to connect by weaving together.

R. A.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pencil, but not in slate.
My second is in post, but not in gate.
My third is in sun and also in sunder.
My fourth is in silent and also in thunder.
My fifth is in John, but not in Frank.
My sixth is in office, but not in bank.
My seventh is in friend and also in foe.
My eighth is in high, but not in low.
My ninth is in cane, but not in staff.
My tenth is in wheat, but not in chaff.
My whole is a very useful thing.
It serves the poor man and it serves the king.
'T is sought by all, girl, boy and man.
Now guess this riddle; that is,—if you can!

MAMIE L. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AFTER feeding the 1, 6, 7, the 5, 3, 9 killed a 4, 8, 2, and, taking a gun, went to the mountain in search of a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 for dinner.

ISOLA.

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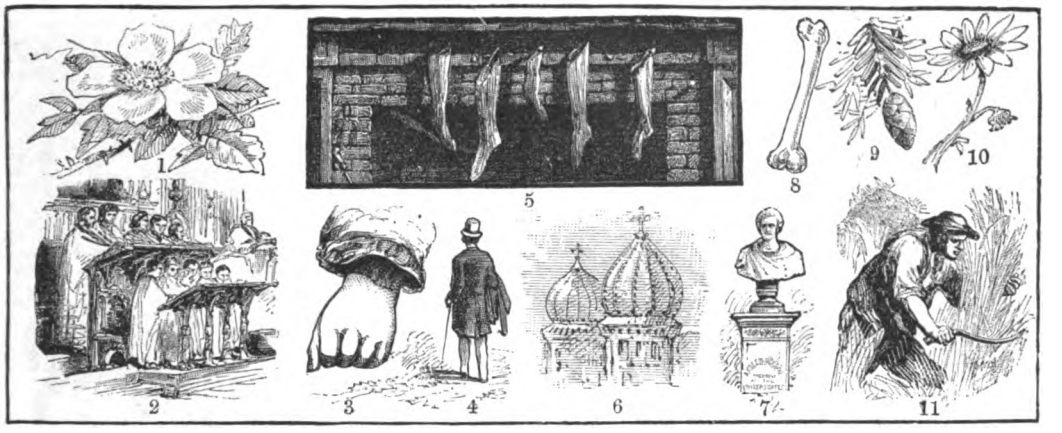
PICTORIAL CONCEALED-WORD PUZZLE.

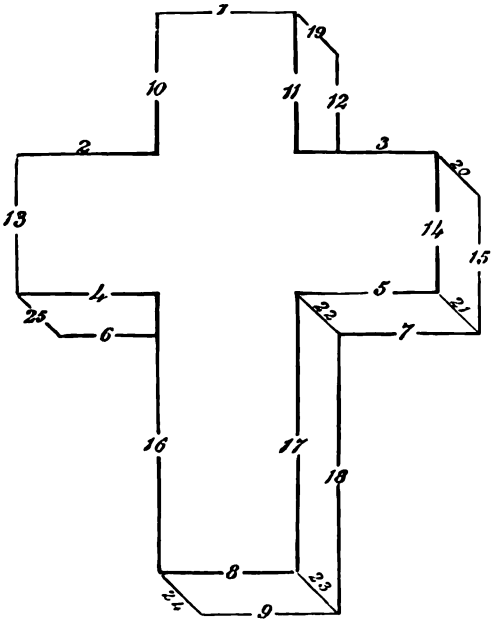


This picture is a Concealed-Word puzzle. It represents the second line of a familiar Christmas couplet, which line gives one good reason for being merry at Christmas time. In the order indicated by the numerals, write eleven words descriptive of the eleven pictures. The letters of any one word of the answer may not fall all together, without intervening letters or spaces, but, if the right descriptive words have been written, the letters of the answer will be found concealed in proper succession among the eleven descriptive words.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SET of bells. 2. Integrity of character. 3. To make oneself liable to. 4. A small gnawing animal. 5. Wandered from duty. A.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS.



THE horizontal words in this cross have five letters each, except number 6, which has three. Of the perpendiculars, 16, 17, 18 have ten letters each, number 12 has three. All other perpendiculars have five letters each; the slanting words have three.

The meanings of the words are: 1. A wanderer. 2. To aim. 3. To hesitate. 4. A bird. 5. A color. 6. An animal. 7. A time of darkness. 8. To tend. 9. To intimidate. 10. A tale. 11. A Biblical king. 12. A jewel. 13. An organ of the body. 14. To exercise controlling influence. 15. A fish. 16. A scientific person. 17. A kind of dog. 18. Lowest. 19. An animal. 20. An animal. 21. A kind of fruit. 22. To execrate. 23. A point used in writing. 24. A boy's nickname. 25. A part of the body. "GREENE HORNE."

CHARADE.

MOTHER was making my *first* for Johnny, Johnny was doing some *second* for Sally, and Sally was making some *whole* for mother.

L. E.

EASY METAGRAM.

1. BEHEAD a kind of rod, and leave a person given to unlawful arts. 2. Syncopate and transpose the person, and leave a small portion. 3. Transpose the portion and leave a part of speech. 4. Curtail the part of speech, and leave a man of genius. 5. Behead the man of genius, and leave a pronoun. 6. Curtail the pronoun, and leave a Roman numeral.

A PROVERB IN CIPHER.

IN this problem, the letters A and B are the same in the common alphabet and in the cipher key. Of the other letters, T in the cipher stands for S of the alphabet and the cipher O means the alphabet W. The cipher words have the same number of letters as are in the words to which they correspond, and they occur in the order of the words of the proverb. The proverb is a common one, and applies to the solving of such puzzles as this. Here it is in cipher: "IOG EDACT AUD BDIIDU IEAF GFD."

CENTRAL DELETIONS.

(For older puzzlers.)

IN each of the following examples, remove the middle letter of the word first described, in order to form the second. The letters that have been taken away, when arranged in order as they come, will spell a Latin word, meaning "little grape," used in English writing as the name of a part of the human throat.

1. Publicly liked: a tree. 2. A scene of great, perhaps free, enjoyment; a kind of dance. 3. Color; male. 4. A name of a sea-port of the United States of Colombia; an animal that climbs trees. 5. A country of Europe: to turn.

Y. E.

RHOMBOID DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

—A—A—
—A—A—
—A—A—
—A—A—
—A—A—

FILL the blanks of the rhomboid with letters which, with the vowels given, will form words having the following meanings:

Across: 1. Destructive. 2. A girl's name meaning, "princess." 3. Intrigue. 4. Pertaining to the foundation. 5. Native.

Down: 1. A sign in printed music. 2. A word meaning "like;" also a Roman weight of twelve ounces. 3. A word used in old law to signify a customary payment of tenants. 4. A native of Arabia. 5. A Scripture name of a man, meaning "white." 6. A verb, and a vowel. 7. An abbreviation of a geographical term. 8. The tone A. 9. A part of a house of certain form.

H. H. D.

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NEW-DOLLAR PUZZLE.

The central picture shows the face or obverse of the new silver dollar, the coining of which was authorized by the Congress of 1878.

Find the word represented by each of the seventeen pictures, not counting the dollar. The numeral beneath each picture denotes the number of letters contained in the word for which the picture stands. When all the words have been found, re-arrange their letters so as to form twenty-six other words, of four letters each, representing twenty-six things on the face of the new dollar: thus, "head," "face," etc. (The word "eyes" would not do, as only one eye is seen.) It will aid in the solving of this puzzle to look at the face of a real new dollar.

W. H. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE RHYMING PUZZLE.—

First Verse.	Second Verse.	Third Verse.
Ace — each.	Eels — roll.	In — Rip.
Lace — reach.	Reels — troll.	Sin — trip.
Place — breach.	Creels — stroll.	Tsin — strip.

Fourth Verse.	Fifth Verse.
Ear — end.	Ripe — ream.
Hear — rend.	Tripe — cream.
Shear — trend.	Stripe — scream.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—Across: 1. Part. 2. Meet. 3. Deer. 4. Maid.

WHAT IS IT?—Whales, Wails, Wales.

CHANGED FINALS.—1. Alice; Alick. 2. Salem; sales. 3. Store; stork. 4. Stall; stalk. 5. Pine; pink. 6. Plan; play. 7. Shot; shod. 8. Clap; clam.

DIAMOND.—Across: 1. W. 2. Cam. 3. Caret. 4. Warbler. 5. Melon. 6. Ten. 7. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Founders; four ends. 2. Boasts; sabots. 3. Sent four; fortunes. 4. Mediations; no, it aids me. 5. I sold; solid. 6. Dames; meads. 7. Village; all give 8. Scorn a; acorns. 9. Cautioned; education. 10. In dreams I; meridians. 11. O, I can shout; Housatonic.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Shoewaecaemette Rowing Club.

TWO EASY DOUBLE SQUARE-WORDS.—Across: I. 1. What 2. Rare. 3. Even. 4. Neat. II. 1. Star. 2. Name. 3. Omen. 4. Wend.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Wellington.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Diamond: 1. ADa. 2. sIr. 3. cAt. 4. AMy. 5. rOd. 6. aNd. 7. aDd.

DROP-LETTER REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.—Across: 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. Dewed. 4. Wed. 5. D. ENCLOSED SQUARE: Across; 1. Dew. 2. Ewe 3. Wed.

FRAME PUZZLE.—Horizontals: Prodigious, broadsword. Perpendiculars: Bloodstone, troubadour.

CHARADE.—Crow's-feet.

SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Feast, feat. 2. Pilot, plot. 3. Broom, boom. 4. Wrist, writ. 5. Coral, coal. 6. Spine, sine. 7. Sable, sale. 8. Steer, seer.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Across: 1. M. 2. Boa. 3. Moose. 4. Ash. 5. E.

EASY RHYMED REBUS FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.—

Four lines that are easy and wise,
Here are placed before your eyes,
All means you see of learning seize,
Be kind and mind you do not tease.
Find useful ways your time to use,
Attend well to your P's and Q's.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—1. Love's Labor's Lost. 2. All's well that ends well. 3. Timon of Athens. 4. Much ado about nothing. 5. Romeo and Juliet. 6. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 7. Midsummer-Night's Dream. 8. As you like it. 9. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

For the names of the solvers of October puzzles, see "Letter-Box," page 142.

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Monsieur Royer.

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THE SISTERS.

[FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM PAGE.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1879. No. 3.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE "JETTIE."

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Two hundred winters' snowing,
Two hundred summers' glowing
  Had passed on Bearcamp River;
And, between its flood-torn shores,
Sped by sail or urged by oars
  No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding
To the dull axe Time is wielding,
  The shy mink and the otter,
And golden leaves and red,
By countless autumns shed,
  Had floated down its water.

From the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
Came a skilled sea-faring man,
  With his dory, to the right place;
Over hill and plain he brought her,
Where the boatless Bearcamp water
  Comes winding down from White-Face.

Quoth the skipper: "Ere she floats forth,
I'm sure my pretty boat 's worth
  At least, a name as pretty."
On her painted side he wrote it,
And the flag that o'er her floated
  Bore aloft the name of "Jettie."

On a radiant morn of summer,
Elder guest and latest comer
  Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;
Heard the name the skipper gave her,
And the answer to the favor
  From the Bay State's graceful daughter.

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Then, a singer, richly gifted,
Her charmèd voice uplifted;
  And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow,
Listened, dumb with envious pain,
To the clear and sweet refrain
  Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,
And from off the shelving shore,
  Glided out the strange explorer;
Floating on, she knew not whither,—
The tawny sands beneath her,
  The blue sky bending o'er her.

Amid the tangling cumber
And pack of mountain lumber
  That spring floods downward force,
Over sunken snag, and bar
Where the grating shallows are,
  The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,
Around the vine-hung islands,
  She plowed her crooked furrow;
And the rippling and the paddling
Sent the river-perch skedaddling
  And the musk-rat to his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,
Every sage and grave pearl-grower
  Shut his rusty valves the tighter;
Crow called to crow complaining,
And old tortoises sat craning
  Their leathern necks to sight her.

On she glided, overladen,
With merry man and maiden
  Sending back their song and laughter,—
While, perchance, a phantom crew,
In a ghostly birch canoe,
  Paddled dumb and swiftly after!

And the bear on Ossipee
Climbed the topmost crag to see
  The strange thing drifting under;
And, through the haze of August,
Passaconaway and Paugus
  Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung
In mimic sea-tones sung
  The song familiar to her;
And the maples leaned to screen her,
And the meadow-grass grew greener,
  And the breeze more soft to woo her.

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The lone stream mystery-haunted,
To her the freedom granted
  To scan its every feature,
Till new and old were blended,
And round them both extended
  The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel
Henceforth is part and parcel;
  And on Bearcamp shall her log
Be kept, as if by George's
Or Grand Menàn, the surges
  Tossed her skipper through the fog.

And I, who, half in sadness,
Recall the morning gladness
  Of life, at evening time,
By chance, onlooking idly,
Apart from all so widely,
  Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence
Of song and laugh, in distance;
  Alone with me remaining
The stream, the quiet meadow,
The hills in shine and shadow,
  The somber pines complaining.

And, musing here, I dream
Of voyagers on a stream
  From whence is no returning,

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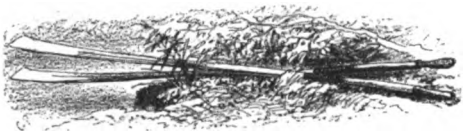
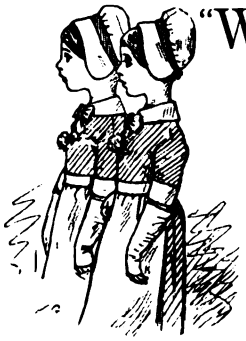
Under sealèd orders going,
Looking forward little knowing,
  Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture
The port of peace may enter,
  That, safe from snag and shoal
And siren-haunted islet,
And rock, the Unseen Pilot
  May guide them to their goal.



CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

BY N. D'ANVERS.



"WELL, Leonard, I hope you 'll answer next time, that 's all! Here have I been shouting, 'Leonard, Leonard,' and you take no more notice than if a mouse had squeaked. Too much liberty to call such a young swell as you 've become, 'Leonard,' I suppose; we outsiders must n't speak so familiarly to a choir-boy of St. Botolph's!"

A long speech, surely, for one boy to make to another without eliciting any response; but then, Leonard Layton, or "Double L," as he was sometimes called by his school-fellows, was at this moment absorbed in a dream of such exquisite delight that I don't think he would have stirred if a cannon had been discharged beneath the window at which he sat. In reality, he was but a charity boy, wearing the quaint costume, since abandoned, which distinguished him as one of the Aldersgate Ward scholars; in the imaginary land, however, to which the little fellow had blissfully wandered, he was already a successful musician, standing before an orchestra of his own training, leading that orchestra with his magic wand to higher and yet higher triumphs. The first step to that great result had been taken not very long ago by my hero's admission to the choir of the church attended by the school to which he belonged.

But Leonard woke from his reverie with a start, and, turning his flushed face and bright blue eyes on the speaker, he said, with a smile which would have disarmed a less partial observer than his brother:

"Well, Harry, what 's the row now?"

"The row is," answered Harry, laying a big brown hand on Leonard's blue serge jacket, "that the choice is made, and I 've been all over the place to look for you, and when I find you, I bawl at you for half an hour, without ——"

"Oh, Harry," interrupted Leonard, eagerly, "am I? am I ——?"

"Yes, you 're chosen fast enough; old Compton fixed on you the very first, though how any fellow could pass *me* over and take you is beyond my comprehension entirely, and no mistake. Now Layton, junior, I put it to you ——"

"Oh, don't, Harry; don't humbug about it!" exclaimed Leonard; "you know you never really wanted to be in; you 've often said you 're sick of it all, and glad your voice is cracked, so that they can't have you. Besides, how you 'd tower above all us little fellows! The street boys would laugh as you went in. You remember how they shouted 'For children only!' when Smith went in at the door last year. You told me about it yourself."

"All 's well that ends well," laughed Harry; "and

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now I've told you my news, let's hear what you were dreaming about when I came in. I do wish, Len, you'd come out and have a jolly good fling between whiles; no wonder you get called a milk-sop; and where'll be the good of mother having got you in here if you go and be ill?"

"I sha' n't do that, old fellow; no fear of that. Harry, I must tell you, or I shall burst with thinking. It haunts me all through everything. I think of it in school in play-time, most of all in church; it mixes itself up with the psalms and comes into the sermon."

"What does the boy mean?" cried Harry.

"Don't laugh, Harry," said Leonard, getting up and walking backward and forward with his hands clasped behind his head. "Harry," he added, stopping suddenly before his brother, "it's music that's haunting me; not music generally, but *one piece of music;* it's been there ever since that day in the country; you remember? Everything we saw there—the river, the trees, the rocks, the birds, even the boys have somehow put themselves into music in my head, and I can't get it out. I've no voice for it."

"No voice—you've got the best voice in the whole school," answered Harry, with a schoolboy's literalness; "and you'll blossom into a public singer yet; if that's what you mean, though how any fellow can like a bowing and scraping life, when he might——"

"I don't mean that; I don't mean that!" exclaimed Leonard, his color rising painfully at his brother's evident incapacity to understand him. "I mean I have never learned how to write music; to give expression to——"

"Never learned to write music? Why, any fool could imitate the crabbed characters you singing fellows are so fond of. I would n't break my heart about such a trifle as that, Len, if I were you."

Leonard sighed and was about to speak when the brothers' interview was broken in upon by the entrance of some of their school-fellows, and a few minutes later a bell summoned all the boys to study.

But even reading, writing and arithmetic, the rudiments of geography and history, the dry bones, as it were, of learning, which made up the whole course of education in the Aldersgate Ward, failed this afternoon to chase away the happy expression which the good news had brought to Leonard's face; and in the delight of practicing under a skillful teacher the beautiful music to be performed on Children's Day at St. Paul's, he forgot for a time even the haunting melodies which had sprung from the last great treat he had enjoyed.

The first meeting for practice in St. Sepulchre's Church, Newgate, when a kind of foretaste of the great day had been given to the children, had seemed to Leonard simply perfect, and though he was himself unconscious of it, his voice had more than once rung out in his exultation above that of his companions, and attracted the notice alike of the leader of the little singers and of some visitors in the gallery. Already, had he but known it, he had taken the second step toward the goal on which he had set his heart; but before I go on with his story I must pause for one moment to explain how a boy of evidently gentle nurture came to be growing up in a London ward school as a pauper scholar.

THE BEADLE.

Leonard had passed the whole of his young life in the heart of the city. His mother, the widow of a curate, had supported her two boys as best she could with her needle, until her painful struggle had attracted the notice of a distant relative of her husband, who had obtained the admission of both boys into the school where we first saw them. That poor Mrs. Layton was grateful, most grateful, for the timely help, none who had known of her previous despair could doubt, but neither did she ever see her sons in their charity garb or

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amongst their humble companions without a sigh from the very bottom of her heart for what might have been had their poor father lived. Harry, born before his parents' troubles began, when life seemed to them full of all manner of beautiful possibilities, had inherited his father's originally robust constitution and happy disposition; whilst Leonard, four years younger than Harry,—a little sister between them having died when he was a baby,—had grown up in an atmosphere of privation which could not but materially affect both his health and his character. In every lot, however, those who are not willfully blind may recognize how tenderly the all-wise Father provides for his children some compensation for their sufferings; and if Leonard was physically the inferior of Harry, he was far superior to him in intellect, in imagination, and in a certain nameless purity of mind which insensibly leavened all who came under his influence. Frail as he was, and by his peculiarities presenting many a vulnerable spot for ridicule, Leonard was never bullied, and, in his presence, the coarse oaths which are, alas, so often thought manly by English boys, were never heard. Very eager had been the competition amongst the Aldersgate boys for the honor of being one of those chosen to join in the annual festival at St. Paul's, yet none had grudged Leonard his place in the proud ranks of the "trebles."

The very eve of the festival had arrived. Again Leonard was sitting on his favorite bench, apparently looking just as before on his school-fellows at play; but, in reality, trying to picture the scene in which he should play his part on the morrow.

SINGING IN TUNE.

But, again, my hero's reverie was interrupted, not this time by Harry, but by the entrance of one of the masters into the school-room.

"Ah! Leonard," said he, "will you take this note for me to its address? It is not a long walk, or I would not ask it of you."

Leonard instantly consented and set out. It was not a long walk; but, unfortunately, our hero fell into one of his reveries and lost his way. It was late; the neighborhood in which he found himself, at last, was new to him, and the people in the streets were rough and surly. He was in a bad quarter of the town, and we know not what would have become of him, if he had not fallen in with a little girl—a ragged little girl, but a kind-hearted one—who led him to the address he was seeking. As they walked along together, he told her of the approaching Children's Day at St. Paul's, and of the part he was to take in the ceremonies. Katie, that was her name, was wild to see and hear it all. But how? Leonard could see no plan by which such a ragged little creature could get a place in St. Paul's.

LEONARD.

The next day he told the master of the incident.

"Oh, sir!" cried the enthusiastic Leonard, "she was so kind to me, and took so much trouble to show me the way! Can't you get her a place to see us in the cathedral; that's what she'd like. 'I'd give my head and ears to be there,' she said."

"I am afraid I can't do that," said Mr. Dawson, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm, "unless——by the way, some one said——how big is Katie? You know Lucy Green? She was to have been one of the girls; she's sprained her foot. There's no one else of her size to go; now if Katie could——"

"I understand, sir!" cried Leonard, clapping his hands. "You mean if Katie could wear Lucy's dress she could go instead. Oh, it's the very, very thing. Mother would manage it. Oh, sir, I may go now and fetch Katie?"

"No, leave that to me," said Mr. Dawson, adding, almost to himself, "I'll arrange it with the mistress." Then, aloud, "You must go now, Leonard. Look out for Katie among the girls."

But, to return to Katie herself. Whilst Leonard, converted by his mother's rapid and almost magic manipulation from a jaded, shabby child, into a fresh-looking, gentlemanly boy, is sharing with his school-fellows the hot rolls and coffee which are to fortify them for their perambulation of the parish before the ceremony itself, Katie is enduring such a prinking at the hands of an assistant mistress as she had never even imagined in her worst nightmare. She felt, she expressed to Leonard afterwards, as if she was being "made over again," and certainly the result justified her somewhat

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strong expression. Look at the little procession starting from the school and see if you can make out which is Katie. But, as you are not likely to find out Katie for yourselves, I will tell you in a whisper that she is on the right, near the top of the steps, and close to the girl who is looking at her with wide open mouth, saying, perhaps, "And who are you?"

LEAVING THE SCHOOL.

And Leonard! I must give you a special portrait of him now. See him pinched into a coat a little small for him, with his solemn, happy face, all the happier for the remembrance of the anxieties passed and the thought of the joy which has sprung for Katie out of the troubles in which she has shared. And now look at these other boys from another part of the city, and read in their dear, prim little heads, rising from their prim little costumes, the good results of the annual "redding up" to which they have been subjected. Surely these boys have never cuffed each other, shirked their lessons, used bad language, or cheated at marbles, or if they ever have, they never will again!

But it is half-past ten, and with one accord the processions are starting on the perambulations or walking round of their parishes. We will not follow them all the way, but join them again as they file into St. Paul's Church-yard, a little hot and dusty, perhaps, but still buoyed up by a sense of the delights before them, and of their own exceptional importance; even the much dreaded beadles, who know how to rap the knuckles of restless boys with such terrible effect, wear beneficent expressions. Now I don't think, do you? that the one whose portrait we give would have the heart to turn Katie out, if he should learn of that little goat's presence among the lambs.

With what wondering eyes Katie stared about her in St. Paul's Church-yard! Where could all

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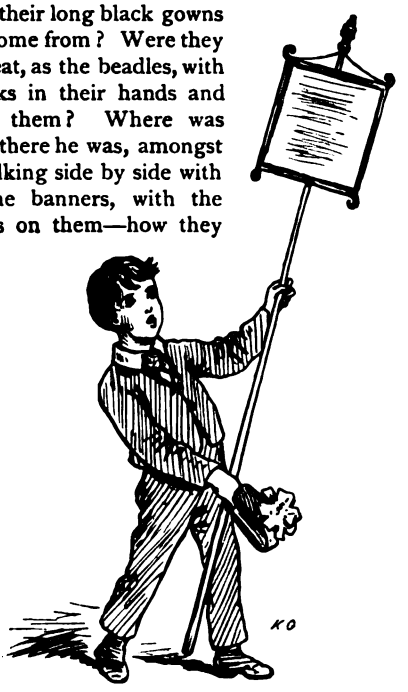
these grand men, in their long black gowns and tall hats, have come from? Were they greater, or not so great, as the beadles, with the heavy gold sticks in their hands and the gold all about them? Where was Leonard now? Oh, there he was, amongst a stream of boys walking side by side with the girls. And the banners, with the names of the schools on them—how they fluttered in the wind! If it was so beautiful outside, what would it be in the cathedral itself? Katie's heart beat very fast as her turn came to be ushered up the steps by a beadle, with a very imposing wand of office in his hand. Suppose at the last moment she should be turned back?



THE STANDARD BEARER.

But Katie needed not to be afraid. The dreaded beadle even smiled at her, as he met the sweet wonder in her eyes for a moment, and, re-assured by that smile, Katie drew a long breath of relief. The next moment she was in the beautiful cathedral, already apparently full to overflowing with children and spectators. Katie gave one long, wondering look around, and then she stopped, and dropped the flowers she held, causing a momentary pause in the procession.

"Pick up your flowers and move on, stupid!" whispered the rather ill-natured girl with whom the little intruder was walking; and, with a face covered with blushes, Katie obeyed.

She did not drop her flowers again, but did her best to imitate her companions. When she stood beneath the dome, and saw the tiers of seats some already occupied, others waiting for the arrival of the schools to which they were allotted, Katie hardly could restrain her emotion; but she managed to remain outwardly calm. Her seat happened to be low down and to face the choir, so that she could see the east window, the clergy in their stalls, and—what she liked still better—the little boys in their white surplices in the choir. Imitating the action of the other girls as they took their places, our little Katie hid her face in her apron for a few moments, scarcely knowing why she did it. The poor child had never learned to pray, and yet I think that the wish that went up from her little heart to be always neat like this, was almost a prayer. Dimly and vaguely the new sights and sounds about her were awaking new ambitions in our Katie, who never could, after this wonderful day, be content again with the dirt and squalor of the court in which she lived.

The prayer over, the white aprons smoothed down over the knees, and the mittened hands folded upon them, the children were free to gaze about them a little, before service began. Katie, searching for Leonard with eager eyes, was at first greatly

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attracted by two little girls amongst the visitors,—their portraits are given you on the next page,—who were the daughters—though this Katie did not know—of one of the city dignitaries, sitting in grand state robes near the Lord Mayor, toward the center of the floor. Are these little girls, in the strangely shaped hats which were then coming into fashion again, any prettier than some of the charity girls, in their funny mob-caps? I scarcely think they are; do you?

Just as the vast congregation rises to begin the service, Katie catches sight of the banner belonging to Leonard's school, far, far up above her head on the right. Her eager look of recognition contrasts very pleasantly with the rather weary expression of some of the more experienced singers. Many eyes are turned to look at two fine little singers, whose voices come in sweetly toward the close of the chorus,—yet one looks abstracted, and the other is half asleep. The advantages the latter has had, if they have taught her to join so correctly in the Hundredth Psalm, perhaps deprive her of a certain sense of novelty, which shines in many of the other young faces. To Katie, all is unmingled delight; the very notes of her companion's voice are to her a sweet and holy surprise, for never before has she heard the wonderful, wonderful harmonies of this mighty chorus. But because the girls, in their quaint and many-colored costumes, are prettier than the more soberly dressed boys, I must not show unfair partiality for them. I must leave Katie to stare about her, and listen in wondering astonishment to the music, to return to Leonard, who, perched up in rather an awkward position for seeing anything above him, yet scarcely once looked down, and had not even thought of Katie. His whole soul seemed to go up with the music, and he found himself wondering that it did not lift up the dome and escape back to heaven, from where, he felt, it surely must have come. If I followed him through the whole service, you would be as tired as I fear many of the little ones who had entered the cathedral so happily were, long long before it was over. I have to tell you, instead, of rather a sad conclusion to Leonard's part in the performance, and for this you must imagine all the prayers to be over and the sermon to have begun.

The text was very suitable for the young audience, to whom the sermon was specially addressed. It was, "Be thou faithful over a few things," and both the children in whom you and I are interested were able to take in fully all that the preacher said. Katie's attention, it is true, often wandered; how could it be otherwise in such an unfamiliar scene? but Leonard listened, eagerly hoping, in his innocent, childish way, that he had been faithful over the few things trusted to him. But why did the preacher's head begin to bob up and down?—were the girls pelting him with their bouquets of flowers? Surely not. Leonard looked down upon the long circles of white linen mob-caps beneath him. Why were they whirling round and round? Was the cathedral moving, or what? The dome, too, as he turned his eyes toward it, was spinning. Leonard, frightened, giddy, scarcely knowing where he was, flung his arms up above his head and fell heavily forward upon the shoulder of the boy in front of him.

There was a stir amongst the boys which spread from their ranks to those of the girls beneath, and thence to the visitors on the floor. What Leonard had fancied, was partly coming true; the mob-

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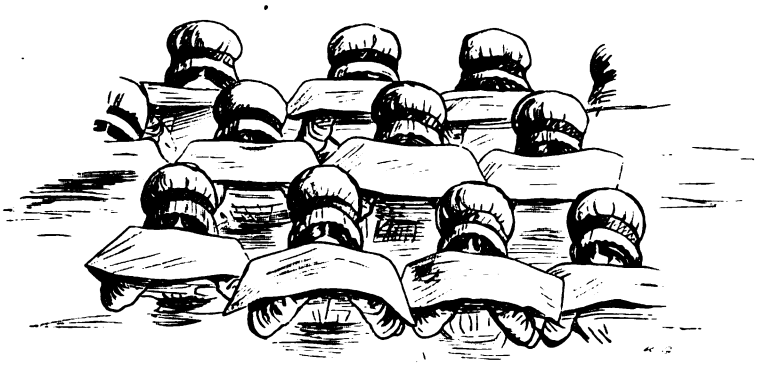

AT PRAYERS.

caps, if not the preacher's head, were bobbing up and down. Leonard did not see the real thing, though. He was lifted tenderly in Mr. Dawson's arms, and by him carried down between the cords strained from the highest to the lowest tiers of seats, marking off the spaces assigned to particular schools.

When Mr. Dawson reached the floor with his unconscious burden, he was met by a beadle who whispered: "Let me take him, sir; where does he live? I'll see him safe home." Mr. Dawson gave Mrs. Layton's address, and Leonard, still unconscious, was carried out of the cathedral, past the conductor and visitors, every one turning to look with sympathy at his white face resting against the coat of the resplendently attired beadle. The conductor, who, you remember, had been struck by Leonard's voice in St. Sepulchre's Church, saw him carried past and determined to find out all about him when he was released from the cathedral.

THE DIGNITARY'S DAUGHTERS.

Katie, when she saw that the child who had fallen was Leonard, could scarcely restrain herself from running out after him. Not one word more of the sermon did she hear, and when it was over and the Hallelujah chorus begun, she started up with a low cry of relief, which, fortunately, perhaps, for her, was drowned in the burst of music. Katie ever after associated the beautiful chorus with the pain she felt on this occasion, as being still unable to follow Leonard. When at last the signal for leaving the cathedral came, her companion had really every excuse for eager injunctions to Katie to behave herself.

Back again in Aldersgate Ward, Katie, scarcely to her regret, was compelled to resume her rags, and she was bounding away in them toward Mrs. Layton's lodgings when she met Harry coming to seek her. Leonard was better, was asking for her. And "Oh, Katie," added Harry as she trotted beside him, scarcely able to keep up with his long strides, "there's such news! The conductor has been to inquire about him, and he's going to take him for his own pupil when he is better, and Mr. Dawson is there; he has seen mother alone and she won't tell me what he said."

But Katie cared nothing about Mr. Dawson; why should she? As she stood beside Léonard lying back on the slippery horse-hair sofa pale and exhausted, but with a smile of intense interest upon his lips, her little heart was full. Must she go back now, after this peep into a world of love and music, to the squalor and turmoil of the court? "Katie, come here," said Mrs. Layton, seeing the tears ready to fall from the bright blue eyes, "tell me how you would like to stay with me and be my little companion; Leonard is going away from me to the other side of London, and ——"

"Yes, Katie!" cried Leonard sitting up and holding out his hand, "and you can have my little attic and my bed, and I shall see you sometimes. Oh, Katie, is n't it glorious?"

"Glorious, indeed!" echoed Harry; "though how a fellow 's to do without you at that stupid old school is more than this fellow, for one, can tell."

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But the great day is over, and we must say good-bye to those with whom we have shared its mingled pain and joy. You would like to know what became of them all afterward, you say; and, as a little bird has told me something, I will pass it on to you. Let us fancy we are standing again at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, sixteen years after the "Children's Day" when Katie and Leonard took part in the procession. See, there is the conductor, hurrying in to arrange his music before the arrival of the children. He is a tall, slim man, with blue eyes. Is there not something familiar about him? Can it be Leonard? See him turn and smile, before he disappears in the cathedral! Yes, it is the very smile which went to Katie's heart so many years ago. And now the crowd is thickening. Again the boys are filing up. so like, and yet so different, from those we watched so long ago. The knee-breeches are gone. The all-invading trousers have replaced them. There is nothing very distinctive now, even about the banner-bearers of the wards. But here come the girls, they are not changed, the mob-caps, the white aprons and the long white gloves might be the very same as those worn by Katie and her companions. Do we see no familiar faces amongst them? No, not one. But who is that fair young mistress speaking to a beadle in the distance? Can it be Katie herself? Yes, it is Katie, and if we could follow her to her lodgings after she has taken her little charges back to Aldersgate Ward, we should see what a cozy little home she has made there for her poor old mother.

NEAR THE END OF THE SINGING. [PAGE 153.]

And Harry and Mrs. Layton, where are they? Harry is tossing about in a ship on the Atlantic, Mrs. Layton is waiting in her pretty little house near London for Leonard's return home. She has a delightful letter from Harry that she is eager to share with her younger son.

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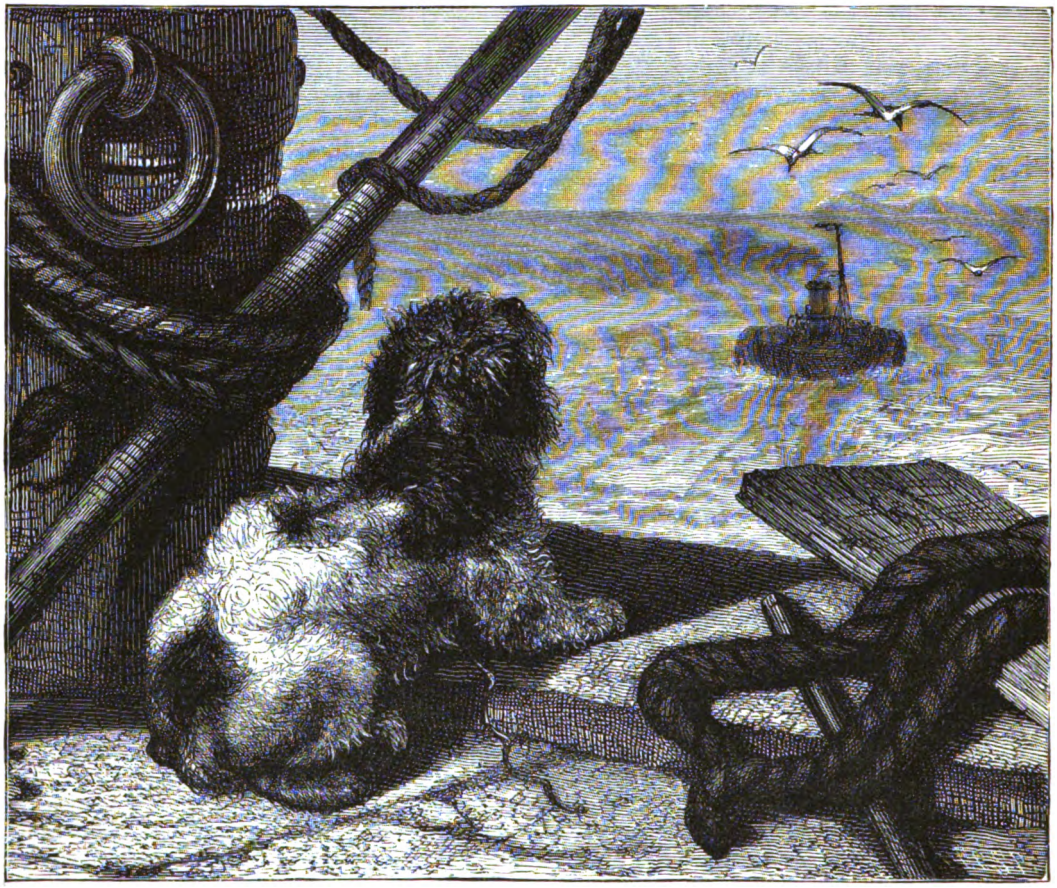

LEFT BEHIND.

WHAT SHALL HE DO WITH HER?

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THIS is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat had n't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cats. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China",—a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said

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that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her all together. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail, that is, a kind of place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there was n't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor another; and I cannot make out whether she is a rabbit trying to be a cat, or a cat trying to be a rabbit. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur,—a most pleasing color,—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty face. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing off all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all,—only to escape from it for the moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning" and entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she was n't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed,—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her,—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail, enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarreling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms did n't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Gone, after weeks of patient watching, watering, and anxious expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now, does n't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? This is one thing I want to know.

There came once to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it did n't matter if it had no tail, that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children of ST. NICHOLAS is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, nor sell her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?

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HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.

CHAPTER VI.

"WE never can be jollier than this!" cried Lilla, in an irrepressible burst of enjoyment. "Oh, that it might last forever, and that seminaries for young ladies might be turned into zoölogical gardens! Then we could keep house here forever and take tea with Miss Mirandy every week, if she asked us. What a good supper that was, girls!! Oh, Belle and Jo, you ought to be overcome with remorse when you think what you might give us to eat, if you were only energetic and ingenious!"

"You're the very essence of thanklessness!" answered Belle, in high dudgeon. "It's just a fiery martyrdom to cook for you, girls, you are so ungrateful!"

"My dear child, I'm sorry for my remark," said Lilla, with sweet repentance. "It was very thoughtless in me to rouse your anger until after the next meal. Any impertinence of ours is sure to be visited upon us in the form of oatmeal mush, or salt fish and crackers."

"Lilla Porter, if you 'want to be an angel,' it would be better to draw your thoughts away from eatables for a time. You talk entirely too much about food to be elegant," said Edith Lambert. "When you are through with your nonsense, I have something to propose for our final 'good time.' We've only four days, it's true, 'and pity 't is 't is true;' but we must go away with flying colors, and astonish the natives with our genius. Now I——"

"Si-lence in court!" cried Jo, impressively. "Let me offer you the coal-hod for a platform; it wont tip over. Go on, you look as dignified as a policeman."

"Stop your nonsense, Jo. You remember, Belle, the time at school when we made a comic pantomime of 'Young Lochinvar,' and acted it before the professors?"

"Indeed I do," laughed Belle, in recollection. "We girls took all the characters. What fun it was!"

"Well, why can't we do that again, changing and improving it, of course? Our boys are so clever and bright about anything of the kind, they would be irresistibly funny. What do you think?"

"I like the idea," answered Sadie Weld. "Uncle Harry's large hall would be just the place for it, and the stage is already there."

"Yes," proceeded Allie; "we can't think of anything that would be greater fun. How shall we cast the characters? You must be the bride,

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Belle, the 'fair Ellen;' you will do it better than anybody. Jo will make up into the funniest old lady for a mother, and the rest of us can be the bride-maidens. Hugh Pennell will be a glorious Young Lochinvar, if he can be persuaded to run away with Belle."

"Yes," said Edith, "and poor Jack will have to be the 'craven bridegroom' who loses his bride, and Geoff, the 'stern parient.'"

"Uncle Harry will read the poem, I know," continued Belle; "Phil Howard, Royal Lawrence and Harry will be bride-men. We 'll perform the piece in such a tragic way that each separate hair in the audience shall stand erect."

"But, oh the work, girls!" sighed Sadie,—"wooden horses to be made for the elopement scene, Scottish dresses, and all sorts of toggery to be hunted up; can we ever do it?"

"Nonsense; of course we can," rejoined Belle, energetically. "We can consult every book on private theatricals, Scottish history, manners and costumes in the house. Let us get up at five to-morrow morning, have a simple breakfast of ——"

"Mush and milk," finished Lilla, with grim sarcasm. "If time must be saved, of course it must come out of the cooking! How are we to do all this amount of work on a low diet I'd like to know?"

"How are the cooks to get time for anything outside the kitchen if they humor your unnatural appetite? Out of kindness, we are going to lower you gradually, meal by meal, into the pit of boarding-school fare."

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I don't care to be starved beforehand by way of getting used to it," retorted Lilla, as she lighted the bedroom candles. "Come, girls, do put out the fire; it was sleepy-time an hour ago, and if you want to see something beautiful, look out through this piazza window."

Beneath them lay the steep river-bank, smooth with its white glittering crust, above which a few naked alders pushed their snow-weighted finger-tips; one rugged old pine-tree in the garden, standing grand, solemn and fearless; the quiet river, turned by King Winter into an icy mirror; the fall below, over which the waters tumbled too furiously to be frozen; the old bridge knitting together the two little villages; and over all the dazzling winter moonlight.

Six dreamy faces now at the cottage-window. Six girlish figures, all drawn closely together, with arms lovingly clasped. The beautiful, solemn stillness of the picture hushed them into quietness, and Belle impulsively bent her brown head down to the window-sill, and whispered softly:

"Dear Lord, make us pure and white within as thy world is without."

"Pull down the curtain," sighed Jo; "it makes me feel wicked!"

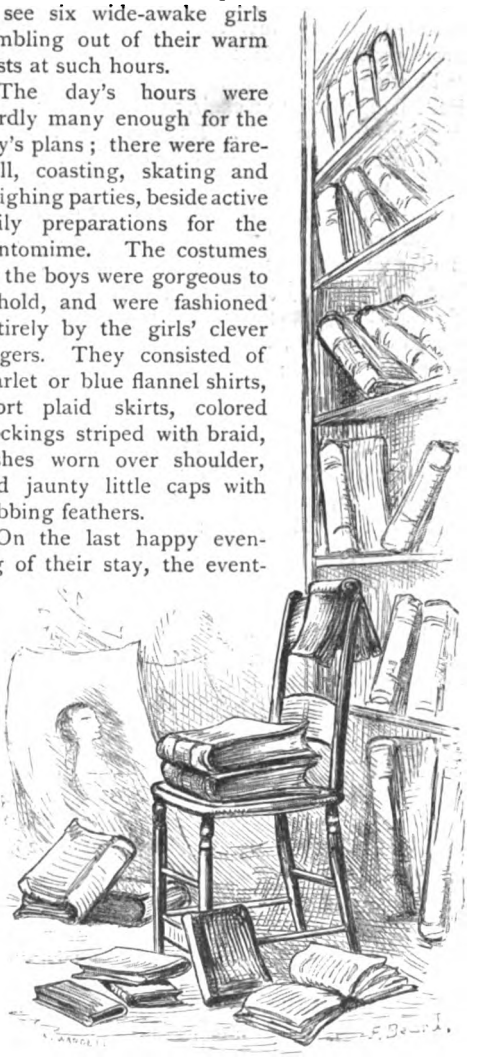
CHAPTER VII.

ON the next morning, and indeed on all those left of their stay, the six housekeepers were up at an alarmingly early hour, so that the sun, accustomed to being the earliest of all risers, felt himself quite behindhand and outshone.

In vain he clambered up over the hill-side in a desperate hurry; they were always before him with lighted candles. As for the clock, it held up its hands in astonishment, and struck five shrill exclamation points of surprise to see six wide-awake girls tumbling out of their warm nests at such hours.

The day's hours were hardly many enough for the day's plans; there were farewell, coasting, skating and sleighing parties, beside active daily preparations for the pantomime. The costumes of the boys were gorgeous to behold, and were fashioned entirely by the girls' clever fingers. They consisted of scarlet or blue flannel shirts, short plaid skirts, colored stockings striped with braid, sashes worn over shoulder, and jaunty little caps with bobbing feathers.

On the last happy evening of their stay, the event-



THE BOOKS THEY CONSULTED.

ful evening of "Young Lochinvar," the guests gathered from all the surrounding country to see

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the frolic. There were people from North X, South X, East X, and West X, from X Upper Corner, X Lower Corner, and X Four Corners, and everybody had brought his uncle and cousins.

In the big dressing-room, the young actors were assembled,—in a high state of exuberance and excitement, fortunately, else they would have been decidedly frightened at the ordeal. Jo was trying to make herself look seventy; and, though not succeeding, transformed herself into a very presentable Scottish dame, with her short satin gown and apron, lace kerchief and glasses. Edith was giving one pointed burnt-cork eyebrow to Hugh, that he might wear a sufficiently dashing and defiant expression for Lochinvar. Jack was before the mirror practicing his meek expression for the jilted bridegroom.

Belle had sunk into a chair, and folded her hands to "get up" her courage. As to her dress, nobody knew whether it was the proper one for a Scottish bride or not; but it was the only available thing, and certainly she looked in it a very bewitching and sufficient excuse for Lochinvar's rash folly. It was of some shining white material, and came below the ankle, just showing a pair of jaunty high-heeled slippers; the skirt was broidered and flounced to the belt, the waist simple and full, with short puffed sleeves; while a bridal veil and dainty crown of flowers made her as winsome and bonny as a white Scottish rose.

Uncle Harry stumbled in at the low door.

"Are you ready, young fry?" asked he; "it is half-past seven, and we ought to begin."

"Put out the foot-lights; give the people back their money, and tell them the prima donna is dangerously ill!" gasped Belle, faintly, fanning herself excitedly with a box-cover. "I don't believe I can ever do it. Hugh, are you perfectly sure our horse wont break down on the stage when we elope?"

"Calm yourself, 'fair Ellen,' and trust to my horsemanship. Does n't the poem say:

> 'In all the wide border, his steed was the best;'

and does n't this exactly embody Scott's idea?"—pointing to a very wild and cross-eyed looking wooden effigy mounted on a pair of trucks.

Have you ever read Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Young Lochinvar?" I hope so, for they are brave old verses, albeit the moral may not be the best for nineteenth-century boys and girls. It begins:

> "O young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
> In all the wide border, his steed was the best;
> And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
> He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
> So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
> There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

And then it goes on to say that he rode fast and far, staid not for brakes, stopped not for stones, but all in vain; for ere he alighted at Netherby Gate, the fair Ellen, overcome by parental authority, had consented to be married,

> "For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
> Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

But he, nothing daunted, boldly entered the bridal hall among bride-men and bride-maids and kinsmen, thereby raising so general a commotion that the bride's father cried at once (the poor craven bridegroom being struck quite dumb):

> "'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
> Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'"

The lover answers with great indifference that though he has in past time been exceeding fond of the young person called Ellen, he has now merely come to tread a measure and drink one cup of wine, for although love swells like the tide, it ebbs like it also. So he drinks her health while she sighs and blushes, weeps and smiles alternately; then he takes her "soft hand," her parents fretting and fuming the while, and leads the dance with her,—he so stately, she so lovely, that they are the subject of much envy and gossip. But while thus treading the measure, he whispers in her ear something to which she apparently consents, without any unwillingness, and at the right moment they dance out by the back door, where the charger stands ready saddled. Quick as thought he swings her lightly up, springs before her, and they dash furiously away.

> "'She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
> They 'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."

As soon as their flight is discovered, there is wild excitement and hasty mounting of all the Netherby clan; there is racing and chasing over the fields, but they never recover the lost bride.

> "So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
> Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

Uncle Harry read the poem through in such a stirring way that the audience were fairly warmed into interest; then, standing by the side of the stage with the curtain rolled up, he read it again, line by line, or verse by verse, to explain the action. During the first stanza, Lochinvar made his triumphal entrance, riding a prancing hobby with a

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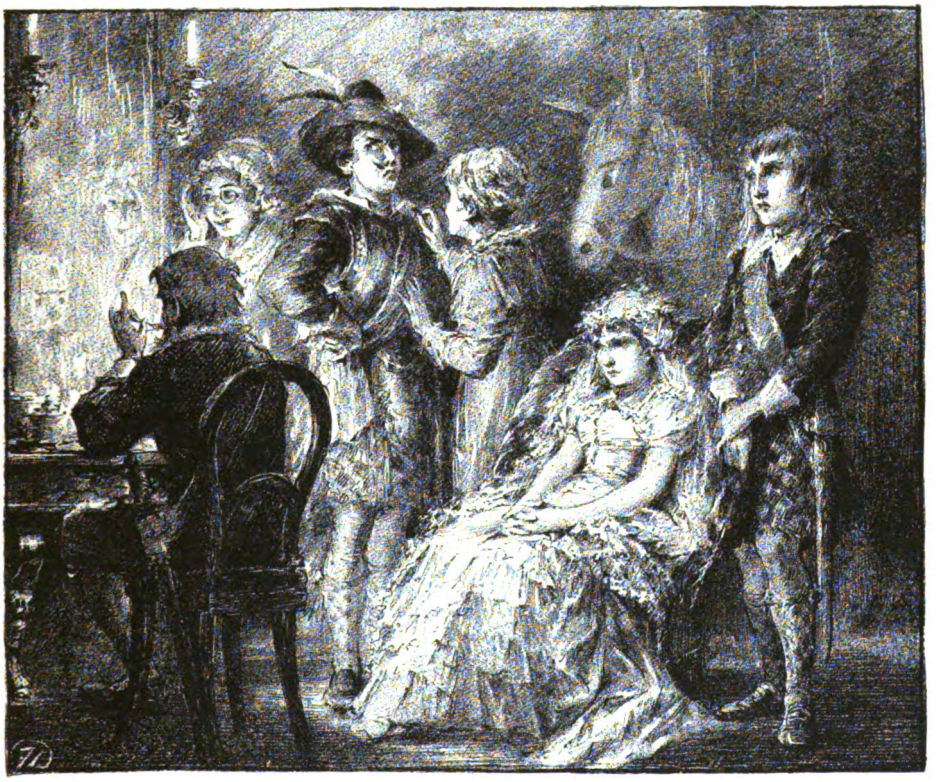
sweeping tail of raveled rope, and a mane to match; gorgeous trappings, adorned with sleigh-bells and ornamental paper designs, and bunches of cotton tacked on for flecks of foam.

Lochinvar himself wore gray pasteboard armor, a pair of carpet slippers with ferocious spurs, red mittens;—and he carried a huge carving-knife. His costume alone was enough to convulse any one, but the manner in which he careered wildly about the stage, displaying his valorous horsemanship as he rode to the wedding, was perfectly irresistible. The next scene opens in Netherby Hall, showing the bridal party all assembled in gala dress. Into this family gathering presently strides the determined lover, with his carving-knife sheathed for politeness' sake. Then follows a comical pantomime between the angry parents, who demand his intentions, and the adroit Lochinvar, who declares them to be peaceful. The father (Geoffrey Strong) at last gives unwilling permission to drink one cup of wine and lead one measure with the bride. She kisses the goblet (a quart dipper), he quaffs off the liquor and throws down the cup. Fair Ellen giggles with pleasure, and promenades about the room on his arm, while the bridegroom looks on wretchedly, the parents quarrel, and the bride-maidens whisper:

> "'T were better by far
> To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

At the first opportunity, the guests walk leisurely out, and young Lochinvar gets an imaginary chance to draw Ellen hastily back into the supper-room. He whispers the magic word into her ear, she starts in horror and draws back; he urges; she demurs; he pleads; she shows signs of surrender; he begs on his bended knees; she yields at length, with a broad grin, to the plan of the elopement. Then he darts to the outside door and brings in his charger (rather a unique proceeding, but necessary under the circumstances). As the flight was to be made on horseback, much ingenuity and labor was needed to arrange it artistically. The horse's head was the work of Geoff's hand, and for meekness of expression, jadedness, utterly-cast-down-and-worn-out-ed-ness, it stood absolutely unrivaled. A pair of trucks were secreted beneath the horse-blankets, and the front legs of the animal pranced gayly out in front, taking that startling



BEFORE THE PLAY.

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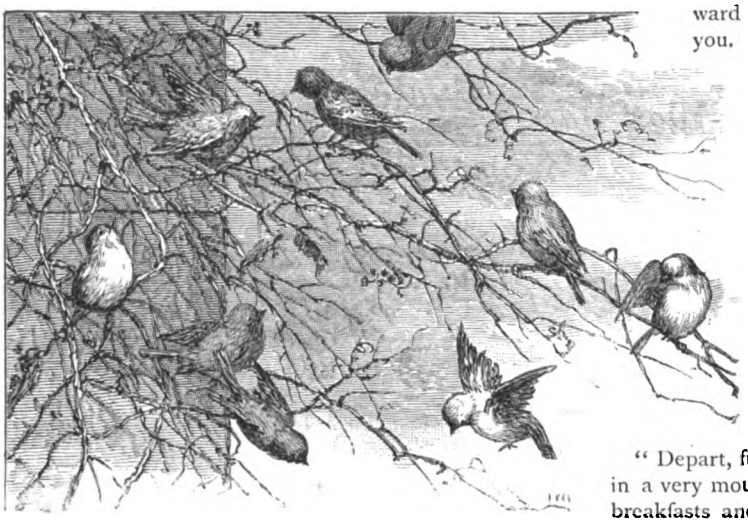

and decided curve only seen in pictures of mowing-machines and horse-trots. Lochinvar quiets his fiery beast and swings Ellen up to the saddle, himself jumps up, waves his tall hat in triumph, and starts off at a snail's pace, the horse being dragged by a rope from behind the scenes. When half-way across the stage, Ellen nudges her lover hastily and seems to have forgotten something. Everybody in the room at once guesses it must be her baggage. She explains earnestly in pantomime; Lochinvar refuses to go back; she insists; he remains firm; she pouts and seemingly says she wont elope at all unless she can have her own way. He relents, and they go back to the house; Ellen runs up a back stair-way and comes down laden with maidenly traps. Greatly to the merriment of the observers, she loads them on the docile horse, in the face of Lochinvar's displeasure—two small looking-glasses, a bird-cage, and a French bonnet. She then leisurely draws on a pair of huge India-rubbers, unfurls a yellow linen umbrella, and suffers herself to be remounted just as her lover's patience is ebbing. The second trip across the stage was accomplished in safety, though with anything but the fleetness common to elopements.

Then came the pursuit. Four bride-men on slashing hobby-horses, jumping fences, leaping bars and ditches in hot excitement; four bride-maids, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, running hither and thither in confusion; the old mother and father, limping in and straining their eyes for a sight of their refractory daughter; and last of all, poor Jack, the deserted bridegroom, with never a horse left to him, puffing and panting in his angry chase. It was done! How people laughed till they cried, how they continued to laugh for five minutes afterward I cannot begin to tell you. It had been the perfection of fun from first to last, and seemed all the funnier because it was original with the bright bevy of young folks. The lights at length were all out and the finery bundled up, many farewells were said, and as they trudged through the garden for the last time, the sorry thoughts would come, although the party was much too youthful and cheery to be very sad.

"Depart, fun and frolic!" sighed Lilla, in a very mournful tone. "Depart, late breakfasts and other delights of laziness! Enter, boarding-school, books, bells and other banes of existence!"

"I am as savage as a—a hydrant or any other monster," snapped Jo. "Now I know how Eve must have felt when she had to pack up and leave the garden; only she went because she insisted upon eating of the tree of knowledge, while I must go and eat whether I will or not."

"Your appetite is n't so great that you 'll ever be troubled with indigestion," dryly rejoined Sadie, the student of the "six."

"Fancy starting off at eight to-morrow morning; fancy reaching school at noon, and sitting stupidly down to a dinner of fried liver and cracker-pudding! Ugh! it makes me shiver," said Allie.

"Think of us," cried Geoff, "going back to college, and settling into regular 'digs!'"

"No slang!" scolded Edith, saucily. "If 'digs' is a contraction of dignitaries, you 'll certainly never be those; if you mean you are to delve into the mines of learning, that 's doubtful, too; but if it 's a corruption of Dig-ger Indian, I should say there might be some force in your remark."

"Hugh, I was really proud of you to-night," laughed Belle. "You made yourself very nearly as ridiculous and foolish as I made myself."

It was afternoon of the next day. The six little housekeepers were gone, and the dejected boys went into the garden to take a last look at the empty cottage. On the door was a long piece of fluttering white paper, tied with black crape. It proved to be the parting words of the "Jolly Six."

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of vacation,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The coasting, the sleigh-rides, and—chief recreation—
That gayest of picnics with squires so true.

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And now, torn away from the loved situation,
The bump of conceit will explosively swell,
As proudly we think, never since the creation,
Did any young housekeepers keep house so well!

But though our great genius so highly we've rated,
Yet all that belongs to the kitchen, we know;
And feel that from infancy we have been fated
For scrubbing and cooking far more than for show.

The cook-stove and dish-pan to us are so charming,
So toothsome the compounds we often have mixed,
That though you may think the news very alarming,
On housekeeping ever our minds are all fixed."

This nonsense the boys read with hearty laughter, and latching the gate behind them, they went off, leaving the place verily deserted.

The setting sun shone rosily in at the piazza window, but fell blankly against a gray curtain, instead of smiling into six laughing faces as before.

A noisy crowd of sparrows settled on the bare branches over the door-step, and twittered as if expecting the supper of bread-crumbs which girlish hands had been wont to throw them, and at last flew away disappointed. In the old house opposite, Miss Mirandy sat in her high-backed chair knitting as fiercely as ever, while Miss Jane was at her post by the window, drearily watching the sun go down.

She turned away with the glow of a new thought in her wrinkled face. "Mirandy!" called she, sharply.

No answer but the sharp click of knitting-needles.

"Mirandy Sawyer! What do you say to—adopting—of—a child!"

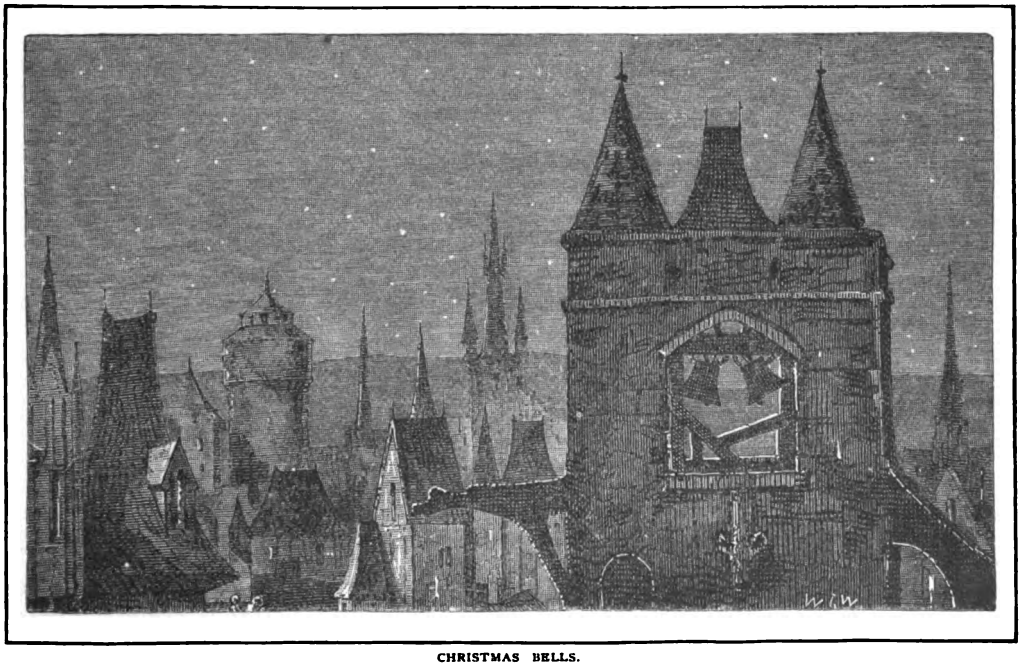
Miss Jane never sugared her pills, but cast them uncoated into the wide-open mouths of listeners.

"It seems like a streak of sunshine had gone out the place with them young creeturs, and I think we've lived here alone long enough! I should like to give one girl a chance of being a brighter, livelier woman than I be. Yes, you may drop your knitting, Mirandy, but you know it as well as I do!"

No wonder that Miss Sawyer looked very much as if she had been struck by lightning; the more wonder that the quiet old house did n't shake to its foundation, when this proposal was made. Indeed, old Tabby on the hearth-rug did wake up, startled, no doubt, by the consciousness that a child's hand might pull her tail in future days.

So, happiness, after all, is of some good in the world, since half a dozen happy young housekeepers showed two unhappy old ones the need of love and cheerfulness to brighten their lives.

THE END.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

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THE OLD STONE BASIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IN the heart of the busy city,
  In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
  Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
  And over the cool wet brink
The heads of thirsty horses
  Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
  As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
  Is read on the stone below.

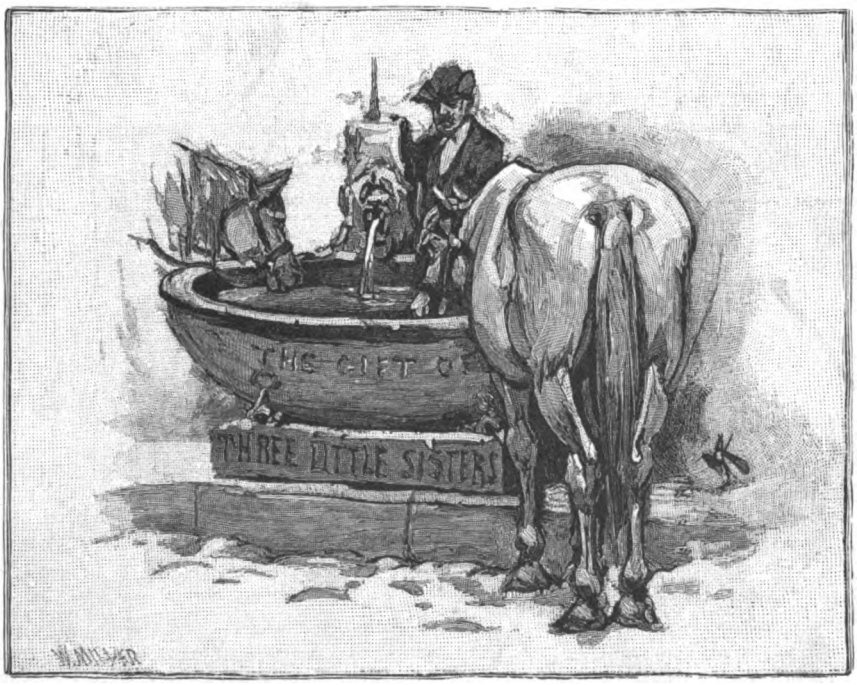
Ah, beasts are not taught letters.
  They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
  Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toil-worn creature
  Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion,
  To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
  Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
  Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates
  Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of their gracious deed
  Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
  They must the happier be,
For this "Cup of Water" given by them
  When they were children three.



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SOME MALAYAN DANCES.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

WHILE on a cruise among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under the control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged. of their habits, dress, and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who once had been in the service of the Rajah of Djokjskarta; and for a small fee, Selim volunteered to escort our party to the court of his former master, and if possible, to procure us admittance to the royal presence. Selim we found to be evidently a favorite with the Rajah, or *Sultan*, as he is called by his own subjects; and we were received with more favor than we had ventured to hope for, by this very exclusive Malayan prince,

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who usually declines the interchange of all civilities with foreigners — strangers especially. But thanks to Selim's kindness, the Rajah not only gave us a cordial welcome to his palace, but also invited us to dine, and after a sumptuous repast of Malayan dainties served in Malayan style, he called in, for our entertainment, his favorite bands of singing and dancing girls. The dancers came first. They were lovely, graceful little creatures, hardly beyond their childhood, with bright faces, and pretty, girlish motions; and they glided into the room, each playing on a timbrel or a lute.

Every one of the dancers was crowned with natural flowers, and each wore, in addition, a massive wreath, that was passed over the left shoulder, and under the right arm, extending far down below the knees. These wreaths, we soon learned, were not designed merely or mainly for ornament. They were very compactly formed of evergreens and the tiny buds of fragrant flowers, such as would not fall to pieces readily; and each *danseuse* used her wreath very much as little girls sometimes use a hoop, in such games as "thread-the-needle," and "running the gauntlet." In truth, one of these Malayan dances was almost identical with the latter game, as I used to play it in my school-days — with only the difference that these orientals used their flower-wreaths to jump through, instead of the less graceful hoop. And let me tell you, it was a pretty sight to watch a dozen of these bright-eyed Malayan girls in their flower-crowns and short, picturesque dresses, chasing one another through a whole line of wreathed arches that were held in place, each by a holder on either side, the flying leapers clearing each wreath at a bound, without the pause of a second.

In one of the dances, the girls twirled rapidly around in a circle, the wreaths were thrown from one neck to another, in a twinkling, and so completely in accord were the movements, that there was seldom a neck carrying either two or none. The entertainment closed by the entire company, with hand joined in hand, dancing in a graceful ring around the Sultan; and each, as she came *vis-à-vis* with the great man, laid her wreath and crown, with a profound salaam, at his feet, and again joined her companions. Then all passed out, leaving behind two huge pyramids of lovely natural flowers, that loaded the air with fragrance.

At Bandony we attended a *gammelang*, a sort of half-play and half-concert, of which high-bred Malays are very fond; but in which the lower class never indulge. There were about three hundred instruments, timbrels, cymbals, drums, violins, triangles, tom-toms, horns, and flutes; and the deafening din produced by the combination, I cannot begin to describe. The very thought of it caused my ears to tingle for a week afterward; but the natives said the music was excellent, and I suppose it was, if only there had been less of it. For the Malays are the most musical people of the East, and I have heard them sing songs of wonderful sweetness.

Some girls and boys acted a comical little farce just after the noisy music I have described; and the pretty, girlish performers were very fancifully dressed. But I thought the game scarcely a fair one. For each dainty damsel would single out one of her boy admirers, and invite his approach by offering him a flower, or holding out her hand toward him, and then, the moment he came within arm's length, she would throw a bon-bon in his face, and retreat behind her companions, who all joined her in laughing merrily at the youth's discomfiture. The last we saw of them the whole group were dancing gayly beneath a live palm-tree, and the next moment, tree, maidens and all disappeared, none of us knew how or where. At least, I did not. The natives, however, who are used to such wonderful feats, took the disappearance very coolly; but our unaccustomed eyes gazed with untold wonder at the vacant space, where, but a moment before, we had seen growing, in tropic luxuriance, this mammoth tree, loaded with leaves, fruits, and flowers.

At a later day we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year-old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this very peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and the turns and thrusts are sudden, none seem taken unawares; nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advan-

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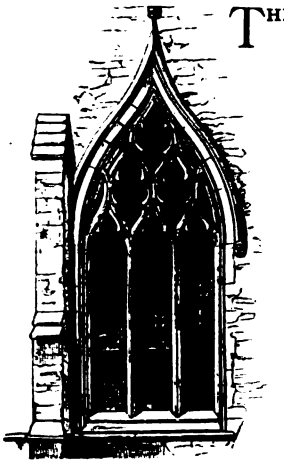
tage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple, consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princes is very gorgeous. The rajahs wore sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jeweled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese or serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajahs were marvels of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterward that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't, in person, rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical hordes that everywhere infest the Malay Archipelago.

THE KING'S CHURCH.

A Swedish Legend.



THERE was once a king, who, to the honor and glory of God, erected a magnificent cathedral, and, by his express order, no one was allowed to contribute to it even a shilling, for he wished to complete it all alone at his own expense. So it was done, and beautiful and grand stood the cathedral in all its pomp and splendor. Then the king caused to be put up a great marble tablet, on which he had carved, with letters of gold, an inscription, announcing that he, the king, had built the church, and that no one else had contributed thereto a single shilling. But when the tablet had remained up one day and one night, the inscription was altered in the night, and in place of the king's name was another, and it was the name of a poor woman, so that now it stood written that she had built the splendid cathedral.

This enraged the king to the highest degree, and he immediately had her name erased and his own inscribed again. But the next day the poor woman's name was again found upon the tablet, and again the people read that she had built the temple. For the third time the king's name was replaced in the inscription, and for the third time it vanished, and the other appeared in its stead. Then the king perceived that it was the finger of God which had written, and he sent for the woman and brought her before his throne. Full of anguish and terror, she stood in the presence of the king, who addressed her thus:

"Woman, a wonderful thing has occurred. Now, before God, and to save thy life, tell me the truth. Didst thou not hear my command that no one should contribute anything to the cathedral? Hast thou, notwithstanding, given somewhat?"

Then the woman fell humbly at the king's feet and said:

"Mercy! my lord, the king! Under thy favor will I acknowledge all. I am a very poor woman, and earn my bit of bread by spinning, so that I need not die of hunger, and, having saved up a shilling, I wished, for God's honor, to give it to the building of thy temple. But, O king! I feared thy ordinance and thy stern threatenings, and therefore I bought with my shilling a bundle of hay and strewed it before the oxen that dragged the stone for thy church, and they ate it. So I sought to fulfill my wish without transgressing thy command."

When the king heard the woman's words, he was much moved, and perceived that God had looked into her good heart, and accepted her offering as a richer contribution than all he had lavished upon the costly temple. The monarch then bestowed rich gifts upon the woman, and meekly accepted the rebuke that God had given him.

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Christmas Day.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day,
on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day
in the morning!"

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it 's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessèd midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine,
With luster of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas-tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song;
"Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"

And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin:

"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek
Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the king of glory,
Born for us to-day."

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BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

It began with Aunt Hetty's being out of temper, which, it must be confessed, was nothing new. At its best, Aunt Hetty's temper was none of the most charming, and this morning it was at its worst. She had awakened to the consciousness of having a hard day's work before her, and she had awakened late, and so every thing had gone wrong from the first. There was a sharp ring in her voice when she came to Jem's bedroom-door and called out, "Jemima! Get up this minute!"

Jem knew what to expect when Aunt Hetty began a day by calling her "Jemima." It was one of the poor child's grievances that she had been given such an ugly name. In all the books she had read, and she had read a great many, Jem never had met a heroine who was called Jemima. But it had been her mother's favorite sister's name, and so it had fallen to her lot. Her mother always called her "Jem," or "Mimi," which was much prettier, and even Aunt Hetty only reserved Jemima for unpleasant state occasions.

It was a dreadful day to Jem. Her mother was not at home and would not be until night. She had been called away unexpectedly and had been obliged to leave Jem and the baby to Aunt Hetty's mercies.

So Jem found herself busy enough. Scarcely had she finished doing one thing when Aunt Hetty told her to begin another. She wiped dishes and picked fruit and attended to the baby, and when baby had gone to sleep, and everything else seemed disposed of, for a time at least, she was so tired that she was glad to sit down.

And then she thought of the book she had been reading the night before,—a certain delightful story-book, about a little girl whose name was Flora, and who was so happy and rich and pretty and good that Jem had likened her to the little princesses one reads about, to whose christening feast every fairy brings a gift.

"I shall have time to finish my chapter before dinner-time comes," said Jem, and she sat down snugly in one corner of the wide old-fashioned fire-place.

But she had not read more than two pages before something dreadful happened. Aunt Hetty came into the room in a great hurry,—in such a hurry, indeed, that she caught her foot in the matting and fell, striking her elbow sharply against a chair, which so upset her temper that the moment she found herself on her feet she flew at Jem.

"What!" she said, snatching the book from her, "Reading again, when I am running all over the house for you?" And she flung the pretty little blue-covered volume into the fire.

Jem sprang to rescue it with a cry, but it was impossible to reach it, it had fallen into a great hollow of red coal and the blaze caught it at once.

"You are a wicked woman!" cried Jem, in a dreadful passion, to Aunt Hetty. "You are a wicked woman."

Then matters reached a climax. Aunt Hetty boxed her ears, pushed her back on her little foot-stool, and walked out of the room.

Jem hid her face on her arms and cried as if her heart would break. She cried until her eyes were heavy, and she thought she should be obliged to go to sleep. But just as she was thinking of going to sleep, something fell down the chimney and made her look up. It was a piece of mortar, and it brought a great deal of soot with it. She bent forward and looked up to see where it had come from. The chimney was so very wide that this was easy enough. She could see where the mortar had fallen from the side and left a white patch.

"How white it looks against the black!" said Jem. "It is like a white brick among the black ones. What a queer place a chimney is! I can see a bit of the blue sky, I think."

And then a funny thought came into her fanciful little head. What a many things were burned in the big fire-place, and vanished in smoke or tinder up the chimney! Where did everything go? There was Flora, for instance,—Flora who was represented on the frontispiece,—with lovely, soft flowing hair, and a little fringe on her pretty round forehead, crowned with a circlet of daisies, and a laugh in her wide-awake round eyes. Where was she by this time? Certainly there was nothing left of her in the fire. Jem almost began to cry again at the thought.

"It was too bad," she said. "She was so pretty and funny, and I did like her so!"

I dare say it scarcely will be credited by unbelieving people when I tell them what happened next, it was such a very singular thing, indeed.

Jem felt herself gradually lifted off her little foot-stool.

"Oh!" she said, timidly. "I feel very light."

She did feel light indeed. She felt so light that she was sure she was rising gently in the air.

"Oh!" she said, again. "How—how very

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light I feel! Oh, dear! I'm going up the chimney!"

It was rather strange that she never thought of calling for help, but she did not. She was not easily frightened; and now she was only wonderfully astonished, as she remembered afterward. She shut her eyes tight and gave a little gasp.

"I've heard Aunt Hetty talk about the draught drawing things up the chimney, but I never knew it was as strong as this," she said.

She went up, up, up, quietly and steadily, and without any uncomfortable feeling at all; and then all at once she stopped, feeling that her feet rested against something solid. She opened her eyes and looked about her, and there she was, standing right opposite the white brick, her feet on a tiny ledge.

"Well," she said, "this is funny."

But the next thing that happened was funnier still. She found, that without thinking what she was doing, she was knocking on the white brick with her knuckles, as if it was a door, and she expected somebody to open it. The next minute she heard footsteps, and then a sound as if some one was drawing back a little bolt.

"It is a door," said Jem, "and somebody is going to open it."

The white brick moved a little, and some more mortar and soot fell, then the brick moved a little more, and then it slid aside and left an open space.

"It's a room!" cried Jem. "There's a room behind it."

And so there was, and before the open space stood a pretty little girl, with long lovely hair, and a fringe on her forehead! Jem clasped her hands in amazement. It was Flora, herself, as she looked in the picture, and Flora stood laughing and nodding.

"Come in!" she said. "I thought it was you."

"But how can I come in through such a little place?" asked Jem.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Flora. "Here, give me your hand."

Jem did as she told her, and found that it was easy enough. In an instant she had passed through the opening, the white brick had gone back to its place, and she was standing by Flora's side in a large room—the nicest room she had ever seen. It was big and lofty and light, and there were all kinds of delightful things in it,—books, and flowers, and playthings, and pictures, and in one corner a great cage full of love-birds.

"Have I ever seen it before?" asked Jem, glancing slowly round.

"Yes," said Flora, "You saw it last night—in your mind. Don't you remember it?"

Jem shook her head.

"I feel as if I did, but ——"

"Why," said Flora, laughing, "it's my room, the one you read about last night."

"So it is," said Jem. "But how did you come here?"

"I can't tell you that; I myself don't know, but I am here, and so," rather mysteriously, "are a great many other things."

FLORA.

"Are they?" said Jem, very much interested. "What things? Burned things? I was just wondering ——"

"Not only burned things," said Flora, nodding. "Just come with me and I'll show you something."

She led the way out of the room and down a little passage with several doors in each side of it, and she opened one door and showed Jem what was on the other side of it. That was a room, too, and this time it was funny as well as pretty. Both floor and walls were padded with rose color, and the floor was strewn with toys. There were big soft balls, rattles, horses, woolly dogs, and a doll or so; there was one low cushioned chair, and a low table.

"You can come in," said a shrill little voice behind the door. "Only mind you don't tread on things."

"What a funny little voice!" said Jem, but she had no sooner said it than she jumped back.

The owner of the voice who had just come forward was no other than Baby.

"Why," exclaimed Jem, beginning to feel frightened, "I left you fast asleep in your crib."

"Did you?" said Baby, somewhat scornfully.

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"That 's just the way with you grown-up people. You think you know everything, and yet you have n't discretion enough to know when a pin is sticking into one. You 'd know soon enough if you had one sticking into your own back."

"But I 'm not grown up," stammered Jem, "and when you are at home you can neither walk nor talk: you 're not six months old!"

"Well, Miss," retorted Baby, whose wrongs seemed to have soured her disposition somewhat, "you have no need to throw that in my teeth; you were not six months old, either, when you were my age."

Jem could not help laughing.

"You have n't got any teeth!" she said.

"Have n't I?" said Baby, and she displayed two beautiful rows with some haughtiness of manner. "When I am up here," she said, "I am supplied with the modern conveniences, and that 's why I never complain. Do I ever cry when I am asleep? It 's not falling asleep I object to, it 's falling awake."

"Wait a minute," said Jem. "Are you asleep now?"

"I 'm what you call asleep. I can only come here when I 'm what you call asleep. Asleep, indeed! It 's no wonder we always cry when we have to fall awake."

"But we don't mean to be unkind to you," protested Jem, meekly.

She could not help thinking Baby was very severe.

"Don't mean!" said Baby. "Well, why don't you think more, then? How would you like to have all the nice things snatched away from you, and all the old rubbish packed off on you as if you had n't any sense? How would you like to have to sit and stare at things you wanted, and not be able to reach them, or if you did reach them, have them fall out of your hand, and roll away in the most unfeeling manner? And then be scolded and called 'cross!' It 's no wonder we are bald. You 'd be bald yourself. It 's trouble and worry that keep us bald until we can begin to take care of ourselves. I had more hair than this at first, but it fell off, as well it might. No philosopher ever thought of that, I suppose!"

"Well," said Jem, in despair, "I hope you enjoy yourself when you are here?"

"Yes, I do," answered Baby. "That 's one comfort. There is nothing to knock my head against, and things have patent stoppers on them, so that they can't roll away, and everything is soft and easy to pick up."

There was a slight pause after this, and Baby seemed to cool down.

"I suppose you would like me to show you round," she said.

"Not if you have any objection," replied Jem, who was rather subdued.

"I would as soon do it as not," said Baby. "You are not as bad as some people, though you do get my clothes twisted when you hold me."

Upon the whole, she seemed rather proud of her position. It was evident she quite regarded herself as hostess. She held her small bald head very high indeed, as she trotted on before them. She stopped at the first door she came to, and knocked three times. She was obliged to stand upon tiptoe to reach the knocker.

"He 's sure to be at home at this time of year," she remarked. "This is the busy season."

"Who 's 'he'?" inquired Jem.

But Flora only laughed at Miss Baby's consequential air.

"S. C., to be sure," was the answer, as the young lady pointed to the door-plate, upon which Jem noticed, for the first time, "S. C." in very large letters.

The door opened, apparently without assistance, and they entered the apartment.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jem, the next minute. "Good*ness* gracious!"

She might well be astonished. It was such a long room that she could not see to the end of it, and it was piled from floor to ceiling with toys of every description, and there was such bustle and buzzing in it that it was quite confusing. The bustle and buzzing arose from a very curious cause, too,—it was the bustle and buzz of hundreds of tiny men and women who were working at little tables no higher than mushrooms,—the pretty tiny women cutting out and sewing, the pretty tiny men sawing and hammering, and all talking at once. The principal person in the place escaped Jem's notice at first; but it was not long before she saw him,—a little old gentleman, with a rosy face and sparkling eyes, sitting at a desk, and writing in a book almost as big as himself. He was so busy that he was quite excited, and had been obliged to throw his white fur coat and cap aside, and he was at work in his red waistcoat.

"Look here, if you please," piped Baby. "I have brought some one to see you."

When he turned round, Jem recognized him at once.

"Eh! Eh!" he said. "What! What! Who's this, Tootsicums?"

Baby's manner became very acid indeed.

"I should n't have thought you would have said that, Mr. Claus," she remarked. "I can't help myself down below, but I generally have my rights respected up here. I should like to know what sane godfather and godmother would give one the name of 'Tootsicums' in one's baptism. They are

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bad enough, I must say; but I never heard of any of them calling a person 'Tootsicums'."

"Come, come!" said S. C., chuckling comfortably, and rubbing his hands. "Don't be too dignified,—it's a bad thing. And don't be too practical and fond of taking unpractical people down,—that's a bad thing, too. And don't be too fond of flourishing your rights in people's faces,—that's the worst of all, Miss Midget. Folks who make such a fuss about their rights turn them into wrongs sometimes."

Then he turned suddenly to Jem.

BIRDIE AND HER PET DOLL.

"You are the little girl from down below," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Jem. "I'm Jem, and this is my friend Flora,—out of the blue-book."

"I'm happy to make her acquaintance," said S. C., "and I'm happy to make yours. You are a nice child, though a trifle peppery. I'm very glad to see you."

"I'm very glad indeed to see you, sir," said Jem. "I was n't quite sure —— "

But there she stopped, feeling that it would be scarcely polite to tell him that she had begun of late years to lose faith in him.

But S. C. only chuckled more comfortably than ever, and rubbed his hands again.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "You know who I am, then."

Jem hesitated a moment, wondering whether it would not be taking a liberty to mention his name without putting "Mr." before it; then she remembered what Baby had called him.

"Baby called you 'Mr. Claus,' sir," she replied; "and I have seen pictures of you."

"To be sure," said S. C. "S. Claus, Esquire, of Chimneyland. How do you like me?"

"Very much," answered Jem. "Very much, indeed, sir."

"Glad of it! Glad of it! But what was it you were going to say you were not quite sure of?"

Jem blushed a little.

"I was not quite sure that—that you were true, sir. At least I have not been quite sure since I have been older."

S. C. rubbed the bald part of his head and gave a little sigh.

"I hope I have not hurt your feelings, sir," faltered Jem, who was a very kind-hearted little soul.

"Well, no," said S. C. "Not exactly. And it is not your fault either. It is natural, I suppose; at any rate, it is the way of the world. People lose their belief in a great many things as they grow older; but that does not make the things not true, thank goodness; and their faith often comes back after a while. But, bless me!" he added briskly, "I'm moralizing, and who thanks a man for doing that? Suppose ——"

"Black eyes or blue, sir?" said a tiny voice close to them.

Jem and Flora turned round, and saw it was one of the small workers who was asking the question.

"Whom for?" inquired S. C.

"Little girl in the red brick house at the corner," said the workwoman; "name of Birdie."

"Excuse me a moment," said S. C. to the children, and he turned to the big book and began to run his fingers down the pages in a business-like manner. "Ah! here she is!" he exclaimed at last. "Blue eyes, if you please, Thistle, and

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golden hair. And let it be a big one. She takes good care of them."

"Yes, sir," said Thistle; "I am personally

"BOYS ARE FOR HORSES AND RACKET."

acquainted with several dolls in her family. I go to parties in her dolls' house sometimes when she is fast asleep at night, and they all speak very highly of her. She is most attentive to them when they are ill. In fact, her pet doll is a cripple, with a stiff leg."

She ran back to her work, and S. C. finished his sentence.

"Suppose I show you my establishment," he said. "Come with me."

It really would be quite impossible to describe the wonderful things he showed them. Jem's head was quite in a whirl before she had seen one-half of them, and even Baby condescended to become excited.

"There must be a great many children in the world, Mr. Claus," ventured Jem.

"Yes, yes, millions of 'em; bless 'em," said S. C., growing rosier with delight at the very thought. "We never run out of them, that 's one comfort. There 's a large and varied assortment always on hand. Fresh ones every year, too, so that when one grows too old there is a new one ready. I have a place like this in every twelfth chimney. Now it 's boys, now it 's girls, always one or t'other; and there 's no end of playthings for them, too, I 'm glad to say. For girls, the great thing seems to be dolls. Blitzen! what comfort they *do* take in dolls! but the boys are for horses and racket."

They were standing near a table where a worker was just putting the finishing touch to the dress of a large wax doll, and just at that moment, to Jem's surprise, she set it on the floor, upon its feet, quite coolly.

"Thank you," said the Doll, politely.

Jem quite jumped.

"You can join the rest now and introduce yourself," said the worker.

The Doll looked over her shoulder at her train.

"It hangs very nicely," she said. "I hope it 's the latest fashion."

"Mine never talked like that," said Flora. "My best one could only say 'Mamma,' and it said it very badly, too."

"She was foolish for saying it at all," remarked the Doll, haughtily. "We don't talk and walk before ordinary people; we keep our accomplishments for our own amusement, and for the amusement of our friends. If you should chance to get up in the middle of the night, some time, or should run into the room suddenly some day, after you have left it, you might hear—but what is the use of talking to human beings?"

"You know a great deal, considering you are only just finished," snapped Baby, who really was a Tartar.

"I was FINISHED," retorted the Doll. "I did not begin life as a Baby!" very scornfully.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "We improve as we get older."

"I hope so, indeed," answered the Doll. "There is plenty of room for improvement." And she walked away in great state.

S. C. looked at Baby and then shook his head.

"THERE 'S A GREAT COMFORT IN DOLLS."

"I shall not have to take very much care of you," he said, absent-mindedly. "You are able to take pretty good care of yourself."

"I hope I am," said Baby, tossing her head.

S. C. gave his head another shake.

"Don't take too good care of yourself," he said. "That 's a bad thing, too."

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He showed them the rest of his wonders, and then went with them to the door to bid them good-bye.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, Mr. Claus," said Jem, gratefully. "I shall never again think you are not true, sir."

S. C. patted her shoulder quite affectionately.

"That 's right," he said. "Believe in things just as long as you can, my dear. Good-bye, until Christmas Eve. I shall see you then if you don't see me."

He must have taken quite a fancy to Jem, for he stood looking at her, and seemed very reluctant to close the door, and even after he had closed it, and they had turned away, he opened it a little again to call to her.

"Believe in things as long as you can, my dear."

"How kind he is!" exclaimed Jem, full of pleasure.

Baby shrugged her shoulders.

"Well enough in his way," she said, "but rather inclined to prose, and be old-fashioned."

Jem looked at her, feeling rather frightened, but she said nothing.

Baby showed very little interest in the next room she took them to.

"I don't care about this place," she said, as she threw open the door. "It has nothing but old things in it. It is the Nobody-knows-where room."

She had scarcely finished speaking before Jem made a little spring and picked something up.

"Here 's my old strawberry pin-cushion!" she cried out. And then with another jump and another dash at two or three other things: "And here 's my old fairy-book! And here 's my little locket I lost last summer! How did they come here?"

"They went Nobody-knows-where," said Baby.

"And this is it."

"But cannot I have them again?" asked Jem.

"No," answered Baby. "Things that go to Nobody-knows-where stay there."

"Oh!" sighed Jem, "I am so sorry."

"They are only old things," said Baby.

"But I like my old things," said Jem. "I love them. And there is mother's needle-case. I wish I might take that. Her dead little sister gave it to her, and she was so sorry when she lost it."

"People ought to take better care of their things," remarked Baby.

Jem would have liked to stay in this room and wander about among her old favorites for a long time, but Baby was in a hurry.

"You 'd better come away," she said. "Suppose I was to have to fall awake and leave you?"

The next place they went into was the most wonderful of all.

"This is the Wish-room," said Baby. "Your wishes come here,—yours and mother's, and Aunt Hetty's and father's and mine. When did you wish that?"

Each article was placed under a glass shade, and labeled with the words and name of the wisher. Some of them were beautiful, indeed; but the tall shade Baby nodded at when she asked her question was truly alarming, and caused Jem a dreadful pang of remorse. Underneath it sat Aunt Hetty with her mouth stitched up so that she could not speak a word, and beneath the stand was a label bearing these words in large black letters:

"I wish Aunt Hetty's mouth was sewed up. Jem."

"Oh, dear!" cried Jem, in great distress. "How it must have hurt her! How unkind of me to say it! I wish I had n't wished it. I wish it would come undone."

She had no sooner said it than her wish was gratified. The old label disappeared, and a new one showed itself, and there sat Aunt Hetty looking herself again, and even smiling.

Jem was grateful beyond measure, but Baby seemed to consider her weak-minded.

"It served her right," she said.

But when, after looking at the wishes at that end of the room, they went to the other end, her turn came. In one corner stood a shade with a baby under it, and the baby was Miss Baby herself, but looking as she very rarely looked; in fact, it was the brightest, best-tempered baby one could imagine.

"I wish I had a better-tempered baby. Mother," was written on the label.

Baby became quite red in the face with anger and confusion.

"That was n't here the last time I came," she said. "And it is right down mean in mother!"

This was more than Jem could bear.

"It was n't mean," she said. "She could n't help it. You know you are a cross baby—everybody says so."

Baby turned two shades redder.

"Mind your own business!" she retorted. "It was mean; and as to that silly little thing being better than I am," turning up her small nose, which was quite turned up enough by Nature. "I must say I don't see anything so very grand about her. So, there!"

She scarcely condescended to speak to them while they remained in the Wish-room, and when they left it, and went to the last door in the passage, she quite scowled at it.

"I don't know whether I shall open it at all," she said.

"Why not?" asked Flora. "You might as well."

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"It is the Lost-pin room," she said. "I hate pins."

She threw the door open with a bang, and then stood and shook her little fist viciously. The room was full of pins stacked solidly together. There were hundreds of them,—thousands,—millions, it seemed.

"I 'm glad they *are* lost!" she said. "I wish there were more of them there."

"I did n't know there were so many pins in the world," said Jem.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "Those are only the lost ones that have belonged to our family."

After this they went back to Flora's room and sat down, while Flora told Jem the rest of her story.

"Oh!" sighed Jem, when she came to the end. "How delightful it is to be here! Can I never come again?"

"In one way you can," said Flora. "When you want to come, just sit down, and be as quiet as possible, and shut your eyes and think very hard about it. You can see everything you have seen to-day, if you try."

"Then, I shall be sure to try," Jem answered. She was going to ask some other question but Baby stopped her.

"Oh! I 'm falling awake," she whimpered, crossly, rubbing her eyes. "I 'm falling awake again."

And then, suddenly, a very strange feeling came over Jem. Flora and the pretty room seemed to fade away, and, without being able to account for it at all, she found herself sitting on her little stool again, with a beautiful scarlet and gold book on her knee, and her mother standing by laughing at her amazed face. As to Miss Baby, she was crying as hard as she could in her crib.

"Mother!" Jem cried out. "Have you really come home so early as this, and—and," rubbing her eyes in great amazement, "how did I come down."

"Don't I look as if I was real," said her mother, laughing and kissing her. "And does n't your present look real? I don't know how you came down, I 'm sure. Where have you been?"

Jem shook her head very mysteriously. She saw that her mother fancied she had been asleep, but she herself knew better.

"I know you would n't believe it was true if I told you," she said; "I have been

BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK."

SONG.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP.

(From his unpublished writings.)

LISTEN, listen, listen while I sing—
There 's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eyes' quick glance,
In dashing through a dance,
Mirth does my charmèd soul entrance!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There 's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams,
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There 's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There 's love, love in everything!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly,
Love lifts me to the sky!

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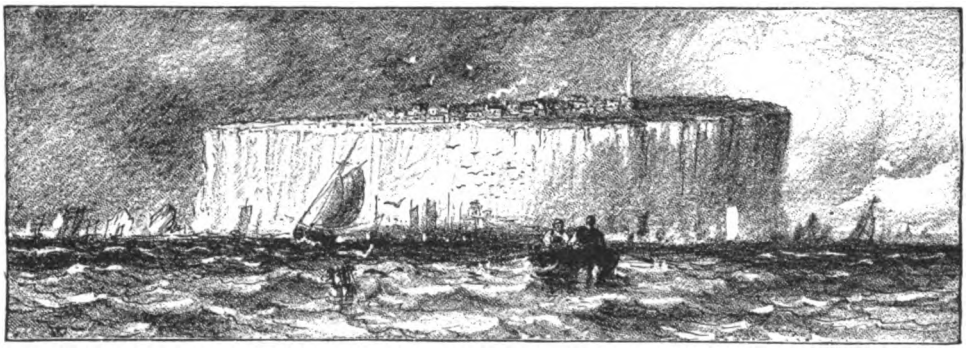

WHY WILSTER ELSPEET'S SHIP WENT INTO THE CHURCH.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

THINGS always do come about in some way, and this is the way in which this thing came about.

The day before, Wilster Elspeet, in his stout fishing-boat, had gone from the island Heliogoland, across the North Sea, and sailed up the river Elbe, to Hamburg, carrying with him a load of oysters, which were to go from Hamburg to London. He was not expected back at the island until the second night, and—there was no one to draw his lobster-pots.

There was Briel, to be sure, Wilster Elspeet's only boy. Briel was thirteen, and, in his own eyes, every inch a seaman; for, had he not, often and over, sat at the oar, with his father in the boat and helped pull in?"

Then, there was Rhena; but Rhena was a girl. It was always lonely at night, and lonely in the day-time, too, in the Elspeet home, when the master was away; for, away from Heliogoland in any direction, meant danger to him who went, and dread to those who stayed; moreover, dread had deepened into death three times for Mrs. Elspeet, and Briel had heard the story of his elder brothers so often, that he verily thought he knew all about that wild effort at rescue, which was made for them when he himself was but a baby.

Heliogoland is a curious place, set more than twenty miles from land for the ocean to buffet; but it tries its utmost—and that is all that is expected by wise folks of any one—to be beautiful, and it succeeds. You must know that somewhere about five hundred years ago, something very queer happened,—at least, the geologists say so. At any rate, the North Sea just boiled over with rage, and beat against Heliogoland so terribly, that it took off two or three pieces, and there they stand at a little distance, and have names of their own; but the island, what there is left of it,—not much over a mile up and down, stands with its great red cliff higher in the air than ever, and holds back its dainty sands from the touch of the sea as far as it can.

This mite of land has on it two whole towns, one under the cliffs on the sands, where the fishermen live, and one in the air, up the cliff. The air-town is the larger, and the houses are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs make them look as though the village, up there, had just been built out of a box of children's toys; only box-villages never hold anything half so fine as the great light-house, whose night-eye watches and warns for many a mile, nor half so curious as the brave old church that, looking out from the cliff, has the whole wide sea for its church-yard.

The Elspeets were pretty prosperous, and so lived in the air-town, in one of the three hundred and fifty of its homes.

While Rhena and Briel were eating their breakfast, the lobster-pot buoys kept bobbing up and down in the North Sea, and dozens of fishing-boats went out from the long pier, that swings from the Under-Land into the summer waves.

Rhena was the first to go forth into the sweet morning. Briel followed presently, with his eyes fixed on the out-going fishing-boats.

"I just would like to know," said Briel, as he joined her, "what there is in them lobster-pots of father's. I don't believe they 're empty, a bit."

"BRIEL!" said Rhena, with an emphasis which only a little Heliogoland girl *could* use, "BRIEL," don't you dare to look that way, not till it 's time for father's sail to heave up on the sea."

"But, Rhena," cried the boy, "see! Look for your own self; them boats is right clap over

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father's lobster-ground. I 'm just going to run down and see if I can't get—somebody—to go over ——"

His words grew faint and fainter, as, despite Rhena's calls and re-calls, he ran with his utmost speed to the stair-way cut in the stone of the cliff.

"O Briel, Briel, my brother Briel!" sobbed Rhena, to herself; "if mother only knew, she would keep him, but he 'll be off in a boat, all alone, before I can tell her. I 'll go down and hold him back," she cried, with sudden energy.

Her yellow-bordered petticoat flashed along the cliff, and went after him down that long stone stair-way,—two hundred and three steps of it,—and, at last, came, with its owner, in a little fluttering gasp, out upon the pier.

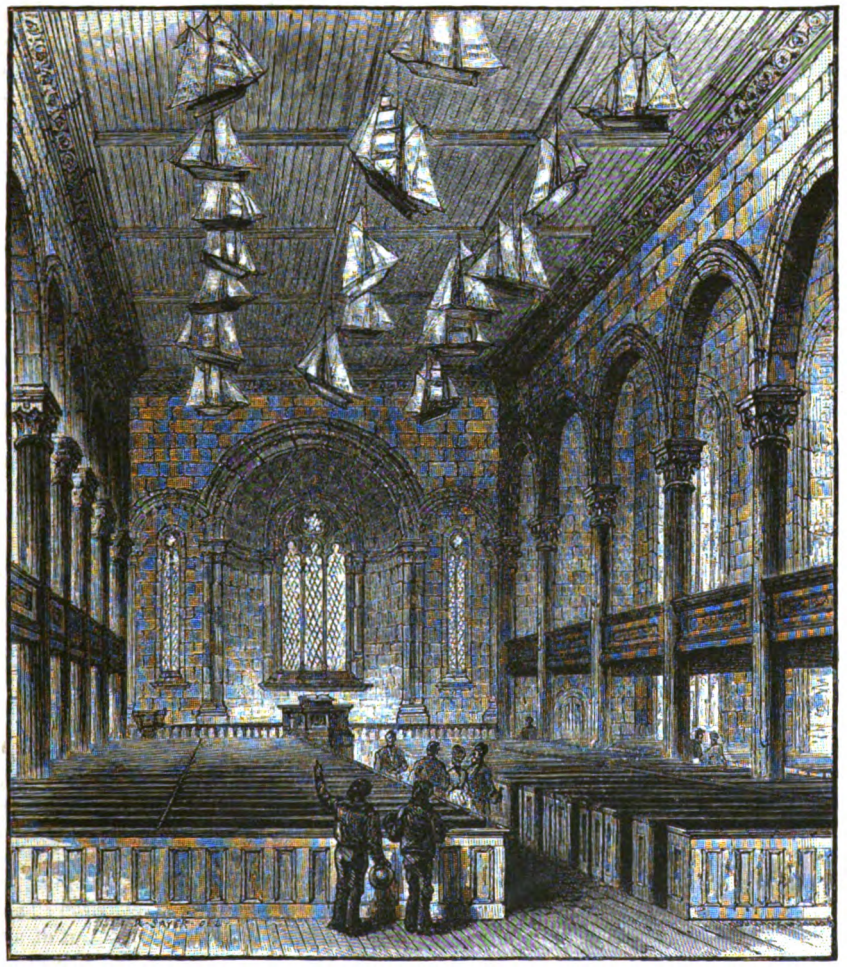
The fishermen had all gone,—the day being unusually fine for their quest,—and the only persons on the pier were strangers, who had come to summer a while on the island, and had not the slightest understanding of the evident conflict of the two children, down the pier. Rhena had one oar, and, with it in her stout little grasp, besought Briel not to make the venture.

"No more danger than there is in the light-house, up there," he assured her, with a significant toss of his head toward the cliff.

"If you should get into the sweep," said Rhena, "or the wind, or —— Briel, what could you do if a fog should settle down?"

"Take my chance with the rest. Don't you see every fisherman is out? They would n't go if they saw anything ugly," he replied, assuringly.

"But mother, Briel! She 'll be crazy, if you go."



THE SHIPS IN THE CHURCH. (PAGE 180.)

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This was Rhena's last weapon.

"I 'll be back, with the boat full of lobsters, before mother knows anything about it. Come, Rhena, give me the oar."

This he said, coaxingly, but poor Rhena held it fast. She stepped down from the pier into the boat. She was about to take her seat, when Briel said: "The lobsters wont be plugged!"

Rhena's cheeks glowed, red as the cliff, above her white lips. If there was one thing that this little girl feared more than all other things, it was a lobster. After a moment's hesitation, she said:

"I am going with you."

"All the better," said Briel. "Then mother will know nothing until we are all back again."

The boat had been drifting from the pier-head. It began to chop a little on the quick seas that beat about it.

"I 'm Captain Elspeet now! You shall see what a brave voyage I 'll make; and, only just think, Rhe, how tickled father will be when he gets home to-night, to find his lobsters all in. You know how Hamburg always tires him, and, like enough, he 'd put off to the reef before he came ashore at all, if I did n't wait down to tell him, for the moon grows round to-night."

Rhena never answered him a word. She sat in the boat-stern, her fingers clinging to the rail, her face turned from the sea, her eyes on her home, up the air.

"I say, Rhe, why don't you speak to a fellow? It is n't the thing to go lobstering with a dummy in the boat."

"'Tend to your boat!" answered Rhena, getting her head around just in time to see the sharp, tooth-like projection of a rock ahead, upon which Briel was running. Whisking his boat about in the liveliest manner, he escaped by grazing the rock, saying: "I should like to know, if it is n't the stern's business to look ahead and signal a fellow?"

"I will look out, now," meekly replied Rhena, "only I just feel as if the sea was going to swell and swell until it burst all over this boat. You don't know how I feel, Briel."

"Well!" said Briel, "that 's because—Look out, now, Rhe! any danger ahead?"

"No; only the boats have put off from the reefs."

"What for, I wonder? You look sharp now for the buoys. Father's have a black mark on 'em, and one end 's painted white."

Briel rowed with all his might, and kept on rowing, until it seemed to his young arms as though his boat ought to be at the mouth of the river Elbe. Rhena had looked, as she believed, at every bit of wrinkled blue the boat passed near, without finding trace of her father's lobster-buoys.

Indeed, the island itself did seem to Briel, as he thought of it, farther away than when his father rowed over to the reefs; the cliff was not so high, the light-house could scarcely be seen, and the church had grown small, while the government house had disappeared.

"Rhe," said Briel, "I 'm sure—I think—I don't believe you 've kept watch for the buoys."

"Briel, do you suppose the 'sweep' has set us off, and we 've got past?"

Rhena began to tremble with fear.

"Oh, we 'll be all right when I get the boat around," said Briel, assuringly to himself, but not so to his sister. The boat seemed to the young captain to be possessed with the desire not to be put about. No sooner had he labored with one oar to get around and put in the second oar, than the first stroke would send him still farther from home.

"I 'll beat yet," said the oarsman, and, at the eighth trial, he got the boat around, and to his surprise found quite a little sea on, against which it took all his strength to make the least progress.

A loiterer on the cliff, looking sea-ward, wondered what a little boat could be doing so far out.

Now that the boat was turned, Rhena saw it all; they were far past the lobster-reef, and, while she looked, Heliogoland was suddenly taken from her sight. Briel did not see that,—his back was toward it,—and she, with rare presence of mind, did not tell him. She said softly to him: "Wont you, dear Briel, give up the reef and get home quick?"

He had not rowed far, after telling her to keep a good look-out, when the great burying fog swept around them, enclosing the children in its dreadful circle.

"Rhena!" cried Briel, nearly letting fall his oars in pure astonishment.

"I saw it pick up the island. I knew it was coming," she said.

He said nothing, he drew in his oars, laid them down, and sat silent, their boat drifting—drifting—in a North Sea fog. They listened to the soft pat of the bow on the waters as the waves swept under and away from the boat into the mist.

"What will become of us, Briel?" she asked.

"Oh, folks most always get out of a fog; it will lift by and by, like as not," he answered.

Then she said:

"Father must be in it, too."

He replied:

"Yes, father is in it, too, but he has a compass; if I had a compass, we 'd row and row straight home."

They waited—sitting very still. Denser and denser grew the mist,—the air darkened with it,—their little craft drifted into fog, drifted through fog, and went out into fog.

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It grew chilly. Briel buttoned his jacket. Rhena huddled herself into her own arms, and kept watch for rock or buoy.

At noon, Briel wished that he had eaten more breakfast, telling the little bunch in the other end of the boat, "that the fog made a fellow very full of hunger, after rowing so."

Rhena's sun-bonnet grew limp, and more limp, until it fell over her eyes, and shut out the sea and the shrouding mist. She threw it off. Her very hair was wet, as she tossed back her curls, and peered to the right and to the left, in her vain search for something firm to make fast to.

"Could n't we fasten the boat to a buoy and keep from drifting, if we find one?" she asked.

"Yes, if we could see one." But their utmost search found only sea below and fog above.

"I know now how a poor fly feels when it is caught in a web," said Rhena, after a long pause.

"It 's ever so much worse, though," remarked Briel, "when the fly sees the spider coming, and our spider, Rhe, is the Cavern Rock."

"But," said Rhena, with a great quaver in her voice, "we could n't help hearing the roar and the swash through the caves."

"Then we must n't talk," suggested Briel, and they kept silence for a long time, until Rhena grew cramped with her long-kept position, and stepped carefully down into the boat, and crept, by gentle movement, close to the oar-seat and laid her head on Briel's knee.

"Are you glad I came?" she whispered.

"The old fog is a bit lonely," confessed Briel.

"HE SAILED TO AND FRO FOR HOURS." (NEXT PAGE.)

"Do you think we could hear the Carlsbad band now?" questioned Rhena.

"I wish they 'd send off a gun or two from the old battery, just to tell a fellow where we are," said the young captain. "I suppose they would, if they had missed us at home."

"If I only did know which way home is," moaned the little girl, putting her hand between her cheek and Briel's rough trousers.

"Don't be hard on a fellow now, and cry," begged the boy.

"I wont, Briel, not a tear; but oh! what if we never see home again, nor mother; and father is so proud of you, Briel, and to-morrow is the Sunday, you know, and the governor's baby is to be baptized in the church. What if I am not there to go up the aisle with my little mug of water, to help fill the font? There will be as many as a hundred, all dressed in white, to go, and mother said I might carry the silver cup to-morrow, for the governor's baby. If I had it now, I 'm afraid I should n't pour the water into the font, I 'm too thirsty! O, Briel! how long did the longest fog you ever knew, last?"

"Summer fogs are n't much, and we 'll get out of this, pretty soon. Why, just as soon as we 're missed, they 'll look for us everywhere; the coast-guard will be out, and I should n't wonder if they would illuminate Cavern Rock for us to-night. Would n't that be jolly?"

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Rhena thought it would, but much preferred getting home before night should come.

The afternoon waned. Somewhere, the sun went

SEARCHING INSIDE CAVERN ROCK.

down, doubtless. All that the children knew was that the fog darkened and drifted by in leaden sheets, drifting them into colder cold.

Wilster Elspeet got out his load of oysters and sailed away for home, early in the morning of Saturday, but it took him five or six hours to get slowly down the Elbe and fairly into the North Sea, so that he was just outside when the fog caught him. It was an easy matter to about sail and anchor in the river. And there he waited, until near midnight, when, with a swift wind, the mist fled away, leaving him the full moon overhead, and a fair breeze for Heliogoland.

He sped in, past the reef, and sailed into harbor before the dawn.

In the pale moonlight, figures were moving up and down on the pier, at which he wondered. The coast-guard boats were gone from their moorings; he was surprised at that, also.

"What 's happened here?" he called, from his deck. "A wreck in the fog?"

"Children lost in the fog!" came back the response.

"Their names?" he demanded.

"Wilster Elspeet's boy and girl."

"How, man? quick!"

"Went to haul in for lobsters, it is supposed."

"Tell Wilster Elspeet's wife he 's gone to sea for them," he cried, and immediately he put out into the deep.

He sailed to and fro for hours, keeping a sharp outlook across the moon-way, searching, searching on every side the leagues of wave his boat surged through. He stood on deck and listened, until it seemed to him that his ears could hear the very breathing of his children should their little boat pass near.

He thought of his three brave boys, whose lives had been taken by the sea; he thought of his wife on the island, left behind amid the waves; of his home and neighbors; of the church, where he himself was baptized and married. As he thought, his whole heart seemed to go out and cover the whole ocean in one intense longing to gather out of it the little boat that held Briel and Rhena.

Then he seemed to see again the old church up the cliff and the little ships, under full sail, hanging from its high ceiling, and to remember that each one of them had been placed there by some one who, in time of great peril, had vowed to God that he would do it if saved from the sea.

Then Wilster Elspeet made his vow. It was that, if permitted to fold his arms about his living children again, he would offer to the Lord the best gift he knew to give,—even a model of his bravest ship, —"The Hertha." It would awaken anew his gratitude as often as he should see it suspended in air, if only God would grant to him cause for gratitude.

Of the two thousand inhabitants of the little island, not one had passed a cheerful night, for might not this fate fall next on any one of them?

At day-break, on Sunday morning, the long pier was crowded with anxious souls. The governor was there with the people, for the governor, too, had children. The coast-guard boats, out all night, came in, with no news, to breakfast their crews and sail again. The North Peak held its little crowd of sea-gazers.

Men stepped into row-boats and went to search the caves by the light of day that they had thrust torches into all night, in vain. The sun came up, and the night-eye in the light-house closed.

The boats that were far out on the horizon's edge seemed to move lazily to and fro. It was Sunday and the church-bell rang, because, on Sunday, it always did ring. There were flowers in the church for the coming baptism. The congregation gathered slowly. The sad faces in the governor's pew looked out through the curtained windows across the communion-table at the sad faces in the minister's curtained box opposite. The women and little children filed in slowly, and sat in the pews bearing on their doors their family names. The men entered the galleries, around which, very

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long ago, some artist painted scenes suggested in Bible story, their eyes wandering, as they always did, up to the ceiling, where hung the ships, each one of which had its own glad or sad story, well known to the islanders. As the service began, the clergyman reading from beside the communion-table, there was unwonted movement in the church, —men went out, and men came in and went again; they could not rest. The two children in the little open boat, drifting on the great deep, without food, were earnestly prayed for, and when of God their safe return was asked, every lip and heart answered, "Amen."

The minister climbed into the little box above the communion-table and preached his sermon. But no one seemed to hear a word of it, for it contained no news from the boat at sea.

At its close, the doors opened, and in came the throng of little ones, each bearing a small mug of water, which he or she poured into the curious font whose supports are so very old that nobody knows by whom, or in what age of the world, they were made. The governor's baby received on its brow the mystic drops that sealed him a child of the Church of Christ, and as the solemn names of "Father, Son and Holy Ghost" were spoken by the Lutheran pastor, and died away amid the sails of the ships in the ceiling, a low, sweet, flute-like note seemed to come in from door and window and fill all the place.

The men in the gallery half rose from their seats; the women below looked around in wondering surprise; the children in the aisles whispered together. Soon the strange sound was heard again.

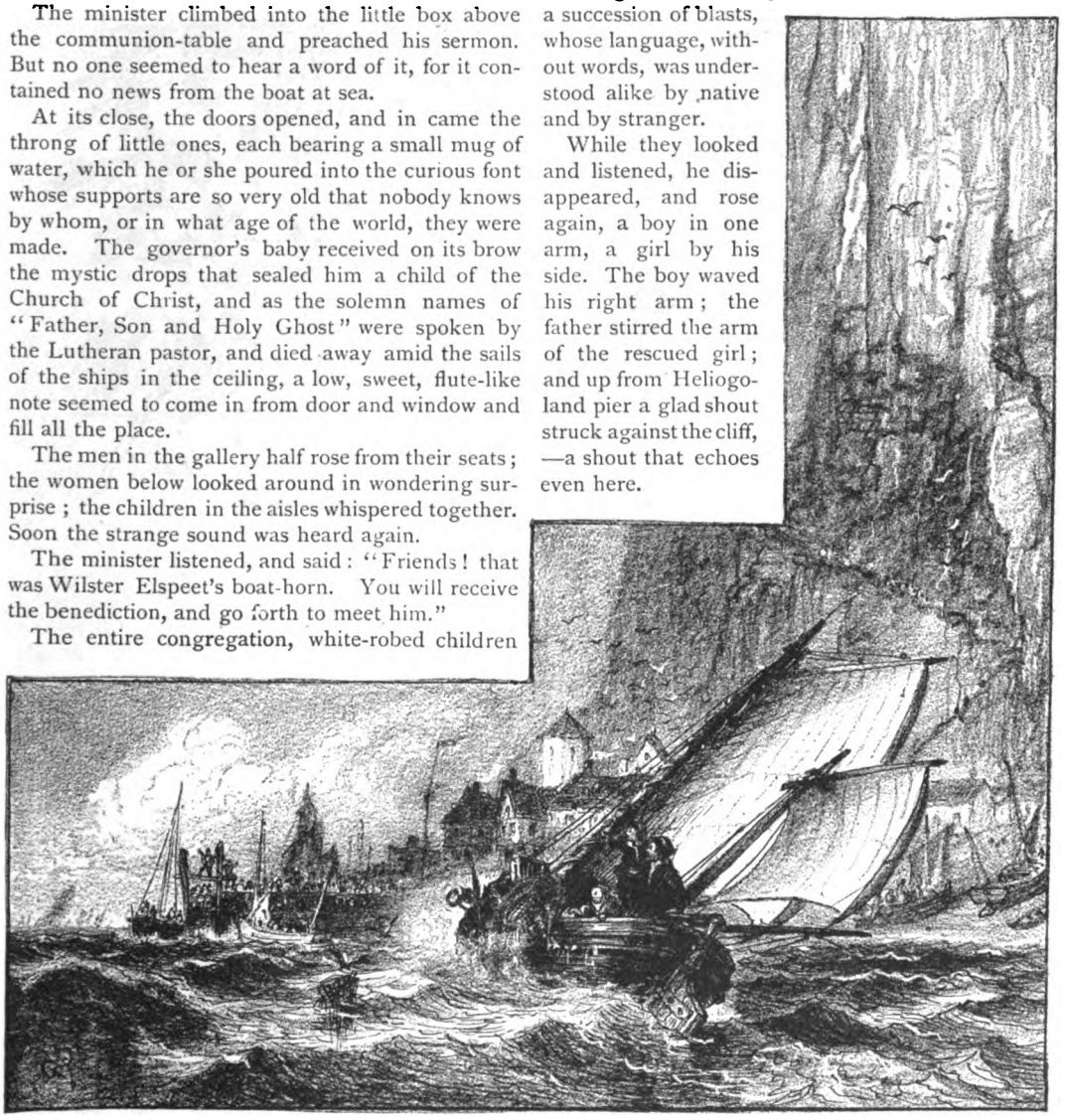
The minister listened, and said: "Friends! that was Wilster Elspeet's boat-horn. You will receive the benediction, and go forth to meet him."

The entire congregation, white-robed children and all, filed down the great cliff stair-way, headed by the governor and the minister, and stood, a solid mass of humanity, on the pier, to watch the oyster-ketch, with its message of woe or weal, come in.

On the pier's outermost edge waited the Elspeet mother, against whose stony grief no one dared to cast a spray of comfort. She had walked the island's shore all night and all day, and now had come to meet the end.

Some one on board could be seen moving to and fro as the sail drew near and nearer. Presently, the captain leaned out to look. He saw the eager crowd awaiting him. Seizing his horn, he blew from it a succession of blasts, whose language, without words, was understood alike by native and by stranger.

While they looked and listened, he disappeared, and rose again, a boy in one arm, a girl by his side. The boy waved his right arm; the father stirred the arm of the rescued girl; and up from Heliogoland pier a glad shout struck against the cliff, —a shout that echoes even here.



A GLAD SHOUT WENT UP FROM HELIOGOLAND PIER.

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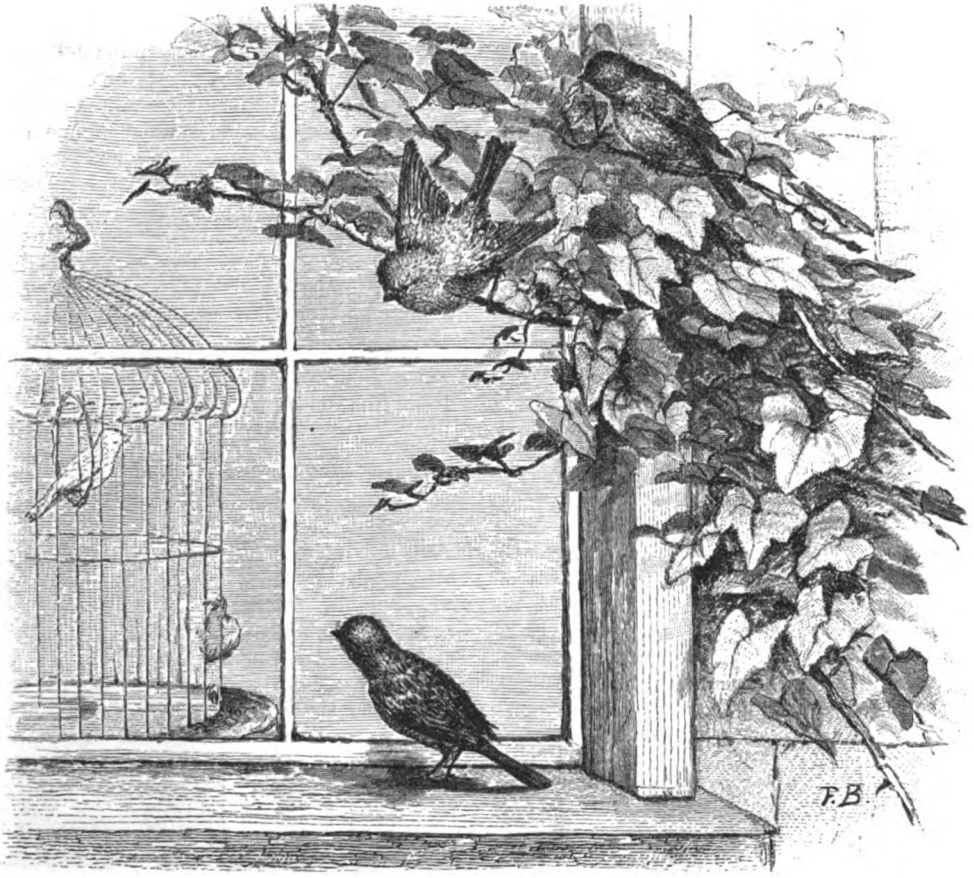

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

IN the frozen ivy, where the ice hung glittering,
Forty little sparrows were perching, swinging, twittering;
In his gilded prison, like a palace for a fairy,
Singing his blithe heart out, was a pretty, tame canary.

But his song grew silent as he watched the sparrows playing.
"Ah, you little free birds!" I could fancy he was saying,
"You can use your light wings, you can play together,
You are not afraid of cats, nor of the winter weather.

"I 'd not mind the weather, if they 'd but let me out,
Surely I could warm myself in flying all about;
All those lovely crumbs, too, that the people throw,—
Must I eat naught but bird-seed, I should like to know?"

Then a little sparrow hopped upon the sill,
"What a lucky fellow!" piped he, loud and shrill;

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"Oh, my senses! Crinkle-toes, Feather-head, just look,
There 's his dinner set for him, as if he kept a cook!

"Bless my heart! a bath-tub, and some sugar, too!
No one thinks of building a house for me or you;
No,—they think they 're very kind if they but throw us crumbs,—
Well, some folks's puddings really seem all plums!"

Yellow-feathers' mistress, in her haste, next day,
Left the cage-door open, and he got away;
Through the open window joyfully he flew,
"Now," he sang, "for once I 've had a dream that 's coming true!"

Ah, the cold was cruel, ah, the wind was fierce!
Through his pretty feathers needles seemed to pierce,
Till, all tired out with flying, he hid his little head
In the frozen ivy-vine, whence soon he fell down,—dead!

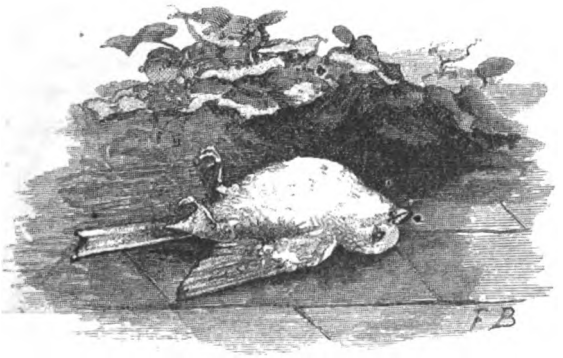
Little Master Tommy set a trap that noon,
When he came from school, and caught three sparrows very soon;
"There!" he said to Polly, "did n't I engage
That if you 'd stop a-crying, I would fill the cage?"

Polly danced for pleasure, and forgot her tears;
Then the little sparrows, quaking with new fears,
Ruffling up their feathers in their tiny rage,
All at once discovered they were in the gilded cage.

Crinkle-toes, and Feather-head, and little Mr. Pert,
There they were in safety, not a feather hurt,
But the warm air stifled them, and the cage was small,
And they thought the bird-seed was not good at all.

When the bright spring weather came, each pretty head
Drooped in such a piteous way that gentle Polly said:
"These are little wild birds, and can't belong to me,
As my dear canary did, so I will set them free!"

Open flew the window, open flew the door,
Out the sparrows darted, and were seen no more;
But Polly has a fancy that they whistled as they went,
"Never grumble, darling! Always be content!"



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"O, TOM! THE KING WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU!" (PAGE 185.)

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WONDERING TOM.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

(Re-published, by request, from "Our Young Folks," with new illustrations by Frederick Dielman.)

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's door-step, the King stopped on the street to look at him.

"Who is that boy?" asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the entire royal procession to a stand.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-catcher; the Royal Rat-catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk. Little Wisk told him the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-catcher, passing on the news; and it traveled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said:

"May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it 's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "Tell him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words traveled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out:

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging. "Why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"*Why?*" cried Tom.

"O, Tom! Tom! they 're going to kill you," she cried, in an agony.

"WHY?" screamed Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bow-string. In that city, any man, woman, or child who disregarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bow-string would have done its work; but the King held up his royal hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

"Whatever in all this world can his Majesty want with me?" pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

"Well, sir!" said his Majesty, scowling. "So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?"

"ME, your Majesty?" faltered Tom. "I—I—don't know."

"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether——"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's door-way. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go."

"He has a good face," continued the King, turning to his Prime Minister, "but he'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all.

"Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the door-step. "Why in the world do they think I 'll never amount to anything?"

In the door-way he fell to thinking of little Wisk.

"What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she 'd play with me if I asked her,—but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime, little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him slyly.

"Tom!" she called out at last, swaying herself lithely round and round her wooden door-post, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates!"

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"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I *know* it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I 'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she 'd like to have me go with her. Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is going to rain or not."

"Rain? Of course not," laughed little Wisk, running off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"Oh," thought Tom, "she 's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why did n't I tell her that I 'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands. She was a clear-starcher.

"Tom, Tom! why *don't* you set about something? There 's plenty to do, in doors and out, if you 'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether or not he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play, do. One doh't often have such a perfect day as this (and such splendid drying, too!). If I were you, I 'd make the most of it;" and the mother went back into her bare entry, still clapping the ruffle.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He did n't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because he could n't decide what he should say if he should meet little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the door-step and nearer to the great city-wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then, after wading a while through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It 's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother did n't get a cottage out here in the country instead of living in the noisy city."

"Could n't," croaked a voice near by.

Tom started. There was nobody near but frogs and crickets. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still, he wondered what in the world the voice could be, and why it sounded like "could n't."

"It certainly did sound so. May be she could n't, after all," thought Tom; "but *why* could n't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there 's nobody here, that 's certain. Oh, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help!' Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know. Pshaw! what if I *do* love her, I 'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "I sha' n't ever amount to anything, the King said. Now, what *did* he mean by that?"

"Dilly, dally!" said another mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words.

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. Oh dear! It 's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there 's the King's ugly speech; a fellow aint agoing to stand everything!"

He was crying at last. Yes, his tears were dropping one by one upon the green turf. He rested upon his elbows, holding his face between his hands; and, although he felt very wretched, he could n't help wondering whether the grass in his shadow would n't think it was night and that his tears were dew-drops.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" sobbed Tom, "what 's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold,—a funny little creature with a wide mouth, but her eyes were like diamonds.

"What are you crying for, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "well, that 's queerer than anything! I 've always heard that these woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder why I 'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? O—yes—ma'am—certainly, I heard plain enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

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He looked sharply at the little lady. Yes, she had a kind face. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a beginning.

"It 's Kumtoothepoynt," said the fairy. "Be quick! I can't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That 's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must be quick and tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"Oh no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Kumtoothepoynt, kindly, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever ——"

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me promptly what I can do."

"I 'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures these mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I 'm a very wise fairy, if I *am* small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous, and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom, with a start.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they would n't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It 's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!)—if I were you I 'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I could n't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You 're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She 's fading away," cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You 're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly to Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I 've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish. Now, sir, be careful! I 'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me;" and Kumtoothepoynt sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Only three."

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There 's so much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it 's so hard to put everything into such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What do *you* think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," said Kumtoothepoynt, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich,—and I want mother to be the same,—and, good fairy, if you would n't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me!—it 's so hard to put everything in such a few questions—let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Kumtoothepoynt, here 's my first question, How can I grow rich, *very* rich, in—in one week?"

The fairy shook her head.

"I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number FOUR. You have already asked your three questions;" and she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I 'm a fool!" he cried.

All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves.

"A *big* fool!" he insisted.

The leaves fairly tittered.

"Did n't old Katy, the apple-woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy did n't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy did n't!"

Tom laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows. I may have been asleep; but, anyhow, I 'm a fool!"

"Ooo—!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up, and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hallo! old Goggle-eyes! You 're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted her position, and stared at him an instant. Then, as if the sight of such a ridiculous fellow was too much for her, she shut her eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

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All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Kumtoothepoynt were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered over the day's events, and the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"

Three years passed away.

"Little Wisk" grew to be quite a tall girl; but nobody thought of calling her by any other name. She was so little and quick, so rosy, fresh, and sparkling, and so tender and true withal, that she was Little Wisk as a matter of course.

One chilly November afternoon she missed old Katy, the apple-woman, from her accustomed place at the street corner.

"She must be sick," thought little Wisk. "Perhaps she has no one to help her."

With some persons, to think is to act. Wisk stepped into a neighboring cobbler's shop.

"Mr. Wacksend, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"No," said the cobbler, gruffly. "Shut the door when you go out."

Little Wisk looked at him as he sat upon his bench, pegging away at his work.

"Poor man!" she said to herself, "pushing the awl through that thick leather makes him press his lips tight together, and I suppose pressing his lips so tight, day after day, makes him cross. I'll try the butcher."

She ran into the next shop.

"Mr. Butcher, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"Well," returned the butcher, pausing to wipe his cleaver on his sleeve, "she don't exactly *live* anywhere. But, as the poor thing has neither kith nor kin to help her, why, for the past year or so I've just let her tumble herself in under a shed in my back-yard. She's got an old chopping-bench for a table, and a pile of straw for a bed, and that's all her housekeeping."

"And don't she have anything to eat but apples?" asked Wisk, much distressed.

"Bless your simple heart!" said the butcher, laughing, "she can't afford to eat her apples. No, no. She keeps the breath in her body mostly with black bread and scraps."

"Scraps?"

"Yes, meat-scraps. I save 'em for her out of the trimmin's. But what's wantin' of her so particular? Did you come to invite her to court?"

"I'd like to see her for a moment," said Wisk, shrinking from his coarse laugh.

"Well," answered the butcher, beginning to chop again, "the surest way of seeing her is to go to the corner and buy an apple."

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GOODY?"

"But she is n't there."

"Not there? That's uncommon. Well" (pointing back over his shoulder with his cleaver), "go down the alley here, alongside the shop; steer clear of old Beppo in his kennel, he's ugly sometimes; then go past the pig-sties and the skin-heaps, and cross over by the cattle-stalls; and right back of them, a little beyond, is the shed. May be she's lying there sick; like enough, poor thing!"

Little Wisk followed the directions, as she picked her way carefully through the great, bleak cattle-yard, thinking, as she went, that killing lambs did n't always make a man so very wicked, after all.

She found the old woman, moaning and bent nearly double with rheumatism.

"What can I do for you, Goody?"

"Bless your bright eyes! Did you come to see poor old Katy? *Ough ah-h!* the pain's killing me, child! Oh, the Lord save us, *ough ah!*"

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"It's too cold and damp for you in here, I'm sure."

"Ah, yes, dearie dear,—*ough, ough!*—cold and wet enough!"

"This old rusty stove would be nice if you had a fire in it, Goody."

"Oh, the stove, dearie! The good gentleman in the shop put it in here for me last winter. He's kept me in meat-scraps, too. O—o—o! (it catches me that way often, child). But, alack! I have n't a chip nor a shaving to make a bit of a fire. *Oh! oh!* (the worst's in this shoulder, dearie, and 'cross the back and into this 'ere knee). Yes, cold and wet enough, so it is. *Ough!* No use s'arching out there, you wont find nothing. Not a waste splinter of wood left after *my* raking and scraping till I was too sick to stand up, I'll be bound."

"I do wish I had money to buy you some, Goody," said Wisk. "I sha' n't have another silver-piece till my next birthday, but you shall have that, I promise you."

"Blessings on you for saying it, dearie; but old Katy wont never last till then. What with cold and hunger (the meat on the nail there's no use, you see, if I can't cook it), and this 'ere *ough—ah!*—this 'ere dreadful rheumatiz, I can't hold out much longer."

Suddenly, a thought came to Wisk.

"Oh, Katy!" she exclaimed, and off she ran, past the cattle-sheds, the skin-heaps, the pig-sties, the dog-kennel, down the alley, up the street, and round the corner till she came to a carpenter's shop—

"Tom," she said, hurrying in, quite out of breath, and addressing a great strong boy who was working there, "wont you give me some shavings and chips?"

"Certainly," said Tom, straightway beginning to scrape together a big pile. "What shall we put them in?"

"Into my apron. They're for poor Katy, the apple-woman. She lives in an old shed in Slorter's cattle-yard. She's sick, Tom, and she has n't a thing to make a fire with."

"Oh, if that's it," said Tom, "we must get her up a cart-load of waste stuff, if the boss is willing."

The boss spoke up.

"Help yourself, Tom. You're the steadiest lad in the shop, and you've never asked me a favor before. Help yourself. Take along all those odds and ends in the corner yonder. Chips and shavings soon burn up."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Tom; and he added in a lower tone to Wisk, "I'll load up and take 'em 'round to her as soon as I've done my work. You can carry your apronful now."

Wisk held up the corners of her apron while Tom filled it, laughing to see how she lifted her pretty chin so that he might put in a "whole lot" as she called it.

"There!" he exclaimed at last, "that's as much as you can manage."

"Thank you, Tom! Oh, how kind you are!" and she started at once.

"Wisk!"

He had followed her to the door. When she turned back, in answer to his call, he tried to speak to her, but coughed instead.

"Did you want me, Tom?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, Wisk. I—I—wanted to say that—that I ——"

"Why, what a cough you have, Tom! It's from working so much in this windy shop. Oh, Tom, I've just thought! If Katy had a door to her shed and a bench with a back to it, she'd be *so* comfortable."

"She shall have both," said Tom. "I'll do it this very evening. It's full moon."

"Oh, you dear, blessed Tom! Good-bye!"

"Wisk!"

But she was already running down the street. Tom turned back slowly. I think he was wondering, though he had nearly conquered that old habit. But it is so difficult, sometimes, to say just what we feel to those we like very much!

"First the shavings, then the chips," sang Wisk's happy heart, as she hurried along; "first the shavings, and then the chips, and then a spark from old Katy's tinder-box, and sha' n't we have a beautiful blaze?"

That night, the one-eyed dog in the butcher's yard had a hard time of it. There was the moon to be barked at; the pigs to be barked at; the sheep, the oxen, and the lambs to be barked at every time they moved in their stalls. The skin-heap, too, required a constant barking to keep it from stirring while the rats were burrowing beneath. And then there was the strange lad to be barked at, coming in twice, as he did, with a hand-cart heaped high with chips, shavings and blocks, and again coming back with planks, hammer and saw. And the sudden smoke from the sick woman's fire; ah, how it bothered old Beppo!

He had lived long in the yard, and remembered well how the high chimney had stood there for years and years,—all that was left of a burned-down factory,—and how the shed had been built up around it as if to keep it from tumbling. For months past it had been a quiet, well-behaved chimney; but now to see smoke rushing out of it at such a rate, bound straight for that aggravating moon, was really too much to stand. So Beppo barked and barked; and Tom hammered and hammered; and old Katy, warm at last, curled

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herself up in the straw, saying over and over again, "How nice it will be! How nice it will be!"

Time passed on. One day, the King and his court came riding down that same street again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a carpenter's shop and asked:

"Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigious Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. He works with a will, that fellow. I must let him build the royal ships."

"The royal ships!" echoed the Prime Minister, "your most preposterous Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long ago, the question traveled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty young woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He's a master-builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered; "but now he's Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-catcher.

And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master-builder threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you again!" said Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparations be made at once for proclaiming him Royal Ship-builder! What do they call you, young man? I've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eyes sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are *you*, my pretty one?"

"Oh, I'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.

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THE FUNNIEST GENERAL IN ALL THE WORLD.

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

Ever so long ago, there lived and fought in Germany a mighty general, and he was awfully funny. I think he was about the funniest general in all the world.

He was very fat and very clever, and, like all fat, clever people, he loved little children. The fatter he grew, the more clever he grew, and when he had a dozen or so of children about his knees, he was n't much of a general, as generals go,—not much of a fighting general, I mean.

But we must give the name and date of this general, and so crack the historical nut-shell, before we can set before our readers the sweetmeat of our story. This we will do in a single paragraph, and we shall have all the rest of the space to tell you about the agreeable general, and the funny things that he did.

Procopius, or Procope, the famous fat general, was a Bohemian, and became commander of the Hussites, who were almost an army of giants, in 1424. He won many victories with his terrible army, and caused the princes of Moravia, Austria and Saxony, to sue for terms at his feet. The fame of his great deeds and wonderful victories filled all Europe for eleven years, when he was killed in battle in 1434. Now, the historical nut-shell is cracked, and we will have some account of the funny fat man who loved the children.

In the summer of 1432, good-natured Procopius and his tall army came marching through the hot mountain-passes into Saxony, and encamped in a very lovely valley on the banks of the Saale, and invested the old walled town of Naumburg. It was cherry-time,—a lovely time of year to lay siege to the tough old town,—and the valley was full of cherry-trees, which was calculated to make fat Procope and the tall besiegers, who were very fond of the good things in the world, contented and happy. So, while a part of the army besieged the town, the rest went cherrying, and a very comfortable time they had.

But the Saxons who were shut up in Naumburg were resolute and stubborn, and refused to yield. The golden moon that hung over the Saale on the still nights when June perfumed the vale with roses, waned, and halved, quartered and rounded again; but the Saxons gave no signs of coming to terms with the fat general. And Procopius, although generally so clever and good-natured, began, we are very, very sorry to say, to lose his patience and his temper.

It was far past midsummer. The roses were falling, and the cherries were rotting, and Procope himself was getting sour. So one morning he put on his high-heeled boots, and seemed to be unusually out of sorts, and he sent a terrible message to the good people of Naumburg that, if they did not surrender the town before the end of the week, all of the people in it should at last be put to the sword.

Oh, then there was distress in Naumburg. Yet the sturdy old Saxon lords refused to surrender the town.

But at last the store of food in the town was nearly gone, and strong walls grow weak when the people have no bread. The women began to be hungry, and the children to cry for food.

What was to be done? They called a council, but the council could do nothing. The besiegers were strong without, and the corn was gone within, and their lives were forfeited if they opened the gates to the enemy.

There came to the council an old German schoolmaster, and when the lords and chief men could offer nothing, he begged leave to say a few words to them.

"Procope," said he, bowing very low, so that his queue stuck out like a horn behind, "is very fat."

"That will not help our leanness," said the lords.

"Fat men are very clever," said the spare old pedagogue.

"All the more inglorious to die at the hands of a clever man," said the lords.

"And clever, fat men love children," said the pedagogue, looking very wise.

"That does not help our case," said the lords.

"A man who loves a child will not harm the parent," said the old pedagogue.

"But the Hussites do not love our children."

"Every man has a tender place in his heart," said the wise pedagogue. "Get at that, and one is safe."

"But how does that apply to us?" asked the lords.

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"Listen," said the pedagogue, looking still more wise, and bringing the tip of one finger over into the palm of his other hand, in a very knowing way. "Procope loves children, and when they are around him, he grows jolly and mellow, and his heart gets warm, and his sternness all melts away like a glacier in the spring sunshine. Send the children of the town out of the gates to him. Tell them to cling about his knees, and climb up into his lap, and when he begins to pity them, and grow fond of them, tell them to beg mercy for us, and the foodless town of Naumburg."

That quiet summer afternoon, the gates of Naumburg swung open, and a long procession of little boys and girls issued forth, and wended their way through the astonished Hussites to the gay pavilion of Procopius. We fancy we can see them now, and an old German picture we have seen helps our fancy. This odd picture represents the old pedagogue following behind with a bundle of books under one arm, and a brisk switch in the other hand, with which latter implement he was refreshing the memories of some of the little boys in the rear, by a wise application in the usual way.

When Procope saw them coming he seemed mighty pleased, and with large eyes and puffing lips he waddled out to meet them. The little girls seized him around his funny legs, and hugged him tight, and the little boys all began to say:

"O, good Procope, we've come to you to protect us."

What could Procopius do? He tried to be hard, but it was impossible. So he sat down under a big cherry-tree near by, and the boys and girls in a few minutes were running all over him like goats over a mountain. His heart was besieged, and a breach was soon made in its weakest place.

He put his hand on one little boy's hair and kissed another little girl, who looked so pretty and innocent that he could not help it. And his great arms clasped a half-a-dozen children at once, and his heart grew warm and mellow, and he found that he could resist no longer. So the clever fat general suddenly cried out:

"It's no use. I can't see the children suffer, you know. I guess I shall have to surrender."

Then he ordered the Hussites to bring him baskets of cherries, and he and the children had a cherry feast, and great was the happiness on the banks of the Saale, near the foodless town of Naumburg.

The children returned to the city at night, and each one hugged and kissed Procopius as they parted, and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Spare, for our sakes, the town of Naumburg."

The moon hung over the Saale in the golden air, and in the late hours dipped behind the far mountains. The sun rose fair, and the watchmen looked down from the grim walls of Naumburg on the long valley; but Procopius and the Hussites were gone, and a happier day never was seen in the town.

For four hundred years the Saxons have loved to recall this delightful event of history, and have celebrated it by the "Kinderfest," or "Children's Fête," or, as it is often called, "The Cherry Feast of Naumburg." This festival corresponds to our Fourth of July, and occurs on the 28th of July, and a right glad day it is to the children of Saxony. And, would you see how long the happy influence of a single good deed may last? why then, when you go to Germany, drop down to the Saale in summer time, and eat some cherries with the children at the Children's Fête, in honor of the funniest general in all the world.

GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

PUPIL and master together,
The wise man and the child,
Merrily talking and laughing
Under the lamp-light mild.

Pupil and master together,
A fair sight to behold,
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

"Well, little girl, did you practice
On the violin to-day?
What is the air I gave you?
Have you forgotten, pray?"

And he sings a few notes and pauses,
Half frowning to see her stand
Perplexed, with her white brows knitted,
And her chin upon her hand.

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Far off in the street of a sudden
  Comes the sound of a wandering band,
And the blare of brass rings faintly,
  Too distant to understand.

"Hark!" says the master, smiling,
  Bending his head to hear,
"In what key are they playing?
  Can you tell me that, my dear?

I thought, if one had the power,
  What a beautiful thing 't would be,
Hearing Life's manifold music,
  To strike in one's self the key;

Whether joyful or sorry, to answer,
  As wind-harps answer the air,
And solve by simple submission
  Its riddles of trouble and care.

"Is it D minor? Try it!
  To the piano and try!"
She strikes it, the sweet sound answers,
  Her touch so light and shy.

And swift as steel to magnet,
  The far tones and the near
Unite and are blended together
  Smoothly upon the ear.

But the little maid knew nothing
  Of thoughts so grave and wise,
As she stole again to her teacher,
  And lifted her merry eyes.

And neither dreamed what a picture
  They made, the young and the old,—
With his thronging locks of silver,
  And her tresses of ruddy gold.

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ONE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

TEN DOLLARS

BY OLIVE THORNE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Mr. Cameron.—A clergyman.
Mrs. Cameron.—His wife.
Grandmother.—His mother.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. { *Janet.*–A School-teacher. *Girard.*–A Clerk. *Mabel.*–A Music-teacher. *Nellie.*–A School-girl.

SCENE.

A comfortable, though homely, sitting-room, with a stove, a rag-carpet, a center-table, with two candles and snuffers on it.
Janet in gray dress, hair plain, sitting in a straight chair, sewing.
Mabel, the musician, in bright dress, with ribbons and curls, lounging in an easy chair, reading.
Girard, studying book-keeping.
Nellie, with hair in braids, studying her arithmetic with slate, etc.
All these around the table, with place left for Mother, whose work-basket, full of stockings, stands on the table. Her low sewing-chair awaits her beside the table.
Grandmother, in big rocking-chair by stove, knitting.

Grandmother. Nellie, I don't think you were polite to your friend when she came home with you. I was surprised you did n't invite her to tea.

Nellie. Well, Grandma, I did want to—awfully, but you see [*hesitating*] I was ashamed.

Grandmother. Ashamed! Of what, pray? [*dropping her knitting in amazement*]. I hope I have n't lived to see a Cameron stoop to the low standard of the present day, which estimates a man by the number of dollars he has heaped together, honestly or dishonestly!

Janet [*smiling*]. No, Grandma. I think we are all true Camerons in pride of family, and it keeps us contented under some trials, too, but I suppose Nellie refers to the state of our "family china,"—if the relics that adorn our table can be called so.

Grandmother [*with spirit*]. As if that made any difference with the spirit of hospitality!

Janet. Of course it makes no difference really; but you must admit, Grandma, it is a little mortifying to offer your friend a cracked plate to eat from, and a handleless tea-cup in a chipped saucer of another set, while the bread comes on in a blue-edged pie-plate.

Nellie [*ruefully*]. And not a whole pitcher in the house!

Janet. The truth is, we must manage some way to buy a few decent dishes. Our table is a disgrace.

Mabel [*looking up for the first time*]. So it is, Janey; I do wish we could have something really artistic! I saw such a choice set of Wedgwood to-day, as I passed Orton's!

Janet [*laughing*]. Wedgwood and dinner-sets are not for us, Sis. We shall have to content ourselves with a few cups and saucers, and plates; and I don't see exactly where those are to come from, either.

Mabel. But it 's just as easy to buy even a few things that show some taste for art and the beautiful; and a bit of pure color here and there gives a plain table such an air.

Girard [*looking up for the first time*]. Airs at a Cameron table! I 'm amazed! As for "bits of

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color," Bel, a good steak is as nice a bit of color as I want to see.

Mabel. How gross, Girard!

Nellie [*eagerly*]. But about the dishes; let 's all help to get them.

Girard [*mockingly*]. Pass around the hat! How much do you start with, Nell? Mabel can contribute her "cultchah"; you, your enthusiasm; I, my good wishes; and Janey must do the rest.

Nellie [*meekly, and returning to her slate*]. I have n't any money, I know, but I could do without something, I suppose, and take that money.

Janet [*laying down her work in her interest*]. That 's what I thought of. We all shall have to pinch somewhere to do it. I thought for one thing, we might give up butter at the table—we children, I mean; that would save something from the house bills.

Girard [*tragically*]. Oh, Janet! "the most unkindest cut of all!"—that was aimed at me, I know. What are buckwheats without butter?

Janet [*with pretended severity*]. Very good and wholesome eating, Mr. Girard. You are far too tender of that exacting stomach of yours! It 's time it was denied.

Girard [*jumping up, and striking an attitude*]. Denied! Don't I cheat it with codfish and corned beef! and mock it with dandelion coffee! and have n't I punished it with oatmeal, and crushed wheat, and other horse-feed? "Oh, that way madness lies!" What would you have a fellow do—live on bran?

Janet [*severely virtuous*]. Yes, if he could not pay for better. Benjamin Frank——

Girard [*interrupting*]. There, don't fling Ben Franklin at me again! He did n't care what he did; he paraded the streets of Philadelphia, eating one loaf of bread, and holding another under his arm. I saw him do it—in a picture, I mean.

Grandmother. That was nothing to be ashamed of.

Girard [*sitting down*]. Nor to brag of, neither.

Janet. Well, never mind Ben Franklin; the question now before the house, is: How can each of us save a little money?

Girard. Let 's appoint a committee of ways and means—that 's such a nice easy way! I nominate Miss Janet Cameron for the committee. Let her make something out of nothing, and in the words of the immortal—(ahem)—somebody, "show us how divine a thing a woman may become."

Janet. Now, Girard, stop your nonsense, and devote yourself to this "account of stock," while we girls talk things over.

Girard. By the way, that reminds me that I took a letter from the post-office for father to-day. Where is he?

Janet. In the study, I believe.

[Girard goes out.]

Grandmother. I 'll help, Janet. I can do without the cap you were going to make me.

Janet. No, indeed, Grandma! You shall have a new cap if we have to eat off of leaves. We young folks are the ones to do without things.

[Girard returns, snuffs the candles, and resumes his seat.]

Janet [*continues*]. I have a little of my quarter's salary left, which I will give.

Mabel. But ——

Janet [*hastily*]. No "buts," Mabel. Of course, it is only by some self-denial that we can do it. We have no superfluous luxuries.

Mabel [*sighing*]. I think not, indeed! Well, of course, I 'll give up butter, too, and—and [*hesitating*] I wont buy that new piece of music.

Nellie. That you've been wanting for six months!

Mabel. I don't need it more than Janet needs shoes.

Nellie [*pushing her books back on the table*]. Dear me! what can I do without, I wonder? [*reflecting*]—I suppose I might wear my old hat as it is, without the flower mother said I might get. I can't think of anything else.

Janet. But, Nellie, that will be too bad. It really needs it.

Nellie. No more than you and Mabel need things. I can tie my veil over it. I wonder how it will look, anyway?

[Goes to a cupboard or drawer, and brings out an old hat, pulls the trimming this way and that to give it a fresher look, while the talk goes on, no one observing her.]

Girard. "Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy!"

Janet [*turning to Girard, now apparently absorbed in his books*]. Now, Girard, it 's your turn. Show us some of the philosophy you mentioned.

Girard [*apparently surprised*]. Eh? What?

Janet. Have n't you some pet thing to sacrifice?

Girard. I can't sacrifice my pet; you 've done that yourself at one fell stroke—that 's butter. But [*seriously*] I suppose I must crucify my pride, like the rest—though it is Cameron pride, Grandma. I 'll have my shoes patched, and wait till next quarter for new ones [*holding out a somewhat dilapidated shoe, and looking at it on every side with comical look of dismay*]. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Janet [*warmly*]. And you so hate a patch! Girard, your pride is of the right sort; you 're ahead of us all.

Girard [*theatrically*]. "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?"—— to a pair of shoes —— "If any, speak!" How much will all these sacrifices net?

Janet [*in business-like way*]. The sum total

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of these several sacrifices of the Cameron family, net,—— ahem! exactly —— [*slowly*] if we do without butter for a month —— nine dollars and seventy-five cents!

Nellie [*eagerly throwing down the hat*]. Is that enough?

Janet. Yes, I think so, used with discretion.

Girard. Well, then, shell out [*opening a thin pocket-book. Soliloquizing*]. "I do remember a lonely" —— two-dollar note —— "and hereabouts he lives. Has he not a lean and hungry look?" Who 'll be treasurer of this great financial scheme? Janet, of course. "'T was ever thus" —— she 's always everything in this house —— "wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best" —— Here, Miss Factotum! [*tendering the bill with mock ceremony*].

[Mabel slowly draws out a shabby portemonnaie, and carefully takes out several pieces of change, spreading them on the table, and counting them.]

Mabel. Twenty-five—fifty—seventy-five—one dollar twenty-five—thirty—forty—forty-five—forty-nine—one dollar and forty-nine-cents.

[The door opens, Mother enters and seats herself by table, holding up a ten-dollar bill.]

Mother. Children, we 've had a windfall.

Chorus. Have we! Oh! Oh not *that?*

Mother. Yes, this ten-dollar bill. Your father's letter was from Mr. James, inclosing the ten dollars he owed him, which we had given up long ago.

Girard [*aside*]. "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this son of" —— greenbacks!

Janet. What will he do with it, Mother?

Mother. He has given it to me to put where it is most needed. He has no bills out; coal is in and paid for, and we have a barrel of flour. In fact—thanks to your all doing so well, we are comfortable for the winter. Now, where is it most needed about the house? I thought, myself, that father ought to have a new study-chair. His is really unsafe.

[A pause of several minutes. Each one in a brown study. Mother draws up her basket, and takes out her work.]

Nellie [*suddenly, very earnestly*]. O Mother! I do wish you 'd get me some new ribbons and a pair of gloves! they wont cost much, and mine are really too shabby to be decent!

Mother [*surprised, and dropping her work*]. Why, I thought your blue ribbons looked very nice yet, Nellie; and your gloves, I 'm sure, can't be worn out.

Nellie. They 're not really in holes, but worn white and shabby; and my blue ribbons [*scornfully*] have been washed, you know, and they do seem so slimsy and mean. I wish you could see Belle Nelson's ——

Janet [*interrupting*]. Belle Nelson, indeed! The idea of your dreaming of rivaling her! If you talk about *needs*, I think I need a new dress about as much as you need ribbons and gloves. I 'm hardly respectable in my old brown serge, cleaned and turned upside down, inside out, hind-side before, flounced to hide piecing, and bowed to hide darns!

Mother [*perfectly aghast at this savage speech, and nervously twisting the bill as she talks*]. Why, Janet, I thought your dress looked so nice! and you were so contented!

Janet. Well, I expected, of course, to wear it, and I had to be contented; but it makes me furious, after all the trouble I 've had with Nellie's clothes, to have her talk about Belle Nelson.

Girard [*starting up and walking across the room, returning and snuffing the candles again*]. Now, Mother, see here! It 's all stuff to talk about ribbons and frocks! Girls always want a cart-load of such truck! *I* say, Here, let 's have a high old Christmas-dinner! One of the real old sort, that all can enjoy and remember through subsequent scrimped dinners.

Janet [*ironically*]. That 's just like a boy! I 've always heard that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach; but I did n't think it cropped out so young in life.

Girard [*offended by the taunting reflection on his age*]. Young! I 'd like to know ——

Mother [*earnestly, interrupting, and forgetfully letting the bill, now twisted into a wisp, fall into her lap*]. Children! Children! I am extremely pained to see such a spirit! If you cannot talk it over pleasantly, I shall be sorry we ever saw the ten dollars.

[Janet and Girard look ashamed, and are silent. Girard sits down.]

Mabel [*mildly*]. Mother, don't you think it would be well to put this unexpected money to the use of a little culture? Our lives are so bare and devoid of beauty! We surely shall grow gross and earthly-minded if we never lift ourselves above our material needs, nor cultivate our æsthetic tastes.

Girard [*wickedly, sotto voce*]. Ahem! "And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Mabel [*not hearing him*]. How would it do to spend it for a season-ticket to the Philharmonic concerts this winter, and take turns in going? or to buy a choice photograph of some grand picture, which would be constant culture to the whole family, refining and ——

Girard [*pitching his book across the room, making Grandmother start, and drop her ball*]. Yes, to *you!* But nobody else cares a fig for your old

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concerts, and your choice photographs! [*Sees Grandma's ball, picks it up and returns it to her.*]

[Mabel starts up, indignant at Girard's words, then sits and buries her face in a book.]

Girard [*continuing*]. I think, the best way, after all, is to put the money into silver dollars and divide it around, so that each one may get exactly what suits him.

Mother [*leaning forward, pained and distressed, the bill drops to the floor*]. But, children, I am amazed to see this dreadful discontent! I never suspected that you felt like this.

Nellie [*interrupting hotly*]. I suppose I *am* horrid! But when one has been to school all her life, dressed meaner than the washerwoman's daughter, *I* don't think it 's wonderful that she should want a new thing once in a while. It 's no worse than to stuff it down the throat, as Girard would like!

Mabel [*laying down the book she took up when Girard interrupted*]. Neither eating nor dressing is more than a vulgar necessity. Our spiritual nature craves higher pleasures, and I do think we ought to try to rise above that low plane.

Girard [*energetically*]. "Stuff!"

Janet [*tossing her head with dignity*]. Well, all of you may say what you like about it, but *I* can tell you this ——

[At this moment, Girard jumps up to snuff the candles again, and in his haste, snuffs one of them out.]

Nellie [*crossly*]. Now you 've done it!

[Girard snatches up the other candle to relight the first.]

Mother [*seizing his hand*]. No, no! You 'll spill the grease! Take a paper! [*turning to look for one in her basket*].

[Girard looks around, sees the bill in a wisp on the floor, picks it up.]

Girard. Here 's one, Mother!

[Lights it at one candle, re-lights the other, and turns to the stove with the burning bill; opens the stove-door, throws it in, carelessly looking at it when in; suddenly looks aghast.

Girard [*anxiously*]. My goodness! Mother, where 's that bill?

[Door opens; Mr. Cameron puts in his head to see what 's the matter.]

Mother. Why, I have it; it 's right here [*looking in her lap and on the table*]. I had it in my hands a minute ago—I was twisting it in my fingers, I believe.

[Looks on the floor. The rest join in the search under the table; Janet looks in work-basket; Mother stands up and shakes her dress.]

Girard [*standing still, panic-stricken*]. Girls, you need n't look any more. Mother, I—I—lighted the candle with it. I thought it was a wisp of paper.

Mother [*distressed*]. I twisted it up, as I do everything, I suppose, and laid it down carelessly.

Mabel [*interrupting*]. No; Girard took that paper from the floor; I saw him.

Girard. Then it dropped, for I saw it as it burned in the stove.

Chorus [*of dismay*]. Burned!

Grandmother [*fervently, laying down her knitting and pushing her spectacles up to her forehead*]. Bless the Lord! let us return to contented poverty!

[All see the point, look ashamed, and subside into seats in silence.]

Father [*after looking sharply at each discontented face*]. Mother, do you regret the money?

Mother [*serenely, taking up her darning-basket*]. No, William! It has bought us a useful lesson! It is well bestowed.

Grandmother. And no one even once *thought* of the china we need so badly!

[All bend over books and work, as at beginning.]

CURTAIN.

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RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LOOKING THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW.

LONG ago, before the sun caught fire, before the moon froze up, and before you were born, a Queen had three children, whose names were Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry. Princess Hilda, who was the eldest, had blue eyes and golden hair; Prince Henry, who was the youngest, had black eyes and black hair; and Prince Frank, who was neither the youngest nor the eldest, had hazel eyes and brown hair. They were the best children in the world, and the prettiest, and the cleverest of their age: they lived in the most beautiful palace ever built, and the garden they played in was the loveliest that ever was seen.

This castle stood on the borders of a great forest, on the other side of which was Fairy Land. But there was only one window in the palace that looked out upon the forest, and that was the round window of the room in which Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry slept. And since this window was never open except at night, after the three children had been put to bed, they knew very little about how the forest looked, or what kind of flowers grew there, or what kind of birds sang in the branches of the trees. Sometimes, however, as they lay with their heads on their little pillows, and their eyes open, waiting for sleep to come and fasten down the eyelids, they saw stars, white, blue, and red, twinkling in the sky overhead; and below amongst the tree-trunks, other yellow stars, which danced about, and flitted to and fro. These flitting stars were called, by grown-up people, will-o'-the-wisps, jack-o'-lanterns, fire-flies, and such like names; but the children knew them to be the torches carried by the elves, as they ran hither and thither about their affairs. They often wished that one of these elves would come through the round window of their chamber, and make them a visit; but if this ever happened, it was not until after the children had fallen asleep, and could know nothing of it.

The garden was on the opposite side of the palace to the forest, and was full of flowers, and birds, and fountains, in the basins of which gold-fishes swam. In the center of the garden, was a broad green lawn for the children to play on; and on the further edge of this lawn was a high hedge, with only one round opening in the middle of it. But through this opening no one was allowed to

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pass; for the land on the other side belonged to a dwarf, whose name was Rumpty-Dudget, and whose only pleasure was in doing mischief. He was an ugly little dwarf, about as high as your knee, and all gray from head to foot. He wore a broad-brimmed gray hat, and a gray beard, and a gray cloak, that was so much too long for him that it dragged on the ground as he walked; and on his back was a small gray hump, that made him look even shorter than he was. He lived in a gray tower, whose battlements could be seen from the palace windows. In this tower was a room with a thousand and one corners in it. In each of these corners stood a little child, with its face to the wall, and its hands behind its back. They were children that Rumpty-Dudget had caught trespassing on his grounds, and had carried off with him to his tower. In this way he had filled up one corner after another, until only one corner was left unfilled; and if he could catch a child to put in that corner, then Rumpty-Dudget would become master of the whole country, and the beautiful palace would disappear, and the lovely garden would be changed into a desert, covered over with gray stones and brambles. You may be sure, therefore, that Rumpty-Dudget tried very hard to get hold of a child to put in the thousand and first corner; but all the mothers were so careful, and all the children so obedient, that for a long time that thousand and first corner had remained empty.

II.—Tom, the Faithful Guardian.

When Princess Hilda and her two little brothers, Prince Frank and Prince Henry, were still very little, indeed, the Queen, their mother, was obliged to make a long journey to a distant country, and to leave the children behind her. They were not entirely alone, however; for there was their fairy aunt to keep guard over them at night, and a large cat, with yellow eyes and a thick tail, to see that no harm came to them during the day. The cat was named Tom, and was with them from the time they got up in the morning until they went to bed again; but from the time they went to bed until they got up, the cat disappeared and the fairy aunt took his place. The children had never seen their fairy aunt except in dreams, because she only came after sleep had fastened down their eyelids for the night. Then she would fly in through the round window, and sit on the edge of their bed, and whisper in their ears all manner of charming stories about Fairy Land, and the wonderful things that were seen and done there. Then, just before they awoke, she would kiss their eyelids and fly out of the round window again; and the cat, with his yellow eyes and his thick tail, would come purring in at the door.

One day, the unluckiest day in the whole year, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank and Prince Henry were playing together on the broad lawn in the center of the garden. It was Rumpty-Dudget's birthday, and the only day in which he had power to creep through the round hole in the hedge and prowl about the Queen's grounds. As ill-fortune would have it, moreover, the cat was forced to be away on this day from sunrise to sunset; so that during all that time the three children had no one to take care of them. But they did not know there was any danger, for they had never yet heard of Rumpty-Dudget; and they went on playing together very affectionately, for up to this time they had never quarreled. The only thing that troubled them was that Tom, the cat, was not there to play with them; he had been away ever since sunrise, and they all longed to see his yellow eyes and his thick tail, and to stroke his smooth back, and to hear his comfortable purr. However, it was now very near sunset, so he must soon be back. The sun, like a great red ball, hung a little way above the edge of the world, and was taking a parting look at the children before bidding them good-night.

All at once, Princess Hilda looked up and saw a strange little dwarf standing close beside her, all gray from head to foot. He wore a gray hat and beard, and a long gray cloak that dragged on the ground, and on his back was a little gray hump that made him seem even shorter than he was, though, after all, he was no taller than your knee. Princess Hilda was not frightened, for nobody had ever done her any harm; and besides, this strange little gray man, though he was very ugly, smiled at her from ear to ear, and seemed to be the most good-natured dwarf in the world. So she called to Prince Frank and Prince Henry, and they looked up too, and were no more frightened than Hilda; and as the dwarf kept on smiling from ear to ear, the three children smiled back at him. Meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun was slowly going down, and now his lower edge was just resting on the edge of the world.

Now, you have heard of Rumpty-Dudget before, and therefore you know that this strange little gray dwarf was none other than he, and that, although he smiled so good-naturedly from ear to ear, he was really wishing to do the children harm, and even to carry one of them off to his tower, to stand in the thousand and first corner. But he had no power to do this so long as the children staid on their side of the hedge; he must first tempt them to creep through the round opening, and then he could carry them whither he pleased. So he held out his hand and said:

"Come with me, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank

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and Prince Henry. I am very fond of little children; and if you will creep through that round opening in the hedge, I will show you something you never saw before."

The three children thought it would be very pleasant to see something they never saw before; for if that part of the world which they had already seen was so beautiful, it was likely that the part they had not seen would be more beautiful still. So they stood up, and Rumpty-Dudget took Prince Frank by one hand, and Prince Henry by the other, and Princess Hilda followed behind, and thus they all set off across the lawn toward the round opening in the hedge. But they could not go very fast, because the children were hardly old enough to walk yet; and, meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun kept going down slowly, and now his lower half was out of sight beneath the edge of the world. However, at last they came to the round opening, and Rumpty-Dudget took hold of Prince Henry to lift him through it.

But just at that moment the last bit of the sun disappeared beneath the edge of the world, and instantly there was a great sound of miauing and spitting, and Tom, the cat, came springing across the lawn, his great yellow eyes flashing, and his back bristling, and every hair upon his tail standing straight out, until it was as big round as your leg. And he flew at Rumpty-Dudget, and jumped upon his hump, and bit and scratched him soundly. At that Rumpty-Dudget screamed with pain, and dropped little Prince Henry, and vanished through the opening of the hedge in the twinkling of an eye.

But from the other side of the hedge he threw a handful of black mud at the three children; a drop of it fell upon the forehead of Prin-cess Hilda, and another upon Prince Frank's nose, and a third upon little Prince Henry's chin; and each drop made a little black spot, which all the washing and scrubbing in the world would not take away.

THE CAT DRIVES RUMPTY-DUDGET AWAY.

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And immediately Princess Hilda, who had till then been the best little girl in the world, began to wish to order everybody about, and make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank, who till then had been one of the two best little boys in the world, began to want all the good and pretty things that belonged to other people, in addition to what already belonged to him; and Prince Henry, who till then had been the other of the two best little boys in the world, began to wish to do what he was told not to do, and not to do what he was told to do. Such was the effect of the three black drops of mud.

III.—The Ways of the Wind.

Although the Princess Hilda and her two little brothers were no longer the best children in the world, they were pretty good children as the world goes, and got along tolerably well together on the whole. But whenever the wind blew from the north, where Rumpty-Dudget's tower stood, Princess Hilda ordered her brothers about, and tried to make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank wanted some of the good and pretty things that belonged to his brother and sister, in addition to what were already his; and Prince Henry would not do what he was told to do, and would do what he was told not to do. And then, too, the spot on Princess Hilda's forehead, and on Prince Frank's nose, and on Prince Henry's chin, became blacker and blacker, and hotter and hotter, until at last the children were ready to cry from pain and vexation. But as soon as the wind blew from the south, where Fairy Land was, the spots began to grow dim, and the heat to lessen, until at last the children hardly felt or noticed them any more. Yet they never disappeared altogether; and neither the cat nor the fairy aunt could do anything to drive them away. But the cat used to warn Princess Hilda and her two brothers that unless they could make the wind blow always from the south, the thousand and first corner in Rumpty-Dudget's tower would be filled at last. And when, at night, their fairy aunt flew in through the round window and sat on their bedside, and whispered stories about Fairy Land into their ears, and they would ask her in their sleep to take them all three in her arms and carry them over the tops of the forest-trees to her beautiful home far away on the other side, she would shake her head and say:

"As long as those spots are on your faces, I cannot carry you to my home, for a part of each of you belongs to Rumpty-Dudget, and he will hold on to it in spite of all I can do. But when Hilda becomes a horse, and Frank a stick of fire-wood, and Henry a violin, then Rumpty-Dudget will lose his power over you, and the spots will vanish, and I will take you all three in my arms, and fly with

"NEARER AND NEARER TO THE HEDGE." [PAGE 202.]

you over the tops of the trees to Fairy Land, where we will live happily forever after."

When the three children heard this, they were puzzled to know what to do; for how could a little princess become a horse, or two little princes a stick of fire-wood and a violin? But that their fairy aunt would not tell them.

"It can only happen when the wind blows always from the south, as the cat told you," said she.

"But how can we make the wind blow always from the south?" asked they.

At that, the fairy aunt touched each of them on the heart, and smiled, and shook her head; and no other answer would she give; so they were no wiser than before.

Thus time went steadily on, to-morrow going before to-day, and yesterday following behind, until a year was past, and Rumpty-Dudget's birthday came round once more.

"I must leave you alone to-morrow," said the cat the day before, "from sunrise to sunset; but if you are careful to do as I tell you, all will be well. Do not go into the garden; do not touch the black ball that lies on the table in the nursery; and do not jump against the north wind."

Just as he finished saying these things, he sprang out of the room and disappeared.

All the next morning the children remembered what Tom, the cat, had told them; they played quietly in the palace, and did not touch the black

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ball that lay on the nursery table. But when the afternoon came, Princess Hilda began to be tired of staying shut up so long, when out in the garden it was warm and pleasant, and the wind blew from the south. And Prince Frank began to be tired of his own playthings, and to wish that he might have the pretty, black ball, to toss up in the air and catch again. And Prince Henry began to be tired of doing what he was told, and wished the wind would blow from the north, so that he might jump against it. At last they could bear it no longer; so Princess Hilda stood up and said:

"Frank and Henry, I order you to come out with me into the garden!" And out they went; and as they passed through the nursery, Prince Henry knocked the black ball off the table, and Prince Frank picked it up and put it in his pocket. But by the time they got to the broad lawn in the center of the garden, the three spots on their faces were blacker than ink and hotter than pepper; and, strange to say, the wind, which hitherto had blown from the south, now changed about and came from the north, where Rumpty-Dudget's tower stood. Nevertheless, the children ran about the grass, tossing the black ball from one to another, and did not notice that every time it fell to the ground, it struck a little nearer the hedge which divided Rumpty-Dudget's land from the Queen's garden. At last Prince Frank got the ball, and kept tossing it up in the air, and catching it again all by himself, without letting the others take their turns. But they ran after him to get it away, and all three raced to and fro, without noticing that at every turn they were nearer and nearer to the high hedge, and to the round opening that led into Rumpty-Dudget's ground. After a long chase, Princess Hilda and Prince Henry caught up with Prince Frank, and would have taken the black ball away from him; but he gave it a great toss upward, and it flew clear over the high hedge and came down bounce upon the other side. Just then the great red ball of the sun dropped out of a gray cloud, and rested on the edge of the world. It wanted three minutes to sunset.

(To be continued.)

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PETE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY J. H. ANDREWS.

THERE was a boy whose name was Pete,—
(I hope he is n't here, because
I would n't dare to tell this if he was.)
I think you 'd better guess the street
He lived in, and the village too as well,—
For I sha 'n't tell.
And this boy Pete felt very sad one day;
He could n't play;
He left the house and wandered far away;
He left his kite and ball;
He did n't feed his rocking-horse at all;
He did n't even whistle for the dog,
But went out through the gate.
And toward the wood with melancholy jog
He did perambulate.
(What that word means 't would take too long to state.)
So—not to keep you in suspense—
He reached a spot where trees grew tall and dense,
And clambering upon an old rail-fence,
He sat him down to meditate.

'T was in September,—apples every one
Were ripening in the sun;
And bobolinks had hardly yet begun
To think of leaving home;
The fields were still in bloom;
The butterflies and bees and all such things
Were practicing their wings;
And every breeze
Startled the squirrels, who, with merry pranks,
Were playing hide-and-seek among the trees.
Nature was gay!
(As grown-up people say.)
But Peter seemed to feel the other way:
Poor lad!
He did n't mind the beauty of the day;
And nothing made him glad.
With fingers in his hair he sat alone,—
And if you 'd been
Among the bushes, where he could n't see,
You would have heard him say in mournful tone:
"Oh, dear!
Why is it Christmas comes but once a year?
Now, look at Sundays,—there 's no end to them,—
I don't know who 's to blame,—
They keep a-coming every little while;—
I got my rocking-horse the other day
To take a drive;
And,—sure as I 'm alive!—
I 'd hardly traveled half a mile,
When mother called out: 'Say,
Peter, just put that hobby-horse away;
It 's Sunday now, you know you must n't play.'

"HE SAT HIM DOWN TO MEDITATE."

Yes! Sunday every day or two.
But Christmases,—My! aint they few!
Here I 've been waiting,
And calculating
What I would do
Next Christmas-time; and now I 've found
It 's three months 'fore it comes around!
Three months!—oh, dear!—
Why *don't* they have it more than once a year!"

Thus Peter did soliloquize,—

His hands upon his eyes,—
Meanwhile, he tries
(With such a frown!)
To kick the old fence down:—
But fails,—
Kicking his boot-heel off against the rails.
There is no doubt
But Peter felt uncommonly put out.
He sat down on a stone—
When something brought
A smile upon his face,—the frown was gone,—
And up he started. "Well, I've got it now,"

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He said. "I thought, somehow,
I might arrange
To have a change
About these Christmas days."
"And now," he says,
"I'll *do* this thing: Because
I do not wonder that old Santa Claus
Comes only once a year. It's plain to me;
For,—can't I see
He does n't come at all, except they fix a tree?
'T is very queer
They fix it only once a year;
(How little these old people know!
I'll teach them something when *I* grow.)
But I wont wait till then;
These grown-up men
May have their Christmas once a year; but I,—
I'll have a dozen if I wish. I'll try
A Christmas-tree to-morrow; if they wont
Help me, I'll have it on my own account!
To-morrow's just the day!
The old folks will be gone away
To visit Uncle Ephraim on the hill;
I'll have a tree to-morrow,—that I will.
Think of the boys
Next morning when I carry out the toys:—
Wont their eyes open wide!
And then, beside,
To fool old Santa Claus,—oh, what a joke!"
Thus Peter spoke,
Full half the night awake he lay,
And waited for the day;
Then fell asleep to dream
About his wondrous scheme.
When the bell sounded
For breakfast, out of bed he bounded.
He laughed, of course,
To see his brother harnessing the horse;
And to himself he said:
"I'll hide the toys well underneath the bed."
When he was dressed,
He found his parents in their Sunday best,
Beside the table.
Pete, who was hardly able
To eat at all that day,
Soon slipped away,—
Went out-of-doors,—
Drove up the gig,—offered to hold the horse;
And when he saw the old folks safely in,
How Pete did grin!
How he rolled over on the ground
Till his head whirled around
With dizz'ness.
"And now," said Pete, "to business!"

'T is sad, but I must tell it.
Pete soon secured the ax,
And making sundry tacks
About the yard, he came upon a tree
(As fine a spruce as people ever see),

THE OLD GIG STARTS.

And, turning on his one heel, homeward sped,
Wishing 't were night, and he were safe in bed.

* * * * * * * *

Well, night did come at last; he ran upstairs.
(I fear he rather hurried through his prayers.)
And with most vigorous hacks
He tried to fell it.
Pete never worked so hard before;
And I 'll not dare to say
How soon that Christmas-tree was on its way

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Toward the front hall door.
More time was spent
In getting the long branches bent

"AND TUGGED TILL IN IT WENT."

Between the casing;
The tree, in passing,
Tore off long strips of paint,
But Peter was intent
Upon his work, and tugged, till in it went.
He dragged it through the hall,
Then up the stairs,
And stood it in his bedroom, 'gainst the wall,
Till he could cut, for twine,
Some rope from the clothes-line,
With which he tied it upright, 'twixt two chairs
And (must I tell
What then befell?)
Throughout and 'round the house
He darted like a mouse.
Half laughing, half afraid,
Softly,—yet swiftly as a well-played jig;
Making a careful and all-searching raid
That Christmas-tree to rig!
"For," said he, as he ran,
"I 'll fix it as I can;
I 'll do my best,
And leave old Santa Claus to do the rest."
He ravaged all the house,
And tumbled drawers about,
Turned closets inside out,
For pretty ornaments to deck the boughs.
He took the vases,
And all the jewelry from out the cases.
Bottles of sweet perfume,
Took pictures from their places,
And hurried to his room.
I can't name all the things
Which up the stairs he brings,
Laughing so merrily;
Nor how he hangs them up upon the tree,
And fastens them with strings;
Nor how he handles
The tallow candles,
And decks the tree in genuine Christmas state—
All ready to illuminate!

At last the old folks came home tired;
Pete's mother anxiously inquired:
"Well, Peter, been at work? You 're tired, too?"
"Oh, some," he said: "I 'm very glad I 'm through."
"That 's right, my boy," the father made reply,
"You 'll be the man to make your parents proud;
The good time 's coming, Peter, by and by."

"HE RAVAGED ALL THE HOUSE."

"Yes, so is Christmas," murmured Pete,—not loud.
It was n't long before he said:

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"I guess I 'll go to bed."
And with a heart which beat
With glorious anticipations, Pete
Leaped up the stairs, thinking what lay ahead.
He finds his room, and listens long, until
The house is still;
Then creeps along the floor,
And feels the door;
He strikes a match,
And fastens down the catch;

So Pete kept guard, in silence crouching,
The dark hole in the fire-place watching.
While ever and again his heart beat faster.
At some slight cracking of the plaster,
Or scratching of a rat,—
And all was stillness after that.
'T was very hard to keep from choking,
The candles, somehow, took to smoking,
When suddenly Pete heard
A sort of fluttering.

"A HOST OF THINGS WITH WINGS!"

Then, carefully the bolt he draws,—
The fire-board 's down in silence most amazing,
He sets the candles blazing.
"There, now," he says, "we 'll lay for Santa Claus!"
I don't propose to say
How long he lay;
Nor can I tell precisely what occurred.
For something like an hour or more
Stretched out upon the bedroom floor,
Pete kept awake but never stirred.
Anxious for what should come.
Like a starved cat, that long has waited
With eager ears and eyes dilated
Before some mouse's home.

"Hist!" said he, muttering;
"That 's he,
And now I 'll see
The load of toys he brings."
Then down the chimney the soot came dropping,
And into the room without any stopping
There burst a host of things
With wings!
Pete's eye with terror the vision follows,—
A great black brood of chimney swallows!
And the rapid rate
At which they whirled about Pete's pate
I could n't begin to calculate.

Whew!——!——!——!

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How they flew!
While every candle-flame burned blue.
How Pete did stare,
And how his hair
Began to rise,—
And how his eyes
Stood out from his head in mute surprise;
And how, 'mid the terrible candle flare,
And the swallows whizzing through the air,
He jumped, when his father cried,
As he battered the door outside,
"Why, Pete! what are you doin'?"

What a crash!
When the luckless youngster made a dash
For the door, and stumbling over a chair,
That Christmas-tree right then and there,
Came down in a fearful ruin!

I think I 'll drop the story here;
But, if you 'd like to drop a tear,
It would n't be difficult, could you see
How Peter's father tenderly
Lifted his son upon his knee,
And used a twig from that green tree.
He used it in such a generous way
That Peter remembered his Christmas day,
And sometime after was heard to say
That he 'd be a dunce
If he wanted that Christmas more than once.

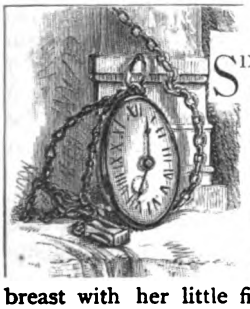
Since that famous night,
He never has taken a patent right

"A TWIG FROM THAT GREEN TREE."

For the Christmas he then invented.
And even now that he 's grown a man
He keeps his Christmas, and seems contented
To follow the good old plan.

"SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR."

By Margaret Eytinge.



"Sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," sang brown-haired Nellie, on the afternoon of the very last day of the year, as she rocked to and fro in her small rocking-chair,—a gift from Santa Claus,—beating her breast with her little fist as though to beat the lesson so firmly in that it never could get out again by any chance (I think it would have been far more sensible to have pounded on her head for that purpose),—"sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again, until the childish voice grew fainter and fainter, and the last "hour" never got farther than "ou."

Then Nellie ceased rocking, and her head fell back against the pretty scarlet and green "tidy" which she had found on her Christmas Tree, and the dark-brown curls fell over the dark-brown eyes, and she began to think of nothing at all. And while she was quietly thinking of nothing at all, she suddenly heard, to her great amazement, a tiny voice—as clear and sweet as the tinkling of the silver bell that hung from the necklace of "Snow-and-cream," her favorite cat—repeat the words, "Sixty minutes make an hour," and peeping through the cloud of hair that veiled her eyes, she saw a wee figure standing before her, dressed in white, with a daisy in its bosom, and a snowdrop clinging to its pale, golden curls.

It had a round, cheery, baby-face, with a dimple in one rosy cheek, and another in the rosy chin,

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and its eyes were as blue as the eyes of a kitten when it is only a few weeks old.

Dancing in at a hole in one of the window-panes, and thence to the floor on a long, slanting sunbeam, came other wee figures, followed by still smaller ones, and the smaller ones followed again by comical mites no higher than Nellie's new silver thimble.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands; "how glad I am to see you! Are you fairies?"

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are Hours, Minutes, and Seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I don't suppose you can remember the Minutes and Seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight; they stay such a short time, no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and three thousand and six hundred seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour; but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins,—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all, of course."

"Why, how many sisters and cousins have you, you cunning tot?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty-three sisters, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-six cousins," answered the tot.

"Good gracious! and my stars!" exclaimed Nellie. "What a awful,—a very awful large family! I never heard of such a thing. It stands to reason"—Nellie borrowed this expression from her papa—"that I could n't remember—such a young memory as I have—only six, going on seven—the half or quarter of so many hundreds and thousands, even if I 'd met them all, which I don't believe I have."

"That 's just what I was about to say," said the Hour, shaking its light curls softly, "we don't expect you to remember very many of us, and you 're right in thinking you have not known us all. In fact, but half of our number have been introduced to you. The other half glided silently by, while you were sleeping, and some of us were so much alike that you could n't tell us apart, and a few of our relations have yet to visit you,—that is, if you stay up long enough to receive them. The last will fly away as the clock strikes twelve, and the midnight bells ring merrily to welcome the birth of the New Year."

"Oh dear, no," said Nellie; "I sha' n't see that one. I go to bed zackly eight, 'less on par-tic-u-lar 'casions, and then nine; but I don't think this is a par-tic-u-lar 'casion for me. But you have n't told me who you are, yet?"

"I am the Hour that was with you the morning, nearly a year ago, when your baby-brother broke the beautiful wax doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears when you saw his rosebud mouth begin to tremble, and taking him in your arms told him 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' until he fell asleep."

"I remember," said Nellie, her face all aglow, "and mamma kissed me as she took baby Willie from me, and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

"And I am the Hour," said a small, grave body in a plain, dull, gray dress that had n't even a bow of ribbon on it,—with marks of tears on its cheeks, and a funny red tip to its dot of a nose, "that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling ——"

"Don't mention it, please," interrupted a bright-faced, pleasant-looking Hour, in a sky-blue robe with a wreath of the tiniest chrysanthemums around its head. "What 's the use of talking about it? It is n't a cheerful subject, and I 've no doubt Nellie always told the truth after that. I heard her sobs of repentance, and her vows 'never—never—never' to do so again, and saw the smiles come back and chase away the clouds, when all was joy and peace once more."

"I danced with her in the meadow," sang a graceful elf standing on the tips of its toes, and holding its arms above its head as though it were about to fly, "one summer day,—the day she gathered daisies and dandelions,—and sang a sweet and joyous song in answer to the bird that had a nest in the apple-tree. In that nest were four baby-birds, and they peeped out and twittered when they heard Nellie sing."

"Yes, yes, indeed!" cried Nellie, "and what big mouths they had!"

"And I, Nellie dear," said a queer sprite with a pointed cap, and on the point a jolly little bell, "fell into the brook with you one August afternoon when you were trying to catch a frog. Kerchunk! how scared the frog-folks were when you tumbled in among them!" and the sprite laughed, and the jolly little bell laughed, and Nellie laughed loudest of all.

"And I," cried another, tossing its head and trying to pout, "sat by your side when you were sent from the supper-table because you were naughty and would n't say 'please.'"

"And I," lisped a roly-poly, cunning wee thing, "when you said 'Please—please—please,' and grandma gave you a slice of bread-and-butter, but you could n't see the butter for the apple-jelly."

"I remember, I remember," said Nellie; "I wish I had some now."

"I was with you, dear one," murmured an Hour, with kind, gentle eyes, and low, pitying voice,

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"when your poor head ached with a terrible pain, and between your moans, you made a prayer to the good God for help."

THE HOURS SPEAK TO NELLIE.

"I am the Hour," said a merry, twinkling, bird-like spirit with hollyberries hanging all over it, "that looked on when you played games with your brothers just before you hung up your stocking on Christmas Eve."

"And I saw you take it down the next morning filled almost to bursting with good things to eat," said another, with a face like a doll's plum-pudding, and little black currants for eyes.

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"And I ——;" but at that moment Nellie's arithmetic fell from her lap with a bang! and away fled the Seconds, and Minutes, and Hours, up the long, slanting sunbeam, and out of the window.

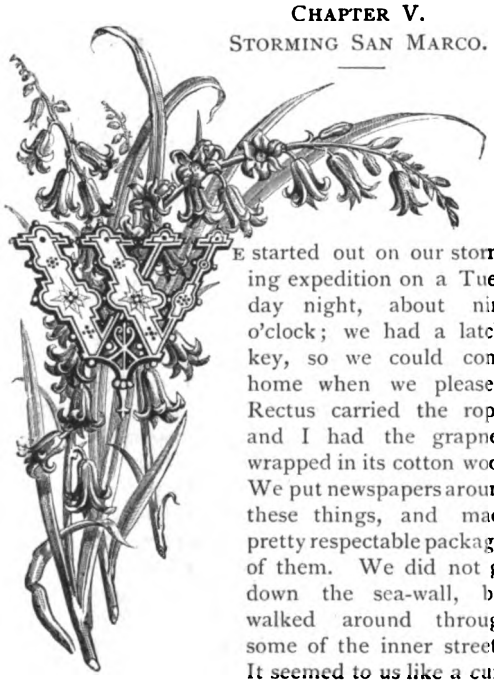
And when Nellie in a great hurry leaned out to look after them, she saw nothing but the snow, and two street-sparrows picking up crumbs, and chattering noisily to each other.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER V.

STORMING SAN MARCO.



We started out on our storming expedition on a Tuesday night, about nine o'clock; we had a latch-key, so we could come home when we pleased. Rectus carried the rope, and I had the grapnel, wrapped in its cotton wool. We put newspapers around these things, and made pretty respectable packages of them. We did not go down the sea-wall, but walked around through some of the inner streets. It seemed to us like a curious expedition. We were not going to do anything wrong, but we had no idea what the United States Government would think about it. We came down to the fort on its landward side, but our attack was to be made upon the water-front, and so we went round that way, on the side farthest from the town. There were several people about yet, and we had to wait. We dropped our packages into the moat, and walked about on the water-battery, which is between the harbor and the moat, and is used as a sort of pleasure-ground by the people of the town. It was a pretty dark night, although the stars were out, and the last of the promenaders soon went home; and then, after giving them about ten minutes to get entirely out of sight and hearing, we jumped down into the moat, which is only five or six feet below the water-battery, and, taking our packages, went over to that part of the wall which we had fixed upon for our assault.

We fastened the rope to the grapnel, and then Rectus stood back while I made ready for the throw. It was a pretty big throw, almost straight up in the air, but I was strong, and was used to pitching, and all that sort of thing. I coiled the rope on the ground, took the loose end of it firmly in my left hand, and then, letting the grapnel hang from my right hand until it nearly touched the ground, I swung it round and round, perpendicularly, and when it had gone round three or four times, I gave it a tremendous hurl upward.

It rose beautifully, like a rocket, and fell inside of the ramparts, making only a little thud of a sound.

"First-rate!" said Rectus, softly; and I felt pretty proud myself.

I pulled on the rope, and found the grapnel had caught. I hung with my whole weight on it, but it held splendidly.

"Now, then," said I to Rectus, "you can climb up. Go slowly and be very careful. There 's no hurry. And mind you take a good hold when you get to the top."

We had arranged that Rectus was to go first. This did not look very brave on my part, but I felt that I wanted to be under him, while he was climbing, so that I could break his fall if he should slip down. It would not be exactly a perpendicular fall, for the wall slanted a little, but it would be bad enough. However, I had climbed up worse places than that, and Rectus was very nimble; so, I felt there was no great danger.

Up he went, hand over hand, and putting his toes into nicks every now and then, thereby helping himself very much. He took it slowly and easily, and I felt sure he would be all right. As I looked at him, climbing up there in the darkness, while I was standing below holding the rope so that it should not swing, I could not help thinking that I was a pretty curious kind of a tutor for a boy. However, I was taking all the care of him that I

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could, and if he came down, he 'd probably hurt me worse than he would hurt himself. Besides, I had no reason to suppose that old Mr. Colbert objected to a little fun. Then I began to think of Mrs. Colbert, and while I was thinking of her, and looking up at Rectus, I was amazed to see him going up quite rapidly, while the end of the rope slipped through my fingers. Up he went, and when I ran back, I could see a dark figure on the wall, above him. Somebody was pulling him up!

In a very few moments he disappeared over the top, rope and all!

Now, I was truly frightened. What might happen to the boy?

I was about to shout, but on second thoughts, decided to keep quiet; yet I instantly made up my mind, that if I did n't see nor hear from him pretty soon, I would run around to the gate and bang up the people inside. However, it was not necessary for me to trouble myself, for, in a minute, the rope came down again, and I took hold of it. I pulled on it, and found it all firm, and then I went up. I climbed up pretty fast, and two or three times I felt a tug, as if somebody above was trying to pull me up. But it was of no use, for I was a great deal stouter and heavier than Rectus, who was a light, slim boy. But as I neared the top, a hand came down, and clutched me by the collar, and some one, with a powerful arm and grip, helped me over the top of the wall. There stood Rectus, all right, and the fellow who had helped us up was the big Indian, "Maiden's Heart."

I looked at Rectus, and he whispered:

"He says there 's a sentinel down there in the square."

At this, Maiden's Heart bobbed his head two or three times, and, motioning to us to crouch down, he crept quietly over to the inner wall of the ramparts, and looked down.

"What shall we say we came for?" I whispered, quickly.

"I don't know," said Rectus.

"Well, we must think of something," I said, "or we shall look like fools."

But before we had time to think, Maiden's Heart crept back. He put his finger on his lips, and, beckoning us to follow him, he led the way to a corner of the fort near one of the lookout towers. We followed as quietly as we could, and then we all three slipped into the narrow entrance to the tower, the Indian motioning us to go first. When we two stood inside of the little round tower, old Maiden's Heart planted himself before us in the passage, and waited to hear what we had to say.

But we could n't think of anything to say. Directly, however, I thought I must do something, so I whispered to the Indian.

"Does the sentry ever come up here?"

He seemed to catch my meaning.

"I go watch," he said. "Come back. Tell you." And off he stole, making no more noise than a cat.

"Bother on him!" said Rectus. "If I 'd known he was up here, I would never have come."

"I reckon not," said I. "But now that we have come, what are we going to do or say. That fellow evidently thinks we have some big project on hand, and he 's ready to help us; we must be careful, or he 'll rush down and murder the sentinel."

"I 'm sure I don't know what to say to him," said Rectus. "We ought to have thought of this before. I suppose it would be of no use to mention my poster to him."

"No, indeed," said I, "he 'd never understand that. And, besides, there 's a man down there. Let 's peep out and see what he 's doing."

So we crept to the entrance of the passage, and saw Maiden's Heart, crouched near the top of the inclined plane which serves as a stair-way from the square to the ramparts, and looking over the low wall, evidently watching the sentry.

"I 'll tell you what let 's do," said Rectus. "Let 's make a rush for our rope, and get out of this."

"No, sir!" said I. "We 'd break our necks, if we tried to hurry down that rope. Don't think of anything of that kind. And besides, we could n't both get down before he 'd see us."

In a few minutes, Maiden's Heart crept quickly back to us, and seemed surprised that we had left our hiding-place. He motioned us farther back into the passage, and slipped in himself.

We did not have time to ask any questions before we heard the sentry coming up the stair-way, which was near our corner. When he reached the top, he walked away from us over toward the Indian barracks, which were on the ramparts, at the other end of the fort. As soon as he reached the barracks, Maiden's Heart took me by the arm and Rectus by the collar, and hurried us to the stair-way, and then down as fast as we could go. He made no noise himself, but Rectus and I clumped a good deal. We had to wear our shoes, for the place was paved with rough concrete and oyster-shells.

The sentry evidently heard the clumping, for he came running down after us, and caught up to us almost as soon as we reached the square.

"Eugh!" said he, for he was an Indian; and he ran in front of us, and held his musket horizontally before us. Of course we stopped. And then, as there was nothing else that seemed proper to do, we held out our hands and said, "How?"

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The sentinel took his gun in his left hand, and shook hands with us. Then Maiden's Heart, who probably remembered that he had omitted this ceremony, also shook hands with us and said: "How?"

The two Indians now began to jabber to each other, in a low voice; but we could not, of course, make out what they said, and I don't think they were able to imagine what we intended to do. We were standing near the inner door of the great entrance-way, and into this they now marched us. There was a lamp burning on a table.

Said Rectus: "I guess they 're going to put us out of the front door;" but he was mistaken. They walked us into a dark room, on one side of the hall, and Maiden's Heart said to us: "Stay here, Him mad. I come back. Keep still," and then he went out, probably to discuss with the sentinel the nature of our conspiracy. It was very dark in this room, and, at first, we could n't see anything at all; but we soon found, from the smell of the bread, that we were in the kitchen or bakery. We had been here before, and had seen the head-cook, a ferocious Indian squaw, who had been taken in the act of butchering a poor emigrant woman on the plains. She always seemed sullen and savage, and never said a word to anybody. We hoped she was n't in here now.

"I did n't know they had Indian sentinels," said Rectus. "That seems a little curious to me. I suppose they set the innocent ones to watch the guilty."

"I don't believe that would work," said I; "for the innocent chaps would want to get away, just as much as the others. I guess they make 'em take turns to stand guard. There has to be a sentinel in a fort, you know, and I suppose these fellows are learning the business."

We did n't settle this question, nor the more important one of our reason for this visit; for, at this moment, Maiden's Heart came back, carrying the lamp. He looked at us in a curious way, and then he said:

"What you want?"

I could n't think of any good answer to this question, but Rectus whispered to me:

"Got any money with you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Let 's buy some sea-beans," said Rectus.

"All right," I answered.

"Sea-beans?" said Maiden's Heart, who had caught the word; "you want sea-beans?"

"Yes," said Rectus, "if you have any good ones."

At this, the Indian conducted us into the hall, put the lamp on the table, and took three or four sea-beans from his pocket. They were very nice ones, and beautifully polished.

"Good," said I; "we 'll take these. How much, Maiden's Heart?"

"Fifty cents," said the Indian.

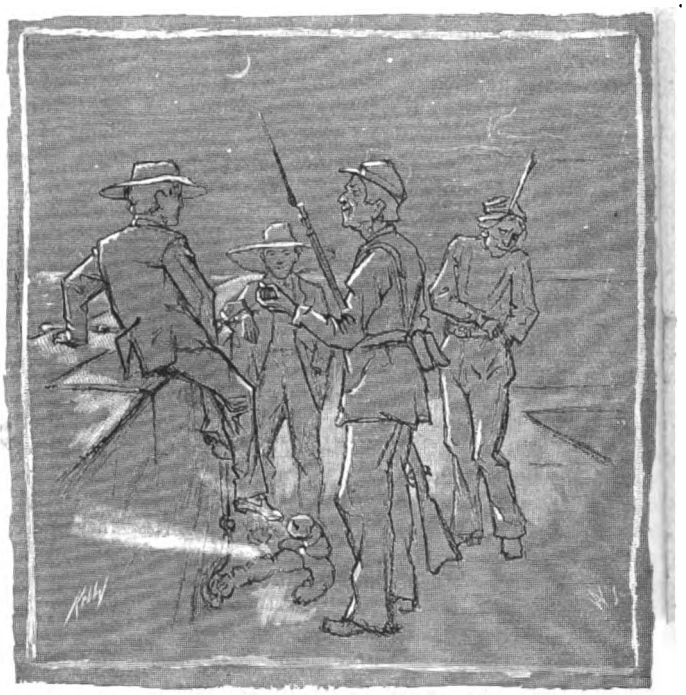
"For all?" I asked.

"No. No. For one. Four beans two dollar."

We both exclaimed at this, for it was double the regular price of the beans.

"All right," said Maiden's Heart. "Twenty-five cents, day-time. Fifty cents, night."

We looked at each other, and concluded to pay the price and depart. I gave him two dollars, and asked him to open the gate and let us out.



"ANOTHER BEAN?"

He grinned.

"No. No. We got no key. Captain got key. Come up wall. Go down wall."

At this, we walked out into the square, and were about to ascend the inclined plane when the sentinel came up and stopped us. Thereupon a low conversation ensued between him and Maiden's Heart, at the end of which the sentry put his hand into his pocket and pulled out three beans, which he

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held out to us. I did not hesitate, but gave him a dollar and a half for them. He took the money and let us pass on,—Maiden's Heart at my side.

"You want more bean?" said he.

"Oh no!" I answered. "No, indeed," said Rectus.

When we reached the place where we had left our apparatus, I swung the rope over the wall, and hooking the grapnel firmly on the inside, prepared to go down, for, as before, I wished to be under Rectus, if he should slip. But Maiden's Heart put his hand on my shoulder.

"Hold up!" he said. "I got 'nother bean. Buy this."

"Don't want it," said I.

"Yes. Yes," said Maiden's Heart, and he coolly unhooked the grapnel from the wall.

I saw that it was of no use to contend with a big fellow like that, as strong as two common men, and I bought the bean.

I took the grapnel from Maiden's Heart, who seemed to give it up reluctantly, and as I hooked it on the wall, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I looked around, and saw the sentinel. He held out to me another bean. It was too dark to see the quality of it, but I thought it was very small. However, I bought it. One of these fellows must be treated as well as the other.

Maiden's Heart and the sentry were now feeling nervously in their pockets.

I shook my head vigorously, and saying, "No more! no more!" threw myself over the wall, and seized the rope, Rectus holding the grapnel in its place as I did so. As I let myself down from knot to knot, a thought crossed my mind: "How are we going to get that grapnel after we both are down?"

It was a frightening thought. If the two Indians should choose, they could keep the rope and grapnel, and, before morning, the whole posse of redskins might be off and away! I did not think about their being so far from home and all that. I only thought that they 'd be glad to get out, and that they would all come down our rope.

These reflections, which ran through my mind in no time at all, were interrupted by Rectus, who called down from the top of the wall, in a voice that was a little too loud to be prudent:

"Hurry! I think he 's found another bean!"

I was on the ground in a few moments, and then Rectus came down. I called to him to come slowly and be very careful, but I can't tell how relieved I was when I saw him fairly over the wall and on his way down.

When we both stood on the ground, I took hold of the rope and shook it. I am not generally nervous, but I was a little nervous then. I did not shake the grapnel loose. Then I let the rope go slack, for a foot or two, and gave it a big sweep to one side. To my great delight, over came the grapnel, nearly falling on our heads. I think I saw Maiden's Heart make a grab at it as it came over, but I am not sure. However, he poked his head over the wall and said:

"Good-bye! Come again."

We answered, "Good-bye," but did n't say anything about coming again.

As we hurried along homeward, Rectus said:

"If one of those Indians had kept us up there, while the other one ran into the barracks and got a fresh stock of sea-beans, they would have just bankrupted us."

"No, they would n't," I said. "For I had n't much more change with me. And if I had had it, I would n't have given them any more. I 'd have called up the captain first. The thing was getting too expensive."

"Well, I 'm glad I 'm out of it," said Rectus. "And I don't believe much in any of those Indians being very innocent. I thought Maiden's Heart was one of the best of them, but he 's a regular rascal. He knew we wanted to back out of that affair, and he just fleeced us."

"I believe he would rather have had our scalps than our money, if he had had us out in his country," I said.

"That 's so," said Rectus. "A funny kind of a maiden's heart he 's got."

We were both out of conceit with the noble red man. Rectus took his proclamation out of his pocket as we walked along the sea-wall, and tearing it into little pieces, threw it into the water. When we reached the steam-ship wharf, we walked out to the end of it, to get rid of the rope and grapnel. I whirled the grapnel round and round, and let the whole thing fly far out into the harbor. It was a sheer waste of a good strong rope, but we should have had a dreary time getting the knots out of it.

After we got home I settled up our accounts, and charged half the sea-beans to Rectus and half to myself.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL ON THE BEACH.

I WAS not very well satisfied with our trip over the walls of San Marco. In the first place, when the sea-beans, the rope and the grapnel were all considered, it was a little too costly. In the second place, I was not sure that I had been carrying out my contract with Mr. Colbert in exactly the right spirit; for although he had said nothing about my duties, I knew that he expected me to take care of his son, and paid me for that. And I felt pretty sure that helping a fellow climb up a knotted rope

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into an old fort by night was not the best way of taking care of him. The third thing that troubled me in regard to this matter was the feeling I had that Rectus had led me into it; that he had been the leader and not I. Now, I did not intend that anything of that kind should happen again. I did not come out on this expedition to follow Rectus around; indeed, it was to be quite the other way. But, to tell the truth, I had not imagined that he would ever try to make people follow him. He never showed at school that such a thing was in him. So, for these three reasons, I determined that there were to be no more scrapes of that sort, which generally came to nothing, after all.

For the next two or three days we roved around the old town, and into two or three orange-groves, and went out sailing with Mr. Cholott, who owned a nice little yacht, or sail-boat, as we should call it, up north.

The sailing here is just splendid, and, one morning, we thought we 'd hire a boat for ourselves and go out fishing somewhere. So we went down to the yacht-club wharf to see about the boat that belonged to old Menendez,—Rectus's Minorcan. There were lots of sail-boats there as well as row-boats, but we hunted up the craft we were after, and, by good luck, found Menendez in her, bailing her out.

So we engaged her, and he said he 'd take us over to the North Beach to fish for bass. That suited us,—any beach and any kind of fish,—provided he 'd hurry up and get his boat ready. While he was scooping away, and we were standing on the wharf watching him, along came Crowded Owl, the young Indian we had always liked,—that is, ever since we had known any of them. He came up, said "How?" and shook hands, and then pulled out some sea-beans. The sight of these things seemed to make me sick, and as for Rectus, he sung out:

"Do' wan' 'em!" so suddenly, that it seemed like one word, and a pretty savage one at that.

Crowded Owl looked at me, but I shook my head, and said, "No, no, no!" Then he drew himself up and just stood there. He seemed struck dumb; but that did n't matter, as he could n't talk to us, anyway. But he did n't go away. When we walked farther up the wharf, he followed us, and again offered us some beans. I began to get angry, and said "No!" pretty violently. At this, he left us, but as we turned at the end of the wharf, we saw him near the club-house, standing and talking with Maiden's Heart.

"I think it 's a shame to let those Indians wander about here in that way," said Rectus. "They ought to be kept within bounds."

I could n't help laughing at this change of tune, but said that I supposed only a few of them got leave of absence at a time.

"Well," said Rectus, "there are some of them that ought never to come out."

"Hello!" said old Menendez, sticking his head up above the edge of the wharf, "we 're ready now. Git aboard."

And so we scrambled down into the sail-boat, and Menendez pushed off, while the two Indians stood and watched us as we slowly moved away.

When we got fairly out, our sail filled, and we went scudding away on a good wind. Then said old Menendez, as he sat at the tiller:

"What were you hollerin' at them Injuns about?"

"I did n't know that we were hollerin'," said I, "but they were bothering us to buy their sea-beans."

"That 's curious," he said. "They aint much given to that sort of thing. But there 's no tellin' nuthin about an Injun. If I had my way, I 'd hang every one of 'em."

"Rather a blood-thirsty sentiment," said I. "Perhaps some of them don't deserve hanging."

"Well, I 've never seen one o' that kind," said he, "and I 've seen lots of Injuns. I was in the Seminole war, in this State, and was fightin' Injuns from the beginnin' to the end of it. And I know all about how to treat the rascals. You must hang 'em, or shoot 'em, as soon as you get hold of 'em."

This aroused all the old sympathy for the oppressed red man, that dwelt in the heart of young Rectus, and he exclaimed:

"That would be murder! There are always two kinds of every sort of people—all are not bad. It is wrong to condemn a whole division of the human race that way."

"You 're right about there bein' two kinds of Injuns," said the old fellow. "There 's bad ones and there 's wuss ones. I know what I 've seen for myself. I'd hang 'em all."

We debated this matter some time longer, but we could make no impression on the old Minorcan. For some reason or other, probably on account of his sufferings or hardship in the war, he was extremely bitter against all Indians. "You can't tell me," he replied to all of our arguments, and I think he completely destroyed all the sympathy which Rectus had had for the once down-trodden and deceived Minorcans, by this animosity toward members of another race who were yet in captivity and bondage. To be sure, there was a good deal of difference in the two cases, but Rectus was n't in the habit of turning up every question to look at the bottom of it.

The North Beach is the seaward side of one of

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the islands that inclose the harbor, or the Matanzas River, as it is called. We landed on the inland side, and then walked over to the beach, which is very wide and smooth. Here we set to work to fish. Old Menendez baited our lines, and told us what to do. It was new sport to us.

First, we took off our shoes and stockings, and rolled up our trousers, so as to wade out in the shallow water. We each had a long line, one end of which we tied around our waists. Menendez had his tied to a button-hole of his coat, but he thought he had better make our lines very safe, as they belonged to him. There was a big hook and a heavy lead to the other end of the line, with a piece of fish for bait, and we swung the lead around our heads, and threw it out into the surf, as far as we could. I thought I was pretty good on the throw, but I could n't begin to send my line out as far as Menendez threw his. As for Rectus, he did n't pretend to do much in the throwing business. He whirled his line around in such a curious way, that I was very much afraid he would hook himself in the ear. But Menendez put his line out for him. He did n't want me to do it.

Then we stood there in the sand, with the water nearly up to our knees every time the waves came in, and waited for a bite. There was n't much biting. Menendez said that the tide was too low, but I 've noticed that something is always too something, every time any one takes me out fishing, so I did n't mind that.

Menendez did hook one fellow, I think, for he gave a tremendous jerk at his line, and began to skip in-shore as if he were but ten years old; but it was of no use. The fish changed his mind.

Then we stood and waited a while longer, until, all of a sudden, Rectus made a skip. But he went the wrong way. Instead of skipping out of the water, he skipped in. He went in so far that he got his trousers dripping wet.

"Hello!" I shouted, "what 's up?"

He did n't say anything, but began to pull back, and dig his heels into the sand. Old Menendez and I saw, at the same moment, what was the matter, and we made a rush for him. I was nearest, and got there first. I seized Rectus by the shoulder, and pulled him back a little.

"Whew-w!" said he; "how this twine cuts!"

Then I took hold of the line in front of him, and there was no mistaking the fact,—he had a big fish on the other end of it.

"Run out," cried Menendez, who thought there was no good of three fellows hauling on the line; and out we ran.

When we had gone up the beach a good way, I looked back and saw a rousing big fish flopping about furiously in the shallow water.

"Go on!" shouted Menendez; and we ran on until we had pulled it high and dry up on the sand.

Then Menendez fell afoul of it to take out the hook, and we hurried back to see it. It was a whopping big bass, and by the powerful way it threw itself around on the sand, I did n't wonder that Rectus ran into the water when he got the first jerk.

Now, this was something like sport, and we all felt encouraged, and went to work again with a will, only Menendez untied the line from Rectus's waist and fastened it to his button-hole.

"It may pull out," he said; "but, on the whole, it 's better to lose a fishin'-line than a boy."

We fished quietly and steadily for some time, but got no more bites, when suddenly I heard some one say behind me:

"They don't ever pull in!"

I turned around, and it was a girl. She was standing there with a gentleman,—her father, I soon found out,—and I don't know how long they had been watching us. She was about thirteen years old, and came over with her father in a sail-boat. I remembered seeing them cruising around as we were sailing over.

"They have n't got bites," said her father; "that 's the reason they don't pull in."

It was very disagreeable to me, and I know it was even more so to Rectus, to stand here and have those strangers watch us fishing. If we had not been barefooted and barelegged, we should not have minded it so much. As for the old Minorcan, I don't suppose he cared at all. I began to think it was time to stop.

"As the tide 's getting lower and lower," I said to Menendez, "I suppose our chances are getting less and less."

"Yes," said he, "I reckon we 'd better shut up shop before long."

"Oh!" cried out the girl, "just look at that fish! Father! Father! just look at it. Did any of you catch it? I did n't see it till this minute. I thought you had n't caught any. If I only had a fishing-line, now, I would like to catch just one fish. Oh, father! why did n't you bring a fishing-line?"

"I did n't think of it, my dear," said he. "Indeed, I did n't know that there were any fish here."

Old Menendez turned around and grinned, at this, and I thought that here was a good chance to stop fishing; so I offered to let the girl try my line for a while if she wanted to.

It was certain enough that she wanted to, for she was going to run right into the water to get it. But I came out, and as her father said she might fish

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if she did n't have to walk into the water, old Menendez took a spare piece of line from his pocket and tied it on to the end of mine, and he put on some fresh bait and gave it a tremendous send out into the surf. Then he put the other end around the girl and tied it. I suppose he thought that it did n't matter if a girl should be lost, but he may have considered that her father was there to seize her if she got jerked in.

She took hold of the line and stood on the edge of the dry sand, ready to pull in the biggest kind of a fish that might come along. I put on my shoes and stockings, and Rectus his; he 'd had enough glory for one day. Old Menendez wound up his line too, but that girl saw nothing of all this. She just kept her eyes and her whole mind centered on her line. At first, she talked right straight ahead, asking what she should do when it bit; how big we thought it would be; why we did n't have a cork, and fifty other things, but all without turning her head to the right or the left. Then said her father:

"My dear, you must n't talk; you will frighten the fish. When persons fish, they always keep perfectly quiet. You never heard me talking while I was fishing. I fish a good deal when I am at home," said he, turning to us, "and I always remain perfectly quiet."

Menendez laughed a little at this, and said that he did n't believe the fish out there in the surf would mind a little quiet chat; but the gentleman said that he had always found it best to be just as still as possible. The girl now shut her mouth tight, and held herself more ready, if possible, than ever, and I believe that if she had got a bite, she would have jerked the fish's head off. We all stood round her, and her father watched her as earnestly as if she was about to graduate at a normal school.

We stood and waited and waited, and she did n't move, and neither did the line. Menendez now said he thought she might as well give it up. The tide was too low, and it was pretty near dinner-time, and, besides this, there was a shower coming on.

"Oh no!" said she, "not just yet. I feel sure I 'll get a bite in a minute or two now. Just wait a little longer."

And so it went on, every few minutes, until we had waited about half an hour, and then Menendez said he must go, but if the gentleman wanted to buy the line, and stay there until the tide came in again, he 'd sell it to him. At this, the girl's father told her that she must stop, and so she very dolefully let Menendez untie the line.

"It 's too bad!" she said, almost with tears in her eyes. "If they had only waited a few minutes longer!" And then she ran up to Rectus and me, and said:

"When are you coming out here again? Do you think you will come to-morrow, or next day?"

"I don't know," said I. "We have n't settled our plans for to-morrow."

"Oh, father! father!" she cried, "perhaps they will come out here to-morrow, and you must get me a fishing-line, and we will come and fish all day."

We did n't stay to hear what her father said, but posted off to our boat, for we were all beginning to feel pretty hungry. We took Rectus's fish along, to give to our landlady. The gentleman and the girl came close after us, as if they were afraid to be left alone on the island. Their boat was hauled up near ours, and we set off at pretty much the same time.

We went ahead a little, and Menendez turned around and called out to the gentleman that he 'd better follow us, for there were some bad shoals in this part of the harbor, and the tide was pretty low.

"All right, my hearty!" called out the gentleman. "This is n't the first time I 've sailed in this harbor. I guess I know where the shoals are," and just at that minute he ran his boat hard and fast on one of them.

He jumped up, and took an oar and pushed and pushed; but it was of no good,—he was stuck fast. By this time we had left him pretty far behind; but we all had been watching, and Rectus asked if we could n't go back and help him.

"Well, I s'pose so," said Menendez; "but it 's a shame to keep three decent people out of their dinner for the sake of a man like that, who has n't got sense enough to take good advice when it 's give to him."

"We 'd better go," said I, and Menendez, in no good humor, put his boat about. We found the other boat aground, in the very worst way. The old Minorcan said that he could see that sand-bar through the water, and that they might as well have run up on dry land. Better, for that matter, because then we could have pushed her off.

"There aint nuthin to be done," he said, after we had worked at the thing for a while, "but to jist wait here till the tide turns. It 's pretty near dead low now, an' you 'll float off in an hour or two.'

This was cold comfort for the gentleman, especially as it was beginning to rain; but he did n't seem a bit cast down. He laughed, and said:

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped; but I am used to being out in all weathers. I can wait, just as well as not. But I don't want my daughter here to get wet, and she has no umbrella. Would you mind taking her on your boat? When you get to the town, she can run up to our hotel by herself. She knows the way."

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Of course we had no objection to this, and the girl was helped aboard. Then we sailed off, and the gentleman waved his hat to us. If I had been in his place, I don't think I should have felt much like waving my hat.

Menendez now said that he had an oil-skin coat stowed away forward, and I got it and put it around the girl. She snuggled herself up in it as comfortably as she could, and began to talk.

"The way of it was this," she said. "Father, he said we 'd go out sailing, and mother and I went with him, and when we got down to the wharf, there were a lot of boats, but they all had men to them, and so father, he said he wanted to sail the boat himself, and mother, she said that if he did she would n't go; but he said pooh! he could do it as well as anybody, and was n't going to have any man. So he got a boat without a man, and mother, she did n't want me to go; but I went, and he stuck fast coming back, because he never will listen to anything anybody tells him, as mother and I found out long ago. And here we are, almost at the wharf! I did n't think we were anywhere near it."

"Well, you see, sis, sich a steady gale o' talkin', right behind the sail, is bound to hurry the boat along. And now, s'pose you tell us your name," said Menendez.

"My name 's Cornelia; but father, he calls me Corny, which mother hates to hear the very sound of," said she; "and the rest of it is Mary Chipperton. Father, he came down here because he had a weak lung, and I 'm sure I don't see what good it 's going to do him to sit out there in the rain. We 'll take a man next time. And father and I 'll be sure to be here early to-morrow to go out fishing with you. Good-bye!"

"READY TO PULL IN THE BIGGEST FISH THAT MIGHT COME ALONG."

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And with this, having mounted the steps to the pier, off ran Miss Corny.

"I would n't like to be the ole man o' that family," said Mr. Menendez.

That night, after we had gone to bed, Rectus began to talk. We generally went to sleep in pretty short order; but the moon did not shine in our windows now until quite late, and so we noticed for the first time the curious way in which the lighthouse—which stood almost opposite, on Anastasia Island—brightened up the room, every minute or two. It is a revolving light, and when the light got on the landward side it gave us a flash, which produced a very queer effect on the furniture, and on Rectus's broad hat, which hung on the wall right opposite the window. It seemed exactly as if this hat was a sort of portable sun of a very mild power, which warmed up, every now and then, and lighted the room.

But Rectus did not talk long about this.

"I think," said he, "that we have had about enough of St. Augustine. There are too many Indians and girls here."

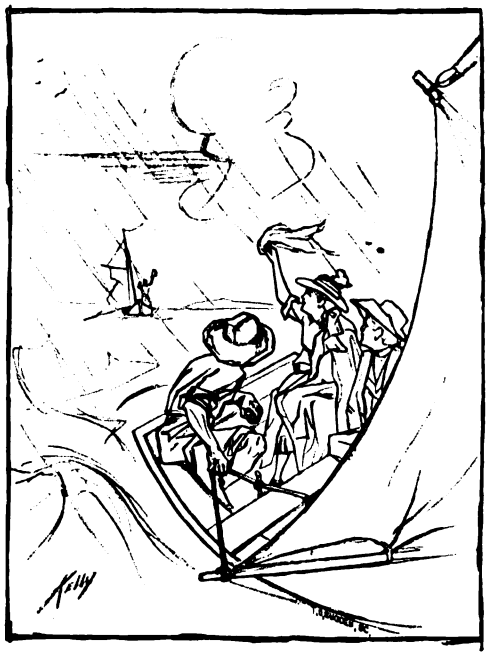
"And sea-beans, too, perhaps," said I. "But I don't think there 's any reason for going so soon. I 'm going to settle those Indians, and you 've only seen one girl, and perhaps we 'll never see her again."

"Don't you believe that," said Rectus very solemnly, and he turned over, either to ponder on the matter, or to go to sleep. His remarks made me imagine that perhaps he was one of those fellows who soon get tired of a place and want to be moving on. But that was n't my way, and I did n't intend to let him hurry me. I think the Indians worried him a good deal. He was afraid they would keep on troubling us. But, as I had said, I had made up my mind to settle the Indians. As for Corny, I know he hated her. I don't believe he spoke a word to her all the time we were with her.

The next morning, we talked over the Indian question, and then went down to the fort. We had n't been there for three or four days, but now we had decided not to stand nagging by a couple of red-skinned savages, but to go and see the captain and tell him all about it. All except the proclamation—Rectus would n't agree to have that brought in at all. Mr. Cholott had introduced us to the captain, and he was a first-rate fellow, and when we told him how we had stormed his old fort, he laughed and said he wondered we did n't break our necks, and that the next time we did it he 'd put us in the guard-house, sure.

"That would be cheaper for you than buying so many beans," he said.

As to the two Indians, he told us he would see to it that they let us alone. He did n't think that Maiden's Heart would ever harm us, for he was more of a blower than anything else; but he said that Crowded Owl was really one of the worst-tempered Indians in the fort, and he advised us to have nothing more to do with him, in any way.



"THE GENTLEMAN WAVED HIS HAT TO US." [PAGE 217.]

All of this was very good of the captain, and we were very glad we had gone to see him.

"I tell you what it is," said Rectus, as we were coming away, "I don't believe that any of these Indians are as innocent as they try to make out. Did you ever see such a rascally set of faces?"

Somehow or other, I seldom felt sorry when Rectus changed his mind. I thought, indeed, that he ought to change it as much as he could. And yet, as I have said, he was a thoroughly good fellow. The trouble with him was that he was n't used to making up his mind about things, and did n't make a very good beginning at it.

The next day, we set out to explore Anastasia Island, right opposite the town. It is a big island, but we took our lunch and determined to do what we could. We hired a boat and rowed over to the mouth of a creek in the island. We went up this creek, quite a long way, and landed at a little pier where we made the boat fast. The man who owned the boat told us just how to go. We first made a flying call at the coquina quarries, where they dig the curious stuff of which the town is built. This is formed of small shells, all conglomerated into one solid mass that becomes as hard as

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stone after it is exposed to the air. It must have taken thousands of years for so many little shell fish to pile themselves up into a quarrying-ground. We now went over to the light-house and climbed to the top of it, where we had a view that made Rectus feel even better than he felt in the cemetery at Savannah.

When we came down, we started for the beach and stopped a little while at the old Spanish light-house, which looked more like a cracker-bakery than anything else, but I suppose it was good enough for all the ships the Spaniards had to light up. We would have cared more for the old light-house if it had not had an inscription on it that said it had been destroyed, and rebuilt by some American. After that, we considered it merely in the light of a chromo.

We had a good time on the island, and stayed nearly all day. Toward the end of the afternoon, we started back for the creek and our boat. We had a long walk, for we had been exploring the island pretty well, and when, at last, we reached the creek, we saw that our boat was gone!

This was astounding. We could not make out how the thing could have happened. The boat-man, from whom we had hired it, had said that it would be perfectly safe for us to leave the boat at the landing if we tied her up well and hid the oars. I had tied her up very well and we had hidden the oars so carefully, under some bushes, that we found them there when we went to look for them.

"Could the old thing have floated off of itself?" said Rectus.

"That could n't have happened," I said. "I tied her hard and fast."

"But how could any one have taken her away without oars?" asked Rectus.

"Rectus," said I, "don't let us have any more riddles. Some one may have cut a pole and poled her away, up or down the creek, or——"

"I 'll tell you," interrupted Rectus. "Crowded Owl!"

I did n't feel much like laughing, but I did laugh a little.

"Yes," I said. "He probably swam over with a pair of oars on purpose to steal our boat. But, whether he did it or not, it 's very certain that somebody has taken the boat, and there is n't any way, that I see, of getting off this place to-night. There 'll be nobody going over so late in the afternoon; except, to be sure, those men we saw at the other end of the island with a flat-boat."

"But that's away over at the upper end of the island," said Rectus.

"That 's not so very far," said I. "I wonder if they have gone back yet? If one of us could run over there and ask them to send a boatman from the town after us, we might get back by supper-time."

"Why not both of us?" asked Rectus.

"One of us should stay here to see if our boat does come back. It must have been some one from the island who took it, because any one from the main-land would have brought his own boat."

"Very well," said Rectus. "Let's toss up to see who goes. The winner stays."

I pitched up a cent.

"Heads," said Rectus.

"Tails," said I.

Tails it was, and Rectus started off like a good fellow.

I sat down and waited. I waited a long, long time, and then I got up and walked up and down. In about an hour I began to get anxious. It was more than time for Rectus to return. The walk to the end of the island and back was not much over a mile—at least I supposed it was not. Could anything have happened to the boy? It was not yet sunset and I could n't imagine what there was to happen.

After waiting about half an hour longer, I heard a distant sound of oars. I ran to the landing and looked down the creek. A boat with a man in it was approaching. When it came nearer, I saw plainly that it was our boat. When it had almost reached the landing, the man turned around, and I was very much surprised, indeed, to see that he was Mr. Chipperton.

(To be continued.)

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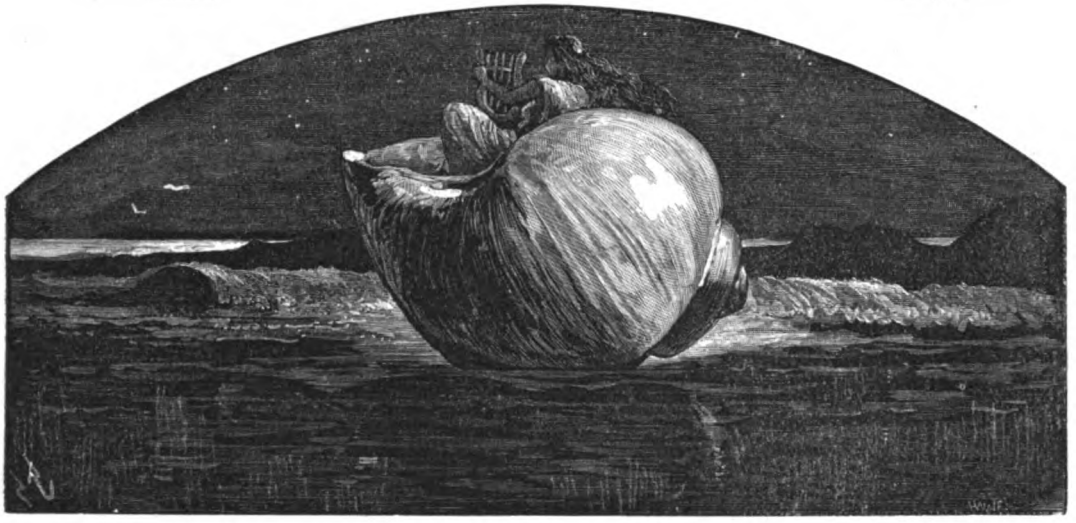
NOCTURNE.*

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

WM. K. BASSFORD. OP. 78, NO. 1.



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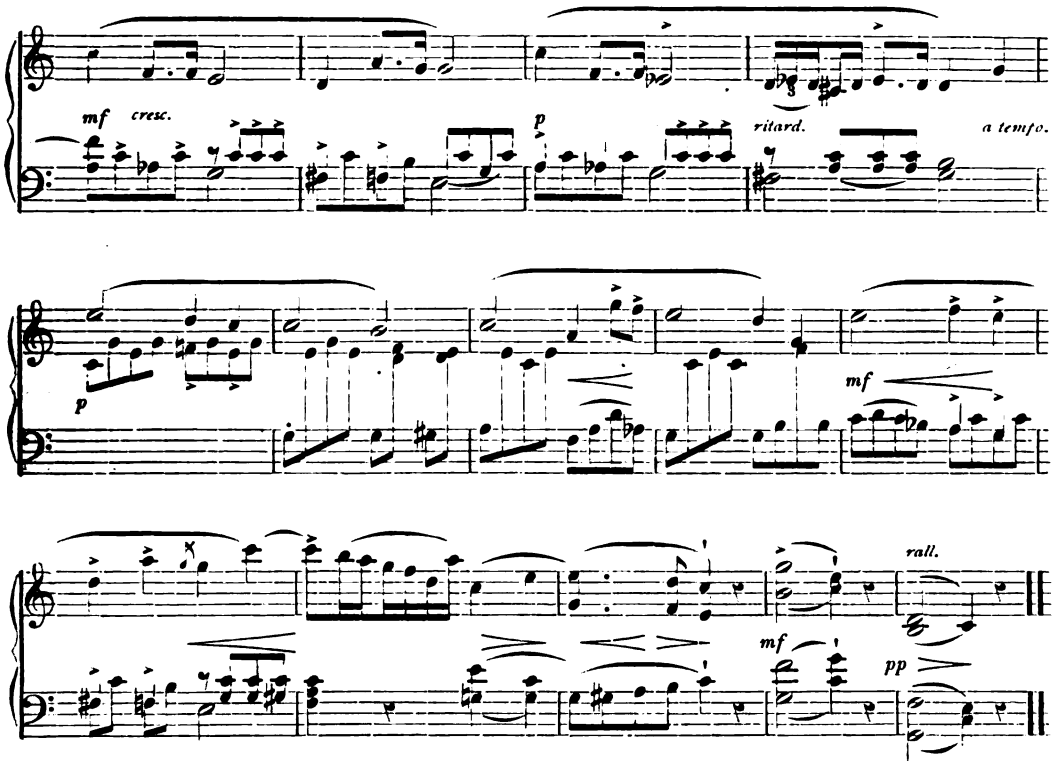

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO GO TO THE MOON.

ONCE there was a little girl, named May, who wanted to go to the moon.

"It is bright and pretty up there," she said, as she stood on a chair by the window and looked up into the sky, where the moon floated about like a ball of pale fire; "and down here it is bed-time and dark, and you jerk me so when you untie my apron and take off my shoes."

"Pooh!" said the nurse, "what a foolish little girl—why, it 's cold as ice in the sky, and, besides, who would ever undress you up there?"

"That 's just it," said the child; "I never should have to be undressed. I should be a dear little moon-fairy."

"A dear little moon-goose, you mean," said nurse, crossly. "Now,

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"MOON! PRETTY MOON! HOW CAN I GO TO YOU?"

Miss May, stop your nonsense; sit right down on that chair and let me take off your shoes."

"Oh, I don't want to, please," said May, holding fast to the window-bench and trying not to cry.

"You must," said nurse,—her name was Ann,—"come, now, you naughty little thing!"

"I'm not a naughty little thing," sobbed May; "it is n't naughty one bit to want to go to the moon, where there aint any nurses nor nothing."

"Fiddle for the moon!" snapped nurse, as she jerked little May from the window. "Come, I must put you to bed."

Just then, Mamma walked in.

"What! not undressed yet, and crying, my pet; what does this mean?"

"It means, ma'am, she 's got me near kilt with her foolishness, so she has," said Ann.

Mamma took May in her arms and soon learned the whole story. Then, saying gently: "You may go down-stairs, nurse, I 'll stay here," she undressed May, put a soft wrapper over the little one's night-dress, and sat down with her close by the open window.

May felt better.

"Now, May," said the mother, "let us play going to the moon."

"Oh, oh, how nice!" cried May, clapping her little hands.

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"Play you were standing down there by the brook," said Mamma.

"Yes! yes!" cried May, delighted.

"And you raised your hands and called out: 'Moon! pretty moon! how can I go to you?'

"Then the moon would call back: 'Come by the bird-path, my dear;' and you 'd say: 'But I can't. I 'm not a bird.'

"Then the moon would call: 'Come by the butterfly path!'

"'But I can't, dear moon,' you would say. 'I 'm not a butterfly.'

"Then the moon would call out: 'Down in the meadow is a funny little fellow called Will-o'-the-Wisp. He carries a light. He will bring you up to my sky, little May.'"

At this, May clung very tightly to her mother.

"Oh, no, no," said she; "I 'd be almost afraid."

Then Mamma, raising her voice, called out: "She would n't like that, good moon. Is there any other way, please?"

"Oh, oh," laughed little May, "how funny! Now, tell me what the moon says!"

Mamma leaned a little out of the bright window, and she and May played they were listening.

"WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

"The moon says," said Mamma at last, "that you must ask Will-o'-the-Wisp to catch you some butterflies, and they will bring you up to her; —or perhaps Puck, the fun-fairy, will catch some for you."

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"Oh, oh!" laughed May, "I 'm afraid, again. The butterflies could n't carry me, Mamma. Ask her, please, to tell me more about the fun-fairy."

Then they listened again, and soon Mamma said the moon wished May to know that Puck, the fun-fairy, was a charming little fellow, up to all sorts of mischief, but that he did n't know any better. He liked to tease, sometimes. In the middle of the night he would whisper into the old rooster's ear: "What 's the matter with you? Why don't you crow? Don't you know it 's morning?" Then the cock would jump to his feet and set up a great "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!" and all the sleepy people would turn in their beds and wonder what could be the matter.

Sometimes, the fun-fairy would go into dairies and turn the milk sour, and sometimes he would coax Jack Frost to crack dishes and pitchers, and sometimes he would trip up the fairies who came out to dance in the moonlight, and sometimes he would hide things away where no one could find them. But most of the time he was just flitting about among the flowers, teasing the roses because they were not lilies, and laughing at the lilies because they were not roses.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

"How queer!" said May. "Tell the moon, please Mamma, that I like the fun-fairy very much, but I 'm really 'most afraid to let him take me up to her. He might play some trick on me, may be."

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So Mamma told the moon what May said, word for word, and they both made-believe to listen again.

It seemed quite real to little May by this time.

Soon Mamma said the moon was truly sorry that May was so very timid, but there was no other way left, excepting the dream-path.

"The dream-path!" cried May; "Oh, wont that be nice! Put me in bed quick, Mamma, as soon as I 've said my prayer, and I 'll dream that I am going right up to the moon!"

"SHE WOULD DREAM THAT PUCK BROUGHT HER A BEAUTIFUL PAIR."

Then May said her little prayer, and Mamma kissed her and put her into her pretty white crib.

The little girl shut her blue eyes just as tight as she could, and made up her mind she would dream ever so much.—First, that Puck, the fun-fairy, caught butterflies for her, and then that he brought her a beautiful pair, and then that they carried her right straight up to the moon, and then ——

But no, the dream did n't go in that way at all. She dreamed something about Ann, the nurse, and something about her little India rubber doll, and something about her little dog, Florrie,—all mixed up together as queerly as could be. And there was not a single (so she told her mother)—not a single smitch of anything about the moon.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

DID it ever occur to you, my youngsters, that, under Providence, each one of you is a sort of editor? Yes, you're each about to begin a new volume in the book of your life,—a book issued in twelve monthly parts, too, like ST. NICHOLAS. A book full of pictures, full of incidents, with riddle-box,—ah, how many riddles!—and letter-box, complete; a book named "1879."

Be careful, my hearties! Keep your pages straight and even; fill them carefully; don't let your numbers be too heavy, too dull, too learned! No, nor even too awfully, awfully good! Don't let them be too jolly, neither, too entertaining, nor too sensational. Remember, the angels will see them, and that all on earth who love you are your subscribers; so are other human beings, in truth, for it's a strange, mysterious fact that in one way or another we, earthly children, all read one another's books sooner or later.

Make sure now of a good January number.

JAPANESE "O-HI-O!"

DEAR JACK: Here are three odd things about the Japanese: I found them in a book I have been reading lately. Your paragrams about the "Japs" have told such curious facts that I was glad to get hold of the book and read it, on the chance of finding more.

The first thing is that, when you pass a traveler on the great Tokai-do highway, he sings out to you "O-hi-o!" which means "Good morning"; and then you must of course do the same. So, "O-hi-o" means something beside one of the United States.

Next,—it was from Japan the Europeans learned to paper the walls of rooms. In this, the Japs were ahead.

Third,—if you wish to take a warm bath in Japan, you must get into a wooden tub, in the side of which a copper oven is set; a fire is kindled in the oven, and this warms the water. It warms the bather, too, if he does n't take care.—Your "hearer," HIRAM L. G.

"ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT."

WHAT do you think of that, my young folks? Some English children took this journey recently with their father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Brassey. They sailed away across the broad Atlantic to South America, and then up on the other side to Valparaiso, and then over the vast Pacific to the Society and Sandwich Islands, then to Japan, China, and India, through the wonderful Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea, past the great rock of Gibraltar, and so home to England.

What a voyage for those little people! And what curious sights they saw in the countries they visited! A nice way of learning one's geography, I think. They will not have to be told that "the earth is round like a ball or orange," because they have found it out for themselves. A good many lessons in natural history came, too, in the curious birds and butterflies and beasts which they saw. Think of having among one's pets a green monkey, parrots of every hue and size, a cardinal-bird, a pair of armadilloes, a gazelle, a puma, and a little pig who followed them all about the ship like a dog! And think of looking down ever so far into the clear waters of a lagoon, and seeing shells more beautiful than any which you have seen in collections, actually moving about on the backs of their fishy owners!

And then think of having for dinner a great gold fish, and for supper a flying fish, which flew on board the yacht and entangled itself in Mrs. Brassey's lace scarf! You see, the Little Schoolma'am has described to me the book Mrs. Brassey has written about the journey.

The editors of ST. NICHOLAS, I 'm told, have been promised a lively and true account of just such a voyage around the world, but the Captain and his boys who made the promise are away in their light little craft, far out of sight and sound, and so you must wait for advices.

But the seas are wide and generous, and so are boys' and girls' hearts. There is plenty of room for these two brave little yachts, and Jack always is glad to hear of a good account of travel written especially for boys and girls.

AN AMUSING GAME.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Please let me tell your other boys and girls about a lively game that some of us play at our homes on long evenings. It is very simple, but there is good fun in it.

A makes B, C, D, and E sit down in a row with their backs toward him. Then, standing behind B's chair, he wags his head, or scowls and threatens an unseen foe with his fist, or makes some comical gesture, at the same time asking B this question: "What am I doing?" If B's answer is right, A leaves him and tries C, and so on, all along the line. But whoever guesses wrong must imitate just what A was doing when putting the question,—only in perfect silence. Of course, very few give the right answers, and it is funny to see a whole row of boys and girls busily making all kinds of queer motions and odd grimaces, or posed like statues in sublime and ridiculous positions. Five minutes is long enough for the penalty to last.—Truly your friend, JULIA V. B.

TREMBLING LANDS.

I KNOW of some in Northern Illinois. They are immense flats of turf, miles in extent, six or twelve inches in thickness, resting upon water or beds of quicksand. The passing of but one horseman over them causes an undulating or quivering motion, and so people call them "The Trembling Lands." The surface is quite dry, but by cutting a hole in the turf, one can have plenty of water. On the thinner portions, a horse's foot will sometimes cut through, and down the animal will go to the

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shoulder or ham; yet the upper surface is tough, so that he can be rescued easily.

In some spots, the surface weight forces a stream of water upward through a hole in the turf; and this stream brings up sand, and, piling it on the surface, forms a mound. Then, as the size and weight of the mound increase, the pressure on the water is increased, and so there will be a fountain formed on the prairie, pouring its stream down the side of the mound, sinking into the sand, and so returning to the waters beneath.

BUTTERFLIES ON A SEA VOYAGE.

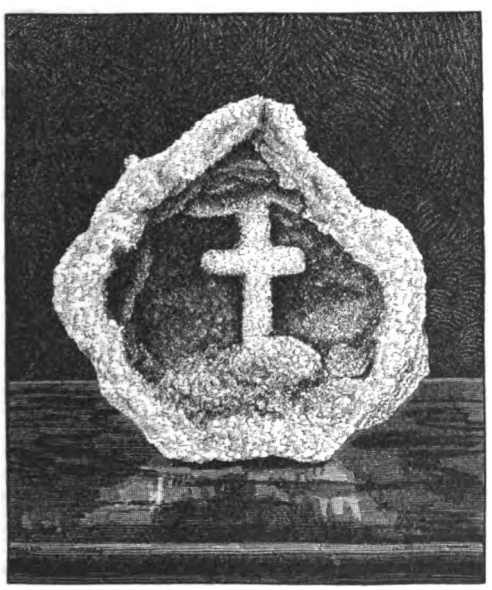
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My father is what I call a "buggist," for he seems to know all about bugs, and handles them so delicately that they don't seem to mind it. When he wants to put one in his cabinet, he first sets it under a glass with a tuft of chloroformed cotton; and so it dies without pain. And now, I want to tell you some things that he told me about butterflies.

A naturalist, when ten miles from land, found the ship surrounded by butterflies, as far as could be seen with a telescope. There were myriads of them, so that the sailors said it was "snowing butterflies." For two days the weather had been fine and calm, so that they could n't have been blown out there from the shore.

Another naturalist states that a large dragon-fly flew on board his ship when five hundred miles from land.

Another saw a large butterfly flying around the ship when, in one direction, land was distant six hundred miles, and in another, a thousand.

Father says that the speed of these insects must have been very great, as it is known that one of the species found will live only a few days if unable to obtain its living food; and that these instances seem to prove that the amount of muscular power required in flight is much less than has been usually supposed. S. W. K.



A CROSS IN A GEODE.

HERE is a Christmas curiosity for you, my youngsters. It is copied from a photograph which was taken direct from the geode itself, just as it appeared when broken in two by the man who found it.

"What is a geode?"

Ah! I forgot to mention that. A geode is—is—in short, a geode is simply a geode,—a very remarkable fact, I assure you; and any geologist who knows his business will say the same. But if this does not satisfy you, and I hope it will not, you may look under G E O in your unabridged dictionary, or in any general encyclopædia. Then, after learning all you can there, come back to your Jack.

Now, I'll tell you that this particular geode was picked up near Keokuk, in Iowa, on the bank of the Mississippi River. It was a round, plain-looking stone enough; but the finder, knowing something of geodes, and how apt they are to be hollow and beautifully lined with crystals, broke this one right in two. Think of his amazement and delight when he found inside a beautiful sparkling cross of pure white crystals. Ah, how proud he was! Many admired it, and one learned bishop wished to buy the wonderful stone. But no, he would n't sell it. And then, one day, the ST. NICHOLAS artist persuaded this sensible person, the geodist, not the bishop, to let him have a photograph of it for your own Jack. And that is how you can now have a look at its picture.

What do you think Deacon Green said about it? That it was quartz? That it was curious? Not he. He just looked quietly into the dear Little Schoolma'am's eyes, and says he:

"I like to think, my child," says he, "that this rough little ball, with its beautiful image of the cross at its heart, is, in the main, a miniature copy of our own earth,—a brown, bumpy ball on the outside, hard to travel over, and often rough enough, God knows, to the touch,—yet holding deep in its heart, straight and strong, ready to sparkle forth on the last day, when all shall be riven, the beautiful symbol of the cross. And I love to think, also, that human life, rough as we often see it, may at last, under God's mighty working, disclose perfect goodness, purity and peace."

I like the Deacon. He's plain-spoken and blunt sometimes, but he's an earnest, good deacon as ever was.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

"TOWED by rail," indeed! Jack can fancy the surprise of car horses when that news about San Francisco street-cars, in the November ST. NICHOLAS, comes to their ears. In fact, judging from this newspaper paragram sent by a Washington correspondent, to a Baltimore paper, it seems as if the noble brutes, finding that their services in the street-car line are likely to be dispensed with, have decided to try their hand at being passengers. Hear this:

Washington, District of Columbia.

A very peculiar accident occurred on Louisiana avenue, near Four-and-a-half street, this evening. It appears that one of the hill horses of the Metropolitan street railway was sent on his way to the stables at Georgetown without any driver. The hill horses are accustomed to return to the stables alone, and usually follow or precede a car. This horse, one evening, followed a car, most of the time being some distance behind. As the car neared the City Hall he got nearer and nearer, trotting at a very lively gait, while the horse attached to the car was going along quite slowly. The hill horse, as he reached the car, ran right into it through the rear door, and it was not long before he was one of the passengers. He got his entire body into the car, greatly frightening the other passengers. After going about forty-five feet the car was stopped and the horse was backed out. Although all the seats were occupied, not one of the passengers was injured. The horse also escaped injury.

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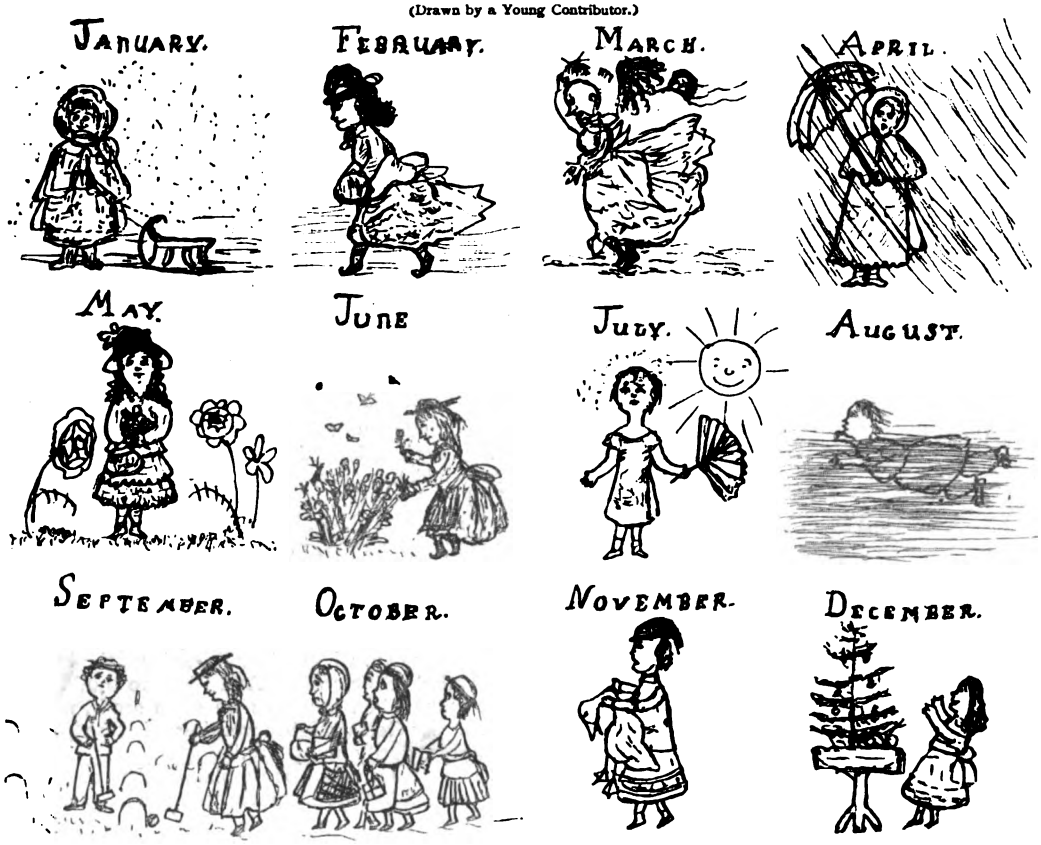
YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

PICTORIAL CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)



THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month is taken from a picture painted long ago by William Page, late president of the N. Y. National Academy of Design. In one sense Mr. Page has not stood still in his art. Since painting the three little sisters, he has adopted new theories and changed his style of treatment more than once. So we now may see in the same collection a very gray-looking picture by William Page; then a rich, superbly colored one by the same artist; and, again, others which appear almost as if they were seen through olive-green gauze. But many persons who years ago became acquainted with this artist's works like the early ones by far the best,—those that glow with beautiful color and yet are so harmonious that they are never gay or glaring. In those days, people said that Page's pictures were Titianesque in color, because they resembled in that quality the works of the great master, Titian. Indeed, his copies of Titian were so remarkably like the originals that, once when he was in Italy, one of them was stopped by the authorities of Florence under the belief that it was the original painting, and not a copy, that was being carried out of the city. The picture from which our frontispiece is taken derives a great charm from its beautiful coloring; this cannot, of course, be shown in the engraving, which, however, may have an added interest to our young readers because it represents a group of real children who sat for their pictures in just that way years ago, and who did not happen to know at the time that one of the three should some day have the joy of editing ST. NICHOLAS.

Mr. Page, who was born in Albany in 1811, is still living, and the little girl in the picture who holds the dolly so tightly,—the one whom you know the best,—saw him last year, a tall, white-haired, handsome gentleman, who remembered well the three little girls on the sofa who sat as "still as mice" for him—poor little things!—ever so long ago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At this special time, when plum-puddings and mince-pies seem to grow naturally out of the good cheer of the holiday season, your young folk may like to hear something about raisins, which, as the juvenile world knows sooner or later, are simply dried grapes.

The best grapes of the world are found near Malaga, a city in the south of Spain, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. They are unlike those found in America or any other country, having a thin, transparent skin: and the pulp is of a most delicious flavor. They are called Muscatel grapes, and are changed in a curious way into the raisins of commerce. The vineyards of Malaga are very large, and, in some instances, their extreme age is proved by the fact that

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the trunks of some of their vines are as thick as a man's wrist. The vines are cultivated with great care, and are trained out sidewise on wire frames. During the later stages of the ripening of the fruit, nearly all the leaves are plucked off, so that the sun's rays may more readily reach and perfect the grapes. Near the vineyards are erected large sheds a few feet from the ground, with nearly flat roofs; and on these roofs are spread layers of small pebble stones, clean and round, taken from the sea-shore near by. These stones are used because they retain the heat of the sun while the grapes are placed on them to dry. Sometimes one finds a few of these pebbles amongst the raisins. In gathering the fruit, a large wooden tray is used, and each cluster is cut from its branch with shears. When the tray is filled, it is carried to the shed, and the clusters are spread upon the pebbly roof in single layers. After several days they are turned over, so that both sides may be perfectly dried, the grapes thus changing into raisins. Then wooden packing-boxes are carried to the sheds, and the clusters are packed one by one. The boxes are then weighed, and shipped to every quarter of the world.—Yours truly, M. A. S.

Santa Claus Game.

Here is a game which the youngsters will like very much. It is suited to the Christmas season of gift-giving.

Blindfold a grown-up gentleman, dress him to represent Santa Claus,—a long duster-coat, and white hair and beard of wool or cotton-batting will be all the disguise needed,—and set him among the company, in the middle of the room, holding in his hands a tray full of bon-bons and little presents. These gifts may be very simple and inexpensive, some of them for fun's sake may be cheap toys, penny trumpets, etc., and every article should be carefully wrapped in paper to add to the interest. Now let him invite the youngsters to come up one by one, and choose and take one of the gifts from the tray, returning thanks by saying "Thank you, Santa Claus."

If the blindfolded "Santa Claus" cannot detect and name the owner of the voice, the gift will belong to the taker; but, if he names the right person, the present must be put back in the tray. Many become so interested in choosing the gift and in wondering at the easy terms on which it may be had, that they take no care to alter their voices when returning thanks. They must speak plainly, and Santa Claus ought to be pretty familiar with the voices. It is well to change places occasionally. Santa Claus, led by an assistant, may hand the tray around to each in turn, if preferred.

Concerning Children's Day at St. Paul's.

We think there is peculiar attraction in the story we print this month concerning "Children's Day at St. Paul's"; not only because it is a tale about English boys and girls, but also on account of the bright and lovely pictures Miss Kate Greenaway, of London, has drawn to accompany it.

In England, near the end of the seventeenth century, a few private persons started "Societies for the Reformation of Manners." These societies, among other good works, began and kept up schools in which the children of the poorer classes were taught the catechism and how to read, write and cipher,—all without direct cost to parents or parish. As time went on, trades, sewing, and other bread-winning arts were taught in a few of these schools; and, by some of them, departing scholars were furnished with tools and situations. Kind-hearted people all over England, and particularly in London, gave money to help the work; and it grew and prospered.

The first celebration of the establishment of these charity-schools, as they were called, took place on Holy Thursday, June 8, 1704, in St. Andrew's church, Holborn, London, when about two thousand children met. The numbers kept growing annually, until, in 1782, the vast space under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral was given up to the assembly on the first "Children's day at St. Paul's." There the children have met every Holy Thursday since; and now they number five thousand, while the spectators are at least seven thousand persons more.

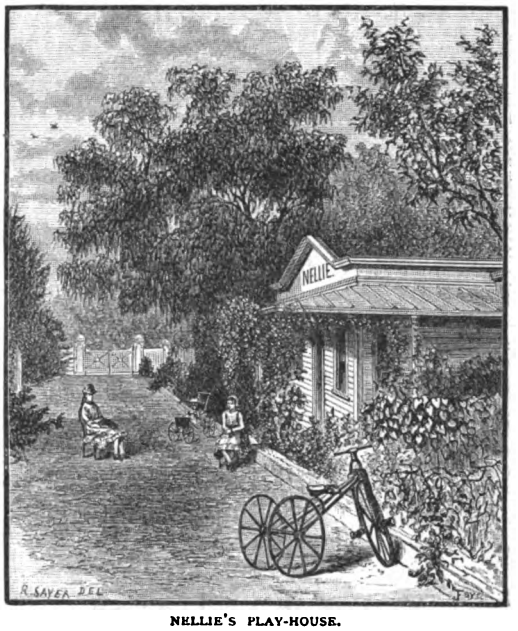
Before the children march to St. Paul's on the great day, they promenade about their own parishes, hand in hand, two by two, the girls in one column, the boys in another; bright and beaming and bubbling over with laughter, they flow through the dun streets of the smoky old city. But they appear best when in their places in the great cathedral, where they are ranged on seats supported by scaffolding, and running, tier above tier, high up, all around under the dome, and away into the broad arch-ways of the nave, transepts and chancel.

The services in the building consist of prayer, chanting by the choir, singing,—in the greater part of which the children join,—a sermon suited to young folks, and then the glorious "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel, which never sounds grander than when sung forth in perfect time by five thousand sweet young voices, filled out with the deep tones of the great organ,—a rosy sea of fresh faces, an ocean of swelling music, an overwhelming tide of feeling, sweep the onlooker into a new world. When the services in the cathedral are over, the children file out to their own parishes, where, generally, a hearty meal is provided for them;—and they eat it.

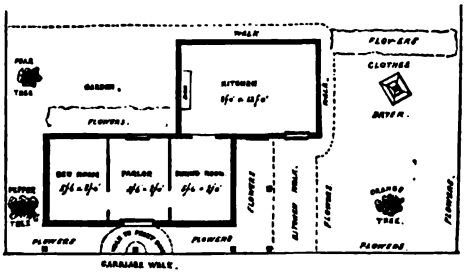
Another Little Householder.

Stockton, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: Some months ago you printed the picture of a little girl's play-house, and I wish you to print the picture of mine, if you please. I send the pictures for you to copy. Papa built the



NELLIE'S PLAY-HOUSE.



THE GROUND PLAN.

house for me last year, and tells me to say that it is finished, both inside and out, in as good style as that of ordinary dwelling-houses in California. I have four rooms: bedroom, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. My bedroom is 5½ feet by 8 feet, and is papered with pretty, striped paper. I have a little bedroom set; it is light gray, lined with red and blue, and ornamented with little pictures of flowers. The paper in my parlor is printed with bright red flowers. I have little brackets on the wall. There are a table, chairs, and a little play piano. In the dining-room I have a table covered with a striped cloth, chairs, and a darling little cupboard where I keep my dishes. I have a clock in the dining-room, and a little set of Chinese dishes. My kitchen is 8 feet by 12 feet, and I like it best of all the rooms. It has a dear little stove with an oven, and it cooks nicely. When I have company, we get supper on it and have a good time. I have a sink where water comes in and goes out. I have a little let-down table beside my sink, where I can make pies. I have a little roller towel by my back door. There is an arbor, over my kitchen window,

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covered with Madeira vine and honeysuckle. I have a little clothes'-reel to hang my dolls' clothes on. There is a little garden that I myself take care of. I have an orange-tree that had some blossoms on it, and then green oranges; but they all dropped off. I am eleven years old, and I was born in Stockton.—Your little friend,

NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter never tires of hearing this poem, and often begs to have it read to her, gathering in the neighbor-children that they may hear it, and all of them listen with intense interest and satisfaction. Thinking that other children may like to read it in the merry holiday season, I venture to ask you to copy it: Very respectfully, T. F. A.

"SANTA CLAUS."

"He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

"His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang round on the sides.
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

"The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

"He rides to the east, he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This little book contains thirty-nine letters from Otto von Bismarck to his sister, his wife, and others, written during the whole of his public life until the Franco-German war, and includes one—to his wife—which was captured by the French during that war, and describes Bismarck's interview with the fallen Emperor Napoleon III. The letters are interesting and pleasant reading, for the most part such as older boys and girls will understand; but while they tell a good deal about Bismarck's private life and thoughts, where he traveled, what he saw on the way, and so on, they say comparatively little about his public doings, and in this way pique one's curiosity to know more of their writer. They reveal great kindness of heart, and a large and gentle nature, careful, even in the busiest days of perhaps the busiest and—by some politicians—the most cordially hated man in Europe, to write cheerful letters home, and provide Christmas presents for those he loved.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS. R. Worthington, New York. Twenty-six illustrations. This book not only describes and pictures the animals named in its title, but also tells many new and curious tales about these queer creatures. This is one of those large-print sensible books that tell the young folks things they wish to know and in a way they like.

BOOKS FOR BRIGHT EYES. American Tract Society, New York. These are four little cloth-bound books, illustrated with colored pictures, packed in a card box, and designed for very young readers.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANAGRAM PROVERB ENIGMA.

WITH the letters of the sentence "SHALL WE MAKE TOYS?" spell a common proverb composed of three words.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.

THE base-words of the three squares, reading in the order given, form a timely expression of good-will.

First square: 1. Delighted. 2. To be of one mind. 3. The plural form of the name of a long narrow sail-canoe used about the Ladrone Islands. 4. Lively, brisk; an old English word in common use among Americans of the West. 5. Frothy. Second square: 1. Fresh. 2. A Scripture name of a woman. 3. A texture. Third square: 1. A period of time. 2. A Scripture name of a man. 3. Handicrafts. 4. To rub harshly.

EASY MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a useful plant, and leave a frame or rack. 2. Curtail the plant, and give to vex or plague. 3. Behead and transpose the plant, and find to let for hire. 4. Syncopate and transpose the plant, and get the most insignificant. 5. Transpose the most insignificant, and leave a kind of stone. 6. Behead and curtail the plant, and give facility. 7. Behead and transpose the frame or rack, and find a marine animal. 8. Again, behead and transpose the frame or rack, and get a transfer. 9. Syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a water-fowl. 10. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give a straight flat piece of wood. 11. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and find tardy. 12. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and get a name for a sailor. 13. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a Chinese measure of weight. 14. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give an enumeration. 15. Curtail and transpose a kind of stone, and find after all the rest. 16. Curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and get a site or abode. 17. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and leave the Orient. 18. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and give to surfeit. 19. Syncopate and transpose the frame or rack, and find sediment. 20. Again, syncopate and transpose the frame or rack, and get to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes. 21. Behead and transpose the water-fowl, and leave a field. 22. Again, behead and transpose the water-fowl, and give a beverage. 23. Curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and find a useful plant. 24. Again, curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and get to corrode. 25. Curtail and transpose the Orient, and leave a vast expanse of water. 26. Behead and reverse sediment, and give a diocese. 27. Curtail and reverse sediment, and find a fish. 28. Behead and reverse to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes, and get the sheltered side. 29. Syncopate and transpose an enumeration, and leave to permit. C. O.

CHARADE.

THOUGH quite devoid of heart,
My *first* does not withhold
From him who seeks, a draught
Of water, pure and cold.

Although my *second* may
To you be very near,
It does not follow that
It is both near and dear.

When purpled is the grape,
And leaves grow sere and old,
In browning fields my *whole*
Displays its sphere of gold. L. W. H.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a cascade, and leave everything. 2. Behead witty, and leave a market-place. 3. Behead to break with noise and violence, and leave an eruption. 4. Behead a part of the body, and leave tall. 5. Behead a head-covering, and leave a bird. 6. Behead a vessel, and leave part of the body. 7. Behead a security, and leave a shelf. 8. Behead a duty, and leave to inquire. N. B. S.

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EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.

PREFIX the same syllable to:—1. Part of a poem, and make lying across. 2. Not early, and make to interpret. 3. A harbor, and make to carry from one place to another. 4. A pronoun, and make a passing through. 5. Part of a play, and make to do. 6. A person who cannot speak, and make to change one substance into another. 7. A father or mother, and make easily seen through. 8. A position of the person, and make to change the order of things. C. S. R.

DIAGONAL, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

EACH word has twelve letters. Diagonal, from left to right downward, a greeting of the season. 1. An ancient written character. 2. Stingy. 3. A sleepy character. 4. Conditions. 5. The scientific name for thick-skinned animals. 6. Pertaining to names derived from ancestors. 7. A disbeliever in spiritual beings. 8. Wares made of clay. 9. The scientific name for slender-toed animals. 10. Very talkative. 11. Figurative. 12. A maker. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the nine small pictures, taken in the order indicated by the numerals beneath them, represents a horizontal line of the Acrostic. To form the Horizontals, sometimes one word, sometimes two words, and, in other cases, letters or abbreviations are used; but the required elements of each cross-line are indicated in its particular picture. In viewing the large picture, five things are to be seen, and these five things are described by the five words, each of nine letters, which form the Perpendiculars of the Acrostic. One of the Perpendiculars is made from the initials of the horizontal lines, and a second by their finals; the three other upright words are formed from the intervening letters of the cross-lines; and these letters, while occurring in proper succession reading downward, will be found scattered anywhere, each in its particular cross-line. Thus, supposing the fourth word to be "Landscape": then "L" will be somewhere between the initial and final of the top cross-line, but not necessarily next to the initial; "a" will be in the second horizontal line, but it may be any one of the letters between the two ends of the line; and so on,—no one letter of the horizontal lines being used twice in forming the Perpendicular words.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.

FIND suitable words to fill the blanks in the following verse, and transpose the letters of these words into a familiar greeting:

As —— and incense once were brought,
— —— each year with treasures fraught,
Glad memories of the —— and ——,
Good words for each, and gifts for all. B.

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.

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* * * * * * *
.     *     .
.     *     .
. . . * . . .
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THE meanings of the words forming this puzzle are:

Horizontal of cross: Base. Perpendicular of cross: Accounts of things, persons or events deemed noteworthy. Top of frame: Settlement. Foot of frame: A young person engaged in selling some of the necessaries of modern life. Left post of frame: A bird with pouched bill. Right post of frame: The channel in which the tide sets. A. C. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters, and am a motto about which much has been said of late in the United States.

1. My 3, 10, 11, 12 is a sudden flaw or flurry. 2. My 6, 1, 2, 5 is to reel, as on a bobbin. 3. My 9, 4, 8, 7 is a way in which lessons ought not to be learned. A.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

THE words and letters forming a half-square, which has for base a word of seven letters, will be found concealed in the following sentences:

"You know it was you who had my whip last, Ernest, so don't pretend it was n't. You refused to lend it to Will,—as Teddy told me,—and afterward you falsely accused Will of taking the whip and hiding it in a cask Edward had thrown into the quarry. No wonder Will's temper rose when he heard of your accusation; and it was lucky for you he started for home and cooled off before seeing you. Shame on you! Give up the whip at once, or I 'll dust your jacket for you!"

The meanings of the lines of the half-square are as follows: 1. Coating of a wall. 2. Endured. 3. Solicited. 4. Forepart of a ship's frame. 5. A nickname of a boy. 6. An affix. 7. Phonetically, a French measure of surface. Y. E.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a very useful member of the community. The words are of one length.

1. A grade of society. 2. A volatile fluid. 3. A part of a wheel. 4. Plain. 5. A word that implies fun. 6. A piece of money. 7. A person who, accompanied by his wife, explored a part of Africa. 8. A manufactured metal. 9. A victorious Yankee commodore. G. H.

DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail snappish, and leave to corrode; behead and curtail to corrode and leave a pronoun. 2. Behead and curtail rasped, and leave to value; behead and curtail to value and leave a preposition. 3. Behead and curtail a portion of time, and leave a sign; behead and curtail a sign and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead and curtail to bow with servility, and leave an ornament; behead and curtail an ornament and leave within. CYRILE DEAN.

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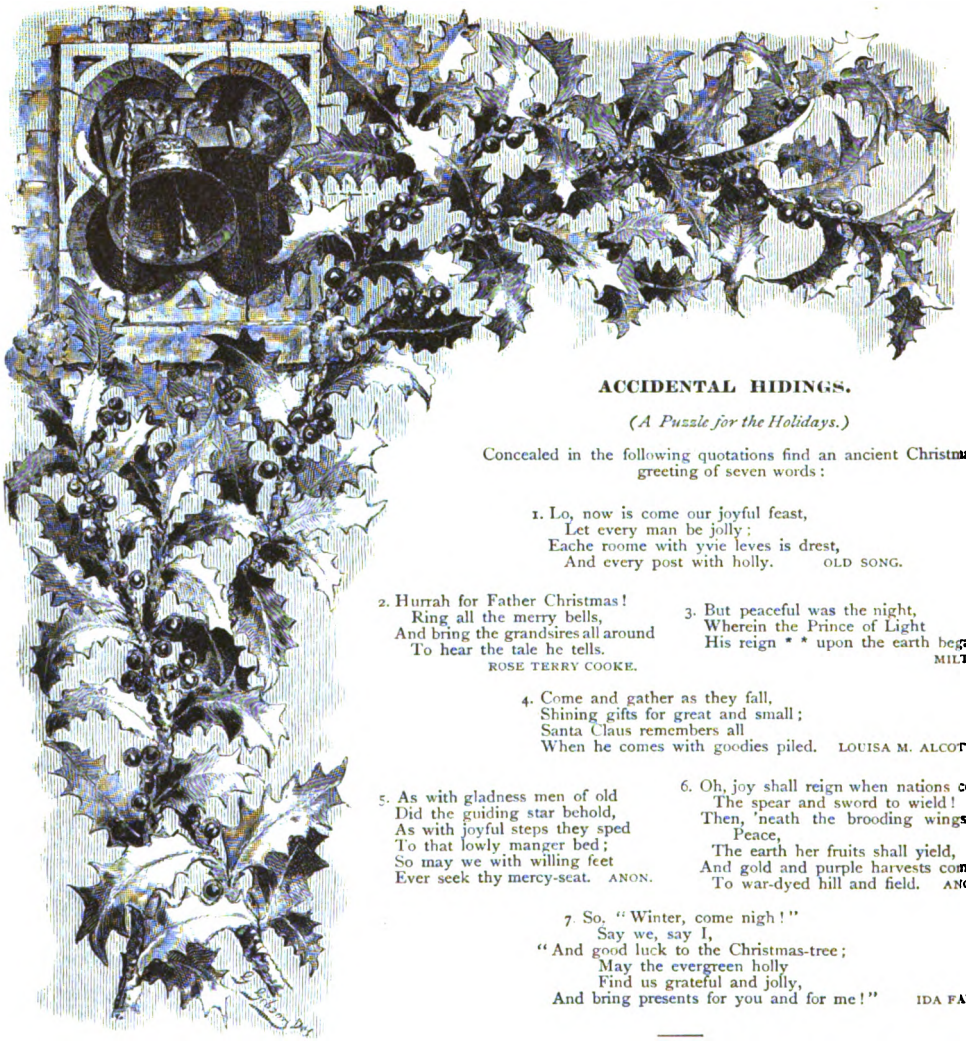

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

(A Puzzle for the Holidays.)

Concealed in the following quotations find an ancient Christmas greeting of seven words:

1. Lo, now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly:
Eache roome with yvie leves is drest,
And every post with holly. OLD SONG.

2. Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells,
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.

3. But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign * * upon the earth began.
MILTON.

4. Come and gather as they fall,
Shining gifts for great and small;
Santa Claus remembers all
When he comes with goodies piled. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

5. As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat. ANON.

6. Oh, joy shall reign when nations cease
The spear and sword to wield!
Then, 'neath the brooding wings of Peace,
The earth her fruits shall yield,
And gold and purple harvests come
To war-dyed hill and field. ANON.

7. So, "Winter, come nigh!"
Say we, say I,
"And good luck to the Christmas-tree;
May the evergreen holly
Find us grateful and jolly,
And bring presents for you and for me!" IDA FAY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

HOUR-GLASS.—1. BrAid; 2. ARa; 3. R; 4. TOe; 5. SaWed.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Beaconsfield; Gladstone.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. EartH; 2. NaomI; 3. GaS; 4. LinT; 5. IagO; 6. SailoR; 7. HaY.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—

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        I          T
      I N N      A W E
    I N T E R — T W I N E
      N E W      E N D
        R          E
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SQUARE.—1. Chime; 2. Honor; 3. Incur; 4. Mouse; 5. Erred.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS.—1. Nomad; 2. Level; 3. Demur; 4. Raven; 5. Brown; 6. Bat; 7. Night; 8. Trend; 9. Daunt; 10. Novel; 11. David; 12. Gem; 13. Liver; 14. Reign; 15. Trout; 16. Naturalist; 17. Bloodhound; 18. Nethermost; 19. Dog; 20. Rat; 21. Nut; 22. Ban; 23. Dot; 24. Ted; 25. Rib.

CENTRAL DELETIONS.—1. PopUlar, poplar; 2. ReVel, reel; 3. HUe, he; 4. CoLon, coon; 5. SpAin, spin. Centrals: Uvula.

PICTORIAL CONCEALED-WORD PUZZLE.—1. FIOweR. 2. CHoiR. 3. fIST. 4. MAn. 5. StoCkings. 6. dOMES. 7. BUsT. 8. bONe. 9. ConE. 10. dAisY. 11. rEApeR.

RHOMBOID DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—1. Fatal. 2. Sarah. 3. Cabal. 4. Basal. 5. Natal.

NEW-DOLLAR PUZZLE.—Infant, Churn, Chain, Leap, Flower. Bath, Cob, Soldier, Food, Jewel, AAA CCC DD, Leaves, Monkey, Hand, Kirk, Condors, Insects, Reptile, Straws. The letters in these words may be transformed into the following twenty-six words, of four letters each, representing twenty-six things seen when viewing the face of the new dollar: Cash, Coin, Year, Date, Head, Face, Nose, Chin, Lips, Brow, Jowl, Neck, Hair, Lock, Curl, Band, Word, Star, Stop, Leaf. Vein, Stem, Ears, Fold, Nick, Dent.

CHARADE.—Patch-work.——NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Ptarmigan.

EASY METAGRAM.—1. Switch; 2. Witch; 3. Whit; 4. With; 5. Wit; 6. It; 7. I.

A PROVERB IN CIPHER.—"Two heads are better than one."

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Post-Office.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 2 from Evelyn Glancy Jones, "D. N. B.," Southwick C. Briggs, Annie Southwick, Mary H. Bradley, "Fritters," Nellie Emerson, A. C. Lesley, Lillian Baker, "Two Will's," Anna Emma Mathewson, Fred. A. Conklin, Susanna Bell, B. P. Emery, M. L. Brinkerhoff, Adda Voutè, "C. H. T.," Picolo Pedadly, E. B. Clark, Adele F. Freeman, Mifflin Brady, John L. Hanna, L. B. Wallace, Thomas Hunt, Grace Rosevelt, C. D. Clinton, Reed L. McDonald, Bessie Hard, Bertha Potts, Flavel S. Miner, "Higgle," Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, and Eddie F. Worcester.

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Florence Rogers

[illegible] Commsborough

[illegible] year

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HELPING MOTHER.

FROM A PAINTING BY JAN VERHAS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1879. NO. 4.

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A STORY OF A STONE.

BY PROF. D. S. JORDAN.

ONCE on a time, a great many years ago, so many, many years that if your father should give you a dollar for every year you could buy up the whole town you live in and have enough left to pay the National Debt; in those old days when the great North-west consisted only of a few hills, ragged and barren, and full of copper and quartz; in the days when the Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks, and the tide of the Pacific swept over Plymouth Rock and surged up against Bunker Hill; when the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and shallow waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in fact, an immensely long time ago, —there lived somewhere in Oconto County, Wisconsin, a little jelly-fish. It was a curious creature, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of a cat's-thimble, and it floated around in the water and ate little things and opened and shut its umbrella, pretty much as jelly-fishes do in the ocean now.

It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many mites of snakes, and so it was named Medusa, after that lady in the old times who wore snakes instead of hair, and who felt so badly because she could n't do them up. Well, our little Medusa floated around and opened and shut her umbrella for a long time,—a month, or a year, perhaps,—we don't know how long. Then, one morning, down among the sea-weeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly and much smaller than a dew-drop on the end of a pine-leaf. Now she leaves the scene, and our story henceforth concerns only one of these eggs.

Well, one day, the sun shone down into the water,—the same sun that shines through your windows now,—and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg and came out into the great world. He was only a wee bit of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends. He had at his sides an immense number of little paddles that went flapping, flapping all the time, keeping him constantly in motion, whether the little fellow wanted to go or not. So he kept scudding along in the water, dodging from right to left, to avoid the ungainly creatures that wanted to eat him. There were crabs and clams, of a fashion that neither you nor I will ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws and long feelers, that sat in the end of a long, round shell and glowered at him, and smaller ones of the same kind that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn.

But none of these got the little fellow, else I should not have any story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, he thought of settling in life. So he looked around until he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him, when he sat down upon it, and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth. Only, unlike Holger, he did n't go to sleep, but proceeded to make himself at home. So he made an opening in his upper side, and rigged for himself a mouth and a stomach, and put a whole row of feelers out, and began catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime,—everything he could get,—and cramming them into his little stomach.

He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of all was what he did with the bits of lime.

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He kept taking them in and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would stone a well, or as though a man should swallow pebbles and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself full.

But little Favosites became lonesome all alone on the bottom of that old ocean, among so many outlandish neighbors; and so, one night, when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out of his side, where his sixth rib would have been if he had had so many, another little Favosites, who very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then, from these two another and another little bud came out, and another and another little Favosites was formed, and they all kept growing up higher and higher, and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of limestone, till at last there were so many of them, and they were so crowded together, that there was n't room for them to grow round; so they had to grow six-sided, like the cells in a honeycomb.

Once in a while, some one in the company would get mad because the others got all of the lime, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing stones, and would secede from the little union, without as much as saying "Good-bye," and would sail around like the old Medusa, and would lay more eggs, which would hatch out into more Favosites.

Well, the old ones died or swam away or were walled up, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long time, and had accumulated quite a stock of lime. But, one day, there came a freshet in the Menomonee River, and piles of dirt and sand and ground-up iron ore were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. They did n't like the taste of iron, so they all died; but we know that their house was not spoiled, for we have it here.

So the rock-house they were making was tumbled about in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked its way into the cracks and destroyed its beautiful whiteness.

There it lay for ages, till the earth gave a great, long heave, that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our Favosites' house packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in; and so it became part of the dry land. There it lay, imbedded in the rock for centuries and centuries.

Then, the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked on them in awe and wonder, as the Indians eyed Columbus. They were like the gar-pike in our Western rivers, only much larger,—as big as a stove-pipe, and with a crust as hard as a turtle's shell. Then there came sharks, of strange forms, savage and ferocious, with teeth like bowie-knives. But the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you might almost have cut them into chunks with a knife, like a loaf of gingerbread; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew over the land. Huge reptiles with jaws like a front door, and teeth like cross-cut saws, and little reptiles, with wings like bats, crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush-trees fell into the swamps, and the Mississippi, now become quite a river, covered them up, and they were packed away under great layers of clay and sand, till at last they were turned into coal, and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rock at Oconto.

Then the mists cleared up and the sun shone and the grass began to grow, and strange animals began to come and feed upon it. There were funny little zebra horses, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and great hairy elephants, and hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root, and lots of still stranger creatures that no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground.

So the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn, and the Indian summer; and at last the great winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow was n't off by the Fourth of July; and then it snowed and snowed till the snow never went off at all; and then it got so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered all the animals, and then the trees, and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little, and streams of water would run over the snow; then it would freeze again, and pack it into solid ice. Still it went on snowing and thawing and freezing, till the ice was a mile deep over Wisconsin, and the whole United States was one great skating-rink.

So it kept on for about a million years, until once when the spring came and the south winds blew, it began to thaw up. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills, tearing up rocks little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a meeting-house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell, and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, thundering, grinding along, slowly enough, but with tremendous force, this mile-deep glacier, like an immense plow drawn by a million oxen.

So the ice plowed across Oconto County, and little Favosites was rooted out from the quiet place where he had lain so long; but, by good fortune, he happened to slip into a crevice in the ice, where he

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was n't much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder, as most of his relatives were, and I should n't have had this story to tell.

Well, the ice slid along, melting all the while, and making great torrents of water which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles, till at last it came to a great swamp, overgrown with tamarac and cedar. Here it stopped and melted, and all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried with it, little Favosites and all, were dumped into one great heap.

Ages after, a farmer in Grand Chûte, Michigan, plowing up his clover field, to sow for winter wheat, picked up a curious bit of "petrified honeycomb," and gave it to the school-boys to take to their teacher, to hear what he would say about it. And now you have read what he said.

THE SHINING LITTLE HOUSE.

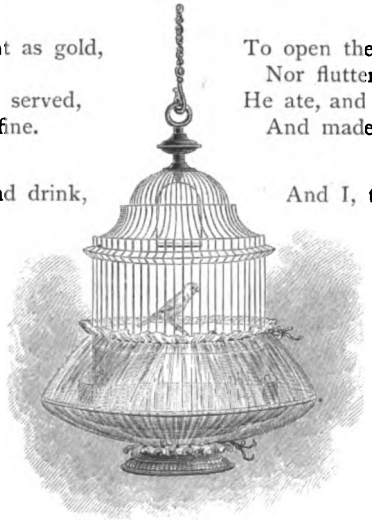
By H. H.

It hung in the sun, the little house,
It hung in the sun, and shone;
And through the walls I could hear his voice
Who had it all for his own.

The walls were of wire, as bright as gold,
Wrought in a pretty design;
The spaces between for windows served,
And the floor was clean and fine.

There was plenty, too, to eat and drink,
In this little house that shone;
A lucky thing, to be sure, you 'd say,
A house like this for one's own!

But the door was shut, and locked all tight,
The key was on the outside;
The one who was in could not get out,
No matter how much he tried.



'T was only a prison after all,
This bright little house that shone;
Ah, we would not want a house like that,
No matter if 't were our own!

And yet, through the walls I heard the voice,
Of the one who lived inside:
To warble a sweeter song each day,
It did seem as if he tried.

To open the door, he never sought,
Nor fluttered in idle strife;
He ate, and he drank, and slept, and sang,
And made the best of his life.

And I, to myself, said every day,
As his cheery song I heard,
There 's a lesson for us in every note
Of that little prisoned bird.

We all of us live a life like his,
We are walled on every side;
We all long to do a hundred things,
Which we could not if we tried.

We can spend our strength all foolishly
In a discontented strife;
Or we can be wise, and laugh and sing,
And make the best of our life.

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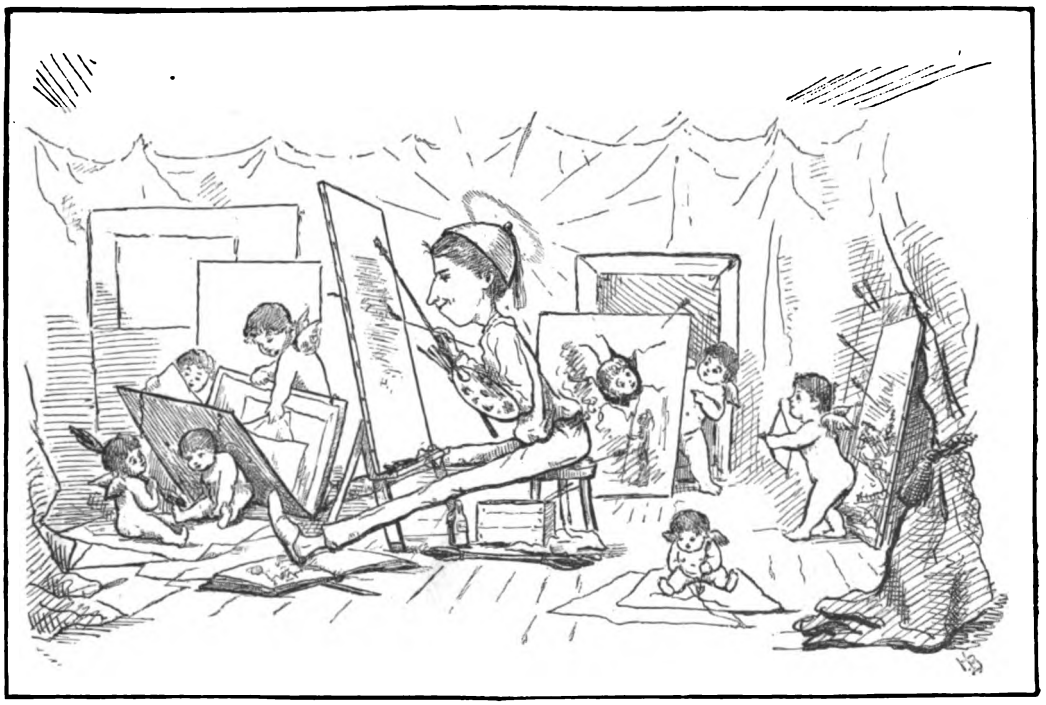

OUR ARTIST ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

LADY JANE AND LORD GUILDFORD.

IT wanted but five minutes to twelve in Miss Fitch's school-room, and a general restlessness showed that her scholars were aware of the fact. Some of the girls had closed their books, and were putting their desks to rights, with a good deal of unnecessary fuss, keeping an eye on the clock meanwhile. The boys wore the air of dogs who see their master coming to untie them; they jumped and quivered, making the benches squeak and rattle, and shifted their feet about on the uncarpeted floor, producing sounds of the kind most trying to a nervous teacher. A general expectation prevailed. Luckily, Miss Fitch was not nervous. She had that best of all gifts for teaching,—calmness; and she understood her pupils and their ways, and had sympathy with them. She knew how hard it is for feet with the dance of youth in them to keep still for three long hours on a June morning; and there was a pleasant, roguish look in her face as she laid her hand on the bell, and, meeting the twenty-two pairs of expectant eyes which were fixed on hers, rang it—dear Miss Fitch—actually a minute and a half before the time.

At the first tinkle, like arrows dismissed from the bow-string, two girls belonging to the older class jumped from their seats and flew, ahead of all the rest, into the entry, where hung the hats and caps of the school, and their dinner-baskets. One seized a pink sun-bonnet from its nail, the other a Shaker-scoop with a deep green cape; each possessed herself of a small tin pail, and just as the little crowd

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swarmed into the passage, they hurried out on the green, in the middle of which the school-house stood. It was a very small green, shaped like a triangle, with half a dozen trees growing upon it; but

"Little things are great to little men,"

you know, and to Miss Fitch's little men and women "the green" had all the importance and excitement of a park. Each one of the trees which stood upon it had a name of its own. Every crotch and branch in them was known to the boys and the most daring among the girls; each had been the scene of games and adventures without number. "The Castle," a low spreading oak with wide, horizontal branches, had been the favorite tree for fights. Half the boys would garrison the boughs, the other half, scrambling from below and clutching and tugging, would take the part of besiegers, and it had been great fun all round. But alas, for that "had been!" Ever since one unlucky day, when Luther Bradley, as King Charles, had been captured five boughs up by Cromwell and his soldiers, and his ankle badly sprained in the process, Miss Fitch had ruled that "The Castle" should be used for fighting purposes no longer. The boys might climb it, but they must not call themselves a garrison, nor pull nor struggle with each other. So the poor oak was shorn of its military glories, and forced to comfort itself by bearing a larger crop of acorns than had been possible during the stirring and warlike times, now forever ended.

Then there was "The Dove-cote," an easily climbed beech, on which rows of girls might be seen at noon-times roosting like fowls in the sun. And there was "The Falcon's Nest," which produced every year a few small, sour apples, and which Isabella Bright had adopted for her tree. She knew every inch of the way to the top; to climb it was like going up a well-known staircase, and the sensation of sitting there aloft, high in air, on a bough which curved and swung, with another bough exactly fitting her back to lean against, was full of delight and fascination. It was like moving and being at rest all at once; like flying, like escape. The wind seemed to smell differently and more sweetly up there than in lower places. Two or three times lost in fancies as deep as sleep, Isabella had forgotten all about recess and bell, and remained on her perch, swinging and dreaming, till some one was sent to tell her that the arithmetic class had begun. And once, direful day! marked with everlasting black in the calendar of her conscience, being possessed suddenly, as it were, by some idle and tricksy demon, she stayed on after she was called, and called again, she still stayed; and when, at last, Miss Fitch herself came out and stood beneath the tree, and in her pleasant, mild voice told her to come down, still the naughty girl, secure in her fastness, stayed. And when, at last, Miss Fitch, growing angry, spoke severely and ordered her to descend, Isabella shook the boughs, and sent a shower of hard little apples down on her kind teacher's head. That was dreadful, indeed, and dreadfully did she repent it afterward, for she loved Miss Fitch dearly, and, except for being under the influence of the demon, could never have treated her so. Miss Fitch did not kiss her for a whole month afterward,—that was Isabella's punishment,—and it was many months before she could speak of the affair without feeling her eyes fill swiftly with tears, for Isabella's conscience was tender and her feelings very quick in those days.

This, however, was eighteen months ago, when she was only ten and a half. She was nearly twelve now, and a good deal taller and wiser. I have introduced her as Isabella, because that was her real name, but the children and everybody always called her Eyebright. "I. Bright" it had been written in the report of her first week at Miss Fitch's school, when she was a little thing not more than six years old. The droll name struck someone's fancy, and from that day she was always called Eyebright because of that, and because her eyes were bright. They were gray eyes, large and clear, set in a wide, low forehead, from which a thick mop of hazel-brown hair with a wavy kink all through it, was

EYEBRIGHT IN THE TREE.

combed back, and tied behind with a brown ribbon. Her nose turned up a little; her mouth was rather wide, but it was a smiling, good-tempered mouth; the cheeks were pink and wholesome, and altogether, though not particularly pretty, Eyebright was a pleasant-looking little girl in the eyes of the people who loved her, and they were a good many.

The companion with whom she was walking was Bessie Mather, her most intimate friend just then. Bessie was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who

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did n't have many portraits to paint, so he was apt to be discouraged, and his family to feel rather poor. Eyebright was not old enough to perceive the inconveniences of being poor. To her there was a great charm in all that goes to the making of pictures. She loved the shining paint-tubes, the palette set with its ring of many-colored dots, and even the white canvases; the smell of oil was pleasant to her, and she often wished that her father, too, had been a painter. When, as once in a great while happened, Bessie asked her to tea, she went with a sort of awe over her mind, and returned in a rapture, to tell her mother that they had had biscuits and apple-sauce for supper, and had n't done anything in particular; but she had enjoyed it so much, and it had been so interesting! Mrs. Bright never could understand why biscuits and apple-sauce, which never created any enthusiasm in Eyebright at home, should be so delightful at Bessie Mather's, neither could Eyebright explain it, but so it was. This portrait-painting father was one of Bessie's chief attractions in Eyebright's eyes, but apart from that, she was sweet-tempered, pliable, and affectionate, and—a strong bond in friendship sometimes—she liked to follow and Eyebright to lead; she preferred to listen and Eyebright to talk; so they suited each other exactly. Bessie's hair was dark; she was not quite so tall as Eyebright; but their heights matched very well, as, with arms round each other's waist, they paced up and down "the green," stopping now and then to take a cookie, or a bit of bread-and-butter, from the dinner-pails which they had set under one of the trees.

Not the least attention did they pay to the rest of the scholars, but Eyebright began at once, as if reading from some book which had been laid aside only a moment before:

"At that moment Lady Jane heard a tap at the door.

"'See who it is, Margaret,'" she said.

"Margaret opened the door, and there stood before her astonished eyes a knight clad in shining armor.

"'Who are you, Sir Knight, and wherefore do you come?' she cried, in amaze.

"'I am come to see the Lady Jane Gray,' he replied; 'I have a message for her from Lord Guildford Dudley.'

"'From my noble Guildford,' shrieked Lady Jane, rushing forward.

"'Even so, madam,' replied the knight, bowing profoundly."

Here Eyebright paused for a large bite of bread and butter.

"Go on—please go on," pleaded Bessie, whose mouth happened to be empty just then.

Mumble, mumble,—"the Lady Jane sank back on her couch"—resumed Eyebright, speaking rather thickly by reason of the bread and butter. "She was very pale, and one tear ran slowly down her pearly cheek.

"'What says my lord?' she faintly uttered.

"'He bids me to tell you to hope on, hope ever,' cried the knight; 'the jailor's daughter has promised to steal her father's keys to-night, unbar his door, and let him escape.'

"'Can this be true?' cried Margaret—that 's you, you know, Bessie—be ready to catch me. 'Help! my lady is about to faint with joy.'"

Here Eyebright sank on the grass, while Bessie made a dash, and raised her head.

"'Is it? Can it be—true?' murmured the Lady Jane,"—her languid hand meanwhile stealing into the dinner-pail, and producing therefrom a big red apple.

"'It is true—the blessed news is indeed true,' cried the true-hearted Margaret.

"'I feel new life in my veins;' and the Lady Jane sprang to her feet." Here Eyebright scrambled to hers.

"'Come, Margaret,' she cried, 'we must decide in what garb we shall greet my dearest lord when he comes from prison. Don't you think the cram—cram—cramberry velvet, with a net-work of pearls, and,'—what else did they wear, Bessie?"

"Girdles?" ventured Bessie.

"'And a girdle of gems,'" went on Eyebright, easily, and quite regardless of expense. "'Don't you think that will be best, girl?'"

"Oh, Eyebright, would she say 'girl?'" broke in Bessie; "it does n't sound polite enough for the Lady Jane."

"They all do,—I assure you they do. I can show you the place in Shakspeare. It don't sound so nice, because when people say 'girl,' now, it always means servant-girl, you know; but it was different then; and Lady Jane did say 'my girl.' And you must n't interrupt so, Bessie, or we sha'n't get to the execution this recess, and after school I want to play the Little Princes in the Tower."

"I wont interrupt any more," said Bessie; "go on."

"'Yes, the cramberry velvet is my choice,'" resumed Eyebright. "'Sir Knight, accept my grateful thanks.'

"He bent low and kissed her fair hand.

"'May naught but good tidings await you evermore!' he murmured. 'Sorrow should never light on so fair a being.'

"'Ah,' she said, 'sorrow seems my portion. What is rank or riches or ducality to a happy heart?'"

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"What did you say? What was that word, Eyebright?"

"Ducality. Lady Jane's father was a duke, you know."

"The knight sighed deeply, and withdrew.

"'Ah, Guildford,' murmured the Lady Jane, laying her head on the shoulder of her beloved Margaret, 'shall I indeed see you once more? It seems too good to be true.'"

Eyebright paused, and bit into her apple with an absorbed expression. She was meditating the next scene in her romance.

"So the next day and the next went by, and still the Lady Jane prayed and waited. Night came at last, and now Lord Guildford might appear at any moment. Margaret dressed her lovely mistress in the velvet robe, twined the pearls in her golden hair, and clasped the jeweled girdle round her slender waist. One snow-white rose was pinned in her bosom. Never had she looked so wildly beautiful. But still Lord Guildford came not. At last a tap at the door was heard.

"'It is he!' cried the Lady Jane, and flew to meet him.

"But alas! it was not he. A stern and gigantic form filled the door-way, and entering, looked at her with fiery eyes. No, his helmet was shut tight. Would n't that be better, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, much better. Do have it shut," said the obliging Bessie.

"His lineaments were hidden by his helmet," resumed Eyebright, correcting herself; "but there was something in his aspect which made her heart thrill with terror.

"'You are looking to see if I am one who will never cross your path again,' he said, in a harsh tone. 'Lady Jane Gray—no! Guildford Dudley has this day expiated his crimes on Tower Hill. His headless trunk is already buried beneath the pavement where traitors lie.'

"'Oh no, no; in mercy unsay the word!' shrieked the Lady Jane, and with one quick sob she sank lifeless to the earth, while Margaret sank beside her. We wont really sink, I think, Bessie, because the grass stains our clothes so, and they get so mussed up. Wealthy says she can't imagine what I do to my things; there was so much grass-green in them that it greened all the water in the tub last wash, she told mother; that was when we played the Coramantic Captive, you know, and I had to keep fainting all the time. We'll just make-believe we sank, I guess.

"'Rouse yourself, Lady,' went on the stern warrior, 'I have more to communicate. You are my prisoner. Here is the warrant to arrest you, and the soldiers wait outside.'

"One dizzy moment, and Lady Jane rallied the spirit of her race. Her face was deadly pale, but she had never looked more lovely.

"'I am ready,' she said, with calm dignity; 'only give me time to breathe one prayer,' and, sinking at the foot of her crucifix, she breathed an Ave Maria in such melodious tones that all present refrained from tears.

"'Lead on,' she murmured.

"We now pass to the scene of execution," proceeded Eyebright, whose greatest gift as a story-teller was her power of getting over difficult parts of the narrative in a sort of inspired, rapid way. "I guess we wont have any trial, Bessie, because trials are so hard, and I don't know exactly how to do them. It was a chill morning in early spring. The sun had hid his face from the awful spectacle. The bell was tolling, the crowd assembled, and the executioner stood leaning on the handle of his dreadful ax. The block was ready! ——"

"Oh, Eyebright, it is awful!" interposed Bessie, on the point of tears.

"At last the door of the Tower opened," went on the relentless Eyebright, "and the slender form of the Lady Jane appeared, led by the captain of the guard, and followed by a long procession of monks and soldiers. Her faithful Margaret was by her side, drowned in tears. She was so young, so fair and so sweet that all hearts pitied her, and when she turned to the priest and said, 'Fa-ther, do not we-ep' ——"

Eyebright here broke down and began to cry. As for Bessie, she had been sobbing hard, with her handkerchief over her eyes for nearly two minutes.

"'I am go-ing to hea-ven,'" faltered Eyebright, overcome with emotion. "'Thank my cousin, Bloody Mary, for sending me th-ere.'"

"Can you tell me the way to Mr. Bright's house?" said a voice just behind them.

The girls jumped and look round. In the excitement of the execution, they had wandered, without knowing it, to the far edge of the green, which bordered on the public road. A gentleman on horseback had stopped close beside them, and was looking at them with an amused expression, which changed to one of pity, as the two tear-stained faces met his eye.

"Is anything the matter? Are you in any trouble?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh no, sir; not a bit. We are only playing; we are having a splendid time," explained Eyebright.

And then, anxious to change the subject, and also to get back to Lady Jane and her woes, she made haste with the direction for which the stranger had asked.

"Just down there, sir; turn the first street, and

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it 's the fourth house from the corner. No, the fifth,—which is it, Bessie?"

"Let me see," replied Bessie, counting on her fingers. "Mrs. Clapp's, Mr. Potter's, Mr. Wheelwright's,—it 's the fourth, Eyebright."

The gentleman thanked them and rode away. As he did so, the bell tinkled at the school-house door.

"Oh, there 's that old bell. I don't believe it 's time one bit. Miss Fitch must have set the clock forward," declared Eyebright.

Alas, no; Miss Fitch had done nothing of the sort, for at that moment clang went the town-clock, which, as every one knew, kept the best of time, and by which all the clocks and watches in the neighborhood were set.

"Pshaw, it really is!" cried Eyebright. "How short recess seems! Not longer than a minute."

"Not more than half a minute," chimed in Bessie. "Oh, Eyebright, it was too lovely! I hate to go in."

The cheeks and eyelids of the almost executed Lady Jane and her bower maiden were in a sad state of redness when they entered the school-room, but nobody took any particular notice of them. Miss Fitch was used to such appearances, and so were the other boys and girls, when Eyebright and Bessie Mather had spent their recess, as almost always they did, in playing the game which they called "acting stories."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER SCHOOL.

FOUR o'clock seemed slow in coming; but it struck at last, as hours always will if we wait long enough; and Miss Fitch dismissed the school, after a little bit of Bible-reading and a short prayer. People nowadays are trying to do away with Bibles and prayers in schools, but I think the few words which Miss Fitch said in the Lord's ear every night—and they were very few and simple—sent the little ones away with a sense of the Father's love and nearness, which it was good for them to feel. All the girls and some of the boys waited to kiss Miss Fitch for good-night. It had been a pleasant day. Nobody, for a wonder, had received a fault-mark of any kind; nothing had gone wrong, and the children departed, with a general bright sense that such days do not often come, and that what remained of this ought to be made the most of.

There were still three hours and a half of precious daylight. What should be done with them?

Eyebright and a knot of girls, whose homes lay in the same direction with hers, walked slowly down the street together. It was a beautiful afternoon, with sunshine of that delicious sort which only June knows how to brew,—warm, but not burning; bright, but not dazzling. It lay over the walk in broad golden patches, broken by soft, purple-blue shadows from the elms, which had just put out their light leaves and looked like fountains of green spray tossed high in air. There was a sweet smell of hyacinths and growing grass and cherry-blossoms, and altogether it was not an afternoon to spend in the house, and the children felt the fact.

"I don't want to go home yet," said Molly Prime. "Let 's do something pleasant all together instead."

"I wish my swing was ready, and we 'd all have a swing in it," said Laura Wheelwright. "Tom said he would put it up to-day, but mother begged him not, because she said I had a cold and would be sure to run in the damp grass and wet my feet. What shall we do? We might go for a walk to Round Pond; will you?"

"No; I 'll tell you," burst in Eyebright. "Don't let 's do that, because if we do, the big boys will see us and want to come too, and then we sha' n't have any fun. Let 's all go into our barn; there 's lots of hay up in the loft, and we 'll open the big window and make thrones of hay to sit on and tell stories. It 'll be just as good as out-doors, and no one will know where we are or come to interrupt us. Don't you think it would be nice? Do come, Laura."

"Delicious! Come along, girls," answered Laura, crumpling her soft sun-bonnet into a heap, and throwing it up into the air, as if it had been a ball.

"Oh, may we come too?" pleaded little Tom and Rosy Bury.

"No, you can't," answered their sister, Kitty, sharply. "You 'd be tumbling down and getting frightened, and all sorts of things. You 'd better run right home by yourselves."

The little ones were silent, but they looked anxiously at Eyebright.

"I think they might come, Kitty," she said. "They 're almost always good, and there 's nothing in the loft to hurt them. Yes; they can come."

"Oh, very well, if you want the bother of them. I 'm sure I don't mind," replied Kitty.

Then they all ran into the barn. The eight pairs of double-soled boots clattered on the stairs like a sudden hail-storm on a roof. Brindle and old Charley, and a strange horse who seemed to be visiting them, all three munching their evening hay, raised their heads, astonished, while a furtive rustle from some dim corner in the loft showed that Mrs. Top-knot or Mrs. Cochin-China, hidden away there, heard too, and did not like the sound at all.

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"Oh, is n't this lovely!" cried Kitty Bury, kicking the fine hay before her till it rose in clouds. "Barns are so nice, I think."

"Yes, but don't kick that way," said Romaine Smith, choking and sneezing. "Oh dear, I shall smother. Eyebright, please open the window. Quick, I am strangling."

EYEBRIGHT AND BESSIE IN THE STUDIO.

Eyebright, who was sneezing too, made haste to undo the rusty hook, and swing the big wooden shutter back against the outside wall of the barn. It made an enormous square opening, which seemed to let in all out-doors at once. Dark places grew light, the soft pure air, glad of the chance, flew in to mix with the sweet heavy smell of the dried grasses; it was as good as being out-doors, as Eyebright had said.

The girls pulled little heaps of hay together for seats, and ranged themselves in a half-circle round the window, with Mr. Bright's orchard, pink and white with fruit blossoms, underneath them; and beyond that, between Mr. Bury's house and barn, a glimpse of valley and blue river, and the long range of wooded hills on the opposite bank. It was a charming look-out, and though the children could not have put into words what pleased them, they all liked it, and were the happier for its being there.

"Now we 're ready. Who will tell the first story?" asked Molly Prime, briskly.

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"I will," cried Eyebright, always ready to take the lead. "It's a true story, too, every bit of it. My grandma knew the lady it happened to. It was ever and ever so long ago, when the country was all over woods and Indians, you know, and this lady went to the West to live with her husband. He was a pio-nary,—no, pioneer,—no, missionary,—that was what he was. Missionaries teach poor people and preach, and this one was awfully poor himself, for all the money he had was just a little bit which a church at the East gave him.

"Well, after they had lived at the West for a year, the missionary had to come back, because some of the people said he was n't orthodox. I don't know what that means. I asked father once, and he said it meant so many things that he did n't think he could explain them all; but Wealthy, she said, it means 'agreeing with the neighbors.' Anyhow, the missionary had to come back to tell the folks that he *was* orthodox, and his wife and children had to stay behind, in the woods, with wolves and bears and Indians close by.

"The very day after he started, his wife was sitting by the fire with her baby in her lap, when the door opened, and a great, enormous Indian walked in and straight up to her.

"I guess she was frightened; don't you?

"'He gone?' asked the Indian in broken English.

"'Yes,' she said.

"Then the Indian held out his hands and said:

"'Pappoose. Give.'"

"Oh my!" cried Molly Prime. "I 'd have screamed right out."

"Well, the lady did n't," continued Eyebright; "what was the use? There was n't any one to scream to, you know. Beside, she thought perhaps the Indian was trying her to see if she trusted him. So she let him take the child, and he marched away with it, not saying another word.

"All that night, and all next day, she watched and waited, but he did not come back. She began to think all sorts of dreadful things,—that perhaps he had killed the child. But just at sunset he came with the baby in his arms, and the little fellow was dressed like a chief, in a suit of doe-skins which the squaws had made, with cunning little moccasins on his feet and a feather stuck in his hair. The Indian put him in his mother's lap, and said:

"'Now red man know white squaw friend, for she not afraid give child.'

"And after that, all the time her husband was gone, the Indians brought venison and game, and were real kind to the lady. Was n't it nice?"

The children drew long breaths of relief.

"I don't think I could," declared Molly Prime.

"Now I 'll tell you a story which I made up myself," said Romaine, who was of a sentimental turn. "It 's called the Lady and the Barberry Bush.

"Once upon a time long, long ago, there was a lady who loved a barberry bush, because its berries were so pretty, and tasted so nice and sour. She used to water it, and come at evening to lay her snow-white hand upon its leaves."

"Did n't they prick?" inquired Molly, who was as practical as Romaine was sentimental.

"No, of course they did n't prick, because the barberry bush was enchanted, you know. Nobody else cared for barberry bushes except the lady. All the rest liked roses and honeysuckles best, and the poor barberry was very glad when it saw the lady coming. At last one night, when she was watering it, it spoke, and it said: 'The hour of deliverance has arrived. Lady, behold in me a Prince and your lover,' and it changed into a beautiful knight with barberries in his helmet, and knelt at her feet, and they were very happy forever after."

"Oh, how short!" complained the rest. "Eyebright's was a great deal longer."

"Yes, but some one told hers to her, you know. I made mine up, all myself."

"I 'll tell you a 'tory now," broke in little Posy. "It's a nice 'tory,—a real nice one. Once there was a little girl, and she wanted some pie. She wanted some weal wich pie. And her mother whipped her because she wanted the weal wich pie. Then she kied. And her mother whipped her. Then she kied again. And her mother whipped her again. And the wich pie made her sick. And she died. She could n't det well, 'cause the dottor he did n't come. He could n't come. There was n't any dottor. He was eated up by tigers! Is n't that a nice 'tory?"

The girls laughed so hard over Posy's story that, much abashed, she hid her face in Kitty's lap, and would n't raise it for a long time. Eyebright tried to comfort her.

"It 's a real nice story," she said. "The nicest of all. I 'm so glad you came, Posy, else you would n't have told it to us."

"Did you hear me tell how the dottor was eated up by tigers?" asked Posy, peeping with one eye from out of the protection of Kitty's apron.

"Yes, indeed. That was splendid."

"I made that up!" said Posy, triumphantly revealing her whole face, joyful again, and bright as a full moon.

"Who 'll be next?" asked Eyebright.

"I will," said Laura. "Listen now, for it 's going to be perfectly awful, I can tell you. It 's about robbers."

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As she spoke these words, Laura lowered her voice, with a sort of half-frown, half-whisper.

"There was once a girl who lived all alone by herself, with just one Newfoundland dog for company. He was n't a big Newfoundland,—he was pretty small. One night, when it was all dark and she was just going to sleep, she heard a rustle underneath her bed."

The children had drawn closer together since Laura began, and at this point Romaine gave a loud shriek.

"What was that?" she asked.

All held their breaths. The loft was getting a little dusky now, and sure enough, an unmistakable rustle was heard among the hay in a distant corner!

"This loft would be a very bad place for a robber," said Eyebright, in a voice which trembled very much, though she tried to keep it steady. "A robber would n't have much chance with all our men down below. James, you know, girls, and Samuel and John."

"Yes,—and Benjamin and Charles," chimed in the quick-witted Molly; "and your father, Eyebright, and Henry,—all down there in the barn."

While they recited this formidable list, the little geese were staring with wide-open affrighted eyes into the corner where the rustle had been heard.

"And,—" continued Eyebright, her voice trembling more than ever, "they have all got pitchforks, you know, and guns, and—oh, mercy! what was that? The hay moved, girls, it did move, I saw it!"

All scrambled to their feet prepared to fly, but before any one could start, the hay in the corner parted, and, cackling and screaming, out flew Mrs. Top-knot, tired of her hidden nest, or of the story-telling, and resolved on escape. Eyebright ran after, and shoo-ed her down-stairs. Then she came back laughing, and said:

"How silly we were! Go on, Laura."

But the nerves of the party were too shaky still to enjoy robber-stories, and Eyebright perceiving this, made a diversion.

"I know what we all want," she said; "some apples. Stay here all of you, and I 'll run in and get them. I wont be but a minute."

"May n't I come too?" asked the inseparable Bessie.

"Yes, do, and you can help me carry 'em. Don't tell any stories while we 're gone, girls. Come along, Bess."

Wealthy happened to be in the buttery, skimming cream, so no one spied them as they ran through the kitchen and down the cellar stairs. The cellar was a very large one. In fact, there were half a dozen cellars opening one into the other, like the rooms of a house. Wood and coal were kept in some of them, in others vegetables, and there was a swinging shelf where stood Wealthy's cold meat, and odds and ends of food. All the cellars were dark at this hour of the afternoon, very dark, and Bessie held Eyebright's hand tight, as with the ease of one who knew the way perfectly, she sped toward the apple-room.

In the blackest corner of all, Eyebright paused, fumbled a little on an almost invisible shelf with a jar which had a lid and clattered, and then handed to her friend a dark something whose smell and taste showed it to be a pickled butternut.

"Wealthy keeps her pickles here," she said, "and she lets me take one now and then, because I helped to pick the butternuts when she made 'em. I got my fingers awfully stained too. It did n't come off for almost a month. Are n't they good?"

"Perfectly splendid!" replied Bessie, as her teeth met in the spicy acid oval. "I do think butternut pickles are just too lovely!"

The apple-room had a small window in it, so it was not so dark as the other cellars. Eyebright went straight to a particular barrel.

"These are the best ones that are left," she said. "They are those spotty russets which you said you liked, Bessie. Now, you take four and I 'll take four. That 'll make just one apiece for each of us."

"How horrid it would be," said Bessie, as the two went upstairs again with the apples in their aprons,—"how horrid it would be if a hand should suddenly come through the steps and catch hold of our ankles."

"Good gracious, Bessie Mather!" cried Eyebright, whose vivid imagination represented to her at once precisely how the hand on her ankle would feel, "I wish you would n't say such things,—at least till we 're safely up," she added.

Another moment, and they were safely up and in the kitchen. Alas, Wealthy caught sight of them.

"Eyebright," she called after them, "tea will be ready in ten minutes. Come in and have your hair brushed and your face washed."

"Why, Wealthy Judson, what an idea! It 's only twenty minutes past five."

"There 's a gentleman to tea to-night, and your pa wants it early, so 's he can get off by six," replied Wealthy. "I 'm just wetting the tea now. Don't argue, Eyebright, but come at once."

"I 've got to go out to the barn for one minute, anyhow," cried Eyebright, impatiently, and she and Bessie flashed out of the door and across the yard before Wealthy could say another word.

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"It's too bad," she said, rushing upstairs into the loft and beginning to distribute the apples. "That old tea of ours is early to-night, and Wealthy says I must come in. I'm so sorry now that I went for the apples at all, because if I had n't, I should n't have known that tea was early, and then I need n't have gone! We were having such a nice time! Can't you all stay till I've done tea? I'll hurry."

But the loft, with its rustles and dark corners, was not to be thought of for a moment without Eyebright's presence and protection.

"Oh no, we could n't possibly; we must go home," the children said, and down the stairs they all rushed.

Brindle and old Charley and the strange horse raised their heads and stared as the little cavalcade trooped by their stalls. Perhaps they were wondering that there was so much less laughing and talking than when it went up. They did not know, you see, about the "perfectly awful" robber story, or the mysterious rustle, or how dreadfully Mrs. Top-knot in the dark corner had frightened the merry little crowd.

(To be continued.)

THERE was an old man of the Nile,
Who had a benevolent smile,
When they said, "Smile again,"
He replied, "I'm not vain,
But I think I do know how to smile."

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BIRTHDAY RHYMES.

(For Frank, Harry and Ellie, and for any other Children who have Lived just as many Years as they.)

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

HOW many birthdays now have you tried?
How many boys take a base-ball side?
How many days does a wonder last?
How many muses throve in the past?
How many tails has a navy "cat"?
How many lives the foe of the rat?
How many syllables has this line?
How many lines has this poem fine?
What can the answer be but ——?

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS'.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

AGAMEMNON felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with this. She thought the family occasionally made mistakes, and had come near disgracing themselves. Now was their chance to avoid this in future, by giving the little boys a proper education.

Solomon John was almost determined to become a doctor. From earliest childhood he had practiced writing recipes on little slips of paper. Mrs. Peterkin, to be sure, was afraid of infection. She could not bear the idea of his bringing one disease after the other into the family circle. Solomon John, too, did not like sick people. He thought he might manage it, if he should not have to see his patients while they were sick. If he could only visit them when they were recovering, and when the danger of infection was over, he would really enjoy making calls.

He should have a comfortable doctor's chaise, and take one of the little boys to hold his horse while he went in, and he thought he could get through the conversational part very well, and feeling the pulse, perhaps looking at the tongue. He should take and read all the newspapers, and so be thoroughly acquainted with the news of the day. But he should not like to be waked up at night to visit. Mr. Peterkin thought that would not be necessary. He had seen signs on doors of "Night Doctor," and certainly it would be as convenient to have a sign of "Not a Night Doctor."

Solomon John thought he might write his advice to those of his patients who were dangerously ill, from whom there was danger of infection. And then Elizabeth Eliza agreed that his prescriptions would probably be so satisfactory that they would keep his patients well, not too well to do without a doctor, but needing his recipes.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession, by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted, and it would be well to be sure to arrange it to last through his natural life.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He looked it up in the Encyclopedia, and had spent a day or two in the public library, in reading about Chubb's Lock, and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this, that all keys should be made alike! He wondered

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it had not been thought of before, but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented, and then it looked very simple. With Agamemnon's plan, you need have but one key, that should fit everything! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys, if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out, and she wanted to open the jam closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town,—you might have as many as you pleased,—only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience—they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer, that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult, and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said, "but, perhaps I was wrong, I could not help in conversation speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things, I suppose that is the reason."

"But what is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin, "I 'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia!"

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Philadelphia had questioned the plan a little, when it was told her, and had suggested that "if everybody had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I could n't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seemed to think that burglars and other people might come in, if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"Talk about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza; "there is my upper drawer; the little boys might open it at Christmas time,—and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town, but it would take so long, she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For, on moving into their new house, they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. This had been a disappointment to Mrs. Peterkin, for she was afraid of them, since their experience the last winter, when their water-pipes were froze up. She had been originally attracted to the house by an old pump at the side, which had led her to believe there were no modern improvements. It had pleased the little boys too. They liked to pump the handle up and down, and agreed to pump all the water needed, and bring it into the house.

There was also an old well, with a picturesque well-sweep, in a corner by the barn. Mrs. Peterkin was frightened by this, at first. She was afraid the little boys would be falling in every day. And they showed great fondness for pulling the bucket up and down. It proved, however, that the well was dry. There was no water in it, so she had some moss thrown down, and an old feather-bed, for safety, and the old well was a favorite place of amusement.

The house, it had proved, was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters" everywhere. Water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house, and a hack, and a telegraph, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs. Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt, that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she, herself, would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the begin-

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ning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning—the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked, hopelessly.

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire brigade were seen rushing at fatal speed!

It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm," Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time, the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer, "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer, "the fire will all be out before it could reach him."

And he ran upstairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again, hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half a dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could put in motion a number of watchmen's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set a-going, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment, Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said; "we have all the engines in town here, and have stirred up all the towns in the neighborhood; there's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet, but we have water pouring all over the house."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hackney carriages. I see a number standing before the door. We'd better begin to move the heavier furniture, and some of you women might fill the carriages with smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer, and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw a telegraph boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning, but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram, and hurried toward them.

Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud.

"Come to us directly—the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps.

"The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust, as the bells of distant fire-engines were heard approaching.

Solomon John appeared at this moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages, and going

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for a doctor for his mother, for she was really now ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its height. The beds of flowers bordered with dark-colored leaves were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines from the neighboring towns. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire brigade hastily removed covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all of the patent agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have anything to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public. Others might reap the harvest, but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house.

BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

(A South-African Yarn.)

BY DAVID KER.

"BAAS, baas! spoor groed one-horn skellum!"

Such was the, to me, rather unintelligible announcement with which my friend M——'s bush-boy came rushing in just about sunrise one morning, as we were sitting over our breakfast at the door of the house,—one of those regular old Dutch-built farm-houses, that one hardly ever sees nowadays, except in South Africa. But he meant by it was, "Boss, boss! the trail of a big rhinoceros rascal!"

"Where?" cried M——, jumping up; for he was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of "potting" something.

"Out by Hollow Spring, baas;—spoor good!"

"There 's a chance for you, my boy," said M——, turning to me. "Now you 'll be able to see how these elephant-guns of mine do their work; I think you 'll find them the right sort."

"Let me try the job by myself," cried I, eagerly; for, like all "greenhorns," I was frantic to do some unheard-of feat, and win my laurels at once. "I 've never shot a rhinoceros yet, you know."

"Can't, really, my dear boy," said M——, in the most exasperatingly indulgent tone; "when you 're a little better used to the African bush, you can do what you like; but if I were to let you go alone now, the least I could expect would be a life-long remorse for having connived at a suicide. No, we 'll make a party of three to visit our friend, and he 'll hardly give the slip to us all, I fancy."

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once, for although we kept watch till sunrise, there was no sign of him. The next night it was just the same; and at last I got so mad at the idea of losing my chance,—the first I had ever had with the big game,—that, in spite of what M—— had said, I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed.

I should have told you that the Hollow Spring frequented by my four-footed friend, lay about eight miles from the house, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep hog-backed ridge, topped by a big knuckle of rock that overlooked the spring at a range of fifty yards—as pretty a "stand" as any sportsman could wish. So, when night came, I stole out of the house with one of M——'s vaunted "elephant-guns,"—a piece carrying a five-ounce "explosive ball," steel-tipped, and holding enough fulminating powder to blow out the spine of a megatherium. To guard against the recoil of such a charge, the stock was fitted with a thick pad; so, with gun and ammunition

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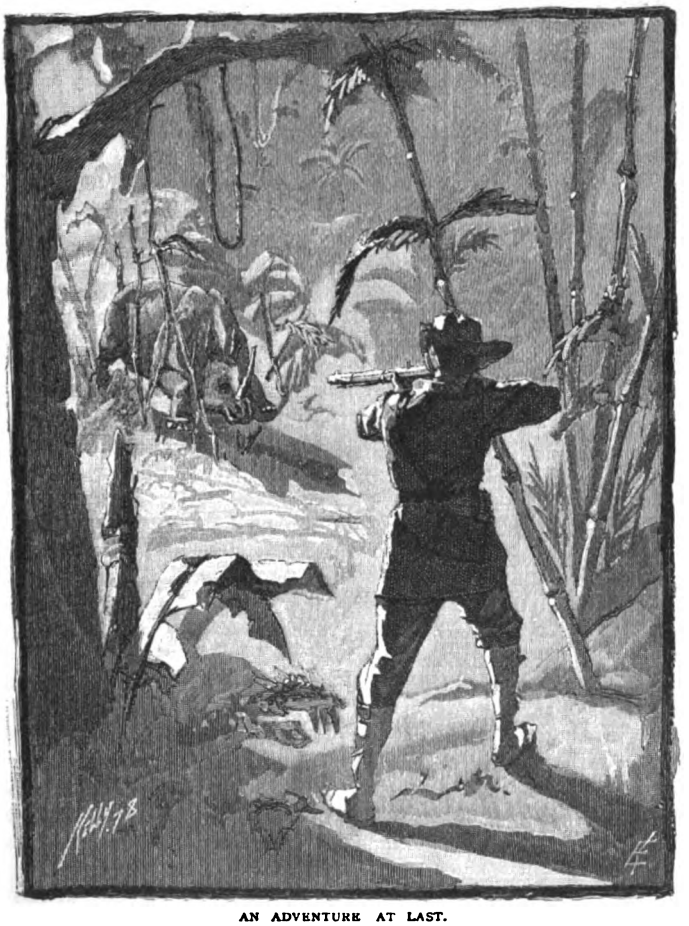
together, I had quite enough to carry for an eight-mile tramp through the bush.

I dare say there are ugly thickets in South America and Central Asia; but Africa beats them both. Imagine a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives, and you have it exactly. There 's one horrid spiky thing, called by the Dutch "Wache-em-betje," which the English have corrupted into "wait-a-bit," and it does make you wait a bit, if it once gets hold of you. I 've known a fellow be laid up for a fortnight with a gash from one. So you may think that with masses of this nice stuff all around me, I had to pick my way gingerly enough.

When I got to the place, lo! and behold, the pad of my gun had fallen off! To go back and look for it would have been like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; so I filled my handkerchief with wild grass, and tucked it in under the shoulder of my jacket as a substitute, and then I took my post behind the rock, and waited.

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant trampling, like the tread of an elephant, only quicker; for a full-grown rhinoceros, clumsy as he looks, can be active enough at times, as you'd soon find if you stood a charge from him when his temper 's up. So I had not long to wait before there came a thick snort, and the great brown barrel of a body loomed out in the streak of moonlight, just over the spring. I hardly stopped to take aim, before I pulled trigger.



AN ADVENTURE AT LAST.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it were broken, and that something was grunting savagely a few yards off; and then I saw the huge snout and great white tusks coming right at me! I don't think any acrobat could have been quicker than I was in clutching a projecting bough, and swinging up into the tree overhead; and I 'd hardly got there when the brute came bang against the trunk, almost shak-

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ing me off again. For a minute or two, my heart was in my mouth, for he thumped against the tree till I really thought he would have it down; and when he found he could n't, he stamped the earth in a fury, and tore it up with his horn in a horribly suggestive way that made my flesh creep.

Here I was, then, in the crisis of a regular "adventure," such as I had always longed for; but somehow, now that I was in it, it did n't seem so very delightful. It 's one thing to read of adventures in an easy-chair after dinner, and another to act them for yourself all night on a hard bough, with thousands of mosquitos pitching into you, and a mad rhinoceros galloping about underneath.

The likeness between my situation and some of those recorded by Captain Mayne Reid set me overhauling my recollections of that veracious author, in the hope of an idea; but the more I thought, the more the Captain failed me. Basil, when followed up a tree by a bear, got his brothers to throw him up a rope, and slid down; but I had no brothers, and no rope. Ben Brace, when "treed" by the lion, lassoed his dropped musket, and slew the king of beasts therewith; but I had no lasso, and could n't have used it if I had. Somebody else, blockaded by a "grizzly," waited till Bruin fell asleep, and then slipped away; but my rhinoceros seemed distressingly wide-awake, and even if he had dozed, the experiment would not have commended itself to my fancy. In short, the most masterly stratagem I could devise was to stay still where I was, and I did so.

That night was the longest I ever spent, and no mistake. Toward morning, Master Rhino frequently took a brief leave of absence into the bush, as if to tempt me down; but I heard him trampling in the distance, and was n't to be caught. Day was just dawning, and I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could stand the thirst that was parching me up, when suddenly I heard a shot among the bushes, so close that it made me start. Then the boughs parted, and I saw M——'s jolly face looking up at me, with a grin from ear to ear.

"Fairly treed, eh, my boy? Well, I 've raised the siege for you, and yonder lies the enemy. Your bullet 's run down his side, under the skin, without exploding; so I suppose you must have hit him slantwise. Better luck next time. Anyhow, I 'm glad to find you alive; but I fancy you wont go out alone again in a hurry!"

And, to tell the truth, I did n't, for a pretty long while after that day.

ABOUT VIOLINS.

By M. D. Ruff.

No one can say just when violins were invented, but it is certain that, though the principle of this instrument—strings set in vibration upon a sounding-board—was known in the earliest times, the world still went on harping and drumming, playing on pipes, tabors, lutes, dulcimers and other instruments, of which we have no patterns, for more than five thousand years.

Stringed instruments were in use as far back as the ninth century. Then musicians were content with the rude instrument called a Rebek, shown in Fig. 1, next page. By the eleventh century they advanced to the Crouth, Fig. 2. In the thirteenth century we find the guitar-shaped fiddle (Fig. 3, page 252), from which it seems easy to trace the development of the modern violin (Fig. 4). But strong as the family likeness may be, and slight as the changes seem to our glance, it took just three hundred years of men's lives and work and brains to effect these changes, and to make our violin the instrument with which we are all familiar.

The first violin is said to have come from the workshop of a studious old instrument-maker, Gasparo di Salo, who lived in the village of Brescia, in northern Italy, toward the last of the sixteenth century. He gave the violin its present shape and size and its name, which signifies "little viol." After him, in the same town, came many other makers whom we need not recall, till we come to the famous name of Amati.

Andreas Amati lived in the neighboring town of Cremona, and spent his time making viols after the fashion of the day. But it was a poor fashion, he thought; and when he heard that Gasparo di Salo had made great improvements and changes in the instrument, he journeyed to Brescia, entered Gasparo's workshop, learned all that was taught there, and then, burning with new ideas, he went home and established in his native village the celebrated school of Cremona violins. His sons were brought up to their father's trade, and they handed the secrets of it to their sons, who, in turn, altered and shaped and invented, seeking perfection.

About a hundred years after Gasparo di Salo had

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sent his violin into the world, a young man named Antonius Stradivarius was among the pupils at the Amati school. He was a slow, silent youth, not remarkable for anything excepting his close attention to his work and his careful study of his master's instruments. Even after his apprenticeship was over, and he had started his own workshop, he

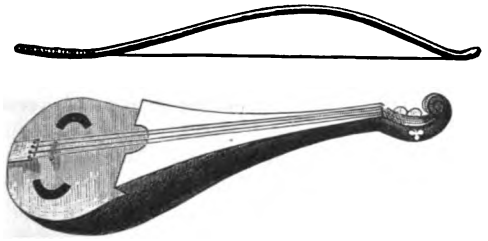

FIG. 1.—THE REBEK.

clung to the old patterns, copying them in every detail, both faults and merits, and often signing them with the name of his master, Nicholas Amati. But one day he seems to have waked suddenly to clearer sight, and he said to himself:

"There's more music in wood and strings and horse-hair than has ever yet been brought out. Antonius, that is your work to do."

So he set about this newly revealed task with that quiet zeal and infinite patience which we describe by the single word "genius." For twenty years he shut himself up in a lonely workshop. All the long time between early manhood and middle age he spent before a work-bench, with compass or tool in hand, experimenting with his materials, testing, studying, and applying their properties and resources. He was fifty-six years old before he was satisfied that he had reached the best results of his studies, and then, full of knowledge and power, he began, in 1690, to make violins with wonderful rapidity, sending them throughout the musical world, where their surpassing merits made them and the name of Stradivarius famous forever.

But, while his biographers can tell us of his great name, they know little of the man himself. One but repeats after the other that he was tall and thin. He wore a cap of white wool in the winter, a cotton one in summer. At his work he put on a white leathern apron, and, as he was always working, his costume never varied. He finished his last violin in his ninety-second year, and he died rich and honored at the ripe age of ninety-three years. But, with these dull, meager points, a little fancy fills up the picture of this man, who was successful because he had full faith in the worth of his work, and in his own power to do it. Stradivarius had many students, some of whom became famous; but they could not improve upon his methods, nor has any one done better since.

When we think of the slow growth of the violin, advancing only by centuries, we can scarcely understand why a thing so slight, so apparently simple, should have required six thousand years for its perfection. But what was the problem which the makers of the violin had set themselves? Simply this: to create a human voice. The air was filled with music; sweetest of all were the voices of women. No instrument expressed the shrill, clear vibrant quality of a soprano voice. Beside it, the tones of harps, lutes, guitars and spinets were hollow and vexing. Each violin-maker then sought, with his bits of wood and strings, to put the air in motion, to gather the sound-waves and confine them in the wooden shell, and to send them back to us in tones which should be brilliant, flexible, true and mellow as the loveliest singing-voice,—a voice without a human body, and yet one which should thrill us as if it started from a human soul.

This was an immense problem, only to be solved by countless practical experiments. The theory of acoustics, which our latter-day philosophers have made so plain, had not then been formulated, and these old workmen groped in the dark, sure of nothing till they tested it. The least alteration in the curve of the lines, or thickness of the wood, or in the proportions of one part to another, cost years of study, with daily comparisons and failures. The materials were few; but a thousand variations of sound, volume and quality of tone could be produced from them.

It would be foolish to say that Stradivarius and his fellows worked without method in a hap-hazard way; but they certainly made laws for themselves,

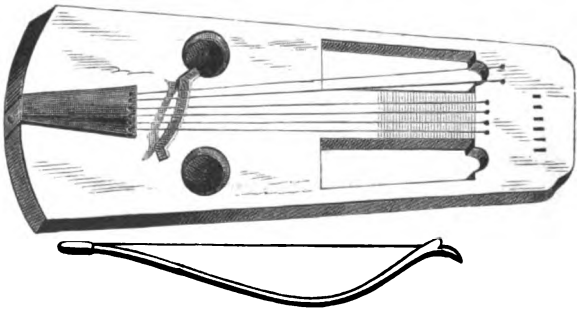

FIG. 2.—THE CROUTH.

and these laws are based upon scientific principles so exact that Professor Tyndall himself can use nothing which proves and illustrates his lectures on sound so thoroughly as a Cremona violin. As to creating a human voice, that is done so exactly with every shade and turn of expression that singing-masters say no voice can be perfectly true which

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has not been trained by the violin, instead of the jangling piano-forte.

I have not space to explain the principles upon which the violin is constructed. I should like merely to give an idea of the skill, labor and

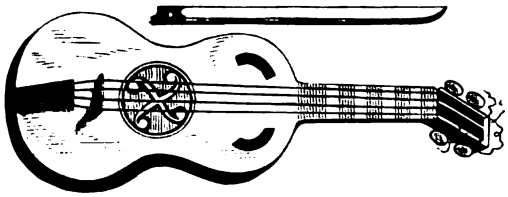

FIG. 3.—GUITAR-SHAPED FIDDLE.

ingenuity required to select and prepare the materials used in a good violin.

When complete, the violin is made up of fifty-eight different pieces, not adding the elaborate carving and scroll-work which adorns many of the early instruments. The body of the violin alone has a head or scroll, a long slim neck, a thin belly, back and sides. The wood used in the belly, or sounding-board, must be of soft red fir,—a kind which grows only upon the Tyrolese mountains. This wood is light and strong, but very porous,—of looser grain, we say, than any other wood,—and therefore gives freer passage to the waves of sound, which travel through it as rapidly as through glass or steel. The wood should be cut during certain winter months, when the sap has ceased to flow. It is then dried, either in ovens or by exposure to the sun. The strength and brilliance of tone depend chiefly upon the thorough seasoning of the wood. No moisture or foreign matter can be left in the pores to interfere with the perfect sonority of the wood. Age is the best seasoner, however, and deal which has been in long use for other

FIG. 4.—MODERN VIOLIN.

purposes, is eagerly sought by violin-makers. The benches from old mountain churches have been used; and there is a story of an enthusiast who ransacked Switzerland, went into the meanest hovels, and bought up the pine tables and chairs, bargained for the wood-work of the châlets, and finally bought from the curate of a small parish the whole ceiling of his sitting-room because it was in just the right condition for his sounding-boards.

Swiss sycamore is used for the neck, back and sides of the violin. Being denser than deal, it vibrates more slowly and yields a note of different pitch, which difference has been proved necessary for the harmony. The wood is cut into lengths and widths, fixed by mathematical calculations, hollowed into layers no thicker than a sixpence, and then shaped and wrought, with extreme precision, into those graceful wavy outlines, which are not chosen because they are graceful, but because they combine the greatest strength and power with convenience and beauty. These shapings are all done by strict rule and measurements, but the endless accidental variations in the curves give rise to endless differences of tone in the finished instruments, and hence we never find two violins precisely alike in tone, just as we never hear two voices of exactly the same quality.

The belly, back and sides, are glued together, and a slim sounding-post of deal connects the belly and back still more intimately. A clear, transparent varnish is put over the surface; the tail-piece, finger-board, and string-screws of fine ebony are added; the tiny instrument is strung with its four strings, and the violin is ready.

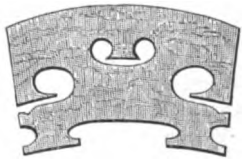

FIG. 5.—THE BRIDGE.

But in yielding its marvelous volume of sound the violin bears a monstrous strain. It weighs not more than twenty ounces, and when it is tuned up to concert-pitch, the tension on each of the four strings is about eighty pounds. As if, for example, two men should take the opposite ends of a string and pull against each other with all their might. A wooden shell, so thin and frail that you might splinter it across your knee, has resisted a pressure of hundred-weights for centuries. Why does it not collapse? So it would, like a sheet of glass, were it not as wonderfully built inside as out, and strengthened by such cunning contrivances that the vast vibration is not marred by clumsy thickness. Inside of the little body six blocks of light wood are glued,—one at the top where the neck joins the body, one at the bottom, one at each of the four rounded corners. Two sets of thin linings, about a quarter of an inch deep, run around the inside to connect the blocks and to distribute the resistance. On the outside is the bridge, which, though most needful in giving strength and power to the sound, serves also to relieve the sides of the tension by throwing the strain upon the belly.

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This is supported in its turn by a small block of deal, called the bass-bar, glued under one foot of the bridge. These are all the helps which the violin has to withstand the dragging of the strings, which tug at its frail body night and day.

In this little machine, so simple and complex, so finished and harmonious in every part, all accidents seem to have been provided for, and it is almost indestructible. If it is broken, and worn, and battered, it can be restored and mended; nothing but being burnt to ashes, or ground to powder, can put it beyond the skill of the repairer and his magical glue-pot, and it comes out from every fray as good as new. Better than new, in truth, for age and long use can only improve the tone of a good violin. It grows sweeter, and purer, and mellower with every year.

The trumpeter, Hans, followed his general, Blücher, into Paris, after the victory of Waterloo. Hans was a burly, smoky, beery fellow; honest too; but he meant not to cross the Rhine homeward without a trophy. He stalked through the splendid palaces with his hands in his pockets, and his spurs clanking.

"*Ach hein!* something I must have to show to mein wifes, and little Hansies, and to the cobbler, and tailor, and school-master, or they never will have belief that I have been in Kaiser Napoleon's palace. Dis leetle fiddles, he will do, if when dey say '*nein*,' I will show dem his voice and say '*Ja!*'"

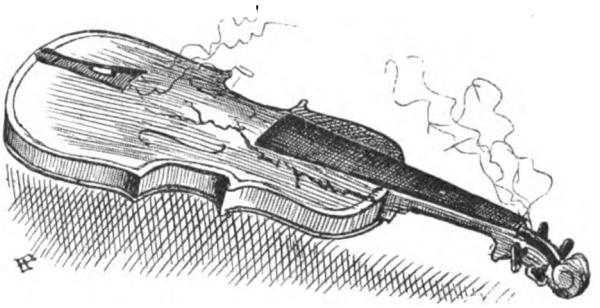
Hans sounded his trumpet, mounted his horse and rode away; but the little fiddle went with him wrapped up in his buttony great-coat and packed away on his saddle. Of course, when he got home he found the pretty thing broken to pieces. Hans did not know much about fiddles, and his wife was a bit of a shrew; but he could not bear to throw away the only token of his martial glory, so he took the fragments and stuffed them out of sight behind an old looking-glass. After a while, simple Hans died and his wife married again. At the first house-cleaning the old glass was moved, and the scraps of dusty wood and broken strings came rattling down.

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Hans the second. "A fiddle! An old fiddle! *Donner und blitzen!* a Cremona fiddle."

He carried the pieces to a repairer of violins, who opened his eyes wide at the prize, and offered Hans a sum for it which made his head whirl.

I have often seen this violin and heard it played upon. The varnish is rubbed off in spots, and the back and belly are seamed and pieced like patchwork; but the lovely tone is there, still pure and clear as an angel's voice.

These old instruments, many of which have stood the wear and tear of two centuries, are very precious to their owners, and are worth many times their weight in gold. Men who fashion violins now strive in vain to imitate the perfect curves and proportions of the old models, their ethereal, ringing voices, and the lovely hues of the varnishes, just as modern painters study the secrets of color and the baffling charm of the old Venetian pictures. Like these pictures, too, many early violins are carefully kept in museums. The violin of Paganini, the great violinist, who was said to have sold



"AS GOOD AS NEW."

himself to the devil for his marvelous execution, is locked up in Genoa: its strings never struck. Others belong to the nobility; for in the palmy days of violin manufacture a Cremona fiddle was considered a royal gift.

But wherever these instruments may be, they are well known to musicians, and they are spoken of by individual names as the Blood-red Knight Guarnerius, the Bass of Spain, the Great Yellow Stradivarius, the General Fridd Stradivarius, and other such high-sounding titles. If one of them should change its owner by gift or sale, there would be more stir over it, in the musical world at least, than if Queen Victoria should give the Koh-i-noor to the Pope. Fortunately, these rare and costly violins are sometimes owned by the great violinists, who alone can make them eloquent to us. Ole Bull, the Norwegian, well known to Americans, has a violin, known by the regal title of the King Joseph Guarnerius, for which the sum of four thousand dollars was paid,—a very high price for a violin, but not the very highest.

A pretty story is told of this same violin. When Ole Bull was in America he had to go from one little town to another to give a concert. Perhaps tired of railway traveling,—perhaps the better to see the country,—he took passage on an Ohio River steamboat. In a little while the boiler burst, after the Western fashion, tearing away the fore part of the boat, and setting the cabins on fire. Ole Bull found himself choked, deafened, blinded, in the

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midst of struggling, shrieking women and children, shattered timbers, smoke, flame, and noisy waters. What did he do? swim for his life? lend a hand to any woman or little child? No. He did neither. I doubt if he remembered that around him were human beings in danger. He rushed to his violin-case, took from it the precious instrument, put it between his strong, white teeth, leaped over the blazing guards into the black water, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he gained in triumph, and there stood gazing at his fiddle, dripping, and proud as the Newfoundland dog who saves a drowning child. Ole Bull was nothing to Ole Bull in that moment. His beloved and precious instrument was all in all. The only "King Joseph Guarnerius" might have been lost!

This story but shows the close affection, curiously human, which lives between the master and his violin. I think each player on the violin is its lover, too. He seems to give a part of his own soul to it, and then to find in it a friend that grows sensitive and alive under his varying touch. A voice pours from the tiny bosom, and becomes the dearest and sweetest in all the world to him, uttering his deepest feelings, and whispering to him the secrets of his own soul.

THE SAD STORY OF THE DANDY CAT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

To Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
His mistress remarked one day,
"I 'm tormented, my cat, both by mouse and by rat,
Come rid me of them, I pray.

"For though you 're a cat of renowned descent,
And your kittenhood days have flown,
Yet never a trace of the blood of your race
In battle or siege you 've shown."

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
Arose from his downy bed,
He washed himself o'er, from his knightly paw
To the crown of his knightly head.

And he curled his whiskers and combed his hair,
And put on his perfumed gloves;
And his sword he girt on, which he never had done
Save to dazzle the eyes of his loves.

And when he had cast an admiring glance
On the looking-glass tall and fair,
To the pantry he passed; but he stood aghast,
For lo! the pantry was bare.

The pickles, the cookies, the pies, were gone;
And naught remained on the shelf
Save the bone of a ham, which lay cold and calm,
The ghost of its former self.

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Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin stood sore amazed,
And he looked for the mice and rats;
But they, every one, had been long since gone
Far, far from the reach of cats.

For while he was donning his satin pelisse,
And his ribbons and laces gay,
They had finished their feast, without hurry the least,
And had tranquilly trotted away.

The mistress of Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly,
A woman full stern was she,
She came to the door, and she rated him sore,
And punished him over her knee.

She grasped him, spite of his knightly blood,
By the tip of his knightly tail.
His adornments she stripped, and his body she dipped
Three times in the water-pail.

She plunged him thrice 'neath the icy flood,
Then drove him outside to dry.
And terror and cold on his feelings so told,
That he really was like to die.

And now in this world 't would be hard to find,
Although you looked low and high,
A cat who cares less for the beauties of dress
Than Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly.

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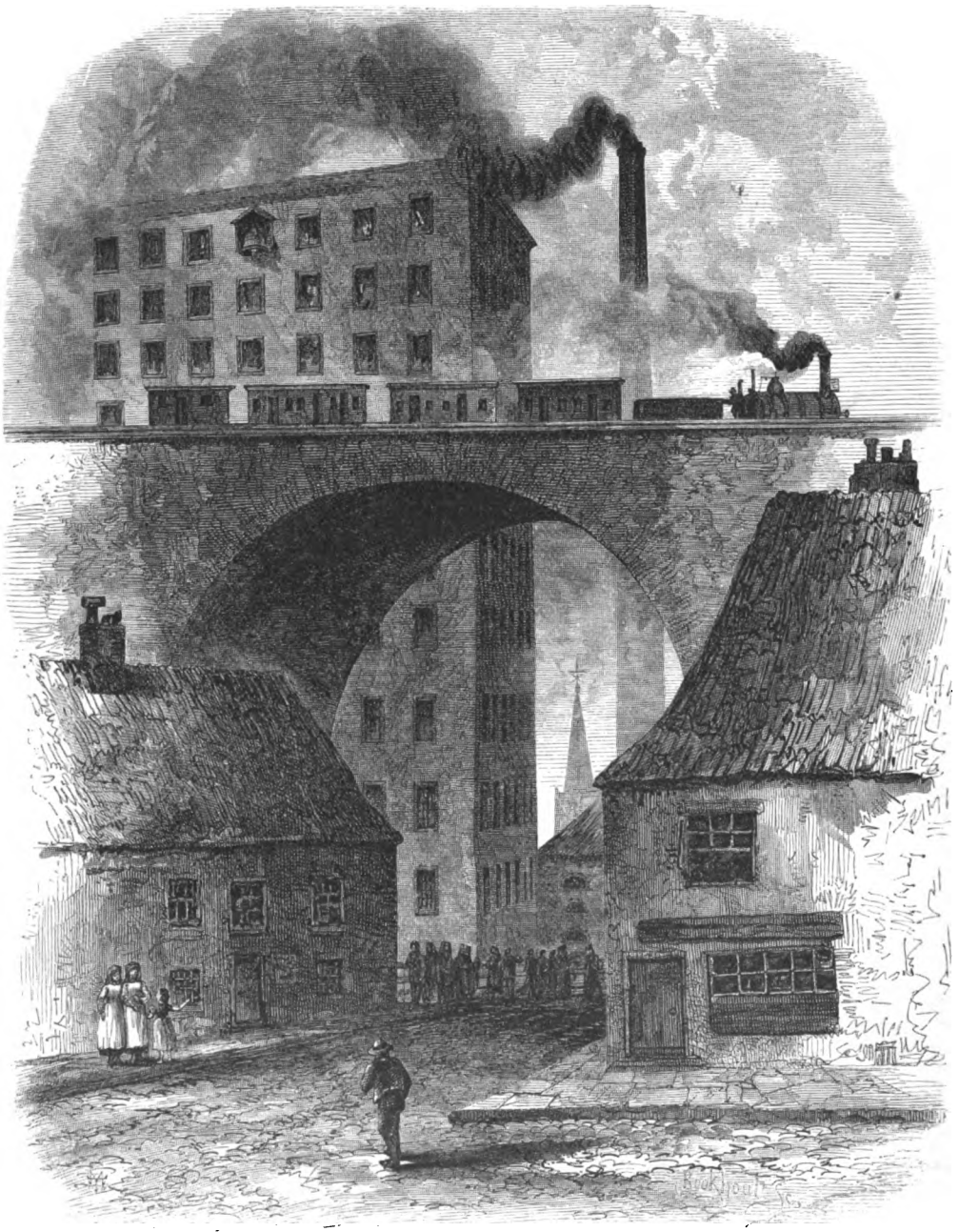

"A GREAT MILL ROSE HIGH OVER THE ARCH."

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THE HALF-TIMER.

By Charles Barnard.

"Pottering done here with a spring-cart." This was painted on a little sign-board fastened to the side of her father's house. He "pottered," did small jobs in moving goods and furniture with his spring-cart and a poor old horse. And now, the horse was dead and the cart broken,—run into by an omnibus on Market street in busy Manchester. Mary's father brought home a piece of the shaft. The police had taken away the rest, and that was the end of the pottering business. She was sitting in her mother's dismal chamber, just before it happened, and leaning out of the window she looked into the street. A queer, dark street, with five brick houses on one side and five more on the other; and so very narrow that the little boys playing there said they could "jump it in four jumps." She looked up at the sky, but there was nothing to be seen, for the little two-story house stood under a huge brick arch that sprang over house, street and all, and landed on the opposite sidewalk, and made a brick sky over her head. The street itself seemed half lost in the bottom of a well, for a great mill rose high over the arch, and threw its black shadow over the whole place. Another arch sprang over the next row of houses, and on top of these the engines and cars flew along every few minutes high over the tops of the chimneys.

Just as she looked out, she saw her father enter the little place with the piece of broken shaft in his hand. The children playing on the sidewalks laughed at him and tried to catch the piece of broken harness that trailed along the ground behind the poor old man. Mary knew in a moment what it all meant. Something had happened to the spring-cart and the horse. They could never buy another cart, and as for a horse it was quite out of the question, and that was the end of the pottering business. The horse had brought them nearly twenty shillings a week (about five dollars in our money), and on that they three, Mary and her father and mother, had contrived to live.

And the horse was dead. She heard her father say so as he entered the house. She looked up at the brick sky and wondered what would become of them now. But the sky only dripped black drops of water, that fell with a splash in a pool in the street. A train rolled over the top of the sky, and it seemed to thunder.

Suddenly a bell began to ring high up in the air, somewhere above the brick sky. Mary looked to the left and saw a man open a gate in a fence that stretched across the street just beyond the arch-way. Then a number of women, dressed in long white aprons and with small red shawls tied over their heads, came up the street and passed under the arch and entered the gate. Mary knew they were the spinners in the mill, and she at once slipped down from her seat, and with soft footsteps stole down-stairs and out-of-doors. She crossed the street and then stood under the brick arch-way near the gate. Presently a woman approached, and stepping up to her, Mary said, boldly:

"Do 'e want me in your mill?"

The woman stopped and looked at the child. A small, thin-faced creature, with bare arms and feet, clothed in a black woolen frock, much worn, and far too small for her. Pale, blue eyes, yellow hair, a small mouth, and with an anxious and frightened expression on her face.

"What be yer name, lass?"

"Mary. My father lives yon,—he potters,—but the horse is dead,—I 'm 'most ten."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Ten come Michaelmas."

"Does your father know?"

"No. I have n't asked him. He 'll be willin'; for the horse is dead and the cart is broken."

"Come on. One o' my lasses is sick. Ye can scavenger for her, and then I 'll see yore folks."

"What 'll 'e give me?"

"Two-and-sixpence the week."

In silence the child took the woman's hand, and they both entered the gate. The man standing there looked at Mary sharply, but the woman said it was all right, and then they came to a strange place that seemed like a pit sunk in the ground. The real sky could be seen overhead, but it was brown with smoke. On one side stood the tall mill, full of staring windows. Mary thought they looked like great white eyes blinking at her in a dreadful manner. On the other side there was another great wall, but with no eyes at all, and looking even more dreadful. At the end of the yard stood a row of iron boilers, with glowing fires under them, like red eyes looking out of the blackness, and with jets of white steam hissing everywhere, as if warning her away.

There was no time to look at these dreadful things, and Mary gladly followed the woman, and turned to the left, past a corner of the mill. The railway arches seemed to nearly cover them, and

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the mill appeared to run up into the brown sky somewhere. Then they turned another corner and came to a smaller yard, with vast brick walls full of windows on every side. Here there was a stone basin in one corner and a jet of water coming out of the wall. Some boys were drawing water there, but Mary had no time to look at anything, for the woman led her to the foot of a great brick tower as high as the mill. Here they entered a door, and the woman led the way round and round, up and up a long flight of stone steps. They passed a number of black doors in the whitewashed wall, and a number of little windows looking out on the yard, and then the woman pushed open one of the doors, and they entered a large room full of machinery.

The woman led the way past the rows of shining machines quite to the end of the room, near the windows. Mary glanced out of one window and found that she was at the top of the mill, and high above the railway that sprang over the top of her house under the arches. Beyond she could see whole rows of chimneys, and here and there a mill towering far above the houses and streets. She looked about the room and saw a number of men and women standing as if waiting for something, and with them she saw a number of boys and girls very like herself. There was little time to notice them, for the woman put a bundle of greasy rags in her hand, and bade her wipe the dust from the machinery. A long iron frame, higher than her head, stretched from side to side of the room. On the front of the frame stood a row of iron spindles, each wound with a white thread that stretched backward to a wooden spool on top of the frame.

"Now mind yourself; it 's going to start."

Suddenly, with a loud roar, the whole row of spindles began to spin swiftly round, and at the same time they rolled quite away from her.

"Now 'er 'll come back!" shouted the woman in Mary's ear.

Then the great frame, spindles and all, rolled forward again. Mary thought it would crush her against the wall, and she started back in alarm.

"Follow 'er! Follow 'er!" screamed the woman. By this Mary understood that she was to keep with the machinery, walking after it as it rolled back, and stepping backward as it advanced again. Forward and backward, forward and backward rolled the machinery, and Mary followed it, and wiping the dust and lint from the shining steel at every step. The woman also walked forward and backward, watching the threads, and patiently knotting them together with a twist of her fingers as fast as they happened to break.

With bare feet Mary pattered over the stone floor, carefully stepping over the iron tracks where the wheels of the machinery rolled backward and forward, and steadily wiping away the dust that continually settled on the machinery. She looked up and down the room, and saw two little boys and three mites of girls, just like herself, all marching forward and back with the men and women, and keeping pace with the busy machinery. The room became very warm and close. The perspiration dropped from her chin, and trickled down her bare arms. And the noise. It was dreadful! How could she ever do this all the day long, and every day, in the long, long weeks. Then she remembered the broken cart, and she stepped out the quicker to keep up with the roaring machinery.

Some one touched her shoulder, and turning round she found a small boy walking beside her. He had a stone pitcher in his hand, and he stepped backward and forward beside her, and keeping clear of the machinery as it ran in and out.

"Have some?"

Mary gladly took the pitcher in her wet and blackened hands, and retreated to the wall and took a long drink of the water, for she was very warm and thirsty.

"Thank 'ee."

The boy took the pitcher, and then shouted in her ear:

"You 're too young. The 'spector will be look-in' for 'ee."

"The 'spector?"

"Yes. He 's the perlece. Oh!—There!—He 's yon now."

The boy walked quickly away, and Mary gave one terrified glance round the room. At the door stood a gentleman with a cane in his hand. She knew he could n't be one of the work-people, for he had a silk hat and his hands were clean. He must be the inspector. With a beating heart she went back to her work, and began to pace backward and forward after the rolling machinery. She looked at the woman mending the threads, and wished she could speak to her. She would tell about the broken cart and the poor horse. Some one touched her arm. She was startled, and for an instant stood still; but the machinery came against her, and she was obliged to spring backward to escape it. It was the woman, and before Mary could speak, she said:

"He 's wantin' ye. Go yonder, and mind what ye say to him."

Hardly knowing what to do or say, Mary stepped into the aisle and went toward the inspector with trembling steps. He took her hand, and led her away out into the round tower. Closing the door to keep out the noise, he said:

"You are not ten years old?"

"No, sir. I 'm ten come Michaelmas."

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"But the government does not allow little girls to work in the mills before they are ten."

"Oh, sir!" burst out Mary, beginning to cry, "the horse is dead—and I had to—father—he can't potter now."

"Don't cry! I 'm not going to hurt you. I 'm the inspector, and the government sends me to look after children like you. Do you know what the law is?"

"No, sir; I never seen one."

The gentleman smiled, and began to stroke her damp, yellow hair.

"Well, the law says that you must not go to work in the mills till you are ten."

"Yes, sir. I 'll be ten very soon."

"And even then you can work only half the time, —a half-timer, you know. You can come at six in the morning and work till half past eight. Then they must give you half an hour for breakfast. At nine you can begin again, and work till one. Then you must go to school in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past four."

"But I must work all day," said Mary, "for the horse is dead."

"But the government does not allow it."

Mary paused a moment, and then said:

"Who 's the government?"

"Why—the Queen."

"Oh! The Queen. I 've heard o' her."

"And on Saturday the work must stop at twelve. Then the next week you must go to school in the morning, and can come to the mill in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past five. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be a half-timer?"

"Yes. You 'll be a little half-timer girl. See. Here 's a bit of paper with all this printed on it, and you can show it to your father."

"And may I go back and work in the mill now? The horse is dead, you know, sir."

"It is against the law, but as your birthday is so near, I will excuse it. See! Here 's sixpence to take to mother."

Mary looked up with wide-open eyes, and with the back of her grimy hand she brushed away the tears to see the clearer. Sixpence from a policeman! And he would n't take her away to jail! What a good and handsome man he was! She paused and looked earnestly in his face, and then said, slowly:

"Did you ever see yon Queen?"

"Yes; once."

"And did she tell 'ee to say this to half-timer lasses like o' me?"

The inspector hesitated, and then he said:

"Yes. She sent me to look after the little ones in the Manchester mills."

"She be good,—bean't she?" said Mary. Then after a little pause, she added that she "must ha' known the cart was broke and the horse was dead; you see, yon woman's going to give me half-a-crown, and that 's half the rent. Oh! may n't I go back now?"

The inspector smiled and put a piece of paper in her hand. She took it, and opening the door went back once more into the roaring mill, confident that the good Queen was looking after her welfare, and would save her from more work than her young limbs could bear. Half a day only! She could do that. She had thought it was to be all day, and had thought she certainly could never do so much, even if she never earned anything.

Months and months have passed away, and Mary still works in the great mill at Manchester. Soon she will be fourteen, and a big girl, and then, the inspector says, she can become a "full-timer"; and in place of the poor little half-a-crown, she will have seven or eight shillings a week. How much that will seem to the family in the little brick house under the railway arch!

SOME children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks and dance and play,
While others drudge their life away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.—
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

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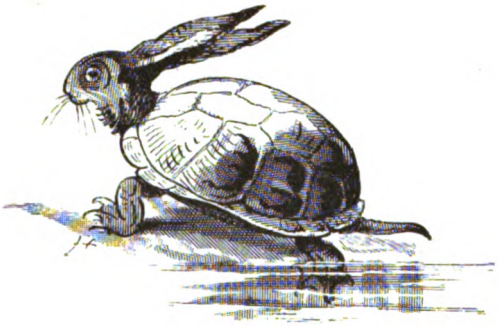
"UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

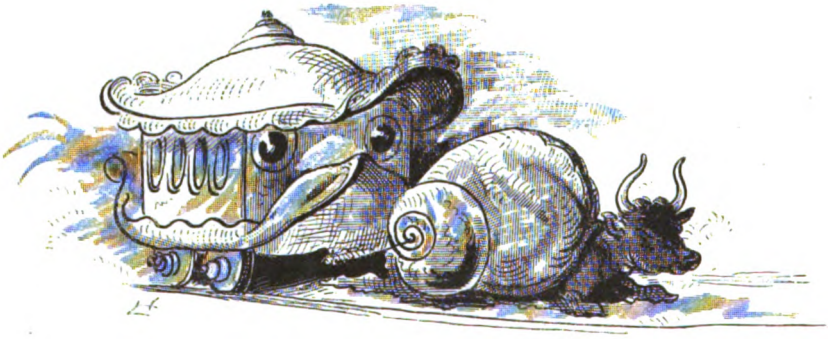
DRAWN BY L. HOPKINS.

(*See Letter-Box, page 302.*)

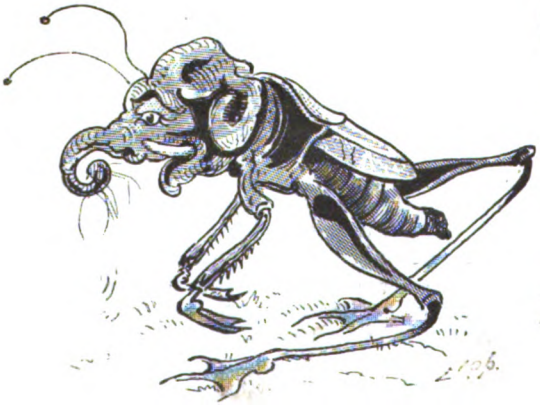


1.—LONG-EARED SKIP-CREEPER (RABBATICUS MUDTURTLOSIS).

2.—ENTOMOLOGICAL HUMBUG (ORNITHIS IMPOSSIBILIS.)



3.—GREAT NORTH AMERICAN TAKITEREEK.



4.—WEB-FOOTED HOPPER-GRASS (VIRDISSIMA MONSTROSIS).

5.—JUB-JUB BIRD (SMILING PACHYDERMATIS).

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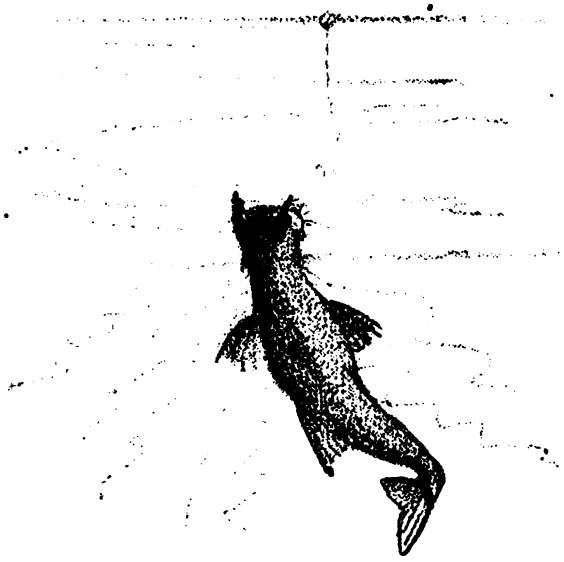

6.—CAT-FISH (FELIS PISCATORIUS).

7.—SUBMARINE DIVER (MELICARP SUB-ROSIS).

TEDDY'S HEROES.

By Amalie La Forge.

THE other day, to my great surprise, my brother Dick walked in with his little flock of three,—Ted, Larry and Eva,—and, giving me a hasty kiss, requested me to keep them for a week. He and his wife were going to stay at John's, in Boston; but there were several cases of measles in the street, and they did not want to run the risk of infection for their little ones. They had lived in St. Louis since Teddy was a year old; so, though Dick had paid me flying visits, I had never seen the two younger children. They, however, seemed quite willing to stay with me, and so the arrangement was made. Eva soon fell asleep in my arms, and Fanny carried her up to bed. Larry soon followed, giving me a very sleepy good-night kiss as I tucked the blankets round him. Teddy, however, was wide awake, and announced that "since he had grown such a big boy he never went to bed with the children."

"How old are you, Teddy?" I asked.

"'Most eight. Soon be a man, Uncle Ned says."

"Who is Uncle Ned?"

"Oh! mamma's brother, an' he lives with us, an' he tells me stories 'most every evening 'bout heroes. Uncle Ned 's very fond of heroes, an' so 'm I."

Teddy spoke as if heroes were some particularly nice kind of cake.

"What heroes does he tell you about, Teddy?" I asked, suppressing a laugh.

"Oh! 'Lexander, an' 'Poleon, and Cæsar, an' oh! lots; but I 'll tell you what I like best, auntie,—'bout the man who went to look for something where it 's so awful cold, you know, and did n't come back, an' his wife got awful anxious 'bout him, an' she got more men to go and look for him, an' some of them did n't come back either, and Uncle Ned says they was all heroes, 'cause they knew the danger, an' yet they went. What was his name, auntie, he went to look for some way to get somewhere an' the ice was too thick?"

"Sir John Franklin?" I suggested.

"That 's it, auntie. I always forget it 'most.

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Uncle Ned thinks there is a way, he says, an' I mean to go an' look for it when I get big."

"Heaven forbid," I thought to myself, as I looked into the deep, earnest eyes.

"I 've tried bein' a hero," Teddy went on, in a slow, meditative tone, "but 't is n't any use; something always happens. Now, one day I 'membered the Roman man who was going to be burned for something he 'd done, an' they thought he 'd be scared, but he was n't a bit; he held his hand right in the fire an' burnt it hisself, 'cause it had done wrong, he said; an' one day I thought I 'd try, an' I put my hand on the stove, 'cause I 'd pulled the cat's tail, when mamma told me not to, an' it burnt awful, an' I cried, an' I burnt a hole in my sleeve too, an' mamma said I must n't ever do so again; an' then another time I tried to make my pony go down the steps in the garden, like Putnam, you know, an' he threw me right off in a rose-bush, an' papa said I was a goose,"—and Teddy looked up indignantly. "But Uncle Ned says I 'll may be be a hero yet, an' I said I would just the first chance I got, but it would have to be when there 's nobody round to bother."

We had quite a fall of snow that night, but in the afternoon the sun came out brightly, and my little nephews pleaded to go out with a sled, once belonging to their father, which they had found in the garret. Dick had told me they were used to being out all day at home, so I let them go. Teddy informed me as they passed the window that he and Larry were "splorers;" so, warning them not to "splore" into any snow-drift and get their clothes wet, I went back to the fire and a book which I was anxious to finish. Eva was out in the kitchen with Dinah and Fanny, and frequently, when a door opened, I could hear her happy little laugh. For a time I forgot about the boys, and it was only when I found by the failing light how rapidly the short winter day was dying, that I went into the kitchen to see if the boys had come in. I could see nothing of them from the front windows. Eva was perched on a high chair, sticking her little hands together with dough.

"Ize matin tookies," she cried, as I entered, showing her little pearls of teeth in a laugh.

"Laus me, miss, aint she amusin'?" said Dinah, her black face shining with delight; "she 's for all the world like you, missy."

"Like me a good while ago, Dinah," I answered, with a smile.

"Now, missy, there aint no sense in your talkin' as if you was old. Lau, chile! I lived wid your mother."

This was Dinah's unanswerable argument against my sense of growing years.

"Dinah, I 'm worried about the boys, they ought to be home; see, it 's beginning to snow again," and I looked anxiously out of the window.

"Now, missy, don't you worrit yesself; I see 'em only a little while ago; next time they pass the winder I 'll call 'em in."

So I went back to my sitting-room, but not to read. I stood by the fire wondering if I would not better go and look for my little nephews, for the snow was falling fast. I had just determined to go for my wraps when I heard a rattle at the door, little unsteady footsteps in the hall, and Teddy half staggered into the room, saying faintly:

"I spects we 's found him, auntie."

"Found whom? Where 's Larry?" I asked, hurrying toward him.

"Oh! Larry 's all right; but I don't think Sir John Franklin feels very well."

"*Who!*" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, the man that was lost, auntie. I 'membered his name as soon as I saw him. Larry an' me found him in the snow."

Too much bewildered to ask any further questions of my eccentric nephew, I hurried to the door. There stood Larry beside the sled, on which sat, or rather crouched, a small old man, wretchedly clothed, and almost insensible from the cold.

"Run for Dinah, quick, Teddy," I said.

At my sudden exclamation, the bundle of rags stirred, and a faint voice mumbled something about "the darlints," and his "feet bein' froze." The poor creature was really almost helpless from the cold; but, with the help of Dinah and Fanny, he managed to hobble into the kitchen, where I left him, sure of his receiving wise and tender treatment, for Dinah was born nurse as well as cook, and my little nephews needed my sole care. Fanny hurried away for dry clothes and a warm bath for Larry, who was beginning to shiver; Eva was hungry, and demanded her "tookies" for supper; and altogether for about an hour confusion reigned in my quiet domicile. Teddy looked on with a sort of sober gladness. He had said to me at first:

"I think I 'll wait to tell you 'bout it till other folks get done. Uncle Ned says 't is n't pleasant when everybody talks."

And in the constant stir going on about me, I blessed "Uncle Ned" for his lessons.

Once only after that, Teddy broke out with:

"Wont she be glad!"

"Who, dear?" I questioned.

"His wife, you know,—Sir John Franklin's."

Then, indeed, I ventured to hint that our Hibernian friend in the kitchen was not certain to be Sir John, merely because he had been lost in the snow; but of the impossibility of ever finding him now, I said nothing; let Uncle Ned tell it in his own time and way.

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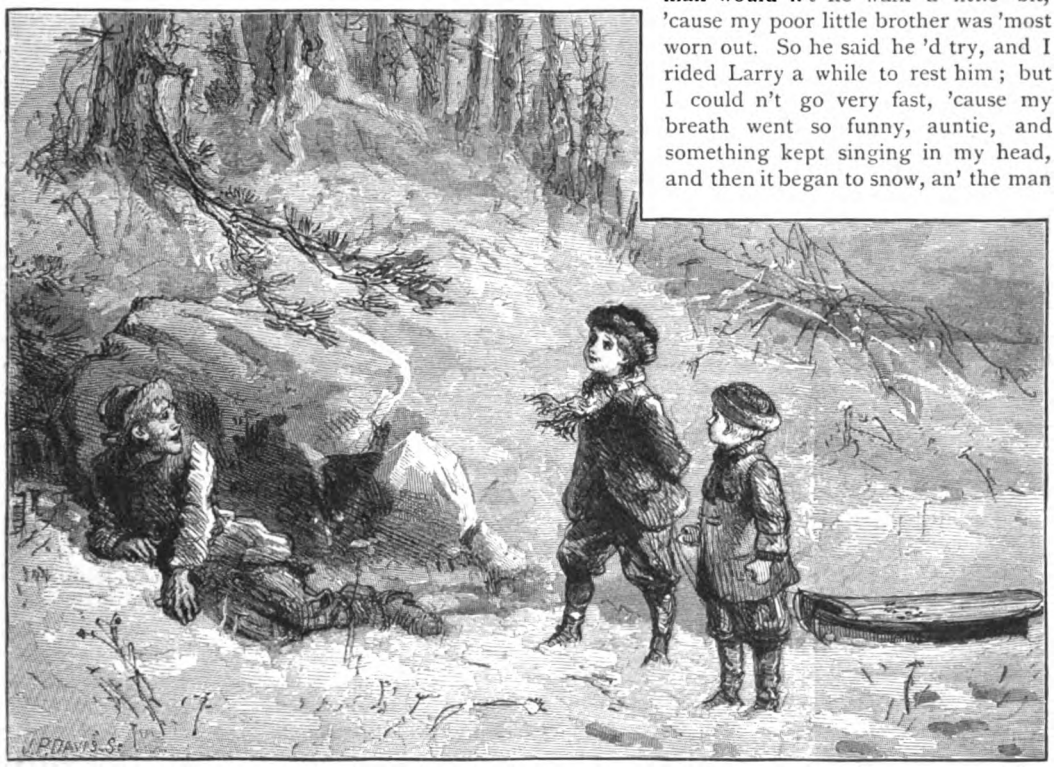
After a time, Eva and Larry were both tucked into bed, and then I wrapped Teddy in a warm shawl, and, sitting down before the fire in my sitting-room, I held him on my lap while he told me the story in his own quaint way.

"You see, auntie," he commenced, "when Larry an' me went out to splore, you said we must n't get into any snow-drifts, an' there was nothin' but snow-drifts 'round here, so we went out into the road, an' we splored a good while an' we did n't find nothin.' An' then, by an' by, we came to a little narrow road that went up a hill, an' we went up there, an' it was awful cold, an' there I saw somethin' lyin' by the fence, and Larry said it was a bear, an' he did n't care to splore any more; but I told him if we was real splorers we ought to splore everything. So I went up an' splored it, an' it was a man. So I told Larry I 'spected we 'd found him now, an' we must get him home to you; but the man was awful sleepy, and when I poked him up he talked dreadful funny, just like our Patsy; but I told him if he 'd only try to walk a little, I 'd take him to my auntie's house, an' then he said, so funny, 'Will ye 's, darlint? Then sure I 'll be afther tryin'.'"

Teddy's unconscious imitation of the brogue was perfect, but he gave me no time for laughter,—his whole heart was in his story.

"Well, he 'd only got on a little, an' I had hold of his hand, too, when he fell down, an' he said: 'Oh! it 's a widdy Bridget 'll be this night, an' the children starvin'.' Then Larry began to cry, an' he wanted to come home; but I told him I 'd ride him all day to-morrow if he 'd help me get Sir John Franklin to your house; so we got him on the sled, and it was down hill, so it was n't so awful hard; but by an' by Larry got tired, so I asked the man would n't he walk a little bit, 'cause my poor little brother was 'most worn out. So he said he 'd try, and I rided Larry a while to rest him; but I could n't go very fast, 'cause my breath went so funny, auntie, and something kept singing in my head, and then it began to snow, an' the man fell down again, an' he said: 'Ye 's 'll have to leave me, darlints; I can't go iver another step.' So we got him on the sled again, an' I gave Larry my mittens to put over his, 'cause his hands was cold; but he was awful heavy comin' up from the gate, an' Larry could n't pull much you know, an' I saw you by the fire, an' I could n't make you hear, my throat was so dry." And a bravely suppressed sob finished the sentence. "An' now, auntie, after we 'd splored such a long time it is n't him," he said, presently.



TEDDY AND LARRY DISCOVER SIR JOHN.

"That is true, dear," I said, quietly; "but it will do you good all your life long to remember that you have saved this poor man's life, my brave little Teddy; for do you know, dear, the lane you went

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on is a very lonely one; hardly a person goes over that road all winter long, the snow drifts so there, I only wonder how my poor little boys found their way back."

"Oh! we stuck branches in the snow, where we were sploring, case any survivors should come along. I could n't have found the way only for that."

These two had had a narrow escape after all, and involuntarily I drew him closer to me.

"Please don't hold my hand so tight, Aunt Kittie," he said, apologetically; "something hurts."

"Let me see. Why, Teddy!"

All across both little hands there was a row of cruel blisters. Teddy looked at them with equal wonder.

"Why, it must have been when I gave my mittens to Larry; the rope did feel awful hard."

I stooped and bound the burning little fingers.

"Uncle Ned was right, Teddy; you have been a hero after all."

Teddy opened his eyes wide.

"Have I? Wont he be glad! Why, Auntie Kittie, is n't it funny?—When I tried, something always nappened wrong, and now, when I was n't thinkin' 'bout it, it all just came itself."

"Bless your dear child-heart!" I thought; "that is generally the way it comes."

THE NEST ON WHEELS.

(A True Story.)

BY C. B.

THEY were married early one fine April morning at the railroad station. Her father had a home on the top of a rafter, close under the eaves, and his parents lived in a niche of the cornice that ran round the ladies' waiting-room. They had been born and brought up under the shelter of the great iron roof that spanned the tracks, and, now they were married, the proper thing for them to do was to start out in the world and build a new home for themselves.

He had looked about the neighborhood and had found an excellent place for their new house, and as soon as the ceremony was over, he took her to see it.

There were no cards sent out for the wedding, but they were not needed, as every one knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Citysparrow.

The moment the bride saw the location the groom had selected she said she was charmed. It was out-of-doors in the top of a long yellow building that stood near the railroad station. There was a platform for the passengers, and a little way off, there was an engine; but he assured her that they had nothing to fear from these things.

"And it is so much pleasanter than living in the station. The air is delightful and there is a beautiful view of the town."

"I am glad you are pleased, my dear," said he. "And now let us go over into that field and look for straws."

Never did young couple have such a charming time in gathering materials for a house. They looked here and they looked there, and at last, they found just the right thing, and returned with their bills laden to the site of their new home.

Was there ever anything more surprising? The site had disappeared! The long yellow building on which they had intended to build had flown away. There was nothing left but the platform and the rails.

The young people were greatly perplexed at this remarkable event, and sat down on the fence to talk it over.

"Never mind, my dear, these men do very

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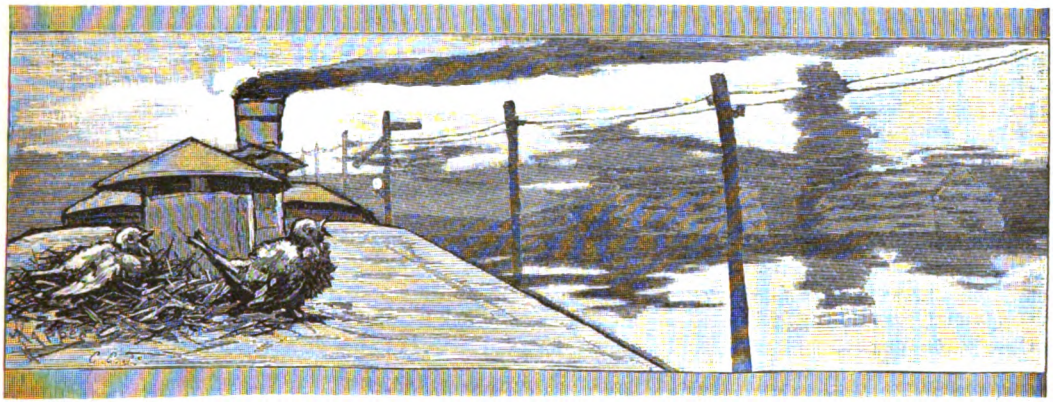
remarkable things at times. We can soon find another place for our house, and, if we do not, we can go home to your mother's, and to-morrow, I am sure, we can find a better spot. This was not a very good place, after all."



THE HOUSE CROSSES A RIVER.

So they put the straws in a safe place and started out on a prospecting tour. They went up and they went down; they flew here and they flew there. Some places seemed too windy and exposed, and others too shady, and others too sunny. At last, they became very tired from the long search, and the bride said:

"I am sure there is nothing so nice as the place you selected. It is nearly luncheon time. Let us go back to the station and tell mother about it, and hear what she says."

So they set out for the station by the way they had come, and past the spot the groom had chosen for their home. As they came in sight of the place, they were astonished to see the long yellow building just where it stood in the morning.

"These men are truly remarkable creatures, my dear. They do the strangest things in the world. I don't pretend to understand them. No sensible person ever did."

"Never mind," replied she. "There 's the very spot you selected for our house. We have not seen anything so nice, and perhaps, if we hurry, we can build enough of the house to live in before dark, and we can finish it to-morrow."

So they set to work at once to bring sticks and straws for the new house. How swiftly the hours flew away while they were both busy! He brought the things and she put them in place, arranging everything in the most solid and substantial manner, for the house was to last as long as they lived. Already it began to assume a shapely appearance, and he mounted the fence to admire the truly elegant structure. It needed just a few more pieces, and away he flew to find them. He looked at several choice bits, but did not find exactly the right thing, and he went on into the next field hoping to see something better. At last, he found a beautiful piece, just the thing for the floor of the house. Picking it up, he went slowly back to the house, taking the straw with him. As he came to the fence and was about to cry out joyfully to his wife to see the nice straw he had found, he suddenly dropped it and uttered a cry of despair.

Oh! oh! This was terrible! The long, yellow building had again flown away. Home and wife were gone. Poor, poor little bridegroom! On his wedding day, just as the sun was going down, to lose all,—wife, house, everything!

Suddenly he heard a cry, and looking off in the distance he saw her coming toward him as fast as she could fly. He was so overjoyed to see her that he thought no more of the unfinished house that had again so strangely disappeared.

"Oh!" cried she, as soon as she came up, "I had such an experience! Those men pulled the yellow building away while I was in the house. I did not notice it at first, and before I knew it they were taking me away from you."

"And what did you do?"

"I sprang out at once and flew back as fast as I could. I was dreadfully afraid you would return and find me gone. Ah! what! is it not a pity to lose that fine site for our house?"

"Never mind that, my dear; I am so glad to see you safe again that I don't care for the house. Come! it is getting dark; we must go to your mother's, and to-morrow we will find another and a better place."

Of course, the old folks were glad to give the young people a shelter for the night, and listened with the greatest interest to their account of the wonderful experiences of the day. Early the next

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morning, the bride and groom set out once more to find a place for a home. On the way, they passed the spot they had chosen the day before, and, to their surprise, there stood the long yellow building and their unfinished house, safe and sound. Not a straw or feather had been disturbed, and the bride joyfully went inside to see how it looked.

"Do you think it safe to try this place again?" asked he. "Something might happen, you know."

"Oh! my dear," said she, "it is such a pity to lose all our labor. Perhaps it will not happen again."

"Oh! you can never tell. These men are such peculiar creatures."

"Well, let us try it once again. Look! If I had one straw about so long it would fit in there nicely."

"I found just the thing yesterday. Let us go to get it, and let us keep together all the time, for there is nothing those stupid men may not do."

She readily consented to this, and they both went to work in good earnest to finish the house. While thus engaged, a number of men and women gathered on the long platform, but the young couple had been accustomed to see crowds of people all their lives, and they paid no attention to them. They found a large straw for the house, and, as it was heavy, they went off together to bring it back. As they were returning, they were astonished to find the site of their house, and the house itself, had again flown away.

"This is certainly vexatious," said he.

"I declare I am almost discouraged," cried she. "These men are perfectly unbearable."

"It is rather disheartening. But you must remember it came back yesterday. Perhaps it will return at the same hour to-day. These men do the strangest things; yet we must give them the credit of being very regular. Nobody can remember when they ever changed their habits."

It was a serious matter to have two days' labor thrown away, and in her heart the poor little bride was very sad. Perhaps she was never to have a home, after all? However, she did not say so to her husband, and cheerfully agreed with him in his plan of waiting to see if their house would come back again.

Wonderful to tell, in about three hours, it actually came back. They were sitting on the fence and saw it arrive. There was some noise and confusion among the people when the long yellow building stopped. But there was nothing alarming in that, and they went at once to examine their runaway home. Everything was in perfect order, and they felt they could now settle in earnest.

"Suppose we finish the house and sleep in it to-night?"

"Oh, certainly," said she; "we shall have just time to move in before dark."

So they worked with a will and finished the house, and moved in just as the sun went down. It was a charming home; the most comfortable ever seen, and never were two young hearts more happy than these as they entered their new house.

They retired rather early, for they were very tired, and slept soundly till past eight o'clock in the evening, when the bride awoke with a start.

What had happened? The house was shaking and trembling in the strangest manner.

"It is nothing, my love. These dreadful men are doing something; but the house seems quite safe."

"Oh! do look out and see what has happened."

He went to the door and looked out, and found, to his surprise, that all the world was flying away like mad. The trees were racing along in furious haste. The hills and woods were spinning past like birds, and all the buildings were performing a kind of fancy dance. Really, it was very singular; but the house was safe, though it shook dreadfully.

He was vastly astonished and somewhat alarmed at this performance. But he resolved not to tell his wife anything about it. She would only be frightened. So he crept back to her side and said, bravely:

"Oh! these men are doing something. They are strange creatures. I presume it is all right, and we may as well go to sleep again."

The next morning they awoke and found themselves just where they were the night before. This seemed to be perfectly natural, and they began their housekeeping, and felt glad they had built their house in such a delightful neighborhood, even if the place did have occasional fits of running away. As they stood at their door in the bright morning sunshine, they saw a little girl stop before their house and look up at them.

"Oh!" said she, "how funny! Those birds have built their nest on top of the car."

And so they had; and there they lived, spring, summer and winter. There was even a whole brood of little Citysparrows born in that nest on wheels, and the entire family rode free ten miles to the city and back twice every day, once in the morning and once in the night. At first, it was a trifle awkward for Mr. Citysparrow to have his wife and little ones carried away at 11.30 A. M.; but he waited about the station or sat comfortably on the fence till they returned at 2.45 P. M. At night, of course, he went with them, and then their nest on wheels was really and truly a sleeping-car.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE JUMPING-JACK.

By I. L. Beman.

Come with me to the park this fair day, for I wish to show you a certain carriage and its occupants, and tell you a story.

In pleasant weather, the scene is gay and grand with multitudes hieing thither for recreation amid country sights, odors and surroundings. The rich and the poor of all ages and classes, afoot, on horseback and in carriages, make a living panorama of the shaded walks and graded drives.

Yonder rolls the grand equipage of a millionaire; here goes the buxom family of a groceryman, as happy in their market-wagon as Crœsus in his gilded chariot. Here flies a pair of gay young men in a "fancy gig, driving like Jehu;" and following at sober pace a phaëton containing a sad-eyed widow in weeds, with her auburn-tressed little daughter by her side. There gallops, on high-bred steed, a young and handsome officer of the U. S. A.; here limps along a forlorn wreck of a man, once as spirited as the officer, but now ragged, weary and hopeless.

But here comes the "turn-out" for which we have been waiting: a magnificent span of dapple-grays, by far the most powerful team we have seen; a carriage to match, roomy and costly, but not gaudy; a driver not in livery, as many are, but looking just the man for his work; and such a load as are making merry within,—every one of them a hunchback! Yes, from the crooked gentleman on the back seat to the little fellows up by the driver, all are hunchbacks; well dressed, happy-seeming, but with a wistful look,—and, as they roll by, you see in them the introduction to my little story.

Something like twenty years ago, a miserable brick house in a back alley was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a Scotch carpenter. He worked down-town in a shop, making cornices, moldings, mantels, and a variety of the more elaborate parts employed in finishing houses. Every evening he took home pocketfuls, and often handfuls also, of bits and ends from the shop.

These oddly shaped fragments of soft, sweet-smelling pine furnished amusement for poor little Alec, Mr. Ramsey's hunchback boy; and when they had served this purpose, they were used as kindlings in the kitchen stove.

There was a houseful of little Ramseys, of whom Alec was the oldest, and when he was amused, so were the others, thus giving the overworked mother time for other duties.

Alec was sixteen years old, and not taller than an average boy of ten. He was very much deformed, and had he lived in an age and country of kings seeking dwarfs and human oddities for "court fools" or "jesters," he would have been a prize to some iron-handed tyrant. His shoulders were almost as high as his head, his arms hung out loose and dangling, and the rest of his body was shrunken and slender to a most pitiable degree. But whoever, with a tender heart, looked into his great, questioning eyes and noted his broad, fair forehead and his clean, delicate hands, would soon forget the sad shape in the nobility of the face.

I need not linger to speak of his studies, which, all unaided, he pushed along with success; nor of his constancy in the Sunday-school, where he was a universal favorite. It is about his play with the bits of pine from the shop I wish to tell you.

Many a droll pile he built on the kitchen-floor; many a funny thing he whittled out to amuse the little ones; many a comical toy he made and gave away to neighboring children. Often he said, and oftener thought, "What can I whittle that will sell?" For only money seemed likely to bring him the changed life for which he longed. Once, when he sold for a few pennies a queer little pine trinket, his father stroked his silken hair and said:

"Ah, me puir bairnie, I dinna ken but ye may mak' your fortoon wi' your knife."

How that little piece of encouragement rang in his ears and stimulated him to think and whittle, whittle and think!

One genial afternoon in May, Alec crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and, by the noise of a crowd of urchins on a vacant lot at a little distance, was drawn in that direction. Here he saw a colored boy, named Jack, attempting, for the amusement of the party, all sorts of pranks in imitation of circus performers. Bareheaded and clothed in striped red and yellow garments of coarse quality, the negro lad almost seemed made of India rubber.

Alec watched his capers in amazement. Never before had he seen such antics, or even thought them possible. It was no wonder that the frail, stiff-jointed little hunchback dreamed it all over again, as he did that night.

The next morning his whittling genius took shape from this event, and before noon he had produced a rude pine image of the negro,—head, arms and legs loosely hung with bits of broom-wire, and the whole curiously arranged, so that by working a string, it would jump, nod, turn somersaults, and

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go through quite a series of contortions. With colored pencils, of which he had some cheap specimens, he blacked its head, neck, hands and feet, reddened its lips, whitened its eyes, and rudely striped in yellow and red the body, all in imitation of the little negro gymnast. Before it was completed, his younger brother, who had been with him the day before, named it "Jumping-Jack." And in the afternoon, when he went to the vacant lot and exhibited it to the youngsters there, it was not only universally but boisterously hailed by the same name. When he returned home, he brought, instead of the Jumping-Jack, a silver half-dollar, for which he had sold the toy to an eager, well-dressed lad of his own age. And not only this, but he had orders from the boys for half a dozen more, to be made as soon as possible.

Oh, what a proud, glad heart beat within that deformed little body of Alec's! How his temples throbbed! How elastic his step! What flashing eyes! What a skein of wild and hopeful talk he unwound to his mother! So much money for his whittling, and a chance for more and more! Castles, sky-high and star-bright!

Never a great hero felt a victory more than Alec felt his success. To you who are not deformed, who are not wretchedly poor, who never longed for advantages and comforts utterly beyond your reach, it may seem absurd that a Jumping-Jack, sold for half a dollar, should cause so much rejoicing. But you cannot judge of the case. Alec was loving, brave, ambitious and capable, and yet a mere weakling. He was the eldest child; his parents were poor and growing old; there were several younger children, and these points he had often thought over and over, weeping bitterly at his helpless state. He longed fiercely to help in some way, to do something useful, to earn even a small part of his own living. To his eager desire, money was everything, because it would buy everything. Money meant enough to eat, a soft bed and an easy chair for his crooked, pain-full shoulders, a better house and easy circumstances for the family. Money meant comfort, education, good clothes, an honorable position and the means to do good to others. But, above all, the silver half-dollar he had earned seemed like a key to unlock the gates of dependence behind which he chafed so constantly. Besides, it was the first Jumping-Jack ever made, and a voice seemed to whisper dreamily that in some way it would carry him thereafter, instead of his being left to creep so wearily around. And the boys had hailed it with such uproarious delight that he could not help feeling he had whittled out a triumph. Who shall wonder, then, at his elation?

But I have not told you all.

That evening he whittled, and the next day he whittled, and before night had added to his capital three more shining half-dollars. The next day he doubled his money. The demand for Jumping-Jacks increased. Boys came to the door, silver in hand, to get what he had not time to make.

His grave Scotch parents began to hold serious counsel over the matter. If Alec could find such sale for these pine images in that neighborhood, why, the whole city would require thousands; and what would sell to delighted children in one city, would sell elsewhere also. If they could supply the market, a fortune might readily be made.

Scotch blood, once aroused and challenged, is sanguine and venturesome.

But it would be uninteresting to repeat all the details; so the rest of my story shall be brief.

Alec's Sunday-school teacher, who was a lawyer, procured for him a patent on Jumping-Jacks of every description; a rich old uncle of Alec's mother built him a factory and started him in business; and, within a year from the afternoon when the poor lad wondered at the pranks of the colored boy, Jumping-Jacks from the Ramsey factory were selling in great numbers all over America.

Truly Alec did "mak' a fortoon wi' his knife."

To school he went; into a better house, all their own, the family moved; easier circumstances, better health, less weariness, and ample means for doing good, came to the Ramseys.

But the best point in my story is that a fine asylum and school for hunchbacks, free to the poor, is one of the noble enterprises to which Alec has been chief contributor.

Those deformed lads in the carriage yonder are from the "Ramsey Asylum for Hunchbacks."

That was Alec's carriage, and that "crooked gentleman on the back seat" was Alec himself. Every fair afternoon he is out in this way, taking a load of "his boys," as he calls them, and thus, as often as once a fortnight, he gives every inmate of the asylum a turn in the park.

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WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

IV.

THE three children were a good deal frightened when they saw where the ball had gone, and well they might be; for it was Rumpty-Dudget's ball, and Rumpty-Dudget himself was hiding on the other side of the hedge.

"It is your fault," said Princess Hilda to Prince Frank; "you threw it over."

"No, it 's your fault," answered Prince Frank; "I should n't have thrown it over if you and Henry had not chased me."

"You will be punished when Tom the cat comes home," said Princess Hilda, "and that will be in one minute, when the sun sets." For they had spent one minute in being frightened, and another minute in disputing.

Now, all this time, Prince Henry had been standing directly in front of the round opening in the hedge, looking through it to the other side, where he thought he could see the black ball lying beside a bush. The north wind blew so strongly as almost to take his breath away, and the spot on his chin burnt him so that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. Still for all that, he longed so much to do what he had been told not to do, that by and by he could stand it no longer; but, just as the last bit of the sun sank out of sight beneath the edge of the world, he jumped through the round opening against the north wind, and ran to pick up the ball. At the same moment, Tom the cat came springing across the lawn, his yellow eyes flashing, his back bristling, and the hairs sticking straight out on his tail until it was as big round as your leg. But this time he came too late. For, as soon as Prince Henry jumped through the hedge against the north wind and ran to pick up the black ball, out rushed Rumpty-Dudget from behind the bush, and caught him by the chin, and carried him away to the thousand and first corner in the gray tower. As soon as the corner was filled, the north wind rose to a hurricane and blew away the beautiful palace and the lovely garden, and nothing was left but a desert covered with gray stones and brambles. The mischievous Rumpty-Dudget was now master of the whole country.

Meanwhile, Princess Hilda and Prince Frank were sitting on a heap of rubbish, crying as if their hearts would break, and the cat stood beside them wiping its great yellow eyes with its paw and looking very sorrowful.

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"Crying will do no good, however," said the cat at last; "we must try to get poor little Henry back again."

"Oh, where is our fairy aunt?" cried Princess Hilda and Prince Frank. "She will tell us how to find him."

"You will not see your fairy aunt," replied Tom, "until you have taken Henry out of the gray tower, where he is standing in the thousand and first corner with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back."

"But how are we to do it," said Princess Hilda and Prince Frank, beginning to cry again, "without our fairy aunt to help us?"

"Listen to me," replied the cat, "and do what I tell you, and all may yet be well. But first take hold of my tail, and follow me out of this desert to the borders of the great forest; there we can lay our plans without being disturbed."

With these words, Tom arose and held his tail straight out like the handle of a saucepan; the two children took hold of it, off they all went, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were on the borders of the great forest, at the foot of an immensely tall pine-tree. The cat made Princess Hilda and Prince Frank sit down on the moss that covered the ground, and sat down in front of them with his tail curled round his toes.

"The first thing to be done," said he, "is to get the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop. After that, the rest is easy."

"But where are the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop to be found?" asked the two children.

"One of you will have to go down to the kingdom of the Gnomes, in the center of the earth, to find out where the Golden Ivy-seed is," replied the cat; "and up to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, above the clouds, to find out where the Diamond Water-drop is."

"But how are we to get up to the Air-Spirits, or down to the Gnomes?" asked the children, disconsolately.

"I may be able to help you about that," answered the cat. "But while one of you is gone, the other must stay here and mind the magic fire which I shall kindle before we start; for if the fire goes out, Rumpty-Dudget will take the burnt logs and blacken Henry's face all over with them, and then we should never be able to get him back. Do you two children run about and pick up all the dried sticks you can find, and pile them up in a heap, while I get the touch-wood ready."

In a very few minutes, a large heap of fagots had been gathered together, as high as the top of Princess Hilda's head. Meanwhile, the cat had drawn a large circle on the ground with the tip of his tail, and in the center of the circle was the heap of fagots. It had now become quite dark, but the cat's eyes burned as brightly as if two yellow lamps had been set in his head.

"Come inside the circle, children," said he, "while I light the touch-wood."

In they came accordingly, and the cat put the touch-wood on the ground and sat down in front of it with his nose resting against it, and stared at it with his flaming yellow eyes; and by and by it began to smoke and smolder, and at last it caught fire and burned famously.

"That will do nicely," said the cat; "now put some sticks upon it." So this was done, and the fire was fairly started, and burned blue, red and yellow.

"And now there is no time to be lost," said the cat. "Prince Frank, you will stay beside this fire and keep it burning, until I come back with Princess Hilda from the kingdoms of the Gnomes and Air-Spirits. Remember that, if you let it go out, all will be lost; nevertheless, you must on no account go outside the circle to gather more fagots, if those that are already here get used up. You may, perhaps, be tempted to do otherwise; but if you yield to the temptation, all will go wrong; and the only way your brother Henry can be saved will be for you to get into the fire yourself, in place of the fagots."

Though Prince Frank did not much like the idea of being left alone in the woods all night, still, since it was for his brother's sake, he consented; but he made up his mind to be very careful not to use up the fagots too fast, or to go outside the ring. So Princess Hilda and Tom the cat bid him farewell, and then the cat stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away! right up the tall pine-tree they went, and were out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

V.

AFTER climbing upward for a long time, they came at last to the tip-top of the pine-tree, which was on a level with the clouds. The cat waited until a large cloud sailed along pretty near them, and then, bidding Princess Hilda hold on tight, they made a spring together, and alighted very cleverly on the cloud's edge. Off sailed the cloud with them on its back, and soon brought them to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Spirit you meet to show you the way to the place where the Queen sits; and when you have found her, ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is. But be careful not to sit down, however much you may be

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tempted to do so; for if you do, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented; only she made up her mind on no account to sit down, no matter what happened. So she bid the cat farewell, and walked off. Pretty soon, she met an Air-Spirit, carrying its nose in the air, as all Air-Spirits do.

"Can you tell me the way to the place where the Queen sits?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want of her?" asked the Air-Spirit.

"I want to ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is," answered Princess Hilda.

"She sits on the top of that large star up yonder," said the Air-Spirit; "but unless you can carry your nose more in the air than you do, I don't believe you will get her to tell you anything."

Princess Hilda, however, did not feel so much like carrying her nose in the air as she had felt at any time since the black spot came upon her forehead; and she set out to climb toward the Queen's star very sorrowfully; and all the Spirits who met her said:

"See how she hangs her head! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gates of the star, and walked in; and there was the Queen of the Air-Spirits sitting in the midst of it. As soon as she saw Princess Hilda, she said:

"You have come a long way, and you look very tired. Come here and sit down beside me."

"No, your Majesty," replied Princess Hilda, though she was really so tired that she could hardly stand, "there is no time to be lost; where is the Diamond Water-drop?"

"That is a foolish thing to come after," said the Queen. "However, sit down here and let us talk about it. I have been expecting you."

But Princess Hilda shook her head.

"Listen to me," said the Queen. "I know that you like to order people about, and to make them do what you please, whether they like it or not. Now, if you will sit down here, I will let you be Queen of the Air-Spirits instead of me; you shall carry your nose in the air, and everybody shall do what you please, whether they like it or not."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt for a moment very much tempted to do as the Queen asked her. But the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry, standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. So she cried, and said:

"Oh, Queen of the Air-Spirits, I am so sorry for my little brother that I do not care any longer to carry my nose in the air, or to make people mind me, whether they like it or not; I only want the Diamond Water-drop, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower. Can you tell me where it is?"

Then the Queen smiled upon her, and said:

"It is on your own cheek!"

Princess Hilda was so astonished that she could only look at the Queen without speaking.

"Yes," continued the Queen, kindly, "you might have searched throughout all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious Drop, had you not loved your little brother Henry more than to be Queen. That tear upon your cheek, which you shed for love of him, is the Diamond Water-drop, Hilda; keep it in this little crystal bottle; be prudent and resolute, and sooner or later Henry will be free again."

As she spoke, she held out a little crystal bottle, and the tear from Princess Hilda's cheek fell into it, and the Queen hung it about her neck by a coral chain, and kissed her, and bid her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this Queen's before; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the cloud which had brought her to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the little crystal bottle hanging round her neck by its coral chain, he said:

"So far, all has gone well; but we have still to find the Golden Ivy-seed. There is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it; they sprang off the cloud and away! down they went till it seemed to her as if they never would be done falling. At last, however, they alighted softly on the top of a hay-mow, and in another moment were safe on the earth again.

Close beside the hay-mow was a field-mouse's hole, and the cat began scratching at it with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt in a great heap behind, till in a few minutes a great passage was made through to the center of the earth.

"Keep hold of my tail," said the cat, and into the passage they went.

It was quite dark inside, and if it had not been for the cat's eyes, which shone like two yellow lamps, they might have missed their way. As it was, however, they got along famously, and pretty soon arrived at the center of the earth, where was the kingdom of the Gnomes.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Gnome you meet to show you the place where the King works; and when you have found him, ask him

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where the Golden Ivy-seed is. But be careful to do everything that he bids you, no matter how little you may like it; for, if you do not, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented; only she made up her mind to do everything the King bade her, whatever happened. Pretty soon she met a Gnome, who was running along on all-fours.

"Can you show me the place where the King works?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want with him?" asked the Gnome.

PRINCESS HILDA BEFORE THE QUEEN OF THE AIR-SPIRITS.

"I want to ask him where the Golden Ivy-seed is," answered Princess Hilda.

"He works in that great field over yonder," said the Gnome; "but unless you can walk on all-fours better than you do, I don't believe he will tell you anything."

Princess Hilda had never walked on all-fours since the black spot came on her forehead; so she went onward just as she was, and all the Gnomes who met her said:

"See how upright she walks! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gate of the field, and walked in; and there was the King on all-fours in the midst of it. As soon as he saw Princess Hilda, he said:

"Get down on all-fours this instant! How dare you come into my kingdom walking upright?"

"Oh, your majesty," said Hilda, though she was a good deal frightened at the way the King spoke,

"there is no time to be lost; where is the Golden Ivy-seed?"

"The Golden Ivy-seed is not given to people with stiff necks," replied the King. "Get down on all-fours at once, or else go about your business!"

Then Princess Hilda remembered what the cat had told her, and got down on all-fours without a word.

"Now listen to me," said the King. "I shall harness you to that plow in the place of my horse, and you must draw it up and down over this field until the whole is plowed, while I follow behind with the whip. Come! There is no time to lose."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt tempted for a moment to refuse; but the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back; so she said:

"O King of the Gnomes! I am so sorry for my little brother that I will do as you bid me, and all I ask in return is that you will give me the Golden Ivy-seed, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower."

The King said nothing, but harnessed Hilda to the plow, and she drew it up and down over the field until the whole was plowed, while he followed behind with the whip. Then he freed her from her trappings, and told her to go about her business.

"But where is the Golden Ivy-seed?" asked she, piteously.

"I have no Golden Ivy-seed," answered the King; "ask yourself where it is!"

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Then poor Princess Hilda's heart was broken, and she sank down on the ground and sobbed out, quite in despair:

"Oh, what shall I do to save my little brother!"

But at that the King smiled upon her and said:

"Put your hand over your heart, Hilda, and see what you find there."

Princess Hilda was so surprised that she could say nothing; but she put her hand over her heart, and felt something fall into the palm of her hand, and when she looked at it, behold! it was the Golden Ivy-seed.

"Yes," said the King, kindly; "you might have searched through all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious seed, had you not loved your brother so much as to let yourself be driven like a horse in the plow for his sake. Keep the Golden Ivy-seed in this little pearl box; be humble, gentle and patient, and sooner or later your brother will be free."

As he spoke, he fastened a little pearl box to her girdle with a jeweled clasp, and kissed her, and bade her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this King's before; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the mouth of the passage by which she had descended to the kingdom of the Gnomes, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the pearl box at her girdle, he said:

"So far, all goes well; but now we must see whether or not Prince Frank has kept the fire going; there is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan; Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away they went back through the passage again, and were out at the other end in the twinkling of an eye.

(To be continued.)

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LITTLE NICHOLAS;
AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN.

BY JAMES H. FLINT.

THE violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fineness of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument, but Paganini stands alone the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When Nicholas was four years old he had the measles. But this usually mild disease took, in his case, a very violent form, so that the poor little fellow was thought to be dying, and even, at one time, dead. For a whole day he lay motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. But the world was not to be deprived of his wonderful genius; although, if he had died then, he would have been spared a life of great suffering.

Before he was well over this sickness, and before he could speak plainly, his father—who was very severe with him—put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies, but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely. Sometimes, food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment.

His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvelous and extraordinary, —that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects. His musical instinct seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him.

Soon, the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed, at this time, his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward he made what was considered his first public appearance, or *debut*, in the great theater of Genoa, at the request of two noted singers,—Marchési and Albertinotti.

Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of

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Rolla's instruction for a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master-hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla, on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, head-strong, and, in various ways, led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

PAGANINI.

Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves: One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy playing upon a violin,

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PAGANINI IN PRISON.

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and, on entering into conversation with him, learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a traveling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then, taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a collection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string,—the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After traveling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill-health.

As one of his biographers says: the precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected. In becoming the absolute master of his instrument, he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

HEIMDALL.

By Augusta Larned.

[The Elder Edda is a collection of ancient ballads containing an account of the gods of Scandinavian and German mythology. It was made by the native priests of Iceland, who embraced Christianity about the end of the tenth century. Asenheim was the country of the gods, and Asgard was its principal city. Odin was the chief of the gods. Thor was the strongest of all the gods, and fought and conquered the giants with his great hammer. Baldur was the beautiful god of light and summer who was slain by the malice of Loki, an evil spirit. Hænir was sometimes the companion of Odin and Loki on their clandestine visits to the earth.]

In the Elder Edda I read it,
That volume of wonder lore
How Heimdall, a god of credit,
Was watchman at Heaven's door.

The sight of his eye was keenest
Of all in Asgard's towers,
For he saw, when earth was greenest,
Pale Autumn amid the flowers.

His ear was the best at hearing
Of all above or below;
When the Spring-time's step was nearing,
He heard the grasses grow.

He heard the talk of the fishes
Deep down in the silent sea,
And even the unbreathed wishes
Of chick in its shell heard he.

He heard the feathers growing,
And wool on the old sheep's back,
And even the light cloud snowing
Far off on the sunbeam's track.

He knew what birds are thinking
That brood o'er the crowded nest,
Ere their fledgeling's eyes are blinking,
And the song is warm in the breast.

And why were his senses keener
Than all in that magic clime,
Than Odin, and Thor, and Hænir,
And Baldur of Asenheim?

I think—it is only guessing—
Heimdall was loving as wise,
And Nature who bent in blessing
Anointed his ears and eyes.

And should we but love undoubting,
Perchance, ah! who can tell,
We might hear the corn-blade sprouting,
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.

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JOTTINGS *VERSUS* DOINGS.

BY MARGARET H. ECKERSON.

MARGY sat beside the west window of her room, a large atlas upon her lap, and on it a book made of twenty-four sheets of letter-paper sewed together. On the outer page was written, "My Journal, 186—," and opening it, page after page of closely written, cramped lines could be seen, in which Margy had detailed various scenes and incidents of her daily life and chronicled sundry impressions.

Little Miss Margy, aged twelve, was not an unpleasing object as she sat there with her bonny brown hair and pink cheeks, and her room was neat and inviting after a fashion, although the carpet was only rag, the chairs were cane-seated, and the wash-stand was old-fashioned, with just enough space on it for bowl and pitcher, soap-dish and water-mug. Then there were an ancient rocking-chair, and two white-counterpaned beds,—one for the occupancy of Margy and her year-older sister, Bib; the other, the nest where Flaxie and Frizzle, the two smaller children, slept nightly; and a red-covered table, strewed with books and papers, stood in the center of the room. Margy, who had a fondness for scribbling, used oftentimes to sit up here and write. She could express her thoughts quite fluently with the pen, for a little girl, and therefore cherished the idea that she was literary, and confidently expected to write a book, or a dozen of them, some day.

Meanwhile, she composed rhyming lines, which she called poetry, about "trees and bees, clouds and shrouds, blows and snows, plumes and flumes," and so on, which effusions she read and re-read with great satisfaction, and then locked up in her drawer. Other times, descending to plainer prose, she linked together a profusion of adjectives, and told of glancing, dancing sunbeams; roaring, rushing cataracts; rustling, whispering leaves; and depicted characters quite different from any in real life.

Bib, who knotted her forehead, and fretted over her school compositions, listened with jealous admiration to Margy's stories, and tender-hearted Flaxie wept sorely as she listened eagerly to the pathetic adventures of some of the characters.

However, for the past couple of months, Margy had taken to writing something which she concealed determinedly from Bib's prying eyes, and which she grandly told Flaxie "she could not read aloud, for it was her journal."

She had read several memoirs, the fair subjects of which had kept journals, and these diaries, after their deaths, had fallen into the hands of their friends, and had been read and wept over, the lovely characters of the lost ones so shining forth from every page that, too late, it was known that they had never been truly appreciated.

Well, probably, Margery would die young,—she sometimes felt as if she would,—and in that case what a precious legacy her family would consider her journal!

Therefore, with such ideas in her curly pate, it is no wonder she wrote as if for survivors to read, and instead of keeping a sensible diary, good for reference, if she needed it, scribbled away in a bombastical, adjective-y manner, and never made herself on paper the real faulty Margy she actually was.

"'HUSH!' WHISPERED MARGY, WITH A WARNING GESTURE."

Looking over her shoulder, we can see what she is writing.

"June 6th.—O, what a lovely, balmy day! The

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air is full of the fragrant scent of roses; the oriole chants dulcet strains in the maples; fleecy clouds float in the cerulean blue; the whole world is a poem. I have half a mind to write a little poem here, but, dear Journal, it would only blot your snowy pages. I wrote a poem on Baby Pearl yesterday. Mother liked it so much that she put it away and said 'she meant to keep it'; and father patted my head and said 'I was a rhymer.' 'It 's jingle-dingle, is n't it, Peggy?' he said. But who could help being inspired by Baby Pearl? She is such a cherub! Such delicate tints and charming curves, such violet, long-lashed eyes! Such innocence and tender trustfulness!"

Just here the pen, traveling from the ink-stand, remained suspended, for mother's voice was heard at the foot of the stair calling "Margy!" and, sad to tell, Margy's answering "Ma'am!" was snapped out in a very cross way.

"I want you to come down for a while and rock Pearl to sleep."

"Oh, dear," said Margy, vexedly, "it 's always ''tend that baby,'" and putting her journal in the atlas, and the atlas under the feather-bed,—for Bib would, when chance offered, prowl around to find the mysterious journal,—she ungraciously obeyed the summons.

After all, the June morning was n't so delightful as she had imagined.

It was the weekly wash-day, and Mrs. Finnigan was rubbing away in the kitchen, from which came the penetrating odor of soap-suds. Mother was hurried and tired, and Pearl lay wide-awake in her cradle, undecided whether to break out into a rebellious wail, or resign herself to the course of events.

"I would not have called you down, dear," said mother, "but I must get the dinner, and Pearl has to be put to sleep."

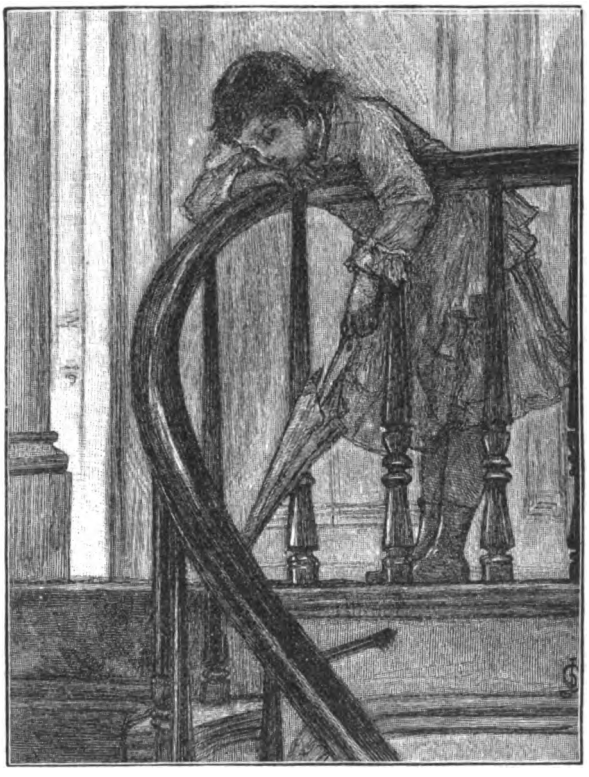
"Why could n't Bib rock her, or Flaxie?" asked Margy.

"Bib is practicing," dear.

Margy rocked the cradle very discontentedly. She quite failed to be inspired by Pearl's long lashes or delicate tints and charming curves, now. Pearl was only a painfully wide-awake baby, who complained in unintelligible murmurs of the numerous trials of infant life, and amused herself by stretching forth fat fists and dimpled arms, and vainly trying to reach the cradle-top.

It seemed a long, long time before she showed the slightest inclination to close her eyes on outer scenes, and just as she did, who should come trotting heedlessly in but three-year-old Frizzle.

"Hush!" whispered Margy, with a warning gesture; but Frizzle always failed to heed admonitions. "Ba-bye! ba-bye!" she called, lovingly, and Baby, just on the verge of dream-land, heard the call, and opened sudden, bright eyes to the little sister's face.



"SHE LEANED OVER THE BANISTERS AND CALLED BIB."

Margy wanted to cry, out of sheer annoyance.

"You are a naughty, bad girl!" she cried, hotly. "Mother, here 's Frizzle, who came in and woke Pearl on purpose. I wish you would punish her."

"Me never waked Ba-bye on purpose," protested the indignant Frizzle. "Margy 's cross, ugly girl. Baby is so glad I come, and I just called her pretty."

Mother, seeing how matters stood, made peace by coming in and leading away Frizzle, who trotted contentedly off, willing to go off anywhere with "her good, nice mamma," and Margy was left to brood over the new annoyance.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, petulantly; "that hateful Frizzle! And now I 'll have to begin all over again. Shut your eyes, Baby. By-low, Baby; by-low!"

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Oh, how disagreeable that soap-suds odor was! How faded and worn the carpet looked now that the sun shone full upon it! And the bureau had not been dusted this morning, and some one had dragged the table-cloth all to one side! It was too bad that mother never made Bib tidy up things.

"Everything of that sort is left for me to do," complained Margy, finding fresh cause for ill-feeling, and then, looking down at Baby, she saw to her relief that she was actually asleep. Therefore, fastening the gauze netting carefully over her, she stole softly away up to her sanctum, as she was fond of calling her room. Once there, she took her journal from its repose under the bed, and again began her jottings.

"——— Dear Journal, that dash stands for half an hour's absence, during which time I have been down rocking Pearl to sleep. Mother thinks I have more patience than Bib to 'tend her, and always calls me to do it. And, of course, one must 'tend to duty. Pearl was n't one bit sleepy, but was just in the mood for a grand frolic. She must have thought it a hardship to be allowed no will of her own in the matter. However, sleep at last conquered the citadel, the blue-veined lids closed and their long lashes swept the downy cheeks, and she lay a sweet picture of unconscious innocence. Darling Pearl!

"I cannot keep my eyes from wandering from this page, the sunshine rests so brightly on the hills. There are spots, however, on the mountains, shadows of clouds.

"Alas! everything has its shadows. 'Into each life some rain must fall.' Mrs. Finnigan is down in the yard, hanging out the clothes. Poor woman, her husband is very unkind to her, and her boys are wild, dissolute creatures! I do pity her. I feel so sorry for any one whose life is checkered. It must be terrible to be unkindly treated. Love ought to be the ruling spirit of our lives. Kindness should mark our deeds to all about us, unselfishness crown with its garlands our acts."

Just here, the door came open with a bang, and Bib came flying in like a small whirlwind.

"O, Margy, I am going to Mrs. Tozzle's with Pa, and I must change my dress, and put on a clean collar! Dear me! Where 's my other dress and clean skirt? Hurry, and hook me up; Pa 's 'most ready!" Bib was looking in the top bureau drawer, now, and energetically tossing things about.

"Dear me, I have n't one clean collar here! What 's become of mine? Oh, I know, I never put my soiled ones in the wash last week! Lend me one, Marge. Here, I 'll take this one with lace on!"

Margy, standing at Bib's shoulder, looked vexed enough.

"You do muss things up so," she said, sharply. "You are too careless to live, and you might keep your own collars. You have more than I have, but you never know where to find your things."

Above all things Bib hated reproof, especially from her younger sister, and the flavor of truth in the speech touched her.

"Don't trouble yourself to find fault, missie," she said, tossing her curly head; "we all know who thinks herself a paragon and gives 'pieces of her mind' away every chance she can get. If there 's one thing I hate, though, it is mean stinginess. Keep your old collar! If Pa asks why I wear a dirty one, I 'll tell him why."

Margy's face flushed hotly as she tossed her the collar. "There, take it!"

"Give a dog a bone," chanted Bib, pinning it on with alacrity. "Where 's my gloves? There, I forgot, my parasol is broken! Will you let me take yours?"

"No," snapped Margy.

Bib did not insist.

"Sit and hold it over your own head in the room," she called as she ran down the stairs.

Margy walked slowly over to the closet, and took from behind a pile of sheets on the shelf a blue-silk parasol. Then, as if going to her own execution, went out into the hall, and leaning over the banisters, called "Bib!"

But no answer came, and, a moment after, she heard the rattle of wheels down the road.

"Very well," she said; "like as not she would have broken it, and faded it all out."

Mother had bought them each a new one only a fortnight before, and Bib had carelessly left hers on a chair where it had been sat upon and broken, since which accident Margy had been in a state of chronic expectation that she would ask for the loan of hers. Well, she had asked it and been refused; but Margy did not feel exactly comfortable as she put it away. Hot tears fell from her eyes as she tidied up both her own and Bib's half of the drawer.

"Bib musses up everything so," she said. "It 's just carelessness that makes her lose and break her things. If I lend once, I might a dozen times. Let her call me mean and stingy, and tell Pa, too!—— Flaxie, what do you want?"—six-year-old Flaxie, with her sunny hair and sweet blue eyes, had come in and was looking contentedly into the drawer.

"Fixing your things?" said Flaxie, mildly. "Will you please give me a picture?" pointing to a pasteboard box, filled with engravings and all sorts of pictures that Margy had cut out and was hoarding up.

She meant to decorate a table with them some day after a fancy of her own. She intended to paste them on it and varnish them over, and thought she would then possess a work of art equal to a mosaic.

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"No, I can't give you one, Flaxie, for I want them."

"Well, just let me look at them, please, Margy," pleaded patient Flaxie; "I 'll be very careful; I wont tear them!"

"No, not now," answered Margy, who hated to have them disturbed. "Why *can't* you run downstairs and play with Frizzle, like a good girl!"

NOT IN THE JOURNAL.

The disappointed child turned meekly away, and again Margy was free to take up her journal.

"Dear, dear!" she wrote; "it is all interruption this morning! Bib just rushed in to fix to go with father to Mrs. Tozzle's! I do wish Bib was more orderly. I lent her a collar, and I would have loaned her my parasol, but she was gone when I called her. But these things are too unimportant to write about. There goes Mr. Morrell, the undertaker, to Mrs. Riggs's. Her mother died this morning. Another mortal gone! Out under the grasses and the daisies and the blue sky they will soon lay her to rest. The winds will chant a requiem over her grave; the stars will keep nightly watch above her.

"How sweet to be thus at rest! When I die, and my pale hands are folded calmly over a pulseless heart, I want them to bury me in a sunny spot, where the birds trill sweet melodies and green branches wave. Over my head I want them to plant stainless roses, and on the marble head-stone I want graven the simple words, 'At Rest!'"

"Ding-dong!" sounded the dinner-bell, and Margy, not unpleased to hear its summons, sprang up with alacrity, laid her journal on the table, as Bib was not there to peep within it, and started hastily for the stairs. But, somehow or other, she never knew how, her foot slipped on the top step,

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and she went rolling and bumping down the long, narrow flight, and then lay, a little, quiet heap at the bottom!

"Oh," cried her affrighted mother, hastening with colorless face into the hall, "what is the matter?"

Flaxie and Frizzle, filled with consternation, appeared on the scene and lifted up wailing voices, and Mrs. Finnigan, all soap-suds and alarm, picked up the still form.

"Margy is killed!" sobbed Flaxie.

"Gone deaded!" screamed Frizzle.

"Hush, hush!" said mother, as she helped Mrs. Finnigan bear the hurt child to the lounge.

A few moments after, Margy opened bewildered eyes on the frightened group. The pungent smell of the camphor with which her mother was bathing her head, the children's cries, the pale faces of the women, terrified her, and a sudden, woful thought smote her like a dagger!

"Oh, mother," she cried, wildly, "I fell! Did I kill myself? Will I die? Oh, I don't want to die! I can't die, mother!"

The dear mother-arms pressed her closely; the mother-voice, hopeful and cheery, re-assured her.

"No, Margy dear, you are not badly hurt, only stunned somewhat, thank the Lord."

"Yes, yees may well say 'thank the Lord,'" said Mrs. Finnigan, wiping her eyes. "Ef it hadent bin for his mercy, the swate darlin' might have been kilt entirely," and the good-hearted woman went thankfully back to her toil.

After this, Flaxie and Frizzle ceased their outcries; mother bathed Margy's swollen shoulder, and in a short time she felt able to eat her dinner, and reply in the negative to the children's solicitous remark, "Is she hurted very much now?"

She limped stiffly up to her room a while later, intent on finishing a sack for Baby Pearl, and, going to the table for her work-basket, could not fail to see the open journal, lying beside it. She read her last sentimental effusion with a burning blush and an impatient ejaculation. She remembered now that in her moment of agonizing fear she had had no thoughts of green grasses waving over a sunny hillock, or stainless roses pressing a white head-stone, or being "at rest!" She remembered only the awful pang that smote her when she thought she must go away from father and mother, from Flaxie and Frizzle and Pearl,—go away all alone out of her warm, breathing life into the presence of her Maker!

"I have n't written the real truth about anything," she said, leaning over the pages, and glancing contemptuously over her "dear journal." "Now, to-day, I never said I was mad about putting Pearl to sleep. Did n't want to lend Bib anything; was selfish to Flaxie, and—that stuff about dying! I know one thing, I sha' n't keep a journal any more,—not such a one, anyway,—and Bib can hunt around for this now until she is tired!"

"What is burning?" asked the mother, a little anxiously, as she came upstairs a while later to see how Margy fared.

"Nothing; I 've only been making a bonfire of my journal," answered Margy, looking with a blush toward some charred remnants in the wash-bowl.

"I was sorry to-day when Margy told me she had burned her journal," said the minister's wife to him as they sat alone that evening, all the children, from Bib down, being tucked securely into bed. "She once or twice read me some pretty extracts from it, one especially, about a sunset. I always thought if anything happened to her I should like to keep the book as a memento."

The minister smiled a queer little smile. Perhaps he might have kept a journal once, but of that we are not presumed to know.

"Margy's burnt journal is no loss to her, dear," he said, mildly, "for sometimes there is a vast difference between jottings and doings."

The mother actually looked puzzled as she touched the cradle-rocker with her foot; but I think that Margy, had she heard, would have understood. Don't you?

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"WHY, HOW DO YOU DO?"

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. CHIPPERTON.

I TOOK hold of the boat, and pulled the bow up on the beach. Mr. Chipperton looked around at me.

"Why, how do you do?" said he.

For an instant I could not answer him, I was so angry, and then I said:

"What did you——? How did you come to take our boat away?"

"Your boat!" he exclaimed, "Is this your boat? I did n't know that. But where is my boat? Did you see a sail-boat leave here! It is very strange! remarkably strange! I don't know what to make of it."

"I know nothing about a sail-boat," said I. "If we had seen one leave here, we should have gone home in her. Why did you take our boat?"

Mr. Chipperton had now landed.

"I came over here," he said, "with my wife and daughter. We were in a sail-boat, with a man to manage it. My wife would not come otherwise. We came to see the light-house, but I do not care for light-houses,—I have seen a great many of them. I am passionately fond of the water. Seeing a small boat here which no one was using, I let the man conduct my wife and Corny—my daughter—up to the light-house, while I took a little row. I know the man. He is very trustworthy. He would let no harm come to them. There was a pair of oars in the sail-boat, and I took them, and rowed down the creek, and then went along the river, below the town; and, I assure you, sir, I went a great deal farther than I intended, for the tide was with me. But it was n't with me coming back, of course, and I had a very hard time of it. I thought I never should get back. This boat of yours, sir, seems to be an uncommonly hard boat to row."

"Against a strong tide, I suppose it is," said I; "but I wish you had n't taken it. Here I have been waiting, ever so long, and my friend——"

"Oh! I 'm sorry, too," interrupted Mr. Chipperton, who had been looking about, as if he expected to see his sail-boat somewhere under the trees. "I can't imagine what could have become of my boat, my wife and my child. If I had staid here, they could not have sailed away without my knowing it. It would even have been better to go with them, although, as I said before, I don't care for light-houses."

"Well," said I, not quite as civilly as I generally speak to people older than myself, "your boat has gone, that is plain enough. I suppose, when your family came from the light-house, they thought you had gone home, and so went themselves."

"That 's very likely," said he,—"very likely, indeed. Or, it may be that Corny would n't wait. She is not good at waiting. She persuaded her mother to sail away, no doubt. But now, I suppose you will take me home in your boat, and the sooner we get off the better, for it is growing late."

"You need n't be in a hurry, said I, "for I am not going off until my friend comes back. You gave him a good long walk to the other end of the island."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chipperton. "How was that?"

Then I told him all about it.

"Do you think that the flat-boat is likely to be there yet?" he asked.

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"It 's gone long ago!" said I; "and I 'm afraid Rectus has lost his way, either going there, or coming back."

I said this as much to myself as to my companion, for I had walked back a little, to look up the path. I could not see far, for it was growing dark. I was terribly worried about Rectus, and would have gone to look for him, but I was afraid that if I left Mr. Chipperton, he would go off with the boat.

Directly Mr. Chipperton set up a yell.

"Hi! hi! hi!" he cried.

I ran down to the pier, and saw a row-boat approaching.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Chipperton, "come this way! Come here! Boat ahoy!"

"We 're coming," shouted a man from the boat. "Ye need n't holler for us."

And in a few more strokes the boat touched land. There were two men in it.

"Did you come for me?" cried Mr. Chipperton.

"No," said the man who had spoken, "we came for this other party, but I reckon you can come along."

"For me?" said I. "Who sent you?"

"Your pardner," said the man. "He came over in a flat-boat, and he said you was stuck here, for somebody had stole your boat, and so he sent us for you."

"And he 's over there, is he!" said I.

"Yes, he 's all right, eatin' his supper, I reckon. But is n't this here your boat?"

"Yes, it is," I said, "and I 'm going home in it. You can take the other man."

And without saying another word, I picked up my oars, which I had brought from the bushes, jumped into my boat, and pushed off.

"I reckon you 're a little riled, aint ye?" said the man, but I made him no answer, and left him to explain to Mr. Chipperton his remark about stealing the boat. They set off soon after me, and we had a race down the creek. I *was* "a little riled," and I pulled so hard that the other boat did not catch up to me until we got out into the river. Then it passed me, but it did n't get to town much before I did.

The first person I met on the pier was Rectus. He had had his supper, and had come down to watch for me. I was so angry, that I would not speak to him. He kept by my side, though, as I walked up to the house, excusing himself for going off and leaving me.

"You see, it was n't any use for me to take that long walk back there to the creek. I told the men of the fix we were in, and they said they 'd send somebody for us, but they thought I 'd better come along with them, as I was there."

I had a great mind to say something here, but I did n't.

"It would n't have done you any good for me to come back through the woods, in the dark. The boat would n't get over to you any faster. You see, if there 'd been any good at all in it, I would have come back—but there was n't."

All this might have been very true, but I remembered how I had sat and walked and thought and worried about Rectus, and his explanation did me no good.

When I reached the house, I found that our landlady, who was one of the very best women in all Florida, had saved me a splendid supper—hot and smoking. I was hungry enough, and I enjoyed this meal, until there did n't seem to be a thing left. I felt in a better humor then, and I hunted up Rectus, and we talked along as if nothing had happened. It was n't easy to keep mad with Rectus, because he did n't get mad himself. And, besides, he had a good deal of reason on his side.

It was a lovely evening, and pretty nearly all the people of the town were out-of-doors. Rectus and I took a walk around the "Plaza,"—a public square planted thick with live-oak and pride-of-India trees, and with a monument in the center with a Spanish inscription on it, stating how the king of Spain once gave a very satisfactory charter to the town. Rectus and I agreed, however, that we would rather have a pride-of-India tree, than a charter, as far as we were concerned. These trees have on them long bunches of blossoms, which smell deliciously.

"Now, then," said I, "I think it 's about time for us to be moving along. I 'm beginning to feel about that Corny family as you do."

"Oh, I only objected to the girl," said Rectus, in an off-hand way.

"Well, I object to the father," said I. "I think we 've had enough, anyway, of fathers and daughters. I hope the next couple we fall in with will be a mother and a son."

"What 's the next place on the bill?" asked Rectus.

"Well," said I, "we ought to take a trip up the Oclawaha River. That 's one of the things to do. It will take us two or three days, and we can leave our baggage here and come back again. Then if we want to stay, we can, and if we don't, we need n't."

"All right," said Rectus. "Let 's be off tomorrow."

The next morning, I went to buy the Oclawaha tickets, while Rectus staid home to pack up our hand-bags, and, I believe, to sew some buttons on his clothes. He could sew buttons on so strongly

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that they would never come off again, without bringing the piece out with them.

The ticket-office was in a small store, where you could get any kind of alligator or sea-bean combination that the mind could dream of. We had been in there before to look at the things. I found I was in luck, for the store-keeper told me that it was not often that people could get berths on the little Oclawaha steamboats without engaging them some days ahead; but he had a couple of state-rooms left, for the boat that left Pilatka the next day. I took one room as quick as lightning, and I had just paid for the tickets when Mr. Chipperton and Corny walked in.

"How d 'ye do?" said he, as cheerfully as if he had never gone off with another fellow's boat. "Buying tickets for the Oclawaha?"

I had to say yes, and then he wanted to know when we were going. I was n't very quick to answer; but the store-keeper said:

"He 's just taken the last room but one in the boat that leaves Pilatka to-morrow morning."

"And when do you leave here to catch that boat," said Mr. Chipperton.

"This afternoon,—and stay all night at Pilatka."

"Oh father! father!" cried Corny, who had been standing with her eyes and ears wide open, all this time, "let 's go! let 's go!"

"I believe I will," said Mr. Chipperton,—"I believe I will. You say you have one more room. All right. I 'll take it. This will be very pleasant, indeed," said he, turning to me. "It will be quite a party. It 's ever so much better to go to such places in a party. We 've been thinking of going for some time, and I 'm so glad I happened in here now. Good-bye. We 'll see you this afternoon at the depot."

I did n't say anything about being particularly glad, but just as I left the door, Corny ran out after me.

"Do you think it would be any good to take a fishing-line?" she cried.

"Guess you 'd better," I shouted back, and then I ran home, laughing.

"Here are the tickets!" I cried out to Rectus, "and we 've got to be at the station by four o'clock this afternoon. There 's no backing out, now."

"Who wants to back out?" said Rectus, looking up from his trunk, into which he had been diving.

"Can 't say," I answered. "But I know one person who wont back out."

"Who 's that?"

"Corny," said I.

Rectus stood up.

"Cor——!" he exclaimed.

"Ny," said I, "and father and mother. They took the only room left,—engaged it while I was there."

"Can't we sell our tickets?" asked Rectus.

"Don't know," said I. "But what 's the good? Who 's going to be afraid of a girl,—or a whole family, for that matter. We 're in for it now."

Rectus didn't say anything, but his expression saddened.

We had studied out this trip the night before, and knew just what we had to do. We first went from St. Augustine, on the sea-coast, to Tocoi, on the St. John's River, by a railroad fifteen miles long. Then we took a steamboat up the St. John's to Pilatka, and the next morning left for the Oclawaha, which runs into the St. John's about twenty-five miles above, on the other side of the river.

We found the Corny family at the station, all right, and Corny immediately informed me that she had a fishing-line, but did n't bring a pole, because her father said he could cut her one, if it was needed. He did n't know whether it was "throw-out" fishing or not, on that river.

There used to be a wooden railroad here, and the cars were pulled by mules. It was probably more fun to travel that way, but it took longer. Now they have steel rails and everything that a regular grown-up railroad has. We knew the engineer, for Mr. Cholott had introduced us to him one day, on the club-house wharf. He was a first-rate fellow, and let us ride on the engine. I did n't believe, at first, that Rectus would do this; but there was only one passenger car, and after the Corny family got into that, he did n't hesitate a minute about the engine.

We had a splendid ride. We went slashing along through the woods the whole way, and as neither of us had ever ridden on an engine before, we made the best of our time. We found out what every crank and handle was for and kept a sharp look-out ahead, through the little windows in the cab. If we had caught an alligator on the cow-catcher, the thing would have been complete. The engineer said there used to be alligators along by the road, in the swampy places, but he guessed the engine had frightened most of them away.

The trip did n't take forty minutes, so we had scarcely time to learn the whole art of engine-driving, but we were very glad to have had the ride.

We found the steamboat waiting for us at Tocoi, which is such a little place that I don't believe either of us noticed it, as we hurried aboard. The St. John's is a splendid river, as wide as a young lake; but we did not have much time to see it, as it grew dark pretty soon, and the supper-bell rang.

We reached Pilatka pretty early in the evening, and there we had to stay all night. Mr. Chipperton told me, confidentially, that he thought this whole arrangement was a scheme to make money

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out of travelers. The boat we were in ought to have kept on and taken us up the Oclawaha; "but," said he, "I suppose that would n't suit the hotel-keepers. I expect they divide the profits with the boats."

By good luck, I thought, the Corny family and ourselves went to different hotels to spend the night. When I congratulated Rectus on this fact, he only said:

"It don't matter for one night. We 'll catch 'em all bad enough to-morrow."

And he was right. When we went down to the wharf the next morning to find the Oclawaha boat, the first persons we saw were Mr. Chipperton, with his wife and daughter. They were standing, gazing at the steamboat which was to take us on our trip.

"Is n't this a funny boat?" said Corny, as soon as she saw us. It *was* a very funny boat. It was not much longer than an ordinary tug, and quite narrow, but was built up as high as a two-story house, and the wheel was in the stern. Rectus compared her to a river wheelbarrow.

Soon after we were on board, she started off, and then we had a good chance to see the St. John's. We had been down to look at the river before, for we got up very early and walked about the town. It is a pretty sort of a new place, with wide streets and some handsome houses. The people have orange groves in their gardens instead of potato-patches,—as we have up north. Before we started, we hired a rifle. We had been told that there was plenty of game on the river, and that most gentlemen who took the trip carried guns. Rectus wanted to get two rifles, but I thought one was enough. We could take turns, and I knew I 'd feel safer if I had nothing to do but to keep my eye on Rectus while he had the gun.

There were not many passengers on board, and indeed there was not room for more than twenty-five or thirty. Most of them who could find places sat out on a little upper deck, in front of the main cabin, which was in the top story. Mrs. Chipperton, however, staid in the saloon, or dining-room, and looked out of the windows. She was a quiet woman, and had an air as if she had to act as shaft-horse for the team, and was pretty well used to holding back. And I reckon she had a good deal of it to do.

One party attracted our attention as soon as we went aboard. It was made up of a lady and two gentlemen-hunters. The lady was n't a hunter, but she was dressed in a suitable costume to go about with fellows who had on hunting-clothes. The men wore long yellow boots that came ever so far up their legs, and they had on all the belts and hunting fixings that the law allows. The lady wore yellow gloves to match the men's boots. As we were going up the St. John's, the two men strode about, in an easy kind of a way, as if they wanted us to understand that this sort of thing was nothing to them. They were used to it, and could wear that style of boots every day if they wanted to. Rectus called them "the yellow-legged party," which was n't a bad name.

After steaming about twenty-five miles up the St. John's River, we went in close to the western shore, and then made a sharp turn into a narrow opening between the tall trees, and sailed right into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STEAMBOAT IN THE FOREST.

WE were in a narrow river, where the tall trees met overhead, while their lower branches and the smaller trees brushed against the little boat as it steamed along. This was the Oclawaha River, and Rectus and I thought it was as good as fairy-land. We stood on the bow of the boat, which was n't two feet above the water, and took in everything there was to see.

The river wound around in among the great trees, so that we seldom could see more than a few hundred yards ahead, and every turn we made showed us some new picture of green trees and hanging moss and glimpses into the heart of the forest, while everything was reflected in the river, which was as quiet as a looking-glass.

"Talk of theaters!" said Rectus.

"No, don't!" said I.

At this moment we both gave a little jump, for a gun went off just behind us. We turned around quickly and saw that the tall yellow-legs had just fired at a big bird. He did n't hit it.

"Hello!" said Rectus, "we 'd better get our gun. The game is beginning to show itself." And off he ran for the rifle.

I did n't know that Rectus had such a blood-thirsty style of mind; but there were a good many things about him that I did n't know. When he came back, he loaded the rifle, which was a little breech-loader, and began eagerly looking about for game.

Corny had been on the upper deck; but in a minute or two she came running out to us.

"Oh! do you know," she called out, "that there are alligators in this river? Do you think they could crawl up into the boat? We go awfully near shore sometimes. They sleep on shore. I do hope I 'll see one soon."

"Well, keep a sharp lookout, and perhaps you may," said I.

She sat down on a box near the edge of the deck and peered into the water and along the shore as

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if she had been sent there to watch for breakers ahead. Every now and then she screamed out:

"There 's one! There! There! There!"

But it was generally a log, or a reflection, or something else that was not an alligator.

Of course we were very near both shores at all times, for the river is so narrow that a small boy could throw a ball over it; but occasionally the deeper part of the channel flowed so near one shore that we ran right up close to the trees, and the branches flapped up against the people on the little forward deck, making the ladies, especially the lady belonging to the yellow-legged party, crouch and scream as if some wood-demon had stuck a hand into the boat and made a grab for their bonnets.

This commotion every now and then, and the almost continual reports from the guns on board, and Corny's screams when she thought she saw an alligator, made the scene quite lively.

Rectus and I took a turn every half-hour at the rifle. It was really a great deal more agreeable to look out at the beautiful pictures that came up before us every few minutes; but as we had the gun, we could n't help keeping up a watch for game, besides.

"There!" I whispered to Rectus; "see that big bird! on that limb! Take a crack at him!"

It was a water-turkey, and he sat placidly on a limb close to the water's edge, and about a boat's length ahead of us.

Rectus took a good aim. He slowly turned as the boat approached the bird, keeping his aim upon him, and then he fired.

The water-turkey stuck out his long, snake-like neck and said:

"Quee! Quee! Quee!"

And then he ran along the limb quite gayly.

"Bang! Bang!" went the guns of the yellow-legs, and the turkey actually stopped and looked back. Then he said:

"Quee! Quee!" again, and ran in among the thick leaves.

I believe I could have hit him with a stone.

"It don't seem to be any use," said Mr. Chipperton, who was standing behind us, "to fire at the birds along this river. They know just what to do. I 'm almost sure I saw that bird wink. It would n't surprise me if the fellows that own the rifles are in conspiracy with these birds. They let out rifles that wont hit, and the birds know it, and sit there and laugh at the passengers. Why, I tell you, sir, if the people who travel up and down this river were all regular shooters, there would n't be a bird left in six months."

At this moment Corny saw an alligator,—a real one. It was lying on a log, near shore, and just ahead of the boat. She set up such a yell that it made every one of us jump, and her mother came rushing out of the saloon to see if she was dead. The alligator, which was a good-sized fellow, was so scared that he just slid off his log without taking time to get decently awake, and before any one but Rectus and myself had a chance to see it. The ladies were very much annoyed at this, and urged Corny to scream softly the next time she saw one. Alligators were pretty scarce this trip for some reason or other. For one thing, the weather was not very warm, and they don't care to come out in the open air unless they can give their cold bodies a good warming up.

Corny now went up on the upper deck, because she thought that she might see alligators farther ahead if she got up higher. In five minutes, she had her hat taken off by a branch of a tree, which swept upon her, as she was leaning over the rail. She called to the pilot to stop the boat and go back for her hat, but the captain, who was up in the pilot-house, stuck out his head and said he reckoned she 'd have to wait until they came back. The hat would hang there for a day or two. Corny made no answer to this, but disappeared into the saloon.

In a little while, she came out on the lower deck, wearing a seal-skin hat. She brought a stool with her, and put it near the bow of the boat, a little in front and on one side of the box on which Rectus and I were sitting. Then she sat quietly down and gazed out ahead. The seal-skin cap was rather too warm for the day, perhaps, but she looked very pretty in it.

Directly, she looked around at us.

"Where do you shoot alligators?" said she.

"Anywhere, where you may happen to see them," said I, laughing. "On the land, in the water, or wherever they may be."

"I mean in what part of their bodies?" said she.

"Oh! in the eye," I answered.

"Either eye?" she asked.

"Yes; it don't matter which. But how are you going to hit them?"

"I 've got a revolver," said she.

And she turned around like the turret of an iron-clad, until the muzzle of a big seven-shooter pointed right at us.

"My conscience!" I exclaimed, "where did you get that? Don't point it this way!"

"Oh! it 's father's. He let me have it. I am going to shoot the first alligator I see. You need n't be afraid of my screaming this time," and she revolved back to her former position.

"One good thing," said Rectus to me in a low voice, "her pistol is n't cocked."

I had noticed this, and I hoped also that it was n't loaded.

"Which eye do you shut?" said Corny, turning suddenly upon us.

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"Both!" said Rectus.

She did not answer, but looked at me, and I told her to shut her left eye, but to be very particular not to turn around again without lowering her pistol.

She resumed her former position, and we breathed a little easier, although I thought that it might be well for us to go to some other part of the boat until she had finished her sport.

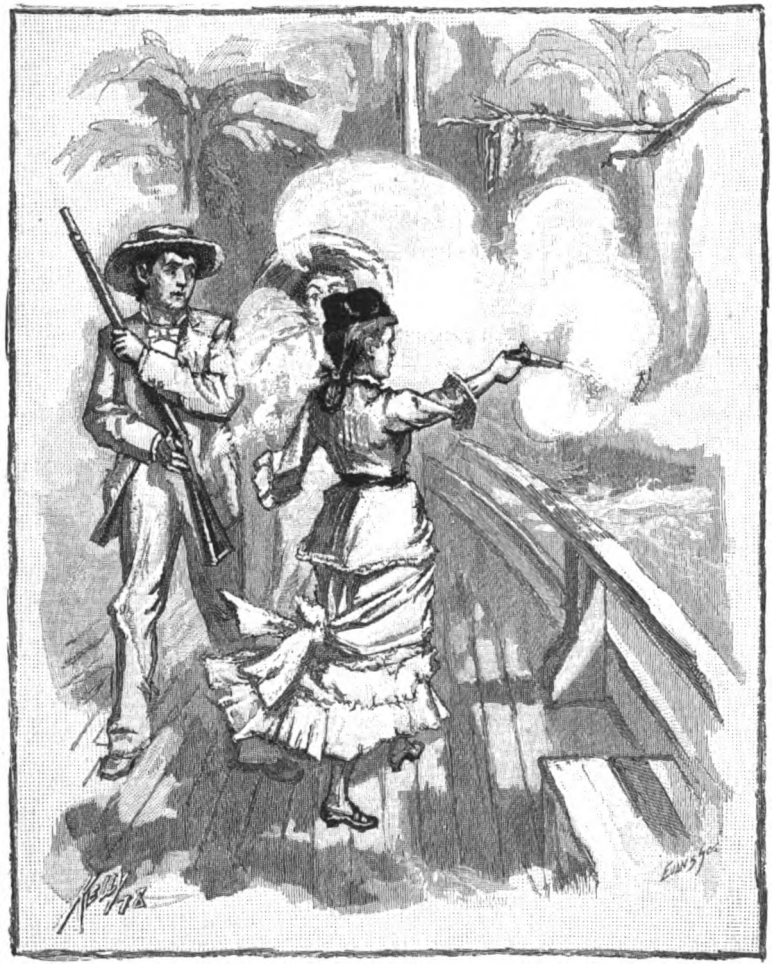
I was about to suggest this to Rectus, when suddenly Corny sprang to her feet, and began blazing away at something ahead. Bang! bang! bang! she went, seven times.

"Why, she did n't stop once to cock it!" cried Rectus, and I was amazed to see how she had fired so rapidly. But as soon as I had counted seven, I stepped up to her and took her pistol. She explained to me how it worked. It was one of those pistols in which the same pull of the trigger jerks up the hammer and lets it down,—the most unsafe things that any one can carry.

"Too bad!" she exclaimed. "I believe it was only a log! But wont you please load it up again for me? Here are some cartridges."

"Corny!" said I, "how would you like to have our rifle? It will be better than a pistol for you."

She agreed, instantly, to this exchange, and I showed her how to hold and manage the gun. I did n't think it was a very good thing for a girl to have, but it was a great deal safer than the pistol for the people on board. The latter I put in my pocket.



"BANG! BANG! BANG! ——— SEVEN TIMES."

Corny made one shot, but did no execution. The other gunners on board had been firing away, for some time, at two little birds that kept ahead of us, skimming along over the water, just out of reach of the shot that was sent scattering after them.

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"I think it's a shame," said Corny, "to shoot such little birds as that. They can't eat 'em."

"No," said I; "and they can't hit 'em either, which is a great deal better."

But very soon after this, the shorter yellow-legged man did hit a bird. It was a water-turkey, that had been sitting on a tree, just as we turned a corner. The big bird spread out its wings, made a doleful flutter, and fell into the underbrush by the shore.

"Wont they stop to get him?" asked Corny, with her eyes open as wide as they would go.

One of the hands was standing by, and he laughed.

"Stop the boat when a man shoots a bird? I reckon not. And there is n't anybody that would go into all that underbrush and water only for a bird like that, anyway."

"Well, I think it's murder," cried Corny. "I thought they ate 'em. Here! Take your gun. I'm much obliged; but I don't want to kill things just to see them fall down and die."

I took the gun very willingly,—although I did not think that Corny would injure any birds with it,—but I asked her what she thought about alligators. She certainly had not supposed that they were killed for food.

"Alligators are wild beasts," she said. "Give me my pistol. I am going to take it back to father."

And away she went. Rectus and I did not keep up our rifle practice much longer. We could n't hit anything, and the thought that if we should wound or kill a bird, it would be of no earthly good to us or anybody else, made us follow Corny's example, and we put away our gun. But the other gunners did not stop. As long as daylight lasted a ceaseless banging was kept up.

We were sitting on the forward deck looking out at the beautiful scenes through which we were passing, and occasionally turning back to see that none of the gunners posted themselves where they might make our positions uncomfortable, when Corny came back to us.

"Can either of you speak French?" she asked.

Rectus could n't; but I told her that I understood the language tolerably well, and asked her why she wished to know.

"It's just this," she said. "You see those two men with yellow boots and the lady with them? She's one of their wives."

"How many wives have they got?" interrupted Rectus, speaking to Corny almost for the first time.

"I mean she is the wife of one of them, of course," she answered, a little sharply, and then she turned herself somewhat more toward me. "And the whole set try to make out they're French, for they talk it nearly all the time. But they're not French, for I heard them talk a good deal better English than they can talk French; and every time a branch nearly hits her, that lady sings out in regular English. And, besides, I know that their French is n't French French, because I can understand a great deal of it, and if it was, I could n't do it. I can talk French a good deal better than I can understand it, anyway. The French people jumble everything up so, that I can't make head or tail of it. Father says he don't wonder they have had so many revolutions when they can't speak their own language more distinctly. He tried to learn it, but did n't keep it up long, and so I took lessons. For when we go to France, one of us ought to know how to talk, or we shall be cheated dreadfully. Well, you see over on the little deck, up there, is that gentleman with his wife and a young lady, and they're all traveling together, and these make-believe French people have been jabbering about them ever so long, thinking that nobody else on board understands French. But I listened to them. I could n't make out all they said, but I could tell that they were saying all sorts of things about those other people, and trying to settle which lady the gentleman was married to, and they made a big mistake, too, for they said the small lady was the one."

"How do you know they were wrong?" I said.

"Why, I went to the gentleman and asked him. I guess he ought to know. And now, if you'll come up there, I'd just like to show those people that they can't talk out loud about the other passengers, and have nobody know what they're saying."

"You want to go there and talk French, so as to show them that you understand it?" said I.

"Yes," answered Corny; "that's just it."

"All right; come along," said I. "They may be glad to find out that you know what they're talking about."

And so we all went to the upper deck, Rectus as willing as anybody to see the fun.

Corny seated herself on a little stool near the yellow-legged party, the men of which had put down their guns for a time. Rectus and I sat on the forward railing near her. Directly she cleared her throat, and then, after looking about her on each side, said to me, in very distinct tones:

"*Voy-ezz vows cett hommy ett ses ducks femmys seelah?*" *

I came near roaring out laughing, but I managed to keep my face straight, and said: "*Oui.*"

"Well, then,—I mean *Bean donk lah peetit*

* "*Voyez-vous cet homme et ces deux femmes celà?*"—Do you see that man and those two women there?

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femmy nest pah lah femmy due hommy. Lah oter femmy este sah femmy."*

At this, there was no holding in any longer. I burst out laughing, so that I came near falling off the railing; Rectus laughed because I did; the gentleman with the wife and the young lady laughed madly, and Mr. Chipperton, who came out of the saloon on hearing the uproar, laughed quite cheerfully, and asked what it was all about. But Corny did n't laugh. She turned around short to see what effect her speech had had on the yellow-legged party. It had a good deal of effect. They reddened and looked at us. Then they drew their chairs closer together and turned their backs to us. What they thought, we never knew; but Corny declared to me afterward that they talked no more French,—at least when she was about.

The gentleman who had been the subject of Corny's French discourse called her over to him, and the four had a gay talk together. I heard Corny tell them that she never could pronounce French in the French way. She pronounced it just as it was spelt, and her father said that ought to be the rule with every language. She had never had a regular teacher; but if people laughed so much at the way she talked, perhaps her father ought to get her one.

I liked Corny better the more I knew of her. It was easy to see that she had taught herself all that she knew. Her mother held her back a good deal, no doubt; but her father seemed more like a boy-companion than any thing else, and if Corny had n't been a very smart girl, she would have been a pretty bad kind of a girl by this time. But she was n't anything of the sort, although she did do and say everything that came into her head to say or do. Rectus did not agree with me about Corny. He did n't like her.

When it grew dark, I thought we should stop somewhere for the night, for it was hard enough for the boat to twist and squeeze herself along the river in broad daylight. She bumped against big trees that stood on the edge of the stream, and swashed through bushes that stuck out too far from the banks; but she was built for bumping and scratching, and did n't mind it. Sometimes, she would turn around a corner, and make a short cut through a whole plantation of lily-pads and spatter-docks,—or things like them,—and she would scrape over a sunken log as easily as a wagon-wheel rolls over a stone. She drew only two feet of water, and was flat-bottomed. When she made a very short turn, the men had to push her stern around with poles. Indeed, there was a man with a pole at the bow a good deal of the time, and sometimes he had more pushing off to do than he could manage by himself.

When Mr. Chipperton saw what tight places we

"VOY-EZZ VOWS CETT HOMMY ETT SES DUCKS FEMMYS SEELAH?"

* "*Bien donc, la petite femme n'est pas la femme du homme. La autre femme est sa femme.*"—Well then, the little woman is not the wife of the man. The other woman is his wife. [Of course, the French in this, and the preceding, foot-note is Corny's.—THE AUTHOR.]

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had to squeeze through, he admitted that it was quite proper not to try to bring the big steamboats up here.

But the boat did n't stop. She kept right on. She had to go a hundred and forty miles up that narrow river, and if she made the whole trip from Pilatka and back in two days, she had no time to lose. So, when it was dark, a big iron box was set up on top of the pilot-house, and a fire was built in it of pine-knots and bits of fat pine. This blazed finely, and lighted up the river and the trees on each side, and sometimes threw out such a light that we could see quite a distance ahead. Everybody came out to see the wonderful sight. It was more like fairy-land than ever. When the fire died down a little, the distant scenery seemed to fade away and become indistinct and shadowy, and the great trees stood up like their own ghosts all around us; and then, when fresh knots were thrown in, the fire would blaze up, and the whole scene would be lighted up again, and every tree and bush, and almost every leaf, along the water's edge would be tipped with light, while everything was reflected in the smooth, glittering water.

Rectus and I could hardly go in to supper, and we got through the meal in short order. We staid out on deck until after eleven o'clock, and Corny staid with us a good part of the time. At last, her father came down after her, for they were all going to bed.

"This is a grand sight," said Mr. Chipperton. "I never saw anything to equal it in any transformation scene at a theater. Some of our theater-people ought to come down here and study it up, so as to get up something of the kind for exhibition in the cities."

Just before we went into bed, our steam-whistle began to sound, and away off in the depths of the forest we could hear every now and then another whistle. The captain told us that there was a boat coming down the river, and that she would soon pass us. The river did not look wide enough for two boats; but when the other whistle sounded as if it were quite near, we ran our boat close into shore among the spatterdocks in a little cove, and waited there, leaving the channel for the other boat.

Directly, it came around a curve just ahead of us, and truly it was a splendid sight. The lower part of the boat was all lighted up, and the fire was blazing away grandly in its iron box, high up in the air.

To see such a glowing, sparkling apparition as this come sailing out of the depths of the dark forest, was grand! Rectus said he felt like bursting into poetry; but he did n't. He was n't much on rhymes. He had opportunity enough, though, to get up a pretty good sized poem, for we were kept awake a long time after we went to bed by the boughs of the trees on shore scratching and tapping against the outside of our state-room.

When we went out on deck next morning the first person we saw was Corny holding on to the flag-staff at the bow and looking over the edge of the deck into the water.

"What are you looking at?" said I, as we went up to her.

"See there!" she cried. "See that turtle! And those two fishes! Look! look!"

We did n't need to be told twice to look. The water was just as clear as crystal, and you could see the bottom everywhere, even in the deepest places, with the great rocks covered with some glittering green substance that looked like emerald slabs, and the fish and turtles swimming about as if they thought there was no one looking at them.

I could n't understand how the water had become so clear; but I was told that we had left the river proper and were now in a stream that flowed from Silver Spring, which was the end of our voyage into the cypress woods. The water in the spring and in this stream was almost transparent,—very different from the regular water of the river.

About ten o'clock, we reached Silver Spring, which is like a little lake, with some houses on the bank. We made fast at a wharf, and, as we were to stop here some hours, everybody got ready to go ashore.

Corny was the first one ready. Her mother thought she ought not to go, but her father said there was no harm in it.

"If she does," said Mrs. Chipperton, "she 'll get herself into some sort of a predicament before she comes back."

I found that in such a case as this Mrs. Chipperton was generally right.

(To be continued.)

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LA CHANSON DE L'HIVER: WINTER SONG.

BY MARIANA B. SLADE.

No more the birds, *les oiseaux*, sing;
The trees, *les arbres*, their leaves have lost;
See snow, *la neige*, o'er every thing,
And feel *la gelée*, or the frost.
L'Hiver, the Winter, now has come,
Bringing us *Noël*, Christmas day.
Les ruisseaux, brooks, with ice are dumb,
And in the snow *les enfants* play.

Décembre, December, *Janvier*,
Or January, these are two
Of Winter's months, then *Février*,
The short month, and our Winter 's through.
So let the leaves, *les feuilles*, fly;
Southward, *au Sud*, the birdlings go;
They 'll back again come, by and by,
When Spring, *le Printemps*, melts the snow.

POLLY HERSEY'S PET.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

IT was Polly's,—whatever anybody may say,—for she baited the trap and set it, and caught the little fellow, and fed him afterward, and named him John Henry.

He was a young rat, not much bigger than—well, not much bigger than a goose's egg, which everybody knows the size of, of course. He was soft and silky, delicate shades of slate color losing themselves in the tenderest shades of gray, and a tail about the size of a bran, span, new slate-pencil,—and such ears! They looked like little brown shells, in which was the daintiest shade of pink, and they were so thin that Polly could see the light shining through them. As for John Henry's eyes, they were no better looking than two jet black—no, black jet beads, and they twinkled, and twinkled, and twinkled. Such hands as John Henry had! Delicate little fingers, about as big around as fine zephyr needles, and about as long as Polly's eyelashes.

I have drawn John Henry's portrait carefully, because he was for some time quite an important member of our family, and Polly's chief pet. He was a baby rat when she caught him in the cage-like trap, but he grew wonderfully, and became very tame. He must have been in the trap for some time when Polly discovered him, for he was nearly starved; his hunger made him lose all fear and take food directly from Polly's hand, and Polly fed him with all sorts of nice things,—bits of cake, pieces of meat, scraps of cheese, and finally topped off the fine meal with a thimble-full of milk, which he drank so greedily that we could see him "swelling wisibly before our wery eyes."

And from that day—when sitting up on his hind-legs and washing his dainty little hands with his pink little tongue, he looked into Polly's face and saw the goodness there—he and she became fast friends. Polly was n't afraid of him,—not a bit. She would put her hands into the trap and stroke his ratship's back, and even tickle his ears with his tail, without remonstrance. John Henry grew tamer and tamer. He would run and find Polly in any part of the house if she called him, and he would search Polly's pockets for sweetmeats, and sometimes he would crawl into the depths of her cloak pockets, nestle down there among the gloves and the handkerchief, and take a nap. You see Polly's cloak hung just over the hall register, and was always warm and comfortable.

One Sunday morning, just as Polly was starting for Sunday-school in all the glory of her new seal-skin cloak, it began to rain, and as a wetting is rather bad for fur, Aunt Elinor was forced to insist on Polly's changing her new cloak for her old one.

"The idea," said Polly, "of anybody wearing an every-day cloak to Sunday-school! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. I shall be ashamed all the time."

But Aunt Nell insisted, and so Polly made the best of it, and off she went, brushing a great tear-drop from her eye as she shut the door.

It was late when Polly reached the Sunday-

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school, and the services had begun. They were just singing. Polly took her place in her class as quickly as she could, and got settled just in time for the Superintendent's prayer. The school was very quiet; it was a very good school, and you might have heard a pin drop while Mr. ——— was praying. Polly had bowed her head with the rest, and was trying to understand every word of the prayer, when the little girl next to her shrieked, and then another little girl shrieked, and then all the little girls of Polly's class jumped up on the benches, and then the teacher screamed, and then the boys in the next class began to say: "There he goes. Here he is—under this bench. No, he aint; he 's out in the aisle,"—all speaking right out in Sunday-school, and flinging Sunday-school books and hats and anything else they could lay hands on, at something on the floor. They made such a rumpus that nobody knew when the Superintendent said "Amen;" but presently he was among them with a cane, jabbing it under settees and under the book-cases, and anywhere else that he could jab it under. Then the sexton came with a poker, and he and the Superintendent rattled and banged away like everything.

Polly was bewildered,—she did n't know what they were after, and what it all was about; and she opened her eyes very wide at such a confusion in Sunday-school. She had just made up her mind that it must be a rat, when he jumped right out from behind the book-case. Polly saw him, and gave a little cry.

"My, my," she said, "it is John Henry!"

And sure enough it was, and Polly caught him easily enough, poor little fellow, all bruised and bleeding, and frightened almost to death. And Polly rolled him up in her pocket handkerchief, and walked out of school, with a sense of personal injury on her face such as I never saw before.

"SUCH CONFUSION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL!"

"The idea," she said, "of being afraid of John Henry!"

And poor John Henry was sick for a long time afterward. He never wanted to go to Sunday-school again, you may be sure. And you may be equally sure that the Superintendent did n't want him there. Polly bandaged him, and bathed his bruised nose, and fed him on spoon-food for some days, and to the delight of her dear little heart, John Henry recovered. He is now a very dignified and gray old rat, and Polly says he winks knowingly, as much as to say "Rather not," whenever he hears Sunday-school mentioned.

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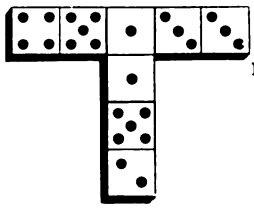
NEW DOMINO GAMES.

By Arlo Bates.



THE game of dominos has never had very great popularity in America, and, indeed, has not received the attention that it deserves. Less laborious than chess, and less exciting than cards, it still has a very pleasant mingling of the skill and chance of both. In Prussia, grave old gentlemen will sit for hours over a game of dominos, playing each piece with as much deliberation as if they were handling chess-men.

Happening to be boarding, through a long convalescence, with some friends who had somewhere learned the game of "Bid," we invented two others, and all three of the games we played are described below. All are founded upon the principles of different games at cards, and vary considerably from the old "Muggins," "Bergen Game," etc.

"Bid."

This game may be played by not less than two or more than five persons. The dominos are reckoned in suits from the doublet downward. Thus, in the suit of sixes, the double-six is the highest, the six-five next, the six-four, six-three, etc., to the six-blank. In fives, the double-five, five-six, five-four, etc. In blanks the double-blank, blank-six, blank-five, etc. Observe that all the pieces excepting the doublets count in two suits.

The game is thirty-two,—one being counted for each trick taken when a bid is successful,—and five tricks make a hand.

The dominos having been properly shuffled, five are dealt to each player. The one at the dealer's left then "bids" for tricks. That is, out of the five tricks which make the hand he offers to take a certain number. If he bids for less than five, the player on his left has the privilege of overbidding him. Whoever bids for the highest number of tricks chooses the trumps, and leads. All dominos excepting trumps call suit to the end having most spots, all trumps being played and called in the suit of trumps instead of their own. A player is obliged to follow suit when he has it. Doublets, being the highest in their respective suits, if led, can only be taken by trumps. If played, however, they do not take a trick, unless in suit to the larger end of the piece led. Trumps and dominos led are taken by a piece higher in their respective suits.

The person making trumps must take all the tricks for which he bids, and can count no more; if he fails to take them, his score is to be set back as much as he has bid; except when the game is between two persons only, in which case the number bidden for by the loser should be added to the score of his opponent. Thus, if a player bids for four tricks, he can count but four although he take all the hand. If he fail to take four, his score is diminished by that number; or, if two play, his adversary's is increased by four.

The policy of the game is only to be learned by experience, but a few suggestions to beginners may not be amiss. In deciding how many tricks to bid for, it is usually safe to count all the dominos in the same suit (that suit to be made trumps), and the doublets held. Care must, however, be taken not to depend too much on trumps which are low in their suits; though the smaller the number of players, the greater the risks one may run. It is an advantage to have the lead, so that it is usually best in bidding for any less than five, while playing trumps or doublets first, to retain a trump with which to recover the lead, if lost.

As illustration, suppose two persons, A and B, to be playing. A deals, and in his own hand finds the six-four, five-one, six-blank, five-blank and double-blank. B has the six-five, four-two, three-one, three-blank and double-two. It is B's first "bid," and he says, "I will bid for three tricks."

"I will bid for four," A replies, "and I make blanks trumps."

He then plays the double-blank. B follows with the three-blank, as he must match a trump with a trump if possible. A leads the six-blank, and B, having no trump, puts down his lowest piece, the three-one. A plays the six-four, to which B must give his six-five as "suit" to the larger end. This wins the trick for B who leads double-two, his best domino. Fortunately for A he has no two, and so is at liberty to take the doublet with his trump, five-blank. He then lays down his five-one, which B cannot take as he has no suit. Thus A wins his four tricks and scores four points. If B had not been over-bid he would have named twos as trumps, playing double-two, six-five and four-two in succession.

"Draw Bid"

differs from the plain game only in allowing bids to run above the five tricks which make the original hand. A player may bid for as many tricks as he chooses, his only limit being that there must be

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dominos dealt to each player to equal the bid. Thus, when two play, the bids cannot run above fourteen; when four play, not above seven. The bids above five must be made blindly—that is, before the extra dominos for that bid are dealt. Thus, holding five in hand, a player bids seven, and then two dominos are dealt to each player. If then another player bids eight, another piece is dealt to each, and so on.

"Westphalian Game."

Played by two or three players. The suits count as before, except that the double-blank is always the highest trump, no matter what suit is turned for trumps. The doublet next below the doublet of trumps is third in the game, but is called and played in its own suit. After this, dominos of the suit of trumps come in order. Thus, if fives are trumps, the double-blank is highest, then double-five, double-four, five-six, five-four, etc. If ones are trumps, double-blank, double-one, double-six, one-six, one-five, etc.

The counts are as follows, the game being thirty-two: The first trick played counts one; the last two tricks count one each; one is scored for any three tricks taken without the introduction of a trump. [There is one exception to this,—if the doublet below trumps which is the third in the game takes a trick *by its power as third in the game*, the trick is not to be counted as one of the three by suit.] At the end of a hand, the excess of doublets held by any player is added to his score.

Five dominos are dealt as in "Bid," the dealer ending by turning up a domino, the larger end of which indicates the suit of trumps. If the double-blank is turned, sixes are trumps. The player on the left of the dealer has the liberty of rejecting any one of his own dominos, and taking the turned trump in its stead. If he passes, the next player has the same right. If it comes to the dealer and he passes also, he must turn it down, and turn a fresh trump, which, however, must not be in the suit rejected. The choice of discarding for the new trump belongs as before to the player at the dealer's left; and the person taking up the trump has the lead. As fast as a player plays a piece, he draws one from the pool, keeping five constantly in hand until all the dominos are distributed.

As in "Bid," suit must be followed. The main points are to secure as many doublets as possible, securing the first and last two points, and while, if possible, getting "three by suit" yourself, to prevent this in your opponent. Use small trumps if you can in taking doublets and third tricks.

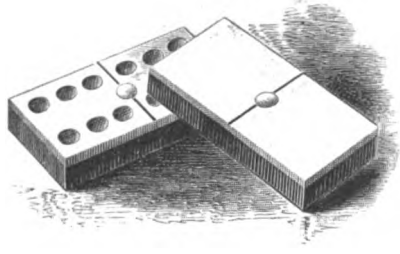
"St. George's Game."

This game, which is somewhat more complicated than the two former, is played by two or four persons. The blank-one, the blank-two, the blank-four, and the double-one, are not used in the game. The one-two, blank-three, and double-blank, are all counted in the suit of trumps, whatever it happens to be. The double-three is always highest in the game, but is played and called in its own suit; it will, however, take either the double-blank or doublet of trumps if played to them. The order of value is double-three, double-blank, doublet of trumps, the suit of trumps in order, the blank-three, the one-two.

Five are dealt and pieces drawn as in "Westphalian." The dealer turns the trump, which must be taken by the player on his left, who rejects one piece of his own. The double-blank or a double-three turned makes sixes trumps.

A "hand" is all the play between one deal and the next. The tricks of each hand are divided into sets of three each. A "set" consists of three tricks in succession, beginning with the first, fourth, seventh, etc. Thus the first set would be the first, second and third tricks; the next, the fourth, fifth and sixth. With two players, a hand will consist of four sets; with four of but two. Each set scores one. If the side that takes the first trick of a set takes also the two remaining tricks, it scores one. If it fails to take the whole set, one point is scored for the other side. The double-three, the double-blank, and the doublet of trumps, score one each for the side holding them at the end of a hand. It follows that, with two players, seven points will be scored for every hand, and with four players five points.

The main objects in the game are to force the first point of each set upon your opponent, and afterward secure the second or third. If a player is forced to take the first of a set, he must use every endeavor to secure the two others. The game is twenty-seven.



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COUNTERS.

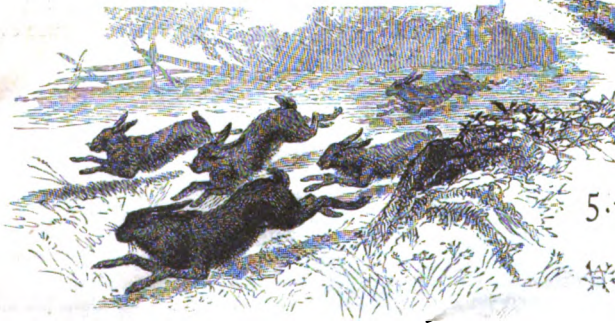
BY AUNT SUE.

1.—ONE little lady, very nicely dressed.

2.—Two little dickey-birds, perched upon a nest.

3.—THREE little chickies, feeding from a plate.

4.—FOUR little children, swinging on a gate.



5.—FIVE little rabbits, frightened by a gun.

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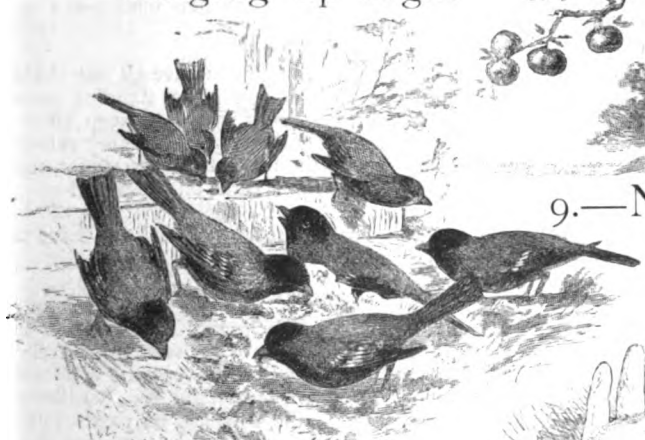
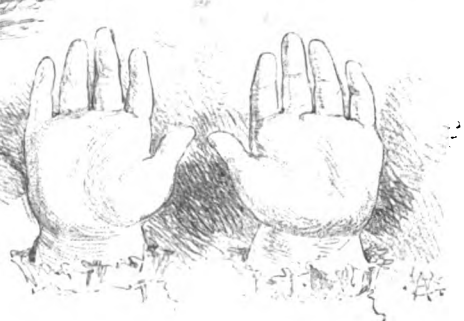
6.—Six little piggies, running like fun.

7.—Seven pretty swallows, crossing the sky.

8.—Eight nice apples, hanging up high.



9.—Nine little sparrows, picking up crumbs.



10.—Ten little fingers, but two of them are thumbs.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SOMEHOW, your Jack never says to himself as the months come around: "What *shall* I talk to my youngsters about, this time?" No, indeed. It 's always "What can I bear to withhold of all that I wish to tell them?" And the ST. NICHOLAS echo invariably answers:

"Confine yourself to two pages, by the clock!"

Think of that, now, for a pulpit speaker! Two pages, indeed! Why, it does n't even give you time to fall asleep!

Did you have a merry Christmas, my holiday-keepers? Were your stockings full, your trees loaded?

Oho! Talking of "loaded" reminds me to pass over to you something from

SILAS GREEN, ON PISTOLS.

DEACON GREEN has sent me a few remarks about boys who carry loaded pistols,—none of my boys, of course.

Here are some of them,—the remarks, not the boys,—and I 'll leave all sensible fellows to draw their own conclusions therefrom.

"I never could understand," the Deacon says, "why a boy should carry a pistol. A pistol is a very peculiar fire-arm; it is made for a very peculiar purpose. It is quite natural for some boys to want rifles or shot-guns, with which they may kill game; but a pistol is intended to kill human beings, and this is about all it is good for. There are very few boys in this country who could shoot a bird or a rabbit with a pistol, and any one who should go out hunting with a pistol would be laughed at. This being the case, why should a boy want a pistol? What human beings would he like to kill?

"It is useless to say that he may need his pistol for purposes of defense. Not one boy in a thousand is ever placed in such a position that he need defend himself with a pistol. But it often has happened that boys who carried loaded pistols thought that it would be a manly thing, under certain circumstances, to use them, and yet, when the time came and they killed somebody, they only brought down misery on themselves and their families. And this, too, in many a case where, if no one present had had a pistol, the affair would have passed off harmlessly, and been soon forgotten.

"But the way in which boys generally take human life with pistols is some accidental way. They do not kill highwaymen and robbers, but they kill their school-mates, or their brothers, or their sisters, or, in many cases, themselves. There is no school where boys are taught to properly handle and carry loaded pistols, so they usually have to learn these things by long practice. And, while they are learning, it is very likely that some one will be shot. I saw in a newspaper, not long ago, accounts of three fatal accidents, all of which happened on the same day, from careless use of fire-arms. And one of these dreadful mishaps was occasioned by a lad who carried a loaded pistol in his overcoat pocket, and who carelessly threw down the coat.

"And then, again, a boy ought to be ashamed to carry a pistol, especially a loaded one. The possession of such a thing is a proof that he expects to go among vicious people. If he goes into good society, and has honest, manly fellows for his companions, he will not need a pistol. A loaded pistol in a boy's pocket is not only useless and dangerous, but also it almost always stamps him as a bad boy, or one who wishes to associate with bad boys and vicious men."

A HINT CONCERNING OLD SKATES.

BOYS! which of you has a pair of old skates lying around, besides the new ones given to you this last Christmas?

Lots of you, of course.

But, may be, some of you have n't any skates at all. Poor fellows! you 'll be standing around, shivering, or stamping about to keep your toes warm, all the time the other fellows are skimming and cutting over the ice on their new skates, feeling as happy and warm as birds on the wing!

And the old skates?

Well, it does n't seem just right to have them lying idle at home, does it?

ECCENTRIC RIVERS.

A FRIEND, named Sarah Kellogg, writes me a curious thing about two of our Western rivers. On Wisconsin's northern line, a river—the Wisconsin—starts on its long journey. Hundreds of miles away to the south-east, the Fox has its rise. The one sweeps with broad direct current to the south; the other, deep and narrow, hastens to the north-west with seeming intent of emptying itself to swell the Wisconsin's flood. Through hundreds of miles they draw toward each other till an eye on the site of old Fort Winnebago could see between them scarce earth enough, as it were, for a wagon track. At the real divide of three miles, the streams, as in petulance, or sudden change of plan, turn from each other, one to the south-west to give its stained and bitter flood to the tropic Gulf, the

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other to pour its sweet and limpid waters through the great linked lakes, the terrific cataract, and the thousand-isled river, into the Atlantic. Perhaps in the coral groves about the feet of the wading Flower State,—Florida,—the waters, so nearly united, so widely parted, may finally mingle.

At high water, the divide between the rivers is overflowed, and a wisp of straw thrown where the two currents meet is parted, one portion to be floated to the northern sea, the other to the southern.

GABRIELLE'S VALENTINE.

SOMEBODY, with the romantic name of "Gabrielle," sends this beautiful little picture to your Jack, and says: "Be sure to show it to the children in the February ST. NICHOLAS, as it is *so* appropriate for Valentine's Day!"

"SO APPROPRIATE FOR VALENTINE'S DAY!"

Now, why is it appropriate, I should like to know? and who ever heard of a boy with wings,—that is, on this earth? And, if it is suited to February, why is he dressed so coolly, or not dressed at all? And why are the flowers growing around him in that ridiculous way for the season? And what is he shooting? And if he hits, what is he going to do about it? And, if he does n't hit, what is the use of his shooting at all?

Your Jack does n't know what in the world to do with this picture; but perhaps some of you smart young folk will understand it.

If it were only a bird, now, or a kind of butterfly, there would be no trouble; but then, birds and butterflies don't go around shooting among the flowers in February.

THE "UNFATHOMABLE" LAKE.

DEAR JACK: I think when I have told you what our young "Columbus" did, you will think he was persevering as well as brave. Six miles from our home in South Wales, high up on the mountains, was a dark, gloomy-looking lake, about two miles around. It was called Lake "Van Hit" from the mountain that overshadows it, and the people living near believed that it had no bottom.

"Why, it had been sounded with miles and miles of line without finding any bottom!" said these country-folk.

But our Columbus did n't believe everything the Welshmen told him, even if they did add, "Indeed, indeed, it is true." So he made up his mind to build a boat and carefully try the depth of the lake in every part.

This was easier said than done. The nearest point at which a boat or boat-builder could be found was twenty-two miles off! But connected with our out-buildings were a carpenter's shop, blacksmith's forge, etc., and there was plenty of lumber lying about. So our young explorer began, and, single-handed, built a trim, sea-worthy boat, large enough to carry twelve men, fitting her with anchor, chain and all. But she had to be carried on the shoulders of men six miles to the lake! Then she was launched, and all but one of the men got in, with at least an assumed confidence in their Columbus. Rowing along and across the lake in every direction, the greatest depth was found to be forty-nine feet, with a bottom of soft brown mud! Feeling pretty safe now, the crew gave vent to their feelings in song and the drinking of much Welsh ale, so that a jollier set of adventurers surely never was afloat!

Their work accomplished, the crew—knowing that the superstitious mountaineers would not allow the boat to remain afloat—loaded her with stones and sank her in the deepest part of the lake. But the natives, not long afterward, built out a jetty and fished her up. Then they knocked her into splinters, but dared not carry them away; "For," said they, "Mother Shipton foretold that there would be a ship on Proll Van Hit, and then the world would come to an end!"

So these brave natives thought, I suppose, that by destroying the "ship," which had fulfilled the first part of the prophecy, they could put off the evil day a while longer. Anyhow, I guess the boat our brave Columbus built was the first that ever floated on the "unfathomable" lake.

B. P.

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YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR magazine for November, page 28, contained a picture—"The Young Hunter"—to which, in the "Letter-Box" of the same issue, we invited our young readers to write stories, promising to print the picture again in our "Young Contributors' Department" with the best one of all the stories that should be sent in. The length of the story was limited to five hundred words.

Very many contributions came, to our gratification, some good, some poor, but all showing interest and painstaking, though a few were too inappropriate to the picture to enter into competition. Finally, after taking the ages of the writers and all other points into consideration, the examining committee united in giving the place of first merit to the story printed below. It was, however, very difficult to decide, for many of the contributions were very nearly equal to F. E. T's, especially one from M. A. L., a little girl of Southampton, England, and another from E. P. D., a Buffalo boy only nine years of age. Therefore, thanking all of the children for their efforts, and for the many delightful notes that accompanied the MSS., we print a list of all the boys and girls who sent in stories deserving mention:

THE YOUNG HUNTER.

"BURYING HIS NOSE IN THE GROUND NEAR AN OLD STUMP."

KARL lived in the far West near the mountains. One November day, he sat by the fire, watching his grandmother mix the bread, when a rap came at the door of the little cabin.

"Those tramps!" said the old lady. "Karl, you go."

Karl obeyed; and, as he opened the door, started back much surprised, for there stood the tall figure of an old Indian.

He wore a dark leathern jacket, with trousers to the knees, ornamented with beads and feathers; moccasins on his feet and rings in his ears. Although his arms were filled with bows and arrows, he had not come for war, for he held one out, saying pleasantly,

"Wantee shoot? Wantee buy?"

"Oh, Grandmother," said Karl, "look at these!"

"But you have no money, Karl," said the grandmother.—"How much are they?"

Karl's face fell as the Indian answered:

"One dolla', bow and arrow."

"I have no money," said Karl.

"Is there nothing else you wou'd take for one?" asked the old lady.

The Indian replied: "Me hungry, me want dinnee."

The old Indian went in and sat down by the log fire and warmed himself, while the grandmother placed upon the table some bread, milk and venison. When he had finished, he gave Karl a fine bow of ash, and three arrows, and then left.

Karl's eyes sparkled as he asked his grandmother to let him go out to shoot.

"I 'll bring home a deer," said he.

He then left the house, and called to his dog Snyder.

He shot at several birds, but they all escaped him; and it became evident that it would take a great deal of practice for him to become a skillful archer. He was tired of shooting with such poor success, and so decided to go home, when he heard Snyder barking loudly.

On turning, he saw him burying his nose in the ground near an old stump. He ran hastily to it, looking eagerly to see what the dog was barking at. It was a poor little bird which had not flown south early enough, and seemed frozen. He took it up and carried it carefully home, wrapped it in cotton and put it beside the fire, to see if it would revive. He then sat down to watch it, but soon, getting tired, he fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he heard a chirp, and looking up he saw the bird hopping about the floor. Karl spent the rest of the afternoon in keeping Snyder away from the bird, for the dog was very anxious for it.

That night, Karl told his father the whole story, and he was very much pleased. Karl then took the bird and opened a window so that it might be free again. It flew out in the moonlight, over those cold bleak mountains toward the sunny south.

So, good came of the young hunter's first trial after all.

FLORENCE E. TYNG. (Age, 13 years.)

BOYS AND GIRLS WHOSE STORIES DESERVE MENTION.

Louise P. Russell—Mary Crosby White—Margaret Annis Lichfield—Mary Fitzgerald—Jessie Deane Brooks—Eben Pearson Dorr—Katie S. Jacquelin—Mattie Hering—Grace Johnson—Clara Small—J. Maurice Thompson—Cornie May Benton—Katie Kolin—Fred. L. Blodgett—W. A. King—Frank H. and Josie M. Nichols—Bertha Fleming—George R. Thoms—Nellie Stivers—Emma M. Kent—Carrie Crum—Pierson Durbrow—Myrta Howe—"Chub"—Kate M. Ogden—Hitie Chittenden—George W. Pepper—Gertrude Medlicott—Lennie March Jewitt—Isabella S. Baldwin—Fred Betts Wright—Jane Thumith—Thomas Hunt—Mary Howells—Mary H. Himes—Willie Curtis—Lou M. Andrews—Mary F. Child—May Wight—Eleanor Coxe—Mary S. Holt—Mary Anna Winston—Harrie Humphreys—Inez Hilton—Bertha Bohun Devereux—Carrie Johnson—Carrie E. Beach—Frank G. Myers—Florence Read—Eddy H. Mason—Gertie C. Busby—Fannie Manniere—Clara Smith—Bessie C. Borney

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—Bessie M. Martin—Louise P. Winsor—Charlie Tracie—James W. Thompson—Mildred E. Scuife—Lucy L. Cooke—Annie Dale Jones—William Pettinos—Annie L. Bailey—Clara L. Kellogg—Robert L. Winn—Matie Twitchell—Harrie Humphreys—Louise Holloway—Lizzie Gilman—Hortense Keables—Frances H. Catlin—Daisy Dugdale—Mary Hough—Pansy Murray—Mary Graham Hanks—Louise J. Stone—George P. Hitchcock—Fordyce Aimée Warden—Henry O. Fetter—Maud L. Smith—Clara Glynn—Ernest Thurston Capen—Wm. Gaston Hawks—Kate E. Hobart—Henry M. Hobart—Willie Leonard—Dexter W. Rice—Ruth R. Wheeler—Courtenay H. Fenn—Alex. Cameron, Jr.—Julian A. Hallock—Violet Beach—Lucy D. Waterman—Mary C. Hall—Pauline Phillips—Jessie Forsyth—Charles W. C. Townsend—Adele M. Fonda—Sadie G. Carrington—Minnie Smith—Nellie Emerson—Mamie Belle Taylor—Harold B. Smith—Sadie B. Pritchett—Carita Preston—K. G. R.—L. Clements—Wm. A. Buckland—Lizzie Harris—Sherdie Maginnis—Katie Hamilton—Robert Henry Gay—Hattie Jacobs—Kitty Armstrong—Clarence Merrill Humes—Linda C. Bedell—Willie F. Thorpe—Jack Bennett—Carrol Squier—Halvo Jacobsen—Annie A. Schall—A. L. Brockway—Harlan Wellman—Beamy Johnson—Flavel S. Mines—Belle G. Stone—Ina Boynton—Horace F. Walker—Flora Melendy—Augustine McClear—Charles P. Kellogg—Eddie A. Perkins—H. C. Williams—Lena—Lily Bean—Clara F. Hyde—Ada M. Stephens—Grace Crum—Harry Kelley—Geo. S. Brown—Saidie Morrison—Bertram L. Wenman—Geo. D. Finnin—Grace P. Taintor Augusta Wicker—Adelia G. McNamee—Daisy B. Hodgsdon—Julia Abbey—Kate M. Carrington—Grace Farr—Jacob S. Robeson—Amos Kent Amacher—Fannie A. Mathews.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE STORY OF A CHEESE.

By Maud Christiani.

[We print below, by request, the original "Story of a Cheese," written by Mrs. Maud Christiani. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's version of this story will be found in St. Nicholas for August, 1878, under the title "King Cheese."]

Four-and-twenty Burghers fat
In solemn convocation sat,
And wagged their heads, and talked and planned,
In the town-hall of Buhl, in Switzerland.
Their intentions were these,
To send a big cheese,
To the great Exposition in Paris.

They must build a large vat,
And a press, for all that,
The like as had never been made before,
For Cheshire or Stilton, Dutch or Rochefort;
For the prime idea
Of the Burghers, 't was clear,
Was the *dimensions* in which they prided.

'Twas a great undertaking,
But well worth the making.
And 't would tickle the pride of the people there
To astonish the world with their big *gruyère*.
So they bothered their heads,
And scarce saw their beds,
Until the matter was quite decided.

The farmers, highly pleased with the plan,
Gladly consented, every man
To second the views of the corporation,
And gave in their votes of co-operation.
So rosy milk-maids,
In caps and long braids,
Milked the bonniest cows in the fields.

In their nice peasant dress,
They stood at the press,
And, though they got up with the rising sun,
They never stopped till their task was done;
But every day
Pressed out the whey,
Enjoying the pleasure industry yields.

When the work was done,
Then commenced the fun,
And the mayor of the place made a proclamation
Which went the length and breadth of the nation,
That arrangements were made
For a grand parade
Of the cheese, through the streets of the town.

So when the day came,
A magnificent train,
The Mayor at its head, with keys and mace,
Silk stockings, cocked hat, and lots of gold lace,
Passed with pompous gait
And an air of state
Through crowds of people, in holiday gown.

And there *was* such a noise
With the shouts of the boys,
The playing of bands and rolling of drums!
The hurrahs of the crowd and booming of guns,
Made such an uproar,
As never before
Was heard in that quaint little town of Buhl.

After parading the streets all day,
The cheese, at evening, went on its way.
The train puffed on and made no long tarries,
But carried its burden safely to Paris.
It reached in good time
That city so fine
Where nothing but pleasure reigns as a rule.

The Parisians, sprightly and all alive,
Were waiting to see the cheese arrive.
Besides a fine team of six Normandy horses
Accustomed to pull with all their forces,
It took at least ten
Strong porters and men
To get it off safe to the great Exposition.

They rolled it into a prominent place,
Where it stared the visitors straight in the face;
And all the world wondered and talked of the Swiss,
For sending so wondrous a present as this
The *bouquet* was prime
And shed, all the time,
A perfume, that sure, was a great acquisition.

* * * * * * * *

Now it happened one night
When the moon shone bright
And the Seine was rippling in silver sheen,
That sauntering along its quays might be seen
A fine French rat,
All glossy and fat.
Bewhiskered and jaunty as he could be,
Out seeking adventures was *Monsieur Rattie*.

He sniffed the fresh air,
Saw the shimmer and glare
Of thousands of lamps, in the trees suspended,
Of every shade and color blended,
Still shining bright,
Though past midnight.
And the Parisians had talked and grimaced themselves weary,
With their shrugs and "*Mon Dieus!*" and manners so airy.

He strolled about to the left and the right,
When, all of a sudden, there burst on his sight
The largest and strangest conglomeration
Of buildings and temples of every nation.
And there in the middle,
Like "Hi diddle diddle,"
Stood the great Exposition of sixty-seven,
Containing 'most everything under the heaven.

This *was* an adventure,
And well worth the venture,
So he sought for a crevice through which he could squeeze,
And view all the wonderful things at his ease.

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Much bewildered was he
By all he did see,
And wandered on, quite lost and amazed,
His head in a whirl and his senses dazed.

At length it was morning,
For the day was dawning,
And the sun was shedding his golden beams
On the city of Paris, still in its dreams.
So he looked round about
For a hole to creep out,
And began to feel hungry, when, lo! he smelt cheese,
The thing of all things, that most him did please.

So he followed his nose,—
A member, that shows
A vast deal of keenness and penetration,
In delectable titbits for mastication—
Nor did it mislead,
But brought him, indeed,
To the realm of cheeses of every size,
In the midst of which stood the great Swiss prize.

No Arabian dream
Could equal the scene,
For it rarely occurs in the life of a rat
To see such a *tasty* collection as that.
Without loss of time
He sought the most prime,
Town-bred as he was, it will not amaze
To find he selected the great *Schweitzer Käs'*.

* * * * * * * *

And now my young friends
Our story soon ends.
The last of all things comes sooner or late,
And the French Exposition shared the like fate.
For September's last days
Saw the sun's mellow rays
Glance pale and obliquely on the Rotunda
Which, so many months, had made the world wonder.

We will add, if you please,
With regard to the cheese,
That it won great renown, and you 'll easily surmise,
Received, as its due, the first French prize.
And the pride of the Swiss
Was so flattered by this,
That they voted the cheese in their gratification
To the poor of Paris, by way of donation.

Then commissioners four,
In behalf of the poor,
And Normandy horses, harnessed and strong,
Came trotting the banks of the Seine along.
And the same burly men,
Not fewer than ten,
Pulled off their jackets to push with more ease,
And lent their best shoulder to move the big cheese.

They shouted, "Now ready!"
"Look out there!"—"Steady!"
And pushed with a will (being all in their places),
When, lo! with a thud they fell flat on their faces!
Dumbfounded they were,
To see the *gruyère*
Most lightly and gingerly spin itself round,
While they were left sprawling about on the ground.

Oh! sad ridicule,
On the Burghers of Buhl!
No wonder the cheese rolled so lightly about,
For the rats had quite eaten the inside out.
The world when it heard
This *dénouement* absurd,
Smiled at the gift of the Burghers, so kind,
For the rats got the cheese and the poor got the rind.

"UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

DID any of you ever see any of those curious creatures shown in the "Unnatural History" pictures, by our funny artist, on pages 260 and 261?

Did you ever meet with the "*Rabbaticus Mudturtlosis*," who has the body of a turtle and the head of a rabbit,—a head with which to wish he could run and jump, and a body that can only crawl and swim? He looks as if he were the celebrated Hare and Tortoise, and were always running a race with himself.

Then there is the "Entomological Humbug," a very strange bug, indeed, with a chicken's bill and a beetle's body. Did you ever see him crawling around?

The "Great American Takeiteezee" appears to be a very remarkable animal. He is harnessed to a curious kind of street-car, but as he seems to be part ox and part snail, the car does not go very fast. The next time you are in a street-car which is rolling along quite slowly, look out of the front window, and see if one of these Takeiteezees is drawing it.

Now, of course, you would not care to have the "Web-footed Hoppergrass" in your garden. If his head is as large as an elephant's head ought to be, his legs must be so long that he could jump over a house. As his feet are web-footed, he must swim, sometimes, but he looks as if wading would suit him better.

As for the "Jub-jub Bird," with the rhinoceros head, he laughs to think how ridiculous he is. If you were to meet him and laugh, he would n't mind.

The "Cat-fish" is a regular water-pussy. Look at her head! To be sure, she has a fish's body and fins, but then she could not swim under water with a cat's body. The bait on the hook which she is looking at must be a mouse. That is about the only thing she would bite at. Unless, indeed, you could bait a hook with milk.

As for the "Submarine Diver," with his duck's head, his lobster-claws and his fish's tail, he seems to require a good deal of help to get himself down to the bottom. A hundred-pound weight seems just about enough to sink him. He is not much of a diver. Almost anybody could go to the bottom of the very deepest river, with the help of a hundred-pound weight.

But perhaps none of you ever studied Un-natural History! We feel quite sure of it, and are certain that these animals, which Mr. Hopkins has drawn, are not to be found in any of our menageries or aquaria, where they might be seen and examined. We are also of the opinion that none of them are to be seen running wild. They are the kind of creatures which might be made, if people were to go into the business of inventing animals. They are very queer, and scarcely one of them could manage to live comfortably. They would probably give up living, in despair.

And yet there have been creatures in this world, almost as strange and curious as these. Get some pictures of the beasts, birds and fishes, which existed in the times before Noah's flood, and see if you do not think so.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a curious and interesting item for the "Letter-Box." It was told me as being true, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have never seen it in print.

In the town of Yreka, California, there formerly lived a baker, S. Gilligs by name. His shop bore the following sign:

"S GILLIGS' YREKA BAKERY."

Nothing very curious about that, is there? But one day an inquisitive individual thought of reading it backward, and made a singular discovery. Try it. AN OLD BOY.

MANY of our readers will remember the beautiful little poem, "Ashes of Roses," written by Elaine Goodale, at thirteen years of age, and printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877. Soon after its publication, there appeared in *The Louisville Courier-Journal* some verses entitled "Attar of Roses," which closely resembled Elaine's pretty lines. The resemblance was intentional, however, and was explained in a heading. The *Journal's* poem was widely copied, but, in going the rounds of the press, the heading must have been overlooked or omitted by some of the papers, since a comparison of the two poems was recently published in a prominent Boston daily, with an editorial item crediting "Attar of Roses" to the English poet, F. W. Bourdillon, and condemning Elaine's verses as "precocious plagiarism." We therefore print the following letter and extract, which, we think, effectually refute this charge against little Elaine:

Louisville, Dec. 14, 1878.

Editor of ST. NICHOLAS: The "Attar of Roses" published in the *Courier-Journal* was written by a member of the staff of the paper. The verses never appeared in the *Courier-Journal* with Bourdillon's name, and they were written *after* the pretty poem from little Miss Goodale had been published in ST. NICHOLAS. An explanation was printed in the *Courier-Journal* and sent to ST. NICHOLAS, and that explanation, which was strictly true, has lately been given again in the *Springfield Republican*. (Signed) D. PADMAN,
for *Courier-Journal*.

Here is the explanation alluded to in the above letter:

"In answer to a note from the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, it should be said that the poem 'Attar of Roses,' published in the *Courier-Journal*, was written after the appearance of little Elaine Goodale's 'Ashes of Roses.' It was merely a bit of pleasantry which the heading explained.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*."

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MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co.—This latest edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies" is so finely bound and printed, and so exquisitely illustrated, that it will be sure to delight everybody, young and old, who sees it. It contains the most complete collection of the famous Nursery Songs that we ever have seen, also an interesting account of Mother Goose and her Family, and a great number of "Notes" telling all that is known about the history of the dear old rhymes we big and little children love so well, and just where the *real* Jack Sprats and Bobby Shaftoes and King Coles lived, and who they were, and what they did. So it is meant for the older members of the family as well as for the little folk, and with its handsome cover and superb colored illustrations by Mr. Kappes, is really a fine addition to the library table, and a beautiful household book.

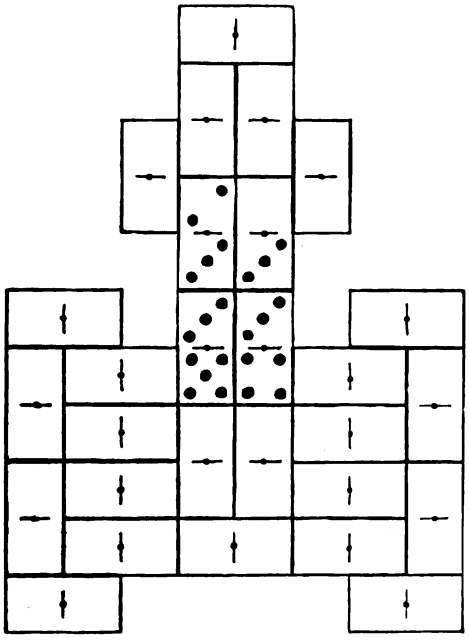
PRANG'S NATURAL HISTORY SERIES FOR CHILDREN is a collection of bright, entertaining talks about Animals and Birds, by Professor Norman A. Calkins and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, issued in pamphlet form, but with brilliantly colored pictures, and bound in soft covers of beautiful colors and designs. Each book is devoted to some one family or order of Natural History,—"The Cow Family," "The Cat Family," "The Birds of Prey," etc.,—and the reading matter is so simple, clear and interesting, and the pictures are so numerous and striking, that we can commend the books heartily to all our young friends who wish to learn about common animals and birds.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a title of honor, and leave hours of darkness. 2. Behead to delay, and leave a small island. 3. Behead to twist, and leave a kind of vase. 4. Behead a part of the face, and leave a pleasant outdoor exercise. 5. Behead thoroughly searched, and leave dressed. 6. Behead to strip, and leave a fish. 7. Behead a shoe, and leave a felled tree. 8. Behead articles used in games of chance, and leave a thing in which boys delight. 9. Behead a punctuation mark, and leave a tree. 10. Behead an insect, and leave a metallic pin of a certain kind. 11. Behead congealed vapor, and leave an adverb. 12. Behead one European country, and leave another. 13. Behead a helmet, and leave a constellation. 14. Behead a kind of sloth, and leave a personal pronoun. 15. Behead an adjective, and leave a way.

NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.



ARRANGE the dominos of a full set of twenty-eight in the outline of the diagram, and in such a way that each half-domino shall appear as one of the quarters of a square containing three other half-dominos having each the same number of spots as itself,—just like the four *trés* in the diagram,—and, also, so that, in the completed arrangement, there shall be two such squares, each containing four half-dominos marked alike. Of course, to accord with this last condition, two squares of *trés* should have been shown in the diagram; but that would have made the solution too easy, so the second square was omitted. Still, the dominos actually given are part of an arrangement such as is required, and the way to lay the remaining twenty-four pieces of the set is indicated,—whether up-and-down or across; but there are other arrangements beside this.

If, however, the given outline is preserved in the solutions sent in, they will be accepted as correct, provided they show the two sets of squares; and the number of each person's successful solutions will be mentioned with the name.

EASY ACROSTIC.

MY first is in "Scribner," but not in "Harper;" my second in "Times," but not in "Ledger;" my third is in "Nation," but not in "Observer;" my fourth is in "Independent," but not in "Post;" my fifth is in "Churchman," but not in "Presbyterian;" my sixth is in "Harper," but not in "Scribner;" my seventh is in "Observer," but not in "Times;" my eighth is in "Ledger," but not in "Nation;" my ninth is in "Agriculturist," but not in "Tribune;" my tenth is in "Standard," but not in "Churchman;" my whole was a well-known light of his times and a lover of children. L. G. H.

RIDDLE.

O WHO can wonder at the sadness of my eyes,
Or who can wonder at my mournful, piteous cries,
For chains are ever most familiar things to me,—
And, tho' to letters given, I 'm made to swim the sea?

H.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

THE square is of three letters; so, of course, the foundation words have five letters each.

Reading Across: 1. Pure and easily seen through. 2. Dreads. 3. Pies.

Reading Down: 1. Gather. 2. Rends. 3. Portions.

H. H. D.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. IT makes no difference
Under the sun,
Whether you count me twelve
Or only one.

2. This is the pretty name
Of a fair lake,
On which you would delight
A sail to take.

3. These should be grandly high
For heart or brain.
'T is not by looking low,
That Heaven we gain.

4. The last a blessing is
To weary one:
To us may it remain
When life is done. L. W. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of thirty-four letters, is a well-known line quoted from a poem written by Thomas Gray.

1. The 1, 26, 34, is sport or merriment. 2. The 3, 16, 25, 8, is a beautiful flower. 3. The 10, 6, 13, 30, is a young wild animal. 4. The 15, 23, 27, 33, is a fragrant flower. 5. The 18, 2, 7, is a small cake. 6. The 20, 29, 17, 32 is a trick or artifice. 7. The 24, 19, 12, 21, is a gift or favor. 8. The 28, 9, 4, 11, is a large public room. 9. The 31, 22, 14, 5, is the stalk of a plant. ISOLA.

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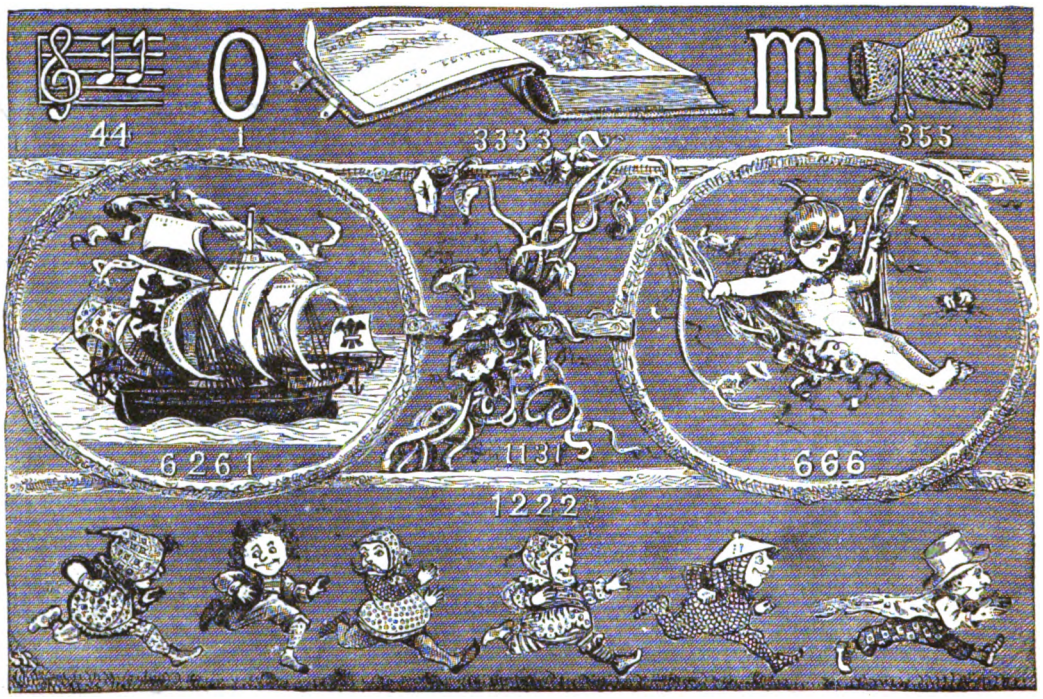
PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THE answer—a maxim often heard—contains six words. The picture in the upper left-hand corner is a rebus; and the rest of the puzzle is in the form of an anagram. Each numeral beneath the anagram-pictures denotes a letter in that word of the maxim whose place in numerical succession is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: The numeral 1 under a picture denotes a letter belonging to the first word of the maxim; 3, that its letter is in the third word of the maxim; and so on. The fourth word of the answer, however, is wholly represented by the rebus-picture. To solve the puzzle:—Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Set down the solution of the rebus-picture under figure 4, and then, for the remainder of the problem: find a word, letters, or a letter, suitably descriptive of each picture, using as many letters for each description as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words; and all the words, when read off in due order, will be the answer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.—I. 1. Happy; 2. Agree; 3. Proas; 4. Peart; 5. Yesty II. 1. New; 2. Eve; 3. Web. III. 1. Year; 2. Ezra; 3. Arts; 4. Rasp.

EASY MELANGE.—1. Teasel, Easel; 2. Teasel, Tease; 3. Teasel, Lease; 4. Teasel, Least; 5. Least, slate; 6. Teasel, Ease; 7. Easel, seal; 8. Easel, Sale; 9. Least, Teal; 10. Least, slat; 11. Least, Late; 12. Least, Salt; 13. Least, Tael; 14. Least, Tale; 15. Slate, Last; 16. Tease, Seat; 17. Tease, East; 18. Tease, Sate; 19. Easel, Lees; 20. Easel, Seel; 21. Teal, Lea; 22. Teal, Ale; 23. Tael, Tea; 24. Tael, Eat; 25. East, Sea; 26. Lees, Sea; 27. Lees, Eel; 28. Seel, Lee; 29. Tale, Let.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Fall, All. 2. Smart, Mart. 3. Crash, Rash. 4. Thigh, High. 5. Cowl, Owl. 6. Ship, Hip. 7. Pledge, Ledge. 8. Task, Ask.

EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Trans-verse; 2. Trans-late; 3. Trans-port; 4. Trans-it; 5. Trans-act; 6. Trans-pose.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—On earth peace good-will toward men: 1. Lo *now*. 2. *Hear the*. 3. *Peace*ful. 4. *Good*ies. 5. *Will*ing. 6. *To war-d*yed. 7. *Come n*igh.

DIAGONAL, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS. Happy New Year.—1. Hieroglyphic; 2. PArsimonious; 3. RiP Van Winkle; 4. StiPulations; 5. PachYdermata; 6. PatroNymical; 7. CorporEalist; 8. EarthenWares; 9. LepodactYles; 10. MultiloquEnt; 11. MetaphoricAl; 12. ManufactureR.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Shoe-maker: 1. CaSte; 2. EtHer; 3. SpOke; 4. ClEar; 5 CoMic; 6. FrAnc; 7. BaKer; 8. StEel; 9. PeRry.

DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.—1. Crusty, rust, us. 2. Grated, rate, at; 3. Moment, omen, me; 4. Cringe, ring, in.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.—Perpendiculars: Coast-view; Fishermen; Schooners; Moonlight; Night-time.

1. CufFS MeN; 2. OCOlI; 3. AsS, HOG; 4 SOutH, NortH; 5. TO LET; 6. VIRgiNia Snake-rooT; 7. IMaGEI; 8. Ess RHEuM; 9. WheTStoNE.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.—Myrrh, I come, Star, Stall: Merry Christmas to all. ANAGRAM PROVERB.—Make haste slowly

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.—1. Ignoble; 2. Memoirs; 3. Payment; 4. Newsboy; 5. Pelican; 6. Sideway.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—In God we trust. CHARADE.—Pumpkin.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.—1. Plaster; 2. Lasted; 3. Asked; 4. Stem; 5. Ted; 6. Ed; 7. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 20, from "Fritters"—Estelle Jennings—Jennie A. Sey and Southwick C. Briggs—Evelyn Waters—Lulu Balcome—Bessie S. Worke—"Piccola Bedadly" and "Harry"—Brainard P. Emery—Susan T. Homans—Jeannie Kissam—E. S. King—"Trix" and "Octsy"—"E. C. G." and G. H. G.—Florence Griffen—Edith G. White—C. H. Stout—"Citchfield"—"C. H. T."—Eddie and Sarah Duffield—Bernard C. Steiner—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain and "Fritz"—Anne H. Green—Ratie P. Allen—F. W. Siddall—Maggie J. Gemmill—J. R. S. and L. S.—F. A. O.—M. and K. H.—Nellie Emerson—Maud Vasburg; Cammie H. S. C.—"The Baby Morgan"—Margie J. Robling—Allan D. Wilson—"X. V. Z" and "I. O. O. F."—Harmon S. Preston—Charles N. Cogswell—"H.W.," and "Euphonium, alias Baritone"—Howard Cresswell—"H. O. T. S. & Co."—Estella Lohmeyer—Bertha E. Keferstein—May Steele—Carrie—"Katy and Maud"—P. C. Bergell—Nellie Rodenstein—John V. L. Pierson—Bessie and her Cousin—Giles McAden—"H," of Stapleton—Florence L. Turrill—Edith B. Woods—Louisa Riedel—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Alice Lanigan—"Two Wills"—Lucy Mackville—Stock-broker—George J. Fiske—Esther L.—"Dycie."

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Florence Rogers

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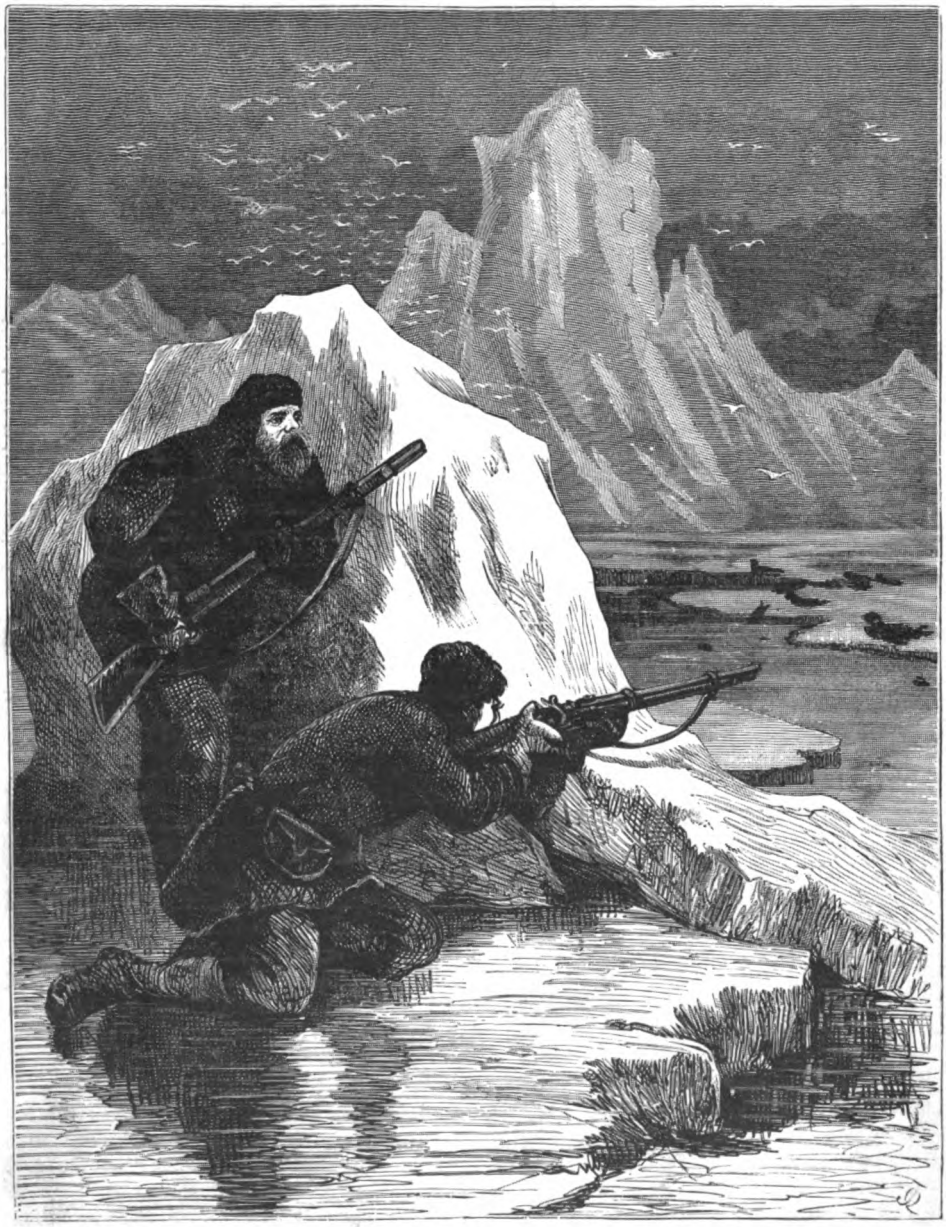

"THEY INSTINCTIVELY RAISED THEIR GUNS AND FIRED."

(See Page 306.)

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1879. No. 5.

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AN ADVENTURE ON AN ICEBERG.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

PETER ALSWIG was the government cooper in the little Danish colony of Upernavik, on the west coast of North Greenland. He had gone thither when a young man, intending to remain only a short time, but he married there during the very first year, and with a family growing up about him, it was not strange that he became a permanent colonist.

His first-born was a son, and he named him Carl Emile. Young Carl grew up to be a tall, bright-eyed, active fellow, and bleak and desolate as was his native Upernavik he loved it dearly. Had he wished, he could have gone to his father's old home in Denmark, where for a youth of his age there were many advantages that a wild Greenland colony does not possess; but Carl cared for none of them; he preferred the perfect freedom of his life, the cheery shop where he worked by his father's side, and the excitement of the seal-hunt. Besides, there was Nicholina. Nicholina was the daughter of the Governor's assistant, and it was said that in all that country round about, there was no one like her; no girl so pretty, no girl so kind, so generous or so good. Carl would have made sorry work of it had he tried to hide his feelings toward Nicholina; as it was, they seemed to be known to everybody but Nicholina herself. When he would fain talk seriously, her merry laughter forbade it; she would never listen to him. She seemed never to think of marriage. Some people said she was too proud, and that she thought there was nobody good enough for her. She was, however, never backward in promoting plans for general pleasure. In all dances and festivals she took a leading part, and possessing a fine taste and great skill in needle-work, she was always conspicuous on such occasions, for her cunningly embroidered dress of cloth and seal-skin, trimmed with tender eider-down, and her jacket sparkling with beads.

So it came about that although Carl was always happy he was never quite contented. But he was a brave, manly fellow, who was not ashamed of his own thoughts, and he worked blithely at the barrels and tubs, with no fears for the future.

Perhaps all this made Carl care less for the public festivals and dances than the other young men. At any rate, although the Spring Festival was at hand, he went off to hunt seals with his father.

Seal-hunting in the Spring is a great event in Greenland life. There is one kind of seal that cuts holes in the ice with its sharp claws, and when the sun shines the animals come out of the water and sleep. While thus sleeping they are approached by the hunters, who conceal themselves behind white screens attached to little sleds which they push noiselessly over the ice.

Peter and Carl decided that they would go to Peverick, a little rocky uninhabited island about twenty-five miles to the northward of Upernavik. The ice, as seen from the hill behind the village, was firm all the way to the island; but, outside, it had been already a good deal broken up and drifted off by recent gales.

Not much time was needed for preparation. They would take the whole family, consisting of two boys and two girls beside Carl Emile and their

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mother, and they would stay two weeks. Peter took three of the children and the family tent on his sledge, while Carl took his mother and one brother and all the camp fixtures. Each sledge was drawn by nine strong dogs, and the journey was quickly made. The tent was pitched on a level spot overlooking the sea, and, after a hearty supper and a good night's rest, the two hunters harnessed their dogs to their sleds, and drove at a lively pace far out upon the frozen sea.

After some time, they discovered a number of seals lying beside their holes, and the dogs were quickly made fast to a stake driven in the snow-drift, and each hunter was soon behind his white screen and sled, stealing cautiously upon the game. But though they moved very slowly for half an hour, the seals somehow became frightened and plunged into the water before Peter and Carl got within shooting-distance from them.

This was an unlucky failure, especially as no more seals were to be seen in any direction. A small iceberg in the distance, however, seemed to offer a better spot from which to survey the ice-field, and, having driven to it, the two hunters proceeded to climb it. They looked out over the great waste, but a few seals that they perceived far off did not tempt them, and as a strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a storm was threatening, they felt that there would be no luck on that day and they might as well go back to the camp at Peverick.

When they had descended the seaward side of the iceberg, they paused a little while, attracted by an immense flight of sea-gulls that came sailing about the icebergs, uttering wild, discordant screams. While watching the birds, they were startled by a noise sudden and appalling as of a tremendous discharge of artillery. A huge iceberg, not half a mile distant, had split in two, and, as it fell apart, it set in motion great waves which threatened to shatter the ice in all directions. Already, as they gazed bewildered, a long crack spread with a loud splitting noise between them and the shore!

Not a moment was to be lost! The dogs' heads were turned toward Peverick, the long lashes whistled in the air, and away they dashed as hard as they could go over the dark, treacherous ice. Too late! Too late! As they approached, they could see the black fissure grow wider and wider, and, when they reached the edge, the eddying water between forbade all hope of crossing.

They drove back to the iceberg and climbed it, hoping to find that to the northward the ice still held fast to the main-land. They were disappointed. On every side they saw the water. They were afloat upon a great raft of ice that was bearing them steadily away toward the south-west! In this, however, there was nothing very alarming, since the chances were that the ice-field on which they stood would swing around and close in with the land again. But presently the iceberg grounded, and the shock caused the field to crack again. A great seam opened swiftly at their very feet, and before they could realize their danger a wide channel yawned between them and their dogs with the laden sleds. The ice-field adhering to the berg swung around as upon a pivot, and, as it did so, the berg became detached from the bottom, and the whole mass floated off into deep water. The field-ice broke away bit by bit, and finally the berg itself alone remained, with Peter and Carl upon it, drifting out toward the open ocean, utterly powerless to help themselves!

Their first thoughts were not for themselves, but for the helpless ones at Peverick.

"Carl, my boy," said Peter, "that last crack did the business for us; and unless God wills it otherwise, we are lost. But it is hard to think that those on shore must starve."

Peter's voice was husky, and tears trickled down his face.

Peter had scarcely spoken when a number of seals appeared upon the edge of the land ice. The hunters instinctively raised their rifles and fired, each killing his animal, although the distance was very great. A moment afterward they saw (for they were now right opposite the camp at Peverick) the whole family climbing up the hill-side over the snow as if to look for them.

"They see us, and they must see the seals we shot," exclaimed Carl. "They wont starve now, though we may drift away, and, if they never see us again, somebody will find them before the two seals are eaten."

Up to this time the wind had been blowing quite fresh, but now it suddenly burst into a gale, with occasional spurts of snow. The clouds became dark and heavy, and after a while the snow-fall was constant. The hunters were in a most wretched condition. Everything around them was obscured, and they were drifting they knew not whither, nor in what direction. Waves broke against the iceberg, and the spray wet them to the skin; and, as it grew colder, they became covered with icicles. They spoke but little. One could hardly comfort the other in such an emergency, but both prayed fervently. Peter thought of his wife and children, Carl of his mother and Nicholina, neither of whom he ever expected to see again. And thus they drifted on through the angry sea and the gloomy, cold, and dreadful night, until at length they felt a heavy shock. The iceberg had grounded, and, to their great joy, it held fast. They knew now that they were in comparatively shallow water, and consequently could not be far out at sea; so, hope once

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more inspired them. If their berg could hold until the storm should clear away, some means of escape might be discovered.

PART II.

the storm would but cease! The outlook, now, in spite of hopefulness, is dreary enough.

Meanwhile, how very different is it with the friends in Upernavik! While the angry sounds of the warring elements deafen the ears of the hunters, at Upernavik the lights are glimmering brightly, and the cheery fires on the village hearths defy the storm that howls without. It is the night of the Hunting Festival. Although it is night, it is not dark, but the heavy clouds and the thickly falling snow render everything obscure. In the cooper shop, candles are burning above the merry crowd, and the storm vainly tries to drown the sounds of their music and laughter. Nicholina is there in all her glory, and her pretty dress of warm cloth trimmed with seal fur and delicate eider-down, her embroidered jacket, her raven tresses and bright ribbons, make her as pretty a picture as all Greenland ever looked upon. All are as happy as happy can be, and the governor and his officials are present aiding in the general enjoyment.

Some one enters, and says to the governor that down upon the shore he has heard strange noises coming in from the sea. Another presently runs in and says that he, too, has heard the sounds, and that they resemble the cries of dogs in distress. But all laugh at the idea and say: "It is the storm you hear! Dogs are not fish that they should take to the water." But a third running in to confirm the story, they are alarmed, and hastily make for the shore. As they run down to the rocks they hear distinctly a distant wail borne on the fierce blast. Dogs they are, undoubtedly; but whose dogs can they be?

They go down near the beach and peer into the gloom. They have not long to wait before the air lightens up a little, and vaguely they see a broad ice-field, and upon it are the dogs. Nicholina is the first to discover them, and, quickly pushing her way through the crowd, she stands almost at the water's edge. The spray touches her, but she does not seem to heed it, and, for once, at least, does not appear to think of her fine clothes. Being lower down, she can see more plainly than the rest.

"Come back, Nicholina, or you 'll be drowned!" cried her father. "Come back, Nicholina!" cried everybody; but she stood there motionless, looking from beneath her hand. There is an intense earnestness about her manner that overcomes all remonstrance, and her father, forgetting his command that she shall come back, now eagerly asks: "What is it, Nicholina?" All the men crowd forward, and their faces wear a look of pain and anxiety as the possibility of some great calamity suggests itself. In a few minutes, they can all see the dogs and recognize them. They are, beyond question, Peter and Carl's dogs; but where are their masters? where are Peter's wife and his boys and girls? What has happened to them all?

The dogs, seeing the people on the shore, and knowing they are safe, whine joyfully, and as the ice-field comes crashing in and piling great fragments up against the rocks, they scamper gladly upon the land. There are eighteen of them; not one is missing; but of their masters the great ice-field gives no trace.

"They are lost!" cries everybody. But Nicholina, still standing by the surf, with trembling voice, says: "Oh, no! It cannot be. When it grows lighter we shall surely see them!"

Two dark objects come into view upon the drifting field, and every eye is strained toward them. But as they approach each heart sinks again. They are only the sleds.

The governor shakes his head sadly.

"Let a watch be kept and be relieved every hour, and let me know if anything is seen of them. All others go home; the morning may need all your energies."

The governor's order is obeyed, and Nicholina, distracted with her fears, is by sheer force made to go with her father.

The first to the beach in the morning is Nicholina. The brave girl is pale, and her bright eyes are dimmed with tears.

The sun mounts higher from the horizon, and little by little the clouds lift and the view becomes less obscured. The snow ceases to fall. By and by the keen eye of Nicholina detects the shimmer of a great iceberg as she scans the surface of the dark waters. She sees the ice clearly and the waves breaking against its sides. It grows more and more distinct, and presently its lofty crest is visible. Other bergs come into view one by one, and a ray

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of sunlight falls upon Nicholina. She raises her heart to God in a silent prayer. To her the sunbeam is a good omen, and she watches it as it passes away over the waters. Her eyes follow it with an intense longing. It silvers the great iceberg; it blazes brightly upon the crystal sides of the group just beyond, and finally illuminates a low, white mass away out among the reefs and breakers. Nicholina sees for an instant a dark object near the summit. Her eyes dilate, her whole figure trembles with excitement, and she cries forth:

"It is he! It is Carl Emile! The boat!—the boat!"

The astonished people flock around her and ask, "Where? where?" for they cannot see. She only replies, with half-frenzied gestures: "It is Carl Emile! Come away! The boat! The boat!"

She leads the way to the little harbor, and seizing the line of the best sea-boat there, begins to haul it in, while the people stand around and stare at her in astonishment.

"I will rescue him!" she cries.

"Who?" they ask.

"Carl Emile! He is out there on the iceberg. I see him, and I will go to him and save him!"

By this time, Nicholina has sprung into the boat. She stands at the bow, and, with flashing eyes, she cries:

"Who will come with me? Who will rescue Carl Emile!"

In vain they expostulate and say that no boat can live in that sea. Nicholina is not to be daunted, and as she repeats her cry, a dozen young fellows leap forward. In a moment, six of them are in the boat, and in their places.

"We will go, Nicholina," they say; "but you must stay here!"

Nicholina's answer is to seize an oar, spring to the stern, shove the boat off, and begin to pull. The young men are quick to follow her irresistible example, and the boat shoots out of the sheltered harbor into the angry waves, on whose crests are tossing sharp fragments of ice, which, by striking one against the other, add to the tumult of the winds and waves.

The people on the shore watch the boat as at one moment it mounts a sea and again sinks away into the trough, and, for an instant, is lost to view. But steadily the distance between it and the shore widens, though it does not go a length without danger of being crushed by the tumbling ice.

The men try to persuade Nicholina to abandon her oar, but she will not.

"I brought you here, and while I share the danger I will share the labor," is her reply.

An anxious hour passes, and the boat disappears behind an island. A half hour more and it is seen dancing between that island and another further up to windward. Behind this it vanishes again, and then the people say: "The boat is surely lost with all on board. Nicholina must have been mad."

But the boat is not lost, only it cannot be seen from shore. Beyond the second island it is headed toward the little iceberg where Nicholina first saw the dark object which she took for Carl Emile. But she does not see any dark object now. Perhaps it is the motion of the boat which is unfavorable to observation.

The water is very angry, and what with the fury of the wind and waves the boat often makes no headway for minutes at a time. "Give way, men! give way! pull for life!" cries Nicholina. "Give way! give way!" they shout in chorus after her, and the boat creeps on. They come among loose ice which strikes their oars, and they fall back. But "Give way!" the brave girl shouts again, "Give way!" is the responsive echo, and again the boat moves on.

They are among the boiling surf of the reef and are almost overwhelmed, but "give way" again, and they are safe from that danger, and nearing the stiller waters in the lee of the iceberg for which they steer. They reach that water, and make more rapid headway; they reach the berg, and are dashed against it, but the boat is not broken. Nicholina has dropped her oar, she has stood up in the bow, her long black hair flying in the winds, she has one foot upon the gunwale, and before the shock of contact with the berg has come she has leaped upon the ice.

She looks about her, but does not discover the object of her search. Her heart sinks within her. She goes a little to the left, and there lie two motionless figures locked in each other's arms. The younger is without a coat. He has taken it off and wrapped it about the other. They are partly sheltered from the wind, but only poorly from the surf. The girl seizes the younger man's hand, crying, with a voice of agony: "Carl! Carl Emile!"

The eyes of the young man open slightly; he moves a little, but he cannot speak. It is joy enough for Nicholina to know that he lives. Peter gives no sign, but she makes sure that his heart beats and she is thankful. In the shelter of the iceberg they are safely carried to the boat, and it starts on its perilous journey back to Upernavik. The whole village is assembled on the hill watching for the re-appearance of the boat, and a great shout of joy goes up as it is seen once more tossing on the waves between the islands. It comes along steadily and safely, and now they can count the figures of those in it. There are but seven.

"Alas!" they cry, "Nicholina was wrong. They have not found Carl Emile or Peter!"

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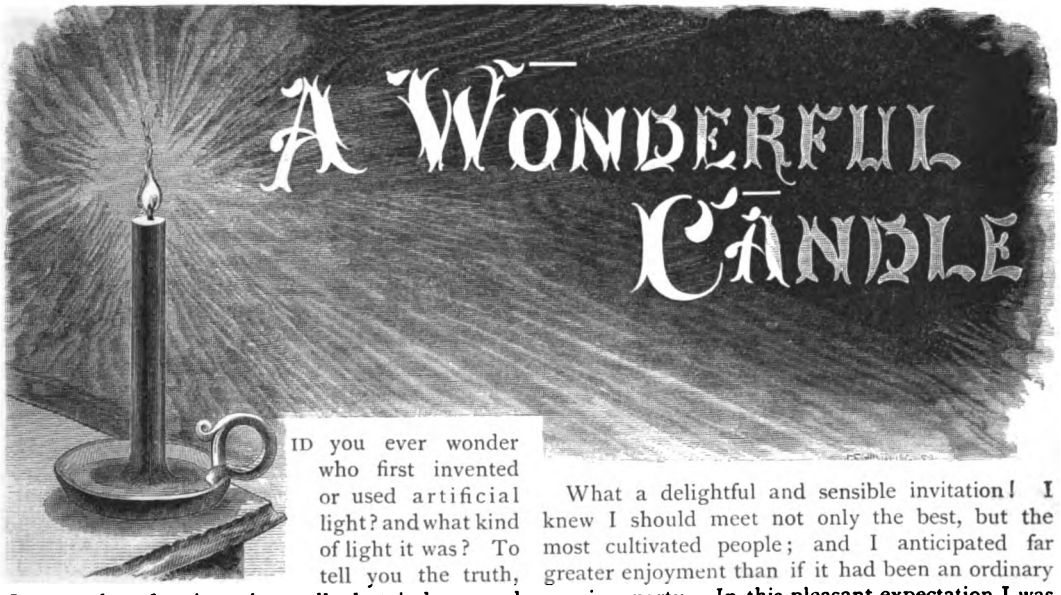
Nicholina relieves their minds by crying out: "We have found them. They are here. They are alive." And then the people cheer. The men are carried to their home; the doctor comes and finds that they are not frozen, only numbed. The danger of reaction is great, but with careful nursing they both revive, and are found not to have suffered permanent harm.

Within a week, Carl Emile is about as well and strong as ever; but it is fully a month before Peter is himself again, and it is doubtful if he will ever be quite the same strong man he was.

Carl's first thoughts were of his mother and brothers and sisters at Peverick. But the ice is completely broken up, and a boat could not for many days be either pulled through it or dragged over it. Those were days of agony to Carl. But at length Peverick was reached, and all was well. Carl's mother had given him and her husband up for lost from the moment she saw them being carried out to sea on the iceberg. It was fortunate that those two seals, which Carl's brothers brought to camp, were shot by the two hunters drifting away upon the iceberg, for otherwise the whole family must have starved.

All are reunited and happy at Upernavik, and the pretty Nicholina is the heroine of the village. The people cannot say too much in praise of her courage and devotion. At last, Carl is well again and able to go out, looking not so much the worse for his adventure.

It is needless to say to whose house he went as soon as he did get out, or to narrate what he said to her or what she said to him. It is sufficient that you should know that not many days elapsed before there was a grand wedding in Upernavik, and that a handsomer, happier couple never lived in Greenland, nor indeed anywhere, than Carl and his brave, black-eyed Nicholina.



DID you ever wonder who first invented or used artificial light? and what kind of light it was? To tell you the truth, I never thought about it at all; but it happened that one evening not long ago, I was made very much ashamed of my stupidity.

I received an invitation to spend the evening with a learned professor and his beautiful wife, who live in a large house on Madison avenue, in New York, and to witness some electrical experiments.

What a delightful and sensible invitation! I knew I should meet not only the best, but the most cultivated people; and I anticipated far greater enjoyment than if it had been an ordinary evening party. In this pleasant expectation I was not disappointed.

After the company had assembled, they were invited to go to the top of the house. We marched up the stairs in procession, the ladies having taken the arms of the learned men. We were ushered into a large room, from which all the furniture had

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been removed. Camp-chairs were arranged in rows, and were quickly filled. This room opened into another, which also was filled with camp-chairs. Between the rooms was a high table, on which were mysterious scientific-looking jars, out of which came small copper wires in fine coils. The tops of these seemed to be connected together by finer wires. On the table, besides these, were a gas drop-light, a common tallow candle, a little bronze boat containing oil, with a wick at one end, a rather shabby-looking dark candlestick, or what looked like one, and some other things, the uses of which I did not know.

Fastened against the wall was a large square, made of three colors of silk, broad stripes of blue, red, and green, surrounded by a wide yellow border, and I wondered to myself if it were a banner, and to what nation it belonged.

After we were seated, there was a momentary silence of expectation, and I faintly heard something that sounded like the muffled beating of a steam-engine. I saw it afterward in the back room, a pretty little engine, hard at work,—not boiling water, to generate or make steam,—but a petroleum engine, burning petroleum oil, to generate or make an electric current which was carried through a pipe to the table between the rooms. The professor said that this cunning little engine consumed only one drop of oil a minute, and yet it was "a horse and a half power." I called it a horse and a colt power. You all know that the power of all steam-engines is thus gauged, or measured; that is, each one has the strength and can do the work of so many horses. The engine of an ocean steamer is of many hundred horse-power,—a giant in strength and resistance against the mighty winds and waves,—enabling the vessel, with almost resistless power, to

> "Cleave a path majestic through the flood,
> As if she were a goddess of the deep."

And now that I have quoted this elegant compliment to the steam-engine, I will tell you what the professor said about light.

"In very old times," he began, "people went to bed with the chickens when the sun had set. When they wanted to sit up a little later, all the light they knew how to make was from the blaze of burning wood. After a while, some observing old fellow noticed that when grease fell into the fire, the blaze became much brighter; so he dipped a reed or rush into oil and set one end on fire, and thus rush-lights came into fashion. Old books and songs tell about the farthing rush-lights. They were sold four for a penny, and a very dismal illumination they must have made. Then people began to put oil in cups, preparing a rind of pork to set in the oil for a wick, and burned that. The great feasts of the Romans, in the old classical heathen times, before the birth of our Savior, must have been most dingy affairs, for all they had for lighting up their tables were these lamps." And here the professor put out all the gas-lights, and applied a match to the wick at one end of the little bronze Roman boat.

It was highly classical and very elegant in shape; but the light it gave was so utterly dismal that all the company uttered a funny little groan, and a handsome old gentleman, who sat next to me, said:

"Well, after that specimen of old Roman brilliancy, I am quite reconciled to paying my big gas-bills."

"After this," continued the professor, "candles were invented. To show you what the first ones were like, I tried to get as bad a one as possible. It should evolve or unfurl the traditional 'shroud' in the light, and be otherwise disagreeable; but this one, I am afraid, will be far more respectable and well-behaved than the tallow candles of our ancestors."

Here he lit the candle, and another dismal groan saluted the forlorn yellow light. It looked as if it had lost all its friends. It sputtered and guttered; tallow tears ran down its greasy sides, and very soon it became,—if not a broken-hearted, certainly a broken-backed, tallow candle.

"It was not so many years ago," said the professor, "that candles were in general use, though greatly improved in quality; for the next invention—the argand burner, or astral lamp—could only be afforded by well-to-do people. The flame was fed by the oil made from the blubber of the sperm whale, which was rather expensive; but the lamp made a great improvement in artificial light. Many of us can remember the astral lamp, which gave a soft, pleasant, steady light under its glass shade, quite sufficient to render a room of ordinary size cheerful and cozy. Gas had been discovered, and utilized in places of business a long time before it was introduced into our better houses; and then it was that petroleum or kerosene took the place of candles in poorer localities, and it is still in universal use.

"You may think that there is nothing better to be desired than gas; but if the ladies present would consider how this light changes and injures many delicate colors, and how unbecoming it is, they would rejoice in that restless spirit of invention that is ever crying 'Excelsior!' and is now using all its resources to bring the exquisitely beautiful pure white electric light into common use. Let me show you the effect of light still more yellow than gas-light on those colors hanging up. It is a sodium

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light, and sodium is only common salt prepared for burning."

Here the professor applied a match to one of the things on the table of which I told you I did not know the uses. A dull deep yellow flame sprang up. All the blue, red and green in what we will call the banner vanished utterly,—nobody knows where,—leaving three ugly gray and leaden-colored stripes, while the pale yellow border had an attack of yellow jaundice immediately, and became orange-color. The professor held his hand against the flame, and it changed to a ghastly gray hand, and as to us, we looked like dressed-up ghosts.

"You see now," said the professor, "how great an improvement a white light ought to be. I am told that when ladies purchase silk for an evening dress, they request to have it shown by gas-light. Some of the larger stores have a little room lighted only by gas for this purpose; and it is surprising to notice how a silk, beautiful in daylight, will alter and become dingy in color the moment the gas-light flashes upon it."

And now the professor, putting out the hateful sodium light, touched a hidden spring. In an instant—like the winking of an eye—a tiny, but most glorious, star, or, what it was still more like, or was really, a bit of imprisoned lightning, flashed out of the end of a coiled copper wire, with thousands of luminous silver rays emanating from it.

"A—h, how beautiful! how superb!" exclaimed everybody.

Instantly, all the colors in the banner on the wall became perfect and true; blue was blue, and green, green, and you know these colors are often mistaken one for the other at night. The colors of the ladies' dresses, soft lavender, blue, pink, and gray, were in lovely and harmonious contrast, and diamonds flashed like little electric points. Why, everybody looked handsomer than ever they had before. The fine dark eyes of the professor were sparkling, and his face beaming with pleasure, because he saw that he had given pleasure to others, which after all is the best, the purest happiness. Then he put a white porcelain shade over the electric light, and with the softened brightness, another delighted exclamation passed like a wave over the crowd; for you know that light like sound travels in waves, though light beats sound by an infinite number of times in speed. I might as well tell you here that while a sound would be traveling leisurely about thirteen miles in a minute, a flash of light can go the distance of four hundred and eighty times round the whole earth!

The porcelain shade over the electric light made it seem as if a moon, brighter than a hundred moons, had floated down upon us; and yet it was all the time that mere speck of lightning—chained up, bound down hand and foot by the professor.

Soon, by a mysterious turn of his hand, the light darted to another copper wire. This other was an English application of electricity, and has been used a good deal in England,—in dock-yards, iron-works, railway stations and manufactories. It was very bright, but it flickered a little. Then he made the light dart to the candlestick I mentioned, which was invented in Paris by a man whose funny name is Jablochkoff. I had to go to the professor's the next morning to get this name, for I wrote it first "Bobbleyjock," then "Bumpterhausen," and then "Butthurpurttles," and none of them seemed right. This candlestick made a lovely light. A large number of them were used at the Paris Exposition, which must have been magnificent at night illuminated by this imprisoned lightning.

The professor said that he had tried to have Mr. Edison present, and tell us of his amazing inventions; but he was so overwhelmed with business connected with electric light, that he could not come. Let us all hope that Mr. Edison will succeed in making electricity the light that will, like the sun, "shine for all;" for, besides its being so beautiful, and so true, it will be far cheaper than any light we now have.

After the delightful little lecture was over, we went into the back room to see the one horse and colt engine—which was working away merrily—manufacturing the electric fluid. The professor was in some alarm lest the ladies, like children, should want to touch the engine. I did for one, and very likely would have had my hand chopped off if I had; so we concluded to leave it alone and go down-stairs, where—as if this delicious feast of reason and instruction had not been satisfying enough—we were regaled with the lightest, and sweetest, and best of eatable delicacies.

When I bade the professor and his lovely wife good-night, I thanked them most heartily for rousing me out of my stupidity, and making me think; for making me conscious that you, and I, and everybody, have great cause for gratitude that we live in an age of such wonderful applications of known powers, and of such amazing new inventions. Before very long we probably shall cease to wonder at anything in the way of discovery, but at each advance will say to each other, as a matter of course: "Well, what next?"

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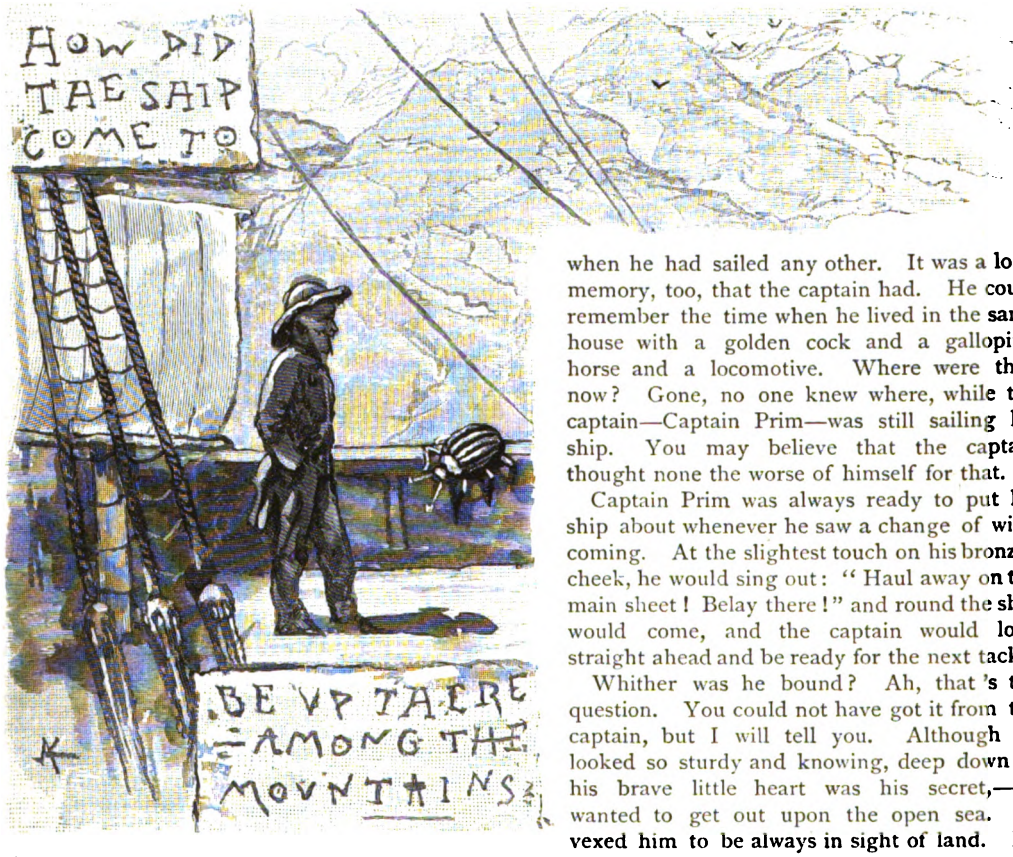
THE OBSTINATE WEATHERCOCK.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.



That no one could say; but everybody could see it upon the school-house belfry, and everybody did see it. "We shall have a storm to-day, the old ship is sailing east," the people would say, as they looked at it; or, "Fair weather to-day, the captain 's looking westward." When the bell in the belfry rang the children into school the ship trembled, but it kept on its course. And what was its course? Always in the teeth of the wind.

It was a full-rigged ship, all sails set, and the captain standing on the poop. He always stood there, rain or shine, fair weather or foul, morning, noon, and night,—such a faithful captain was he. His hands were in his pockets, and his tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head. Captain Prim, the children called him. Captain Prim had always sailed this ship. He could not remember the time when he had sailed any other. It was a long memory, too, that the captain had. He could remember the time when he lived in the same house with a golden cock and a galloping horse and a locomotive. Where were they now? Gone, no one knew where, while the captain—Captain Prim—was still sailing his ship. You may believe that the captain thought none the worse of himself for that.

Captain Prim was always ready to put his ship about whenever he saw a change of wind coming. At the slightest touch on his bronzed cheek, he would sing out: "Haul away on the main sheet! Belay there!" and round the ship would come, and the captain would look straight ahead and be ready for the next tack.

Whither was he bound? Ah, that 's the question. You could not have got it from the captain, but I will tell you. Although he looked so sturdy and knowing, deep down in his brave little heart was his secret,—he wanted to get out upon the open sea. It vexed him to be always in sight of land. He could n't get away from the dreadful mountains all about him, and once in a great while, when there was a fog, he was terribly anxious lest his ship should go on the rocks. So it was that night and day he kept his post and sailed in the teeth of the wind, for those were his sailing orders. "Captain," said a man whom he had known in his early days, "always sail in the teeth of the wind and you 'll do your duty."

One day he was startled by seeing a head looking at him over the rail.

"I say, there," said the head, "want a passenger?" and before the captain could answer, the stranger had climbed over the rail and stood on the deck, where he shook himself.

"Pretty dusty, eh!"

"Who are you?" growled the captain. "Landlubber! dusty! out at sea!"

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"Hear him!" laughed the passenger. "Why, captain, you have n't started yet."

"When you are as old as I am, young stranger ——" began Captain Prim.

"When you 've traveled as far as I have," began the passenger, "you 'll know whether it 's dusty or not."

Captain Prim longed to ask him where he had come from, but his pride prevented.

"May be it is n't dusty between here and Colorado. May be these hills are n't pretty rough climbing. I 'm tired of it. I 'm ready for a voyage. Pull up your anchor and weigh it. O, I know a thing or two about the sea; just weigh your anchor and tell me how heavy it is, cap'n."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the captain, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"I? Did n't you ever see one of my family before? Why, I 'm a Potato Bug. I have had enough of this country. I 'm going abroad."

Just then the wind veered a little.

"Haul away on the main sheet!" cried the captain, and the Potato Bug, not seeing anybody at work, put his head down the hatchway and repeated the order.

"I say, chambermaid, the cap'n wants you;" but no one answered.

"Well, this is a ghostly ship," said the Potato Bug. "I 'm not going to work my passage."

"Belay there!" cried the captain, as the ship swung round and was still again.

"O, we 're going now, are we?" asked the passenger; "this is comfortable," and he crossed his legs. "But I say, cap'n," he began again, pretty soon, "we don't get ahead. I 've been watching that meeting-house and it does n't move a particle. It ought to. It ought to look as if it was moving. O, I know something about motion."

"Mind your business," said the captain, badly frightened. He, too, had always had an eye on that meeting-house, when the wind was in the west, and it bothered him that he should never seem to get by it.

"Well, I think I will. I 'll get out of this Flying Dutchman," said the Potato Bug, getting up and climbing over the rail again. "I 'm a live passenger, I am. I 'm used to getting ahead in the world. You may stay and sail to nowhere, if you want to. Good-bye!" and he dropped over the side.

"He 's an ignorant land-lubber," said Captain Prim, breathing a little more freely, but not daring yet to look at the meeting-house again. He could see the Potato Bug, a distant speck out on the end of the school-house, and then the Potato Bug was gone. But Captain Prim, now that he was alone again, kept firmly to his post. His hands were in his pockets, the tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head, and he kept his ship head on to the wind. Obstinate fellow!

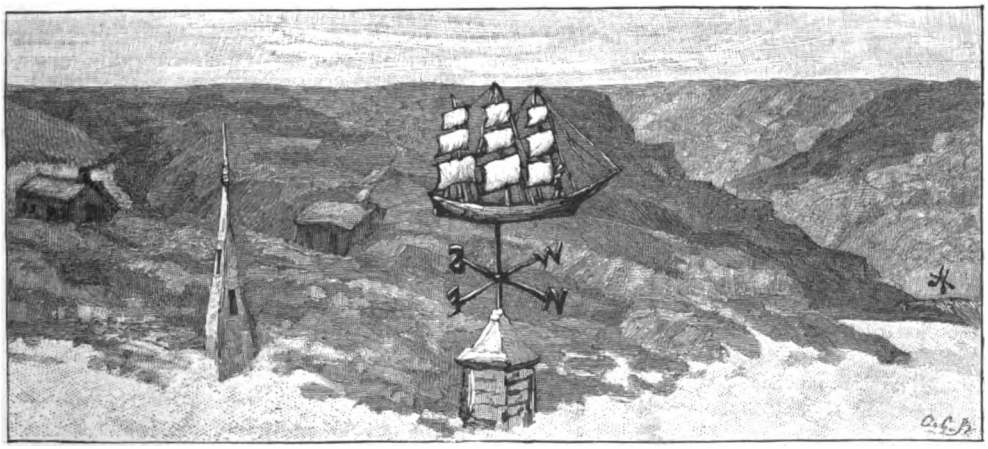
And what became of the Potato Bug? He had more traveling to do. He thought he would just look off over the roof of the school-house, and make up his mind where to go next, but it made him dizzy, and down he dropped to the ground. Young McPherson found him there lying on his back.

"That 's a fine specimen!" said he. "I 'll send him home to the old folks."

But the old folks lived in Scotland, and so Potato Bug had to travel in an envelope across the ocean. In the darkness of that sealed envelope he thought of Captain Prim.

"Perhaps he knew what he was about. Perhaps he was doing his duty," Potato Bug said faintly to himself. "If ever I go to sea again, I 'll go in Captain Prim's ship."

But he never went to sea again. He died of too much travel.



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RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF.—DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE RENAISSANCE.

BY MARY LLOYD.

How many young folk—or old folk either for that matter—when they meet with the word Renaissance in their reading know exactly what it means? They have a vague idea, probably, that it refers to something "artistic" or "old time-y"; perhaps even the pretty head-dress of Anne Boleyn, or Michael Angelo's battered face, rises dimly before them; or perhaps some queer high-backed piece of furniture; but that is about all that they really know about it. Is it not so?

The Renaissance is a term generally applied to the period of time embraced in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the first quarter of the sixteenth; or, to be quite definite, from the fall of the Greek or Byzantine empire in 1453 to the sacking of Rome in 1527. But it may, with propriety, be made to apply to the time extending from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The word "Renaissance" means a new birth. Another form of the word, "Renascence," lately used by some English writers, shows more clearly its Latin origin.

During the long night of the Middle Ages ignorance and superstition had lain like an iron weight upon the human mind; but now some mighty forces seemed to be at work, and there was a great awakening in every direction.

Gunpowder, which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, caused a great change in the art of carrying on war, and put an end forever to the feudal system, which was one distinguishing characteristic of the Middle Ages.

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Then there was the invention of the compass in 1302 by Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, a village near Naples. By this it was made possible for sailors to venture further out to sea, and it eventually led to the discoveries in America and the East Indies. The account of these brilliant achievements reads almost like a page from a fairy-tale.

The Portuguese were the foremost in all the grand maritime enterprises of the latter part of the fifteenth century. They discovered the Madeira Islands, the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and points on the western coast of Africa. It was in the service of the Portuguese king that the brave Bartholomew Dias discovered the southern point of Africa; and afterward, in 1497, that Vasco di Gama first rounded this cape, which proved, indeed, to be one of Good Hope, for it was from here that he sailed to discover the eastern sea-route to that land of silks and spices, of gold and diamonds, the East Indies.

You all know that these bold exploits of the Portuguese navigators fired the heart of Columbus with daring to set sail on an unknown sea in order to find a westward passage to the Indies. But his story is so well known to you all that I need make no more than this passing allusion to him.

Not only were there great discoveries made on this lower world of ours, but more marvelous revelations still were made in the realm above us. It had long been believed that "this little round o' the earth" was the center of all created things; but Copernicus proved, a short time before his death, in 1543, that the sun was the center of the solar system. He was aided in his studies by the description of the telescope, which Roger Bacon had written in 1250. It is supposed that some of these inventions were known at a much earlier date in Asia. The telescope and gunpowder were known to the Arabians, and from them, no doubt, had Friar Bacon derived his knowledge. It is certain, too, that the compass in some rude shape was known to the Chinese in very early times. They attributed the invention to Hong-ti, grandson of Noah, 1115 B. C.

But still we have to speak of the most wonderful invention which, more than any other, helped on the progress of the Renaissance,—the noble art of printing. The Dutch claim it for their countryman, Laurence Koster of Haarlem, while it is generally agreed that Guttenberg of Mayence rightfully divides it with his associates, Faust and Schaeffer. It was the last named who brought metal types into use about the year 1452.

After the fall of the Greek empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the imperial city of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves.

They carried with them all their worldly wealth,—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened.

We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks,—he who had loved learning so intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived, among his books, for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume.

Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the east." Princes, ladies and courtiers were alike enthusiastic. Like a boy with a new toy, they were filled with delight over some newly discovered fragment of an old Greek or Latin author. Now the lately invented art of printing came into requisition. Paper had been made from rags since about the year 1300, and, with these new facilities, copies of the classic authors were rapidly multiplied and came into the possession of those who had never dared to hope to own one. Aldus Manutius set up a printing-press in Venice in 1488, and sent forth edition after edition of those splendid classics, called, after him, the Aldine editions, which are to this day the delight and envy of all lovers of rare and costly books.

It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture.

The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result.

And so, this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best and sweetest and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it,—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.

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THE WASP AND THE BEE.

BY PALMER COX.

IN a garden sweet and fair,
Once a bright and busy pair
Held a brief conversation on a lily.
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,
"Your maneuvers puzzle me,
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly.

"In the school where you were taught,
Was the fact before you brought
That our time is equivalent to money?
Now for days and days we 've met
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,
But you never seem to carry any honey!"

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile
With your blunt, outspoken style,
You have many things to learn, I must declare;
For a thousand sunny hours
You 've been pumping at the flowers,
And you never dreamed of poison being there.

"From the phlox and columbine,
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;
While I, coming in your wake,
From the self-same blossoms take
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.

"Let me whisper in your ear:
I have found while roaming here
Over garden, over orchard, over field,
That the fairest growth of flowers
Which adorn these haunts of ours,
The most deadly kind of poison often yields."

"Bless my sting!" exclaimed the Bee,
"Every day we live to see
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.
Who would think a nauseous drug
Could be stored away so snug,
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?"

And, with that it flew away,
To a field of blooming hay,
On the buttercup and clover to alight;
While the Wasp set out to find
Something suited to his mind,
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.

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EYEBRIGHT.

By Susan Coolidge.

Chapter III.

MR. JOYCE.

Wealthy was waiting at the kitchen-door, and pounced on Eyebright the moment she appeared. I want you to know Wealthy, so I must tell you about her. She was very tall and very bony. Her hair, which was black, streaked with gray, was combed straight, and twisted round a hair-pin, so as to make a tight round knot, about the size of a half-dollar, on the back of her head. Her face was kind, but such a very queer face that persons who were not used to it were a good while in finding out the kindness. It was square and wrinkled, with small eyes, a wide mouth, and a nose which was almost flat, as if some one had given it a knock when Wealthy was a baby, and driven it in. She always wore dark cotton gowns and aprons, as clean as clean could be, but made after the pattern of Mrs. Japhet's in the Noah's arks,—straight up and straight down, with almost no folds, so as to use as little material as possible. She had lived in the house ever since Eyebright was a baby, and looked upon her almost as her own child,—to be scolded, petted, ordered about and generally taken care of.

Eyebright could not remember any time in her life when her mother had not been ill. She found it hard to believe that mamma ever was young and active, and able to go about and walk and do the things which other people did. Eyebright's very first recollections of her were of a pale, ailing person, always in bed or on the sofa, complaining of headache and backache, and general misery,—coming down-stairs once or twice in a year perhaps, and even then being the worse for it. The room in which she spent her life had a close, dull smell of medicines about it, and Eyebright always went past its door and down the entry on tiptoe, hushing her footsteps without being aware that she did so, so fixed was the habit. She was so well and strong herself that it was not easy for her to understand what sickness is, or what it needs; but her sympathies were quick, and though it was not hard to forget her mother and be happy, when she was rioting out-of-doors with the other children, she never saw her without feeling pity and affection, and a wish that she could do something to please or to make her feel better.

Tea was so nearly ready that Wealthy would not let Eyebright go upstairs, but carried her instead into a small bedroom, opening from the kitchen, where she herself slept. It was a little place, bare enough, but very neat and clean, as all things belonging to Wealthy were sure to be. Then, she washed Eyebright's face and hands and brushed her hair, retying the brown bow, crimping with her fingers the ruffle round Eyebright's neck, and putting on a fresh white apron to conceal the ravages of play in the school frock. Eyebright was quite able to wash her own face, but Wealthy was not willing yet to think so; she liked to do it herself, and Eyebright cared too little about the matter, and was too fond of Wealthy beside, to make any resistance.

When the little girl was quite neat and tidy,—

"Go into the sitting-room," said Wealthy, with a final pat. "Tea will be ready in a few minutes. Your Pa is in a hurry for it."

So, Eyebright went slowly through the kitchen,—which looked very bright and attractive with its crackling fire and the sunlight streaming through its open door, and which smelt delightfully of ham-and-eggs and new biscuit,—and down the narrow, dark passage, on one side of which was the sitting-room, and on the other a parlor, which was hardly ever used by anybody. Wealthy dusted it now and then, and kept her cake in a closet which opened out of it, and there were a mahogany sofa and some chairs in it, upon which nobody ever sat, and some books which nobody ever read, and a small Franklin stove, with brass knobs on top, in which a fire was never lighted, and an odor of mice and varnish, and that was all. The sitting-room on the other side of the entry was much pleasanter. It was a large, square room, wainscoted high with green-painted wood, and had a south window and two westerly ones, so that the sun lay on it all day long. Here and there in the walls, and one on either side of the chimney-piece, were odd unexpected little cupboards, with small green wooden handles in their doors. The doors fitted so closely that it was hard to tell which was cupboard and which wall; anybody who did not know the room was always a long time in finding out just how many cupboards there were. The one on the left-hand side of the chimney-piece was Eyebright's special cupboard. It had been called hers ever since she was three years old, and had to climb on a chair to open the door. There she kept her treasures of all kinds,—paper dolls and garden seeds, and books, and scraps of silk for patch-work; and the top

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shelf of all was a sort of hospital for broken toys, too far gone to be played with any longer, but too dear, for old friendship's sake, to be quite thrown away. The furniture of the sitting-room was cherry-wood, dark with age; and between the west windows stood a cherry-wood desk, with shelves above and drawers below, where Mr. Bright kept his papers and did his writing.

He was sitting there now as Eyebright came in, busy over something, and in the rocking-chair beside the fire-place was a gentleman whom she did not recognize at first, but who seemed to know her, for in a minute he smiled and said:

"Oho! Here is my friend of this morning. Is this your little girl, Mr. Bright?"

"Yes," replied papa, from his desk; "she is mine—my only one. That is Mr. Joyce, Eyebright. Go and shake hands with him, my dear."

Eyebright shook hands, blushing and laughing, for now she saw that Mr. Joyce was the gentleman who had interrupted their play at recess. He kept hold of her hand when the shake was over, and began to talk in a very pleasant kind voice, Eyebright thought.

"I did n't know that you were Mr. Bright's little daughter when I asked the way to his house," he said. "Why did n't you tell me? And what was the game you were playing, which you said was so splendid, but which made you cry so hard? I could n't imagine, and it made me very curious."

"It was only about Lady Jane Grey," answered Eyebright. "I was Lady Jane, and Bessie, she was Margaret; and I was just going to be beheaded when you spoke to us. I always cry when we get to the executions: they are so dreadful!"

"Why do you have them then? I think that 's a very sad sort of play for two happy little girls like you. Why not have a nice merry game about men and women who never were executed? Would n't it be pleasanter?"

"Oh, no! It is n't half as much fun playing about people who don't have things happen to them," said Eyebright, eagerly. "Once we did, Bessie and I. We played at George and Martha Washington, and it was n't amusing a bit,—just commanding armies, and standing on platforms to receive company, and cutting down one cherry-tree! We did n't like it at all. Lady Jane Grey is much nicer than that. And I 'll tell you another splendid one,—'The Children of the Abbey.' We played it all through from the very beginning chapter, and it took us all our recesses for four weeks. I like long plays so much better than short ones which are done right off."

Mr. Joyce's eyes twinkled a little, and his lips twitched, but he would not smile, because Eyebright was looking straight into his face.

"I don't believe you are too big to sit on my knee," he said; and Eyebright, nothing loth, perched herself on his lap at once. She was such a fearless little thing, so ready to talk and to make friends, that he was mightily taken with her, and she seemed equally attracted by him, and chattered freely as to an old friend.

She told him all about her school, and the girls, and what they did in summer, and what they did in winter, and about Top-knot and the other chickens, and her dolls,—for Eyebright still played with dolls by fits and starts, and her grand plan for making "a cave" in the garden, in which to keep label-sticks and bits of string and her cherished trowel.

"Wont it be lovely?" she demanded. "Whenever I want anything, you know, I shall just have to dig a little bit, and take up the shingle which goes over the top of the cave, and put my hand in. Nobody will know that it's there but me. Unless I tell Bessie ——" she added, remembering that almost always she did tell Bessie.

Mr. Joyce privately feared that the trowel would become very rusty, and Eyebright's cave be apt to fill with water when the weather was wet; but he would not spoil her pleasure by making these objections. Instead, he talked to her about his home, which was in Vermont, among the Green Mountains, and his wife, whom he called "mother," and his son, Charley, who was a year or two older than Eyebright, and a great pet with his father, evidently.

"I wish you could know Charley," he said; "you are just the sort of girl he would like, and he and you would have great fun together. Perhaps some day your father 'll bring you up to make us a visit."

"That would be very nice," said Eyebright. "But"—shaking her head—"I don't believe it 'll ever happen, because papa never does take me away. We can't leave poor mamma, you know. She 'd miss us so much."

Here Wealthy brought in supper,—a hearty one, in honor of Mr. Joyce, with ham and eggs, cold beef, warm biscuit, stewed rhubarb, marmalade, and, by way of a second course, flannel cakes, for making which Wealthy had a special gift. Mr. Joyce enjoyed everything, and made an excellent meal. He was amused to hear Eyebright say: "Do take some more rhubarb, papa. I stewed it my own self, and it 's better than it was last time——" and to see her arranging her mother's tea neatly on a tray.

"What a droll little pussy that is of yours!" he said to her father, when Eyebright had gone upstairs with the tray. "She seems all imagination, and yet she has a practical turn, too. It 's an odd

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mixture. We don't often get the two things combined in one child."

"No, you don't," replied Mr. Bright. "Sometimes I think she has too much imagination. Her head is stuffed with all sorts of notions picked up out of books, and you 'd think, to hear her talk, that she had n't an idea beyond a fairy-tale. But she has plenty of common sense, too, and is more helpful and considerate than most children of her age. Wealthy says she is really useful to her, and has quite an idea of cooking and housekeeping. I 'm puzzled at her myself sometimes. She seems two different children rolled into one."

"Well, if that is the case, I see no need to regret her vivid imagination," replied his friend. "A quick fancy helps people along wonderfully. Imagination is like a big sail. When there 's nothing underneath, it 's risky; but with plenty of ballast to hold the vessel steady, it 's an immense advantage and not a danger."

Eyebright came in just then, and as a matter of course went back to her perch upon her new friend's knee.

"Do you know a great many stories?" she asked, suggestively.

"I know a good many. I make them up for Charley sometimes."

"I wish you 'd tell me one."

"It will have to be a short one then," said Mr. Joyce, glancing at his watch. "Bright, will you see about having my horse brought round? I must be off in ten minutes or so." Then, turning to Eyebright,—"I 'll tell you about Peter and the Wolves, if you like. That 's the shortest story I know."

"Oh, do! I like stories about wolves so much," said Eyebright, settling herself comfortably to listen.

"Little Peter lived with his grandmother in a wood," began Mr. Joyce in a prompt way, as of one who has a good deal of business to get through in brief time. "They lived all alone. He had n't any other boys to play with, but once in a great while his grandmother let him go to the other side of the wood where some boys lived, and play with them. Peter was always glad when his grandmother said he might go.

"One day, in the autumn, he said: 'Grandmother, may I go and see William and Jack?' Those were the names of the other boys.

"'Yes,' she said, 'you can go, if you will promise to come home at four o'clock. It gets dark early, and I am afraid to have you in the wood later than that.'

"So Peter promised. He had a nice time with William and Jack, and at four o'clock he started to go home, for he was a boy of his word.

"As he went along, suddenly, on the path before him, he saw a most beautiful gray squirrel with a long, bushy tail.

"'Oh, you beauty!' cried Peter. 'I must catch you and carry you home to grandmother.'

"Now, this was humbug in Peter, because grandmother did not care a bit about gray squirrels. But Peter did.

"So, Peter ran to catch the squirrel, and the squirrel ran, too. He did not go very fast, but kept just out of reach. More than once, Peter thought he had laid hold of him, but the cunning squirrel always slipped through his fingers.

"At last, the squirrel darted up into a thick tree where Peter could not see him any more. Then Peter began to think of going home. To his surprise, it was almost dark. He had been running so hard that he had not noticed this before, nor which way he had come, and when he looked about him, he saw that he had lost his way.

"This was bad enough, but worse happened; for, pretty soon, as he plodded on, trying to guess which way he ought to go, he heard a long, low howl far away in the wood,—the howl of a wolf. Peter had heard wolves howl before, and he knew perfectly well what the sound was. He began to run, and he ran and ran, but the howl grew louder, and was joined by more howls, and they sounded nearer every minute, and Peter knew that a whole pack of wolves was after him. Wolves can run much faster than little boys, you know. They had almost caught Peter, when he saw ——"

Mr. Joyce paused to enjoy Eyebright's eyes, which had grown as round as saucers in her excitement.

"Oh, go on!" she cried, breathlessly.

"—when he saw a big hollow tree with a hole in one side. There was not a moment to spare; the hole was just big enough for him to get into; and in one second he had scrambled through and was inside the tree. There were some large pieces of bark lying inside, and he picked one up and nailed it over the hole with a hammer which he happened to have in his pocket. So there he was, in a safe little house of his own, and the wolves could not get at him at all."

"That was splendid," sighed Eyebright, relieved.

"All night the wolves stayed by the tree, and scratched and howled and tried to get in," continued Mr. Joyce. "By and by, the moon rose, and Peter could see them putting their noses through the knot-holes in the bark, and smelling at him. But the knot-holes were too small, and, smell as they might, they could not get at him. At last, watching his chance, he whipped out his jack-knife and cut off the tip of the biggest wolf's nose. Then the wolves howled awfully and ran away, and Peter

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put the nose-tip in his pocket, and lay down and went to sleep."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Eyebright, delighted. "What came next?"

"Morning came next, and he got out of the tree and ran home. His poor grandmother had been frightened almost to death, and had not slept a wink all night long; she hugged and kissed Peter for half an hour, and then hurried to cook him a hot breakfast. That's all the story,—only, when Peter grew to be a man, he had the tip of the wolf's nose set as a breast-pin, and he always wore it."

Here Mr. Joyce set Eyebright down, and rose from his chair, for he heard his horse's hoofs under the window.

"Oh, do tell me about the breast-pin before you go," cried Eyebright. "Did he really wear it? How funny! Was it set in gold, or how?"

"I shall have to keep the description of the breast-pin till we meet again," replied Mr. Joyce. "My dear," and he stooped and kissed her, "I wish I had a little girl at home just like you. Charley would like it too. I shall tell him about you. And if you ever meet, you will be friends, I am sure."

Eyebright sat on the door-steps and watched him ride down the street. The sun was just setting, and all the western sky was flushed with pink, just the color of a rosy sea-shell.

"Mr. Joyce is the nicest man that ever came here, I think," she said to Wealthy, who passed through the hall with her hands full of tea-things. "He told me a lovely story about wolves. I'll tell it to you when you put me to bed, if you like. He's the nicest man I ever saw."

"Nicer than Mr. Porter?" asked Wealthy, grimly, walking down the hall.

Eyebright blushed and made no answer. Mr. Porter was a sore subject, though she was only six years old when she knew him, and had never seen him since.

He was a young man who for one summer had rented a vacant room in Miss Fitch's school building. He took a great fancy to Eyebright, who was a little girl then, and he used to play with her, and carry her about the green in his arms. Several times he promised her a doll, which he said he would fetch when he went home. At last, he went home and came back, but no doll appeared, and whenever Eyebright asked after it, he replied that it was "in his trunk."

One day, he carelessly left open the door of his room, and Eyebright, spying it, peeped in and saw that his trunk was unlocked. Now was her chance, she thought, and, without consulting anybody, she went in, resolved to find the doll for herself.

Into the trunk she dived. It was full of things, all of which she pulled out and threw upon the floor, which had no carpet, and was pretty dusty. Boots, and shirts, and books, and blacking-bottles, and papers,—all were dumped one on top of the other; but though she went to the very bottom, no doll was to be found, and she trotted away, almost crying with disappointment, and leaving the things just as they lay, on the floor.

Mr. Porter did not like it at all, when he found his property in this condition, and Miss Fitch punished Eyebright, and Wealthy scolded hard; but Eyebright never could be made to see that she had done anything naughty.

"He's a wicked man, and he didn't tell the trufe," was all she could say. Wealthy was deeply shocked at the affair, and would never let Eyebright forget it, so that even now, after six years had passed, the mention of Mr. Porter's name made her feel uncomfortable. She left the door-step presently, and went upstairs to her mother's room, where she usually spent the last half-hour before going to bed.

It was one of Mrs. Bright's better days, and she was lying on the sofa. She was a pretty little woman still, though thin and faded, and had a gentle, helpless manner, which made people want to pet her, as they might a child. The room seemed very warm and close after the fresh door-step, and Eyebright thought, as she had thought many times before, "How I wish that mother liked to have her window open!" But she did not say so.

"Was your tea nice, mamma?" she asked, a little doubtfully, for Mrs. Bright was hard to please with food, probably because her appetite was so fickle.

"Pretty good," her mother answered; "my egg was too hard, and I don't like quite so much sugar in rhubarb, but it did very well. What have you been about all day, Eyebright?"

"Nothing particular, mamma. School, you know; and after school, some of the girls came into our hay-loft and told stories, and we had such a nice time. Then Mr. Joyce was here to tea. He's a real nice man, mamma. I wish you had seen him."

"How was he nice? It seems to me you did n't see enough of him to judge," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, I can always tell right away if people are nice or not. Can't you? Could n't you, when you were well, I mean?"

"I don't think much of that sort of judging," said Mrs. Bright, languidly. "It takes a long time to find out what people really are,—years."

"Why, mamma!" cried Eyebright, with wide open eyes. "I could n't know but just two or three people in my whole life if I had to take such lots of time to find out! I'd a great deal rather be quick, even if I changed my mind afterward."

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"You 'll be wiser when you're older," said her mother. "It 's time for my medicine now. Will you bring it, Eyebright? It 's the third bottle from the corner of the mantel, and there 's a tea-cup and spoon on the table."

Poor Mrs. Bright! Her medicine had grown to be the chief interest of her life! The doctor who visited her was one of the old-fashioned kind who believed in big doses and three pills at a time, and something new every week or two; but, in addition to his prescriptions, Mrs. Bright tried all sorts of queer patent physics which people told her of, or which she read about in the newspapers. She also took a great deal of herb-tea of different sorts. There was always a little porringer of something steaming away on her stove,—camomile, or bone-set, or wormwood, or snake-root, or tansy, and always a long row of fat bottles with labels on the chimney-piece above it.

Eyebright fetched the medicine and the cup, and her mother measured out the dose.

"I can't help hoping that this is going to do me good," she said. "It 's something new which I read about in the 'Evening Chronicle,'—Dr. Bright's Cosmopolitan Febrifuge. It seems to work the most wonderful cures. Mrs. Mulrary, a lady in Pike's Gulch, Idaho, got entirely well of consumptive cancer by taking only two bottles; and a gentleman from Alaska writes that his wife and three children who were almost dead of cholera collapse and heart disease recovered entirely after taking the Febrifuge one month. It 's very wonderful."

"I 've noticed that those folks who get well in the advertisements always live in Idaho and Alaska and such like places, where folks aint very likely to go a-hunting after them," said Wealthy, who came in just then with a candle.

"I CAN'T HELP HOPING THAT THIS IS GOING TO DO ME GOOD."

"Now, Wealthy, how can you say so? Both these cures are certified to by regular doctors. Let me see,—yes,—Dr. Ingham and Dr. H. B. Peters. Here are their names on the bottle."

"It 's easy enough to make up a name or two if you want 'em," muttered Wealthy. Then, seeing that Mrs. Bright looked troubled, she was sorry she had spoken, and made haste to add, "However, the medicine may be first-rate medicine, and if it does you good, Mrs. Bright, we 'll crack it up everywhere,—that we will."

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Eyebright's bed-time was come. She kissed her mother for good-night with the feeling which she always had, that she must kiss very gently, or some dreadful thing might happen,—her mother break in two, perhaps, or something. Wealthy, who was in rather a severe mood for some reason, undressed her in a sharp, summary way, declined to listen to the wolf story, and went away, taking the candle with her. But there was little need of a candle in Eyebright's room that night, for the shutters stood open, and a bright full moon shone in, making everything as distinct, almost, as it was in the day-time. She was not a bit sleepy, but she did n't mind being sent to bed, at all, for bed-time often meant to her only a second play-time which she had all to herself. Getting up very softly, so as to make no noise, she crept to the closet, and brought out a big pasteboard box which was full of old ribbons and odds and ends of lace and silk. With these she proceeded to make herself fine; a pink ribbon went round her head, a blue one round her neck, a yellow and a purple round either ankle, and round her waist over her night-gown a broad red one, very dirty, to serve as a sash. Each wrist was adorned with a bit of cotton edging, and with a broken fan in her hand, Eyebright climbed into bed again, and putting one pillow on top of the other to make a seat, began to play, telling herself the story in a low, whispering tone.

"I am a Princess," she said; "the most beautiful Princess that ever was. But I did n't know that I was a Princess at all, because a wicked fairy stole me when I was little, and put me in a lonely cottage, and I thought I was n't anything but a shepherdess. But one day as I was feeding my sheep, a ne-cro-answer he came by and he said:

"'Princess, why don't you have any crown?'

"Then I stared, and said, 'I 'm not a Princess.'

"'Oh, but you are,' he said; 'a real Princess.'

"Then I was so surprised you can't think, Bessie.—Oh, I forgot that Bessie was n't here. And I said, 'I cannot believe such nonsense as that, sir.'

"Then the necroanswer laughed, and he said:

"'Mount this winged steed, and I will show you your kingdom which you were stolen away from.'

"So I mounted."

Here Eyebright put a pillow over the foot-board of the bed, and climbed upon it, in the attitude of a lady on a side-saddle.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" she murmured. "How fast we go! I do love horseback."

Dear silly little Eyebright! Riding there in the moonlight, with her scraps of ribbon and her bare feet and her night-gown, she was a fantastic figure, and looked absurd enough to make any one laugh. I laugh too, and yet I love the little thing, and find it delightful that she should be so easily amused and made happy with small fancies. Imagination is like a sail, as Mr. Joyce had said that evening; but sails are good and useful things sometimes, and carry their owners over deep waters and dark waves, which else might dampen, and drench, and drown.

(To be continued.)

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BLOOM.

By B. H.

THE sudden sun shone through the pane,
And lighted both their faces—
A prettier sight just after rain
Ne'er fell in pleasant places.

Two girls. One held a vase of glass,
And one, a ball unsightly,
Ragged and soiled. And this, the lass
Upon the vase laid lightly.

"What lovely flowers we 'll have!" said they,
"After it starts a-growing."
The sun delighted slipped away,
And down the west went glowing.

WANTED.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

ONE day, Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer except to cry harder.

"Why, my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There 's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no, no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and, if it 's possible, I 'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't!" Johnny answered in despairing accents.

"Is n't there any of it in town?" asked Mamma.

"Lots of it," said Johnny, "but you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh! but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added, passionately: "Oh, I want one so bad! They 're so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have such good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying, and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said, pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the whatever-it-was. "Whenever the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there 's an organ they can get to see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin'

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by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that have n't got 'em will have to stay in, and study the mean ole lessons. Oh, it 's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you 're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I 'll have to lock you up, or do something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered with a perfect wail of longing: "It 's a whooping-cough,—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough!" exclaimed his mamma, in utter surprise. "A whooping-cough!"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard. "I want a whooping-cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there 's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that have n't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

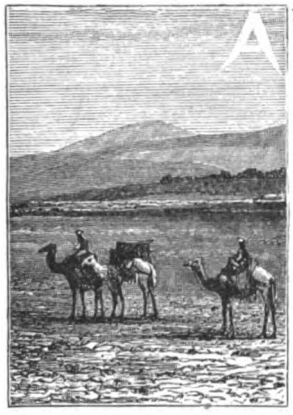
"Never mind," said Mamma, soothing. "We 'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow, and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at that hotel, and we 'll have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you 're getting the whooping-cough now. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it,—the lesson that there is no unalloyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."

ORIENTAL BOTTLES AND WELLS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

By FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.



AMONG the Orientals the carrying of water forms a large part of domestic labor. In Eastern cities and towns, it is not conveyed from street to street by means of pipes, nor are houses and bath-rooms supplied with hydrants. Wells are rare and are found only in the interior, at a distance from the water-courses; and, as the water in them is seldom either wholesome or agreeable to the taste, the people depend for a supply mainly upon the rivers, whenever it is practicable to reach them,—some going a mile or two, every day, for a supply of water.

In Arabia and in many other countries of Western Asia, this task is performed always by the women of the family — the mistress or her servants, or perhaps both unite in the labor. As the Arabs seldom pitch their tents very near the water, and as, unless the distance be a mile or more, the men do not think it necessary to employ their camels, the women go at evening, with long leather bags thrown over their shoulders, and bring a sufficient quantity of water for a day's consumption. If the distance is very short, so that several easy trips can be made, smaller bags, and occasionally earthen jugs, are used.

The women seem always to enjoy this wearying labor, because it is almost their only opportunity of seeing and chatting among themselves, and of displaying any little adornments of dress they may happen to possess. But in Turkey, Persia, and all the countries where females are required to go closely veiled, only those of the lowest rank are expected to perform the heavy duty of bringing water; and all well-to-do families obtain their supply from regular venders. These are men who make water-carrying a distinct business, and who go round, from house to house, with their donkeys, and leave at each door the supply that is needed for the day, just as do our ice and milk venders in this country.

To hold the water, they have strong leather bags, or, more correctly speaking, well-prepared goat-skins, like those in the illustration,—two or more being swung across the donkey's back, like paniers. Occasionally, a dealer, who does a heavy business, will substitute a pair of ox-skins, which are hung in the same panier-fashion across the back of a horse, and, for the accommodation of thirsty pedes-

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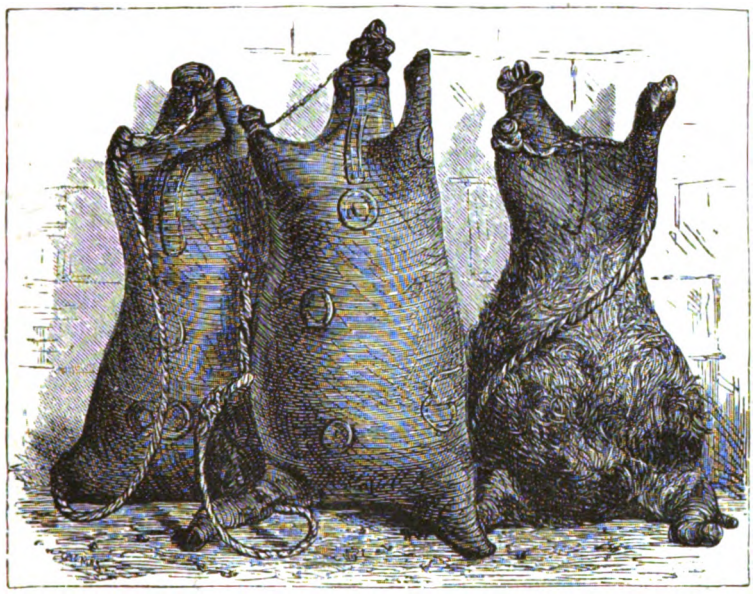
trians, there are other water-dealers, who go about the streets, each with a goat-skin of water slung to his back, by a strap or chain. The neck of the skin, which is usually brought under the arm, and compressed by the hand, serves as the mouthpiece of this curious but very useful water-bottle; and the grateful beverage is dealt out in a brass or coarse earthenware cup, secured to the girdle of the vender. These water-carriers are at once a blessing and a nuisance,—a sort of necessary evil that everybody grumbles at, and tries to avoid, in meeting them, with their dripping bags, at every turn of the narrow, crowded streets. Yet nobody is willing to dispense with their services; and in times of public calamity, the water-carriers are the very last to discontinue their labors. Their doing so is deemed the most intense aggravation of the evil, especially during the prevalence of the frightful epidemics that so often visit Oriental cities, when multitudes literally die of thirst, because they are unable to go far enough to obtain water.

These skin-bottles are used also for keeping and conveying wine; and not only in the East, but they have found their way also into some portions of the wine countries of Southern Europe, probably introduced by the Moors, into Spain first. Among Orientals, goat-skins are generally preferred for wine, for family use, as being more easily handled; but those who have to store wine in large quantities, use ox-hides. In all Mohammedan countries, the sale of wine being illegal, the full skins are hidden away out of sight; but at Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, and at other places not under Mohammedan rule, the wine-stores present an array of skin-bottles, that looks quaint enough to unaccustomed eyes. Supported above the floor, upon heavy wooden frames, are huge ox-hides, perfectly distended with wine, arranged round the walls, where a European wine-dealer would place his casks; while skins of goats and kids, serving the same purpose as barrels and jugs, are used to supply customers as they come in, or to send the liquor to their houses. Nowhere in the East is it common to keep much wine in the house; those who use it preferring to get a little skin at a time from the wine-store. These bottles are light and convenient for handling; and, as things are managed in the East, where people travel over deserts, and on the backs of camels and donkeys, goat-skins are more readily carried about than glassware, and with far less danger of leakage or breaking.



SOME ORIENTAL WATER-BOTTLES.

In the preparation of the bottles, both cleanliness and strength are to be considered. After the skin has been stripped from the animal, it is first thoroughly cleansed by repeated washings and soaking, until no unpleasant odor remains. Then the places where the legs had been are sewed up securely; and where the neck was is left the opening for receiving and discharging the contents of the bottle. Care is also taken that the skins do not become stiff or hard in curing, so as to be liable to crack; since, by receiving any liquid poured into it, a skin-bottle is, of course, much distended;

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THE WATER-CARRIER.

and if the liquid be wine, *new* wine especially, the fermentation will tax the strength of the hide to the uttermost. Hence the Oriental maxim quoted by the Savior: "New wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved." Old bottles may answer for old wine, whose fermentation is already past; but new wine requires the full strength of the hide in its prime, lest the undue expansion cause a rent by which the lively wine will ooze out and be lost.

Skin-bottles have by no means been confined to Asia, nor to our own day. They were employed by both the Greeks and Romans. Homer mentions goat-skins

"Tumid with the vine's all-cheering juice,—"

and paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish many examples of the use of skin-bottles among the Romans. In one picture, there is a girl pouring wine from a kid-skin into a cup; and, in another, an apt illustration is given of the manner in which wine was conveyed to the consumer. A large skin full of liquor appears mounted on a cart that has been drawn by horses to the door; and the wine is in the act of being drawn off into *amphoræ* or earthen pitchers shaped like skin-bottles, to be conveyed into the house. The manner of drawing off the wine through the neck or one of the legs of the skin, is exactly that seen by every traveler who stops at an Arab's tent for refreshment, as the hospitable housewife pours out for him wine, water, or camel's milk, from her goat-skin bottle.

In Hindustan, though wells are more common, we still find the skin-bottle in general use, both for drawing the water and for carrying it to the house. The wells, which are always located on the public streets, are circular in form, and protected by a wall two or three feet in height, outside of which is a plastered chunam pavement. This plastered floor forms the public bath of the lower class, who, returning home after the day's labor, stop in little knots of two or three at the well, each person taking turn in drawing and pouring water over the others until the ablutions are completed. But they must be provided, not only with their skin-bottles for carrying water home, but also with leather buckets and ropes for drawing it, as these eastern wells have no bucket and windlass attached. Only water is provided gratis, and each consumer must get it as he can. At whatever hour one passes these Hindustanee wells, he is almost sure to meet a *pakali*, or water-man, with his humped-back, short-legged Brahminy bullock, loaded with a pair of

A CARAVAN.

skin-bottles that he is filling with water to supply his customers. The next objects that meet the

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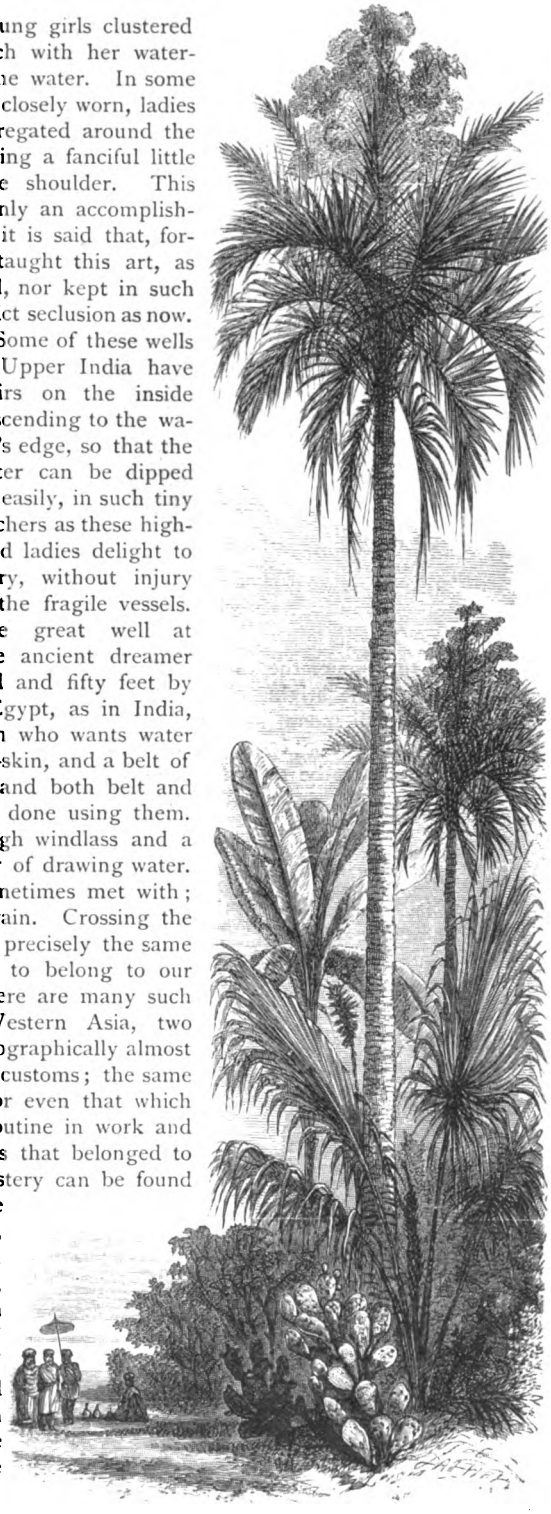
view will probably be a group of women and young girls clustered together, laughing, chatting and gossiping, each with her water-goblet, and a rope long enough to lower it to the water. In some portions of Upper India, where veils are not very closely worn, ladies of the first rank may be seen at evening congregated around the wells, decked in their jauntiest attire, each carrying a fanciful little china jug, or pitcher, gracefully poised on the shoulder. This method of carrying the pitcher is deemed not only an accomplishment but an indication of high breeding; and it is said that, formerly, girls of noble blood were very carefully taught this art, as women of rank were not always so closely veiled, nor kept in such strict seclusion as now.

Some of these wells in Upper India have stairs on the inside descending to the water's edge, so that the water can be dipped up easily, in such tiny pitchers as these high-bred ladies delight to carry, without injury to the fragile vessels. The great well at Cairo, in Egypt, called Joseph's Well (after the ancient dreamer and ruler), has a descent of about one hundred and fifty feet by a winding staircase six feet in width. But in Egypt, as in India, many wells have no stairs; and then each person who wants water comes provided with his leather bucket or goat-skin, and a belt of the same material to lower it into the water; and both belt and bucket are carried off by the owner when he has done using them. In Persia, a well occasionally is seen with a rough windlass and a huge wheel, and these somewhat lessen the labor of drawing water. Among the Arabs, too, these appliances are sometimes met with; but elsewhere in the Orient we look for them in vain. Crossing the ocean, however, the traveler meets them again in precisely the same form in Mexico,—a country singularly Oriental to belong to our newer and western world. Strangely enough, there are many such resemblances between Central America and Western Asia, two regions widely separated, and among nations geographically almost at antipodes. There is the same clinging to old customs; the same aversion to change what is known to be faulty for even that which is acknowledged to be superior; the same old routine in work and play, in houses, implements, speech and manners that belonged to the centuries gone by. The solution of the mystery can be found perhaps in the emigration of the Moors along the shores of the Mediterranean, later into Spain, and thence with the Spaniard across the Atlantic. They brought their old proclivities with them, and they have retained them despite the growth and improvements of centuries,—"the genius of the Arab shaping many a thought for the brain of the Aztec,"—as one has said. But these Oriental traces may have been left by a race that landed in America ages before Columbus; and, certainly, the customs, myths and legends of the Aztecs give some support to this supposition.



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DICK'S SUPPER.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

DICK looked out of the window one night,
The moon shone bright,
The round, full moon, so silvery white;
"See!" cried Dick—"It looks so sweet,
I 'm sure it must be good to eat—
Suppose I take it down to-night,
Just for a treat,
And try one little, *little* bite!"

Then Dick climbed up on the chimney,—so,—
The moon hung low,
Bright as silver and pure as snow;
He snatched it quickly, and cried: "Ho! ho!
It makes me think of my birthday cake,
All covered with sugar,—a bite I 'll take,
Just one, and nobody 'll know!"

But Dicky's mouth was, oh! so wide
That the moon had nearly slipped inside;
He took a monstrous bite, as you see;
But it was n't nice,
It was colder than ice,
And it made his tooth ache terribly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he began to cry:
"I would n't have the thing, not I!"
Quickly he hung it again in the sky,
Slid down the chimney, and went to bed,
Then under the blankets he tucked his head:
"For I know," so he said,
"If any one thought I 'd bitten the moon,
I 'd be whipped very soon!"

But the folks who looked out of their windows then,
Both women and men,
Cried: "Look at the moon!
It has changed too soon,
When did it get so small—oh, WHEN?"
And everybody ran out in a fright
To stare at the bitten moon that night.

Wise men brought out their telescopes too,
Old folks their spectacles,—no one knew
What to say or what to do.
"Ask the almanac-makers," cried one,
"*They* know everything under the sun!"
But the almanac-makers were quite perplexed,
So they ran to the clerk of the weather next,—
Ah, you ought to have seen them run!

Now, the clerk of the weather lived all alone
In a house that was neither of wood nor stone;
It had clouds for curtains, and rainbows bright,
Instead of candles, to make it light,
And the pantry shelves were full of jars

Where he kept the snow, the rain and the stars.
While under the shelves were packed away
Some strong new winds for a stormy day.

The little old man rushed out to see
What on earth could the matter be!

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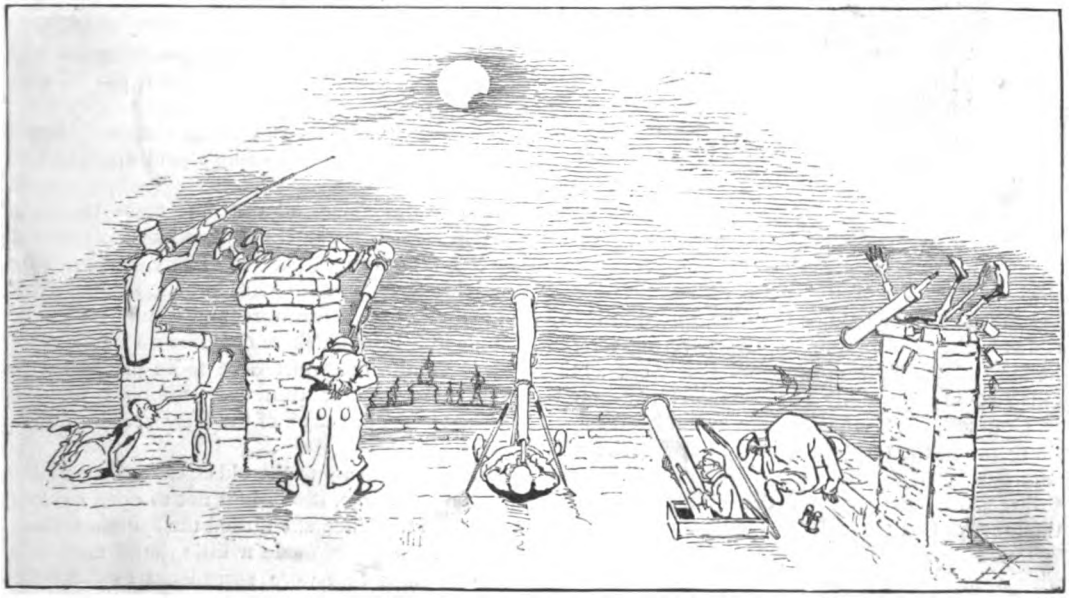
For the people came with shout and roar,
Thumping and pounding at his door,
Calling loudly: "Come out and tell
What ails our moon? *You* know very well."
And sure enough the moon he saw
Was scooped out like a shell!

The little old man said: "Dear, oh, dear!
I can make your weather stormy or clear,
Get up your breezes, high or low,
Give you plenty of rain and snow,
Make it as hot as you had it last year;
But as for this moon,—why, friends, I fear
You have asked me more than I know."

Now, all this time, poor Dicky was lying
Safe tucked up in his little bed,
And though the toothache kept him crying,
Never a single word he said.
Never told what a monstrous bite
He 'd taken out of the moon that night.
So no one ever guessed or knew
(Excepting Dicky, and me and you)
Who gave the folks such a terrible fright.



NANNIE'S LITTLE MUFF.

By Mary Bolles Branch.

She found it up in the garret, and oh, how glad she was! She found it in an old wooden chest that had a curious smell when you opened it. Nannie had never gone "up-garret" alone before, because she was afraid of mice; but this afternoon Aunt Ann had a "quilting" in the big front chamber, and there were so many ladies talking, that when Nannie ran out of the room and began to go upstairs, she could hear them quite plainly. She stopped every two or three steps to listen, but still she heard them; they were talking about "herring-bone," and they were snapping on the quilt a cord that had been rubbed with chalk. Nannie could hear it snap. She kept on, up into the garret, and to the middle of it—still she could hear the hum of voices in the room below.

"Ho!" said Nannie, "*I'm* not afraid!"

She looked around and did not see any mice. There were old bonnets, and bunches of sage and catnip hanging from the rafters. There was an old clock in one corner, and a spinning-wheel and a pair of bellows were in another. Then there were a

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great many boxes and barrels all around, and some feather-beds piled up. But the oddest thing of all, in Nannie's opinion, was an old chair that stood in the corner with a torn quilt thrown over it. She often had heard her aunt, in speaking of this chair,

THE TWISTED OLD CHAIR.

say that it was "as old as the hills, and that really it was well worth shining up and covering for the parlor." Nannie, who supposed that "old as the hills" could n't possibly be older than Great-grandpa Crandall, felt that the chair would need something more than shining and covering, she was sure.

She slowly dragged off the quilt while these thoughts passed through her mind.

There stood the old chair prim and clean, but with a melancholy, faded look on its once gayly flowered seat. Its back was awry, too,—at least Nannie thought it was, and so may you when you see this picture of it,—but really the stanch old frame was as good as new and quite in its proper shape. Indeed, Great-grandfather Crandall had found it exceedingly comfortable,—it was the only thing in the house, he had said, that the womenfolks let him enjoy in peace and quiet. But Nannie knew nothing of all this.

"Yes," she murmured thoughtfully, "shining and covering it is n't all. It would have to have its seat twisted around, and that would bring the legs wrong! And when you got them all turned, why where would the back be?"

Then the little girl fixed her gaze on quite a different sort of chair,—a rush-bottomed affair just as straight and square as could be, but without a sign of a back!

"Dear me," she said to herself, "what awfully, dreadfully queer chairs they did have in old times! I'm glad I did n't live then! Like as not, now, the back of this one is doubled up underneath it somehow."

With these words, Nannie, exerting all her strength, laid the backless bit of furniture over on its side.

What a noise it made,—and what a strange, musty cloud of dust rose from the seat as it came down! And what made the old curtain hanging there on the beam shake so strangely? And——

"O—O—Oh! What was that?" Nannie almost fainted. She was so frightened that she sat down upon the floor with a groan. Her poor little legs were not of the slightest use, it seemed. In a moment she laughed a feeble, frightened little laugh and sprang to her feet.

"Why, Pussy! Why didn't you tell me it was you? I wouldn't have been scared a bit. Come out, you naughty dear Pussy! You needn't hide away now—I *saw* you run under there. Mercy! I did n't know there was a single soul up here but me!"

Nannie did n't say all this, but these thoughts ran through her mind and, somehow, comforted the trembling little creature. Pussy could not be coaxed to show herself again, but she certainly was there under the old furniture, and Nannie no longer felt alone. Besides, there could be no fear of mice now. So the little girl once more proceeded to enjoy herself, after cautiously listening for the pleasant "snap, snap" of the busy quilters downstairs.

First she went up to the old clock, but concluded that, on the whole, it was best not to open its door and look in. Then she turned the spinning-wheel around a few times, made a little round mountain of some hops that were spread out to dry on a newspaper, pulled a feather from one of the beds to stick in the hat of her biggest doll, and then rummaged a rag-bag, where she found a bit of silk just big enough to make a dress for her smallest doll. Finally she noticed that great chest over by the window, and she went to it and lifted the lid. It had a queer smell, and was full of things folded away—some of them wrapped in papers. Half-way out of one paper lay something dark and soft. Nannie seized upon it, and pulled it out. It was a little dark-brown muff,—a real fur muff,—very small, but not too small to hold Nannie's two small hands, which went into it at once, and contentedly folded themselves together.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Nannie to herself. "I s'pose that 's been lying here ever since Aunt Ann and Aunt Em'line were little girls. Now *I* can have it, 'cause there aint any little girl here but me now! I never had a muff yet, and I need one so bad! What a pretty lining! It 's *my* little muff now."

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And without a single misgiving the child hugged the muff close and walked up and down with her hands in it, thinking how nice and comfortable it would be to carry to church when snow came. She was so glad she had come to the garret, and she did not feel at all lonesome, for she could still hear the hum of voices in the chamber below, although she could not tell what was said. They had left off talking about "herring-bone" by that time, and were talking about their winter clothes instead.

"How do you keep your furs from the moths?" asked one of the ladies of Aunt Ann.

"Oh, I have no trouble," said Aunt Ann, complacently. "Every spring I put them away in our old cedar chest up-garret, and nothing ever gets to them."

Then they all began to talk about cedar-wood chests and camphor-wood chests and tobacco, but Nannie did not notice a word of what they were saying as she crept softly down from the garret, with her hands still in the little brown muff. She would have gone into the front chamber to show it to Aunt Ann at once, only the many strange ladies in there made her feel shy; so she kept on down-stairs, down into the big kitchen where Aunt Emmeline was bustling cheerily about, getting supper for the hungry quilters.

"Aunt Em'line," said Nannie's happy little voice, "I 've got a muff! I 've got a muff!"

"Have you?" asked Aunt Emmeline, absently. She was trying, as she spoke, to count how many spoons would be wanted, and really could not have told the next moment what Nannie had said.

So Nannie kept on through the kitchen to the little bedroom at the end, where she slept. There she had a small hair-trunk with her best clothes in it. She lifted them up, and laid the muff in, down at the very bottom.

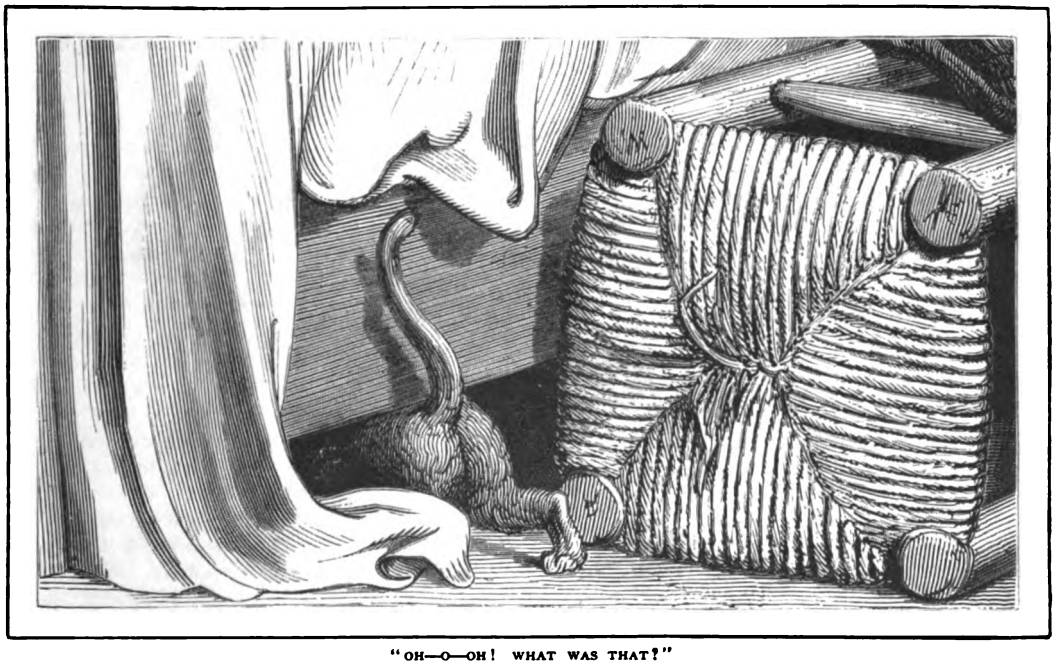
"'Cause I sha' n't want it till snow comes!" she reasoned, prudently. And then, as there was no one to take much interest in her that afternoon, she ran off to play with the cat and the two kittens.

Nannie did not take the muff out again after that; she was keeping it to carry to church when snow came, and so it happened that Aunt Ann and Aunt Emmeline did not catch a sight of it, and when they sometimes heard her make cheerful mention of her little muff, they thought she only meant her long red tippet, in whose warm ends she used to wrap her hands the winter before, and make believe it was a muff.

The days went by, and with November came some sharp, cold weather.

"I shall get out my furs to wear to-night," said Aunt Ann, decidedly, as she came in, one Sunday noon, shrugging her shoulders with the cold, "I thought I should almost perish this morning."

"Oh no, Aunt Ann!" said little Nannie. "It aint time yet for furs. Snow has n't come!"



"OH—O—OH! WHAT WAS THAT?"

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"It 's too cold to snow," was Aunt Ann's reply; and Nannie thought that sounded very odd,—like some of the riddles in her riddle-book.

That afternoon, while her little niece was at Sunday-school, Aunt Ann went up to the garret to get her fur collar and cuffs out of the cedar-wood chest. Then there was a commotion, for, as true as the world, one of her fur cuffs was gone! She called Aunt Emmeline in great excitement, and together they searched all through the cedar-wood chest. There was the collar, and there was one cuff, but the other cuff was *not* there. No, it was not there!

"I sha' n't sleep a wink to-night, I 'm so nervous!" exclaimed Aunt Ann. "Do you suppose we have had a thief in the house?"

"Or spirits?" suggested Aunt Emmeline, who was a grain superstitious.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Ann, rallying. "Let 's look through all the closets and bureaus downstairs."

And they did. Nannie found them hunting when she came home, and followed them about from room to room, enjoying it all very much, and not having the slightest idea what Aunt Ann meant by her "cuff." She thought cuffs were white and stiff, and wondered why Aunt Ann should feel so bad when she had so many more.

Aunt Ann had to wear her collar without her cuffs. All through the week she kept up the search, but in vain. Saturday night it snowed.

"Oh, goody!" cried Nannie the next morning, "snow has come, and I 'm going to wear my muff to church!"

When the aunts came out of their room, all dressed to go, and called Nannie, she joined them in a flutter of delight. She had on her warm hood and her red tippet, and her hands were proudly reposing in—what?

"My little brown fur muff," she said, innocently, as Aunt Ann pounced upon it.

"I should think so!" cried Aunt Ann. "It 's my cuff, my lost cuff, you little,—little,—little bunch of posies, you! Where did you get it, Nannie Blair?"

"Up in the garret, out of that trunk of old things," replied Nannie, raising her honest blue eyes. "I knew I could have it, 'cause it was a little girl's muff, and there aint any little girl here but me."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Ann, and for that once she let her carry it. After that, she took it back, but somebody must have told Santa Claus; for, when Christmas came, there was the dearest little muff you ever saw, made of white fur dotted with black, and lined with lovely blue silk, hanging right on the nail with Nannie's stocking by the fire-place!

CALLING THE FLOWERS.

BY M. M. D.

THE wind is shaking the old dried leaves
  That will not quit their hold,
The sun slips under the stiffened grass
  And drives away the cold.

And Franca says: "How the March wind blows!
  Is it scolding? How mad it must be!
When I blow my horn, I 'll be tender and sweet,
  To show that I love them," says she.

"For the flowers and birds are dear little things,
  And must not be frightened at all,
So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!—
  Perhaps they will come if I call.

"The men on the hill want water, I know,
  And soon I will carry them some;

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But first I will blow just as kind as I can,
To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

"Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
Yes softly—and over and over."

RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

By Julian Hawthorne.

VI.

Now, after Prince Frank has seen Princess Hilda and the cat disappear up the trunk of the tall pine-tree, he had sat down rather disconsolately beside the fire, which blazed away famously, blue, red. and yellow. Every once in a while he took a fagot from the pile and put it in the flame, lest it should go out; but he was very careful not to step outside the circle which the cat had drawn with the tip of his tail. So things went on for a very long time, and Prince Frank began to get very sleepy, for never before had he sat up so late; but still Princess Hilda and the cat did not return, and he knew that if he were to lie down to take a nap, the fire might go out before he waked up again, and then Rumpty-Dudget would have blackened Henry's face all over with one of the burnt logs, and he never could be saved. He kept on putting fresh fagots in the flame, therefore, though it was all he could do to keep his eyes open; and the fire kept on burning red, blue and yellow.

But after another very long time had gone by, and there were still no Princess Hilda and the cat, Prince Frank, when he went to take a fresh fagot from the pile, found that there was only that one fagot left of all that he and Hilda had gathered together. At this he was very much frightened, and knew not what to do; for when that fagot was burned up, as it soon would be, what was he to do to keep the fire going? There were no more sticks inside the ring, and the cat had told him that if he went outside of it, all would be lost.

In order to make the fagot last as long as possible, he took it apart, and only put one stick in the

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flame at a time; but after a while, all but the last stick was gone, and when he had put that in, Prince Frank sat down quite in despair, and cried with all his might. Just then, however, he heard a voice calling him, and, looking up, he saw a little gray man standing just outside the circle, with a great bundle of fagots in his arms. Prince Frank's eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that the little gray man was Rumpty-Dudget.

"What are you crying for, my dear little boy?" asked the gray dwarf, smiling from ear to ear.

"Because I have used up all my fagots," answered Prince Frank; "and if the fire goes out, my brother Henry cannot be saved."

"That would be too bad, surely," said the dwarf; "luckily, I have got an armful, and when these are gone, I will get you some more."

"Oh, thank you—how kind you are!" cried Prince Frank, jumping up in great joy, and going to the edge of the circle. "Give them to me, quick, for there is no time to be lost; the fire is just going out."

"I can't bring them in," replied the dwarf; "I have carried them already from the other end of the forest, and that is far enough; surely you can come the rest of the way yourself."

"Oh, but I must not come outside the circle," said Prince Frank; "for the cat told me that if I did, all would go wrong."

"Pshaw! what does the cat know about it?" asked the dwarf. "At all events, your fire will not burn one minute longer; and you know what will happen then."

When Prince Frank heard this, he knew not what to do; but anything seemed better than to let the fire go out; so he put one foot outside of the circle and stretched out his hand for the fagots. But immediately the dwarf gave a loud laugh, and threw the fagots away as far as he could; and rushing into the circle, he began to stamp out with his feet the little of the fire that was left.

Then Prince Frank remembered what the cat had told him; he turned and rushed back also into the circle; and as the last bit of flame flickered at the end of the stick, he laid himself down upon it like a bit of fire-wood. And immediately Rumpty-

"THE IVY CARRIED THEM TO THE TOWER GATES."

Dudget gave a loud cry and disappeared; and the fire blazed up famously, yellow, blue and red, with poor little Prince Frank in the midst of it!

VII.

JUST then, and not one moment too soon, there was a noise of hurrying and scurrying, and along came Tom the cat through the forest, with Princess Hilda holding on to his tail. As soon as they were within the circle, Tom dug a little hole in the ground with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt behind, and then said: "Give me the Golden Ivy-seed, Princess Hilda; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Seed; and he planted it quickly in the little hole, and covered the earth over it, and then said: "Give me the Diamond Water-drop; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Drop; and he poured half of it on the fire, and the other half on the place where the Seed was planted. And immediately the fire was put out, and there lay Prince Frank all alive and well; but the mark of Rumpty-Dudget's mud on his nose was burned away, and his hair and eyes, which before had been brown and hazel, were now quite black. So up he jumped, and he and Princess Hilda and Tom all kissed each other heartily; and then Prince Frank said:

"Why, Hilda! the black spot that you had on your forehead has gone away, too."

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"Yes," said the cat; "that happened when the King of the Gnomes kissed her. But now make yourselves ready, children; for we are going to take a ride to Rumpty-Dudget's tower!"

The two children were very much surprised when they heard this, and looked about to see what they were to ride on. But behold! the Golden Ivy-seed, watered with the Diamond Water-drop, was already growing and sprouting, and a strong stem with bright golden leaves had pushed itself out of the earth, and was creeping along the ground in the direction of Rumpty-Dudget's tower. The cat put Princess Hilda and Prince Frank on the two largest leaves, and got on the stem himself, and so away they went merrily, and in a very short time the Ivy had carried them to the tower gates.

"Now jump down," said the cat.

Down they all jumped accordingly; but the Golden Ivy kept on, and climbed over the gate, and crept up the stairs, and along the narrow passage-way, until, in less time than it takes to write it, the Ivy had reached the room, with the thousand and one corners, in the midst of which Rumpty-Dudget was standing; and all around were the poor little children whom he had caught, standing with their faces to the wall and their hands behind their backs. When Rumpty-Dudget saw the Golden Ivy creeping toward him, he was very much frightened, as well he might be, and he tried to run away; but the Ivy caught him, and twined around him, and squeezed him tighter and tighter and tighter, until all the mischief was squeezed out of him; but since Rumpty-Dudget was made of mischief, of course when all the mischief was squeezed out of him, there was no Rumpty-Dudget left. He was gone forever.

Instantly, all the children that he had kept in the thousand and one corners were free, and came racing and shouting out of the gray tower, with Prince Henry at their head. And when he saw his brother and sister, and they saw him, they all three hugged and kissed one another as if they were crazy. At last Princess Hilda said: "Why, Henry, the spot that was on your chin has gone away, too! And your hair and eyes are brown and hazel instead of being black."

"Yes," said a voice, which Hilda fancied she had somewhere heard before; "while he stood in the corner his chin rubbed against the wall, until the spot was gone; so now he no longer wishes to do what he is told not to do, or not to do what he is told to do; and when he is spoken to, he answers sweetly and obediently, as a violin answers to the bow when it touches the strings."

Then the children looked around, and there stood a beautiful lady, with a golden crown on her head, and a loving smile in her eyes. It was their fairy aunt, whom they had never seen before except in their dreams.

"Oh," said Princess Hilda, "you look like our mamma, who went away to a distant country, and left us behind. And your voice is like the voice of the Queen of the Air-Spirits; and of——"

"Yes, my darlings," said the beautiful lady, taking the three children in her arms; "I am the Queen, your mother, though, by Rumpty-Dudget's enchantments, I was obliged to leave you, and only be seen by you at night in your dreams. And I was the Queen of the Air-Spirits, Hilda, whose voice you had heard before; and I was the King of the Gnomes, though I seemed so harsh and stern at first. But my love has been with you always, and has followed you everywhere. And now you shall come with me to our home in Fairy Land. Are you all ready?"

"Oh, but where is Tom the cat?" cried all the three children together. "We cannot go and be happy in Fairy Land without him!"

Then the Queen laughed, and kissed them, and said: "I am Tom the cat, too!"

When the children heard this, they were perfectly

"AND NOW YOU SHALL COME WITH ME TO FAIRY LAND!"

contented; and they clung about her neck, and she folded her arms around them, and flew with them over the tops of the forest trees to their beautiful home in Fairy Land; and there they are all living happily to this very day. But Princess Hilda's eyes are blue, and her hair is golden, still.

THE END.

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THE AMERICAN MARDI-GRAS.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CARNIVAL, as most of us know, is a season of fun and frolic, but we always think of it in connection with Rome or Venice, or some other place in Italy; and the idea of an American Carnival is something surprising to us, at least to all of us who live in the Eastern and Middle States.

Carnivals are associated with a degree of merriment and freedom from restraint that we hard-working Americans have yet hardly learned to enjoy. Imagine the people of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, throwing sugar-plums and flowers at each other from gay balconies, or grave citizens in startling costumes masquerading through the public streets! But for all that there *is* an American Carnival every year, in which whole cities give themselves up to jollity, and the streets are filled with a fantastic procession of masqueraders, and the merry-making—though it differs very much from that of the European festivals and does not generally last as long—is nevertheless quite as wild, uproarious, and exciting in its way.

The word "carnival," Italian *carnevale*, is made from two Latin words,—*caro*, flesh, and *vale*, farewell,—and it means "farewell to meat." The Carnival itself—always a time of merriment and feasting—comes just before the forty days' fast of Lent,

The home of the Carnival is in Italy and Southern Europe, and the first city in which the festival was observed in this country is New Orleans, where many of the citizens are French Creoles, and so are more like the people of Southern Europe than those of any other part of the United States. The festival was introduced more than forty years ago, and has been gradually growing in popularity ever since; now, several other Southern cities observe the "Mardi-Gras" Carnival. The reason why it is here called the "Mardi-Gras" or Fat Tuesday Carnival, is because it is kept up only for one day, and that is the Tuesday before Lent, when people are supposed to eat as much as they can, and get fat and comfortable before they begin to fast. In Europe, the Carnival continues through several days, and Mardi-Gras is only one of them.

THE MAGNOLIA COSTUME.

The Carnival in Italy is indeed a very merry

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time. The people throng the streets all day, most of them masked and wearing curious costumes. They throw sugar-plums at each other (which used to be real ones, but which are now made of plaster of Paris), and they have all kinds of fun. There are processions and horse-races in which the horses run without riders, and grand illuminations. This is kept up for several days and nights, often for a week.

But in New Orleans, "Rex," the king of the Carnival, arrives on Mardi-Gras morning, to rule the city for one whole day. Generally, he is represented as a handsome old man, with white hair and beard, and rosy cheeks, and no one knows who he really is. For some time before he arrives, the newspapers announce his coming, and placards are posted about, stating what grand things are to be done on glorious "Mardi-Gras." The great jewels (made of quartz) which are to sparkle in his crown, are shown in jewelers' windows; merchants pin his name to their richest goods; his colors, black and gold, flaunt on banners across the streets, or are stretched in great festoons from house to house.

Everybody expects a good time. It seems as if some real royal person were coming to bring all the rich and poor together, and, while he stays, make them forget their different hardships in joy.

Shrove-Tuesday, or "Mardi-Gras," as the French call it, is a "movable feast" of the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, occurring in February or March; but it makes little difference to the people of New Orleans whether it comes in one month or the other, for at this season the air blows soft from the hazy Mississippi, trees are laden with blossoms, the gardens are full of flowers, and tropical leaves nod and wave under cloudless skies.

Often, on Monday night, but at any rate as soon as daylight begins on Mardi-Gras morning, maskers gather and commence to enliven the streets with pranks and fun. They are seldom rude; on this "maddest, merriest day," when no authority is acknowledged but that of benignant Rex, who gives to all their own way, the people overflow with good-will.

Early in the morning you hear the shouts and merry voices of the children, and see little knots of them passing by your door, dressed in all manner of fantastic costumes, and wearing grotesque masks. A great many of them have simply pink or blue paper-muslin ruffled skirts and sacks, with caps and masks to match, so that all you can see of the children themselves is a pair of bright roguish eyes looking out at you from under the mask.

THE GIRAFFE.

Later in the day you see all sorts of maskers. Here and there are groups of mounted cavaliers dashing through the streets with jingling spurs and plumed hats. Yonder are five or six courtiers in Louis XIV. costume, with sword and powdered bag-wig, bowing and gallantly kissing the tips of their fingers to the ladies in the balconies. Next comes a band of gray friars with "sandal-shoon" and shaven heads, telling their beads and greeting the promenaders with "*Pax vobiscum!*" Now and then a huge monkey darts into the middle of the street, where he goes through a hundred queer antics amidst the joyous shouts of small boys. Here we see a monstrous bat speeding along the sidewalk, spreading and flapping his huge wings in the air. Close behind, are a brown speckled toad and a green frog arm-in-arm, hopping along in a very jovial manner, and smiling sweetly on each other.

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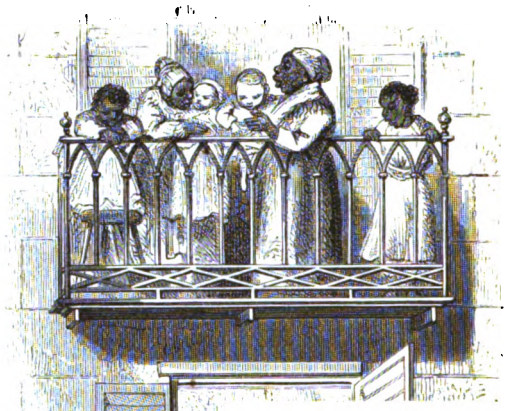
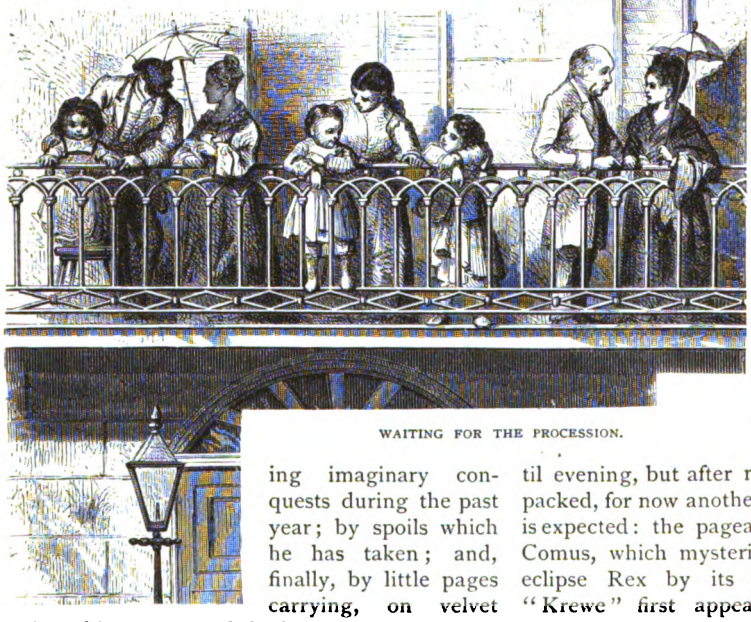
The crowd keeps on increasing and never loses its good humor nor its good manners, and you look down from your balcony on the gorgeous shifting panorama. Harlequins, clowns, dwarfs, ogres, imps of all degrees of impishness, princes and peasants, alike pass in review before you. You see representatives of all nations on the face of the earth,—white men, black men, yellow men, and red men! All of them are masked, and the costumes often show much skill and ingenuity. But the great event is the appearance of Rex and his followers. Before the Carnival-king begins his triumphal march, he is formally received by the mayor, and the keys of the city are tendered to him. Then, preceded by heralds, and a great booming bell to announce his approach; by soldiers both foot and cavalry, regiment after regiment; by play-generals and officers with whom he has been making imaginary conquests during the past year; by spoils which he has taken; and, finally, by little pages carrying, on velvet cushions, his scepter and the keys of his empire,—in a hollow-square of his royal guard, riding like a king, and bowing from side to side to his loyal subjects,—Rex comes, preceded and surrounded and followed by loud-sounding bands of music.





WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION.

After more troops, Rex's navy of small ships, mounted on wheels and manned by gallant tars, eight and ten years old, sails slowly past, each vessel drawn by half a dozen or a dozen spirited horses. Next come his civil officers with great pomp. The air far and near vibrates continually with music. Beautiful living pictures of scenes in American history go past on platforms upon wheels. Industry and trade are represented by scores of ingeniously decorated wagons or vans, and these evidences of the prosperity of Rex's empire are under the special charge of his Lord of the Vans. The *bœuf gras* (or fat ox), a prize animal, appears in the procession, his horns garlanded.

The bewildering pageant ends with a troop of foot, including the maskers, who made the morning merry, and who now go by seeming as fresh as ever and better skilled in prank-playing,—a crowd of Indians, baboons, dogs, elephants, birds, and every other mask which man's fancy can invent!

The procession lasts until evening, but after night-fall the streets are still packed, for now another great feature of the festival is expected: the pageant of the Mistick Krewe of Comus, which mysterious society always tries to eclipse Rex by its prodigal splendors. The "Krewe" first appeared in 1857, representing characters from "Paradise Lost." Next year it paraded the gods and goddesses of mythology, with the chariot of Aurora, and other beautiful groups. The third year, the "courtly pageant" of Twelfth Night; its fourth appearance pictured American history; its fifth, "Life," or the ages of man. Then the war made a great gap, during which there were no Carnival years; but in 1866 the Krewe appeared once more as the "Court of Comus." Since then, they have not failed to crown Mardi-Gras with gorgeous living pictures.

One of their most curious spectacles represented the "Feast of Epicurus." First in the procession came the soup-plates, ladle and tureen, all walking, and then the fish for the second course.

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After that were the different meats and vegetables, all just as natural as possible, the two legs underneath, and the arms, being the only things that looked like man. Then they had various kinds of game,—duck, woodcock, quail, etc.,—and the glasses and bottles. Pies and puddings were followed by several different kinds of fruit, and at the end of the procession were cups of coffee and bunches of cigars. All these things were prancing along the streets just as if they were bewitched. Afterward, at the ball in the evening, it was the most comical sight in the world to see a young lady, elegantly dressed, going through the figures of a quadrille with a huge carrot or sweet-potato, waltzing with a bunch of celery, or courtesying to a big, black bottle.

Another subject chosen for illustration was the "Missing Links in Darwin's Origin of Species." There were some good representations of flowers, that of a magnolia bud being remarkably ingenious and beautiful. Then there were, besides, representatives of the four great sub-kingdoms of the animal kingdom,—radiates, mollusks, articulates and vertebrates,—beginning with the jelly-fish and sponge, and ending with the ape whom Mr. Darwin and others seem trying to introduce to us as our great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great—and a great many more greats—grandfather.

There was the savage alligator, the tall giraffe, the patient camel, with lots of other beasts; besides, the locust,—with a policeman's hat and club,—and a host of butterflies and other insects. Looking at these wonderful objects moving about, some of them really beautiful, and many absurd, it was hard to believe that they were only men and boys "dressed up,"— and puzzling, in some instances, to guess where the wearer's head could be or how he managed to find his way.

KING REX'S PAGES.

After parade, the Krewe go to the Variety Theater and give tableaux and a ball. The festival ends with Mardi-Gras night, for, next morning, Ash Wednesday opens the solemn season of Lent.

On Carnival day, whole cities break up their usual gravity, and even forget to trespass; there are fewer arrests; people are so busy laughing they cannot be wicked. The cat of care being away, old mice and young come out to play.

LOOKING ON.

In Memphis, the Carnival is observed with the same enthusiasm and display as in New Orleans. Maskers, indeed, are more lively, for the cool winds blowing down the Mississippi over western Tennessee are not as balmy as the Gulf airs. But the Ulks, instead of Rex, his Majesty proper, seem to reign here. One Mardi-Gras they paraded thirteen floats, representing ideas which kept all the thousands watching them in a whirl of continual laughter.

In the evening, the Memphi, a society as mystic as the Krewe of New Orleans, came out with a wonderful floating history of "India," which my geography used to say was the "richest country in the world."

One picture represented a temple, within which were Manu, the sage of India, Zoroaster of Persia, and Confucius of China, studying the Aryan philosophy. Another was the birth of Brahma from a lotus flower, the birds singing over him. A third showed Hindoo caste, that strict division of the people into classes: there was a golden kiosk or summer-house in the valley of Ambir, richly carved, with four pinnacles; on its steps were four figures, one of each of the castes; a ruler, who prayed standing; a Brahmin, who bowed his head; a farmer, offering up gifts; while a poor Soodra—of the lowest rank—lay on his face.

There were elephants with howdahs on their backs, and men and ladies in rich dresses, on cushions of velvet embroidered with precious stones. The Throne of the Peacock was represented. It took its name from the two golden peacocks in front of it, and was once the pride of Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital of India. Seated upon it, in the throne-room, which was magnificent with pil-

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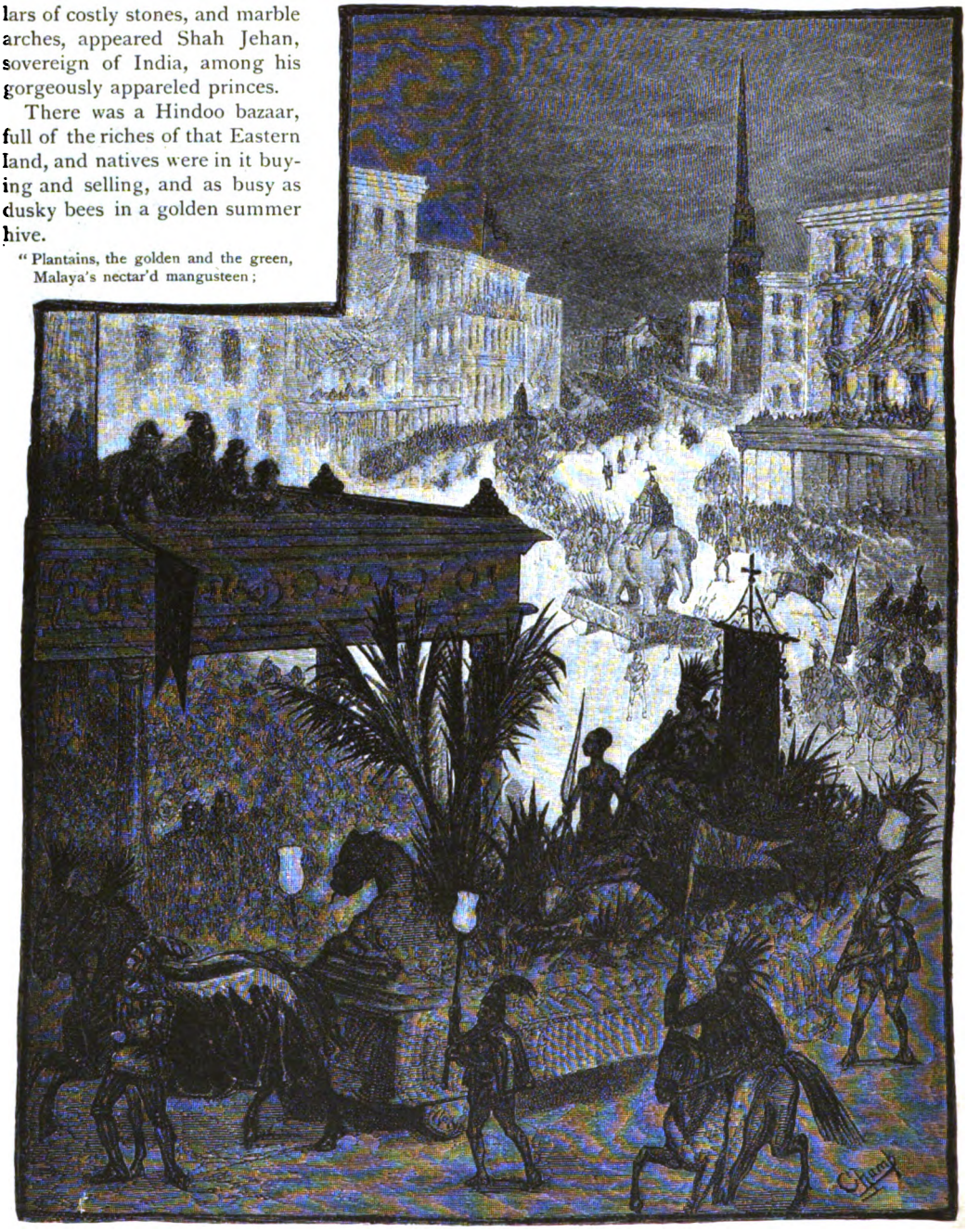
lars of costly stones, and marble arches, appeared Shah Jehan, sovereign of India, among his gorgeously appareled princes.

There was a Hindoo bazaar, full of the riches of that Eastern land, and natives were in it buying and selling, and as busy as dusky bees in a golden summer hive.

"Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen;



THE NIGHT PROCESSION.

Prunes of Bokhara, and sweetmeats
From the groves of Samarcand,
And Bokhara dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun, from Iran's land,
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,"

and other nice things, too numerous to mention, were there.

Last of all, India was shown, bound, and abandoned to her enslavers.

The Memphi, also, end their pageant with tableaux and ball, and, like the Krewe, disappear at midnight, to be seen no more until the next year.

St. Louis, Little Rock, Galveston, and other

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cities, play pranks on Mardi-Gras; but, until recently, the Carnival has not been observed at the North. The climate is unsuitable; but, more than that, northern people seem to lack the light and graceful fancy of southerners; they do not know how to "make believe" with perfect enjoyment. A few years ago, in Cincinnati, watching Rex ride by on a chariot shaped like a boar's head,—his royal cushions being between its ears, his jester sitting on its snout, his attendants, as forks and knives and spoons, surrounding the great dish, which was drawn by elephants,—I could scarcely recognize him as that most merry monarch, yet most gentle, who trailed the purple over his white charger, and uncovered his courtly head to his dear subjects down by the Gulf. There were droll maskers and several pretty historical tableaux on wheeled platforms in the Cincinnati festival, but good old Rex was scarcely at home in that dear, hospitable, and smoky city.

In New York the merry monarch made his first appearance in 1877. He did not come on the regular Carnival day, for it is too cold in our northern cities, during February and March, for such out-door sports as he delights in. So he deferred his grand entry until May. There was a great deal of curiosity all over the country to see how a Carnival in New York would succeed. Of course, the people in our great metropolis like to amuse themselves, and nowhere in the country do they do it with more taste and judgment, for nearly everything in the way of amusements comes at some time to New York; but this Carnival procession was a new thing.

THE ALLIGATOR.

When Rex appeared, crowds and crowds came out to welcome him, and perhaps he never before saw so many people gathered together; for when New York undertakes to get up a crowd, she is better able to do it than is any other city in this hemisphere. But Rex was not quite sure whether it would answer in such a practical city, to have, the very first time, all the funny and utterly absurd things which he was in the habit of showing in his processions in the southern cities. So he contented himself, in great part, with representations of the various trades and occupations of the country, to which even the gravest descendant of old Peter Knickerbocker could not object.

THE LOCUST.

But he had his fun, too, and the Khedive of Egypt and the Grand Turk dressed themselves up in holiday array, and rode beside him.

As the jovial Rex rode along Broadway, and saw myriads of people pressing close to him, eager for the reign of mirth, he wondered why they never before had sent for him! Perhaps he saw, in his mind's eye, round little Hendrick Hudson waking up in the Highlands and coming down to meet him, with a long pipe in one hand and a Dutch hat in the other; and said to himself, "Ah, if Washington Irving were here,—that man who gave his elegant sentences the merry curl!—he would speak well of me to all these good people! Let them call for me in all my mirth and glory, and let them make me feel at home, and I will push out King Care and King Heaviness, and give them one perfectly merry day in the year."

Take him as he wishes to be taken, and there is no harm in the jolly king of Mardi-Gras. More than that, it is often well for people, old and young, to submit to his rule, and give themselves up for a day to play and fun. And when we think of the dreadful suffering in New Orleans and other Southern cities from the late visitation of yellow fever, we can hope most sincerely, now that Mardi-Gras is coming around again, that the people will find they have not forgotten how to laugh, and that the kind old Rex may, in some way, help to lift the saddening veil that the pestilence threw over them.

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

PETS FROM PERSIA.

BY KATE FOOTE.

"THE chief use of a sailor-uncle on shore is to tell stories," said Mrs. Ayre, opening the door into her parlor, and addressing her brother-in-law who sat there. "Frank and Charley are sure to get into mischief while I am out, unless you will have pity on them. They can't go with me because they will give the whooping-cough to every child on the street. Can they come in?"

Uncle Will laid down his newspaper with a smile; and Mrs. Ayre, turning her head, said:

"Come on, boys."

Immediately, two chubby chaps, six and eight years old, who had been behind her all the time, swarmed into the room with all the amount of noise which two boys can get into such a plain proceeding, took their uncle's chair by storm, established themselves one on each knee, and suddenly became as silent as before they had been noisy.

Uncle Will looked a little mischievous, and said:

"Would n't you take an old story that you 've heard before?"

But the boys were sure there was no occasion for this, and began to look injured. They knew perfectly well that their uncle had more stories in him than are in the "Arabian Nights." They gave indignant grunts, and were so very severe with him that he began at once:

"I am thinking about my cat and her kitten; perhaps because the cats howled so in the garden last night that it took all my boot-jacks and hairbrushes and even one pair of slippers to persuade them to be quiet.

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"But my cat and kitten were none of your thievish prowlers by night. They were of high degree, and would have despised low conduct. On my last voyage, when our ship lay in the harbor of Genoa, and while I was ashore one day, I came upon an odd little shop in an odd little corner of a side street where a dried-up old man sold birds and dogs, photographs and sponges,—the greatest jumble of things; and among the rest he had a very beautiful Persian cat with one kitten. They were both white and had tails like ostrich feathers. I was captivated with their beauty at once, and the old man saw it. He was as sharp at a bargain as every Italian is, and he made me pay a pretty price, but I was determined to have them, and stopped at nothing. Though, when the man, with many low bows, said that 'the money was too little, oh! much too little!' I laughed in his face, and he saw I was not a fool, as I meant he should. He did not say anything more after that, and I myself carried my prizes in a basket down to the wharf, and kept looking in to see if they were in good order while I was being rowed out to my ship.

"Sailors are always fond of pets, and my two Persian pussies became very popular on board, among the crew as well as with the officers. We called the mamma 'Mother White,'—she had not a dark hair on her; the kitten had one dark gray spot under her chin, and we called her just 'Kit.' Mother White was very careful of her daughter, and at first would not let her climb in the rigging at all. She herself would go up, and often I used to see her sitting in the foretop with one of the men, composedly licking her paws and rubbing her head, and keeping herself as clean as a whistle. She was daintily clean always; even when she first came on board she would not go near a bucket of tar or 'slush;' she seemed to know that the ship might take a roll at any time and upset it on her.

"It was great fun, when the kitten grew larger, to see Mother White begin to train her. On still days, when there was not much motion to the ship, Kit would begin to creep up the shrouds,—which, you know, are the rope ladders that lead up the mast from the side of a vessel,—sticking her claws well in, and holding on very hard, but always a little awkwardly, and acting as if she were half afraid. Mother White set her a good example, and would occasionally give a little mew of command or approval. Kit kept going higher every day, until finally she got up into the foretop as well as her mother. But Kit was always particularly awkward about coming down. She would come part of the way tail foremost, and then screw about with great difficulty, and try it head foremost, and it worried the old cat very much. She came down regular fashion, hind feet foremost, hand over hand, and looking round occasionally to see that she was all right, fore and aft. One day, Kit stayed in the rigging a long time, and the wind freshened and the ship began to roll more and more. Mother White came down very soon and very carefully; but Kit was giddy, and would not pay any attention when her mother called to her in the cat language to come down or she might have an ugly tumble. Kit stayed and flirted about with the men until she saw the cook come out of his caboose and walk aft with a plateful of bones for Mother White. Of course she, too, wanted some, so she started down. But the roll was very great, and about half-way down she stuck and clung by her claws, mewing, and not knowing what to do,—head first seemed just as dangerous as tail first.

"Mother White left her bones, came up much excited and sat down on the deck, cocked her eyes at the kitten, and mewed all sorts of commands and encouragement and advice. I did not suppose a cat could have so many different tones, but it seemed as if she were saying, in cat lingo, of course:

"'Stand by now,—don't be afraid; wait for the le'ward roll,—don't be a lubber,—come on now.'

"One of the men came up to me and said:

"'Shall I bring her down, Mr. Ayre?'

"I was watching them with the greatest interest to see what they would do. I knew she could not fall overboard, and if she tumbled on the deck, the distance was not great enough to hurt her; so I said:

"'No; she wants a lesson, and I think this will teach her something.'

"In another minute, Kit got desperate and, turning half round, let go of the ratlins, and jumped at a loop of rope that hung from one of the sails near her. But she was clumsy about this, and was not sailor enough to allow for the roll of the vessel; so instead of setting her claws into it and then scrambling into the slack of the sail, as she might easily have done, she missed her aim, the rope took her round the stomach and there she swung, head one side, tail the other, and her hind feet locked into her fore feet with a desperate grip. She hung there a minute or two, and then 'let go all'; and just fell flat on the deck, without making any effort to save herself, or even fall on her feet. This seemed to cap the climax of Mother White's feelings of mortification that she had such a disobedient landlubber of a kitten.

"She ran up to Kit, the hair on her back erect, her whiskers twitching with rage, fell on her, cuffed her with her paws, bit her, growled and spit at her, and just gave her a regular whipping, as much as to say: 'There! take that and that, for being so awkward and not paying any atten-

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tion to your mother; if you can't learn to be a sailor, you 'd better stay on deck.'

"Kit felt very small when her mother let her go, and she crawled under one of the boats, so I had great difficulty in coaxing her out to eat some supper.

"But she learned to be a better sailor after a while, and Mother White became quite proud of her. They had glorious pranks together, and gave us many a half hour of laughter. I grew very fond of them both, and of my cat especially,—she was such a great, handsome, good-tempered creature, except occasionally when her kit aggravated her beyond endurance. She grew so fat that she weighed eight pounds and four ounces.

"One day, we were ordered into the Indian seas, and away we went out of the Straits of Gibraltar and down round the Cape and along to the Malabar coast of Hindustan. We had to hang around a week or two in the open roadstead of Madras. There is no harbor there, and it is a very unpleasant place to anchor, so we all were glad to get away; and one fine day we were towed up the Hooghly and anchored off Calcutta. There I got a leave of absence for a few days from my captain, and went to visit a friend of mine who was living among the foot-hills of the Himalaya mountains. I took my cat and kitten with me, I was so afraid they would not be properly taken care of while I was gone. I need not have been such a simpleton; they gave me no end of trouble, and I wished a thousand times I had left them with the cook. Mother White, finding herself in a strange place, clung to me as her only friend, and followed me about like a little dog. One day, I was out hunting, and, when I was two miles from home, Mother White came mewing up to me, as if to reproach me for having left her, and I had to send her back by a servant. Both she and the kitten had to be shut up every night to keep them out of my room.

"My friend was a great hunter, and we shot bustards and wild peacocks, and other game, for a day or two, and then he said that we would hunt antelopes the next day with cheetahs. This would be a new thing to me, and my friend took me round to the great cage at the back of his bungalow where the cheetahs were kept. They were beautiful animals, like great cats, about three feet long, and with tawny yellow skins, spotted here and there with black. They rubbed their heads against the bars of the cage and purred, when they saw us, and my friend put his hand in and stroked one and scratched his ear; but he did not do this until after he had asked the keeper and found out that they had just been fed.

"'Pretty creatures,' said he; 'but so ferocious and blood-thirsty that I never have any feeling of security when I touch them, unless I know that their stomachs are full.'

"They belong to the feline race, which you know is the name of the genus, and the lion and tiger and leopard and cat are all cousins. I wondered if Mother White would be willing to get up an acquaintance with her relatives; but neither she nor Kit would come near the cage, and when I tried to carry the cat up close, she showed so much fear that I had not the heart to insist. And when the leopards caught sight of her in my arms they snuffed the air, and ran back and forth in the cage, and became so excited I was glad to let her go.

"We had to start at five o'clock, so I rose very early the next morning, looked in at a little open closet where Mother White and Kit slept during the night, saw they were both all right, and then joined the party who were on the piazza waiting for the horses to be brought round. There were two other gentlemen, our host and myself, a servant or two, and a boy driving a cart in which was the cage with the cheetahs and a little kid, lying on its side with its feet tied.

"Our horses were fresh and snuffed the morning air, but we rode slowly four or five miles, laughing and talking,—my friend telling us how the old Indian emperors would go out on a hunting-party with as many as a hundred of these leopards, and we tried to imagine the look such a party would have, with the gay Indian dresses of the men, the cheetahs with their smooth skins and spotted sides, and all the confusion and glitter those royal people liked to keep up about themselves.

"Then one of the servants, who had ridden ahead, came back and said there were antelopes the other side of a high hill which rose a quarter of a mile from us. This was good news, and our host said we must ride to the left around the hill, so that the wind might blow from them toward us. If it blew from us to them, they would scent us, and be ten miles off before we could even sight them, antelopes are so shy.

"In a minute or two we flanked the hill, keeping among the thick low trees, making no noise, and then we saw four or five of the graceful beasts making their breakfasts from the short dewy grass of the valley.

"The cage was lifted out of the cart and set on the ground,—the door on the side toward the antelopes. All the wild instincts of the cheetahs were up at the sight of their prey; they crouched and quivered and lashed their tails, but moved like velvet, and made not a sound.

"'Mind your horses, now,' said our host, and the door of the cage was pushed up. The horses shied and stirred a little, as the beasts crept past, from an instinctive sense of danger, but the

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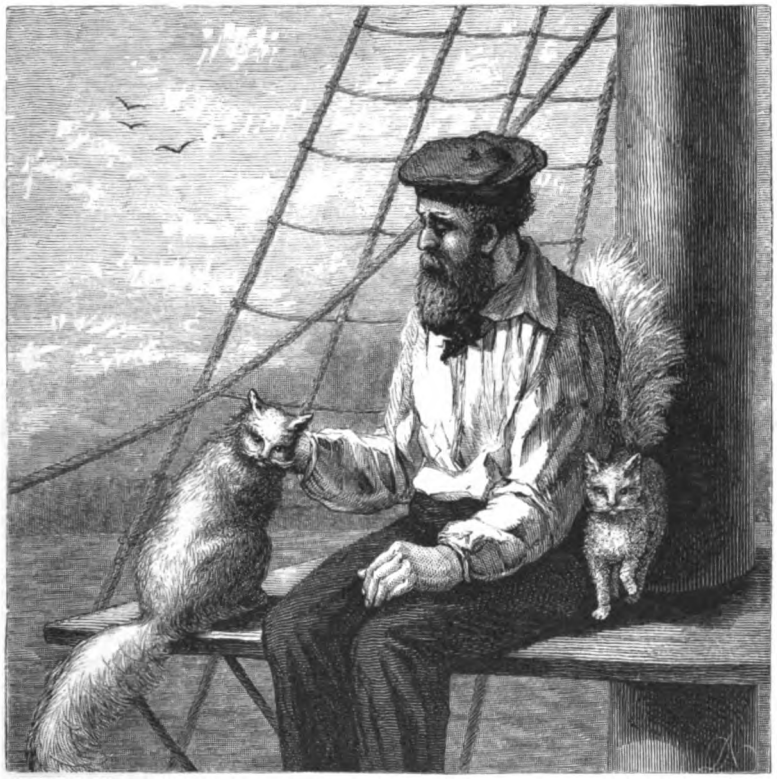
cheetahs were thinking of other game, so we were safe. They crouched in the high grass, and glided from one bush to another until they were as near as possible, and then—whew! like a bullet from a rifle, with a bound into the air of full thirty feet, each let drive at an antelope. It was cruel and magnificent to see them. One lighted on the shoulders of a splendid buck, sunk his claws deeply into the flesh, and hung there quietly, all the terrific bounds which the poor creature gave not disturbing the cheetah in the least.

"That was what one did, and I was watching him so intently I did not see the other, when suddenly I heard my friend say, 'Quick, boy! the kid.'

"Turning my head, I saw that the other leopard had missed his leap, and the deer he was after had got away. It was a very unusual thing, but provision had been made for the emergency. The boy, who had been watching with the rest of us, rushed at once to the cart, and the kid—was gone. Probably it had not been securely tied, and in struggling it had started the knots, and then jumped away among the bushes while we were too engaged to notice it.

"It was a serious matter, and might cost the life of one of our party, for the cheetah's blood was up,—if he could not have the deer, he would take one of us or a horse. He stood out on the plain, licking his lips, his eyes blazing redly, his tail lashing his flanks, and as he turned his head toward us, it seemed to each man as if the beast were selecting him to make up for the lost deer. Our horses knew the danger, and began to plunge and tear at their bits, and a pistol came out of the pocket of nearly every man there.

"'Wait a moment,' said our host, 'you must kill and not merely wound. No slight hurt will prevent his jumping among us; shoot at his side, or hit him behind the ear.'



A COMFORTABLE PARTY.

"Two of us were taking aim, when the attention of the cheetah seemed to be attracted by something to the right of him; he turned and began to creep and crouch as he had on first seeing the antelopes.

"Our host drew a long breath, and we lowered our pistols.

"'The kid must be there,' said he; 'now I can save my cheetah.'

"By looking carefully we could see the bushes move in the edge of the woods as if some small

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animal were playing about there. In a moment the cheetah gave another of his lightning springs; there was a rolling and tossing among the leaves and branches, and then a silence, and we knew that the second cheetah was safe with his prey.

"We were once more at ease, and put up our pistols. We watched a few minutes longer, and then the keeper went up to the first cheetah, who was still on the back of the antelope it had caught, and threw the collar and chain round his neck, while the boy brought up the cage. The cheetah allowed himself to be slipped in, the door was put down, and the man walked cautiously over to the second cheetah. I saw that he gave a start as he got near, leaned forward to look closer, and then turned round to us; but as he said nothing, and we saw him a moment afterward collar this cheetah just like the other and put him into the cage, we supposed that nothing unusual had occurred. But after the door had been fastened, and the boy headed toward the cart with the cage, the keeper stooped down carefully, picked up something from the bushes, and came toward us with it across his hand. As he came nearer, my eyes began to

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fasten on his burden with some interest. Surely there was something familiar about it,—that gleaming white fur,—could it be? Yes, as he came up to me I saw it was my beautiful Persian cat, and the cruel cheetah had killed her.

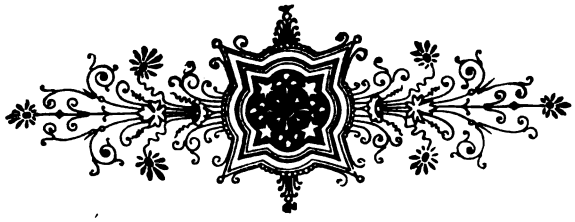
"Poor puss! she had perhaps saved the life of one of us, at least saved us from an ugly tussle with an enraged brute, and I could not openly say a word of regret, but I wished I was a small boy, so that I could howl and cry and go to my mother for comfort.

"They gathered round her as I laid her across my saddle-bow, and every one admired her and said something kindly, but I had lost my pretty pet, and I knew I should never have a chance to get such another.

"That evening she lay in state on a blue silk cushion in the dining-room, and the gentlemen of the party drank to her memory, and then we buried her by the light of the moon under an acacia tree in the garden, as far away from the cage of the cheetahs as might be.

"The next day I went back to my ship with only Kit, and all the people on board hated me because I had lost their pet."

Frank and Charley thought and talked of nothing but Uncle Will's narrative all the rest of the day. They almost forgot to cough and whoop; even when night came, the story still went on in Frank's dreams. He saw cats of every possible description—tame cats, wild cats, white cats with tails of ostrich plumes, and cats with long wool like that of Angola sheep. Even the cat that grinned upon Alice in Wonderland came and grinned upon him; and finally he awoke with something very like a scream, when a huge cat-face seemed to glare at him out of the darkness—a cat-face that held in its dreadful expression the look of lion, tiger, cheetah, lynx and leopard, all in one.



ELIZABETH'S ROSES.*

TRANSLATED BY ANNIE B. PARKER.

UPON a steep hill stands an old castle. It is called the Wartburg. Do you know who lived there? Seven hundred years ago it was St. Elizabeth, and later, in the sixteenth century, the great reformer, Luther. But to-day I shall tell you of St. Elizabeth only.

She was born in Hungary, a king's daughter, and when a child was brought in a golden cradle to Thuringia, where she was given in marriage to a prince, who himself was but a child and called Ludwig. His home was the Wartburg, and all around belonged wholly to him,—country and people. Elizabeth grew up not only beautiful and amiable, but she had also a pious and extremely benevolent nature and she pitied especially the poor and needy.

This at first pleased her husband, who loved her very much. He did not restrain her even when she went down into the valley to feed, clothe and comfort the poor with her own hands. But those who were not pleased by this, were the courtiers of her husband. Moved by envy and malice they caused the princess to be suspected by the latter, and in a moment of anger, he forbade her finally to go out from the castle, and like a servant deal out alms and relief to the poor.

But she could not consent to neglect the poor people in need of help, and when one day her husband had gone down into the city, she stole out through the gate with a basketful of bread, meat and eggs under her cloak. She was not yet halfway down the hill, when suddenly the prince, with his retinue, came upon her, and he asked her in a severe tone what she was carrying under her cloak. Pale with fear she answered:

"They are roses, most gracious lord."

The prince threw aside her cloak, and there lay in the basket the most beautiful half-blown roses.

* For names of all who sent in good translations of this legend, the original of which was printed in our December number, see "Letter-Box," page 364.

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Deeply moved at this sight, the prince embraced his pious wife, asked her forgiveness and no longer forbade her to follow the impulse of her charitable heart.

The courtiers were rebuked severely by their lord for their base and malicious conduct. But the best of the story is, that Elizabeth's roses all changed back into nourishing food as soon as she arrived in the midst of the expectant poor whose hunger she was now able to appease.

THE PLAYTHING SKY.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

WHERE do the children fly
When they are dreaming?
Straight to the Plaything Sky,
Soaring and beaming.

Over the Wonder Sea
Sparkle the darlings,
Clapping their hands with glee,
Singing like starlings.

Wonderful lands appear,
Wonderful cities;
Wonderful talk they hear,
Wonderful ditties.

Squirrels come out to them,
Butterflies sing to them,
Guinea-pigs shout to them,
Tulip-bells ring to them.

Hosts of tin soldier-men
Wave their tin banners;
Sugar-plum aldermen
Make their sweet manners.

Gingerbread riders whack
Gingerbread ponies;
Candy-stick ladies smack
Candy-stick cronies.

Sitting in royal state,
Counting her tea-things,
Giggles the little-great
Queen of the playthings.

Manikin troopers stand
Round her wee palace;
Manikin maidens hand
Cream-pot and chalice.

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Wooden horns clamor out,
"Children are coming!"
Wooden drums hammer out
Welcome becoming.

Down steps her majesty,
Smiling and kissing;
Round about busses she,
Not a child missing.

Then to her regal hall
Swiftly she leads them,
Gives them her playthings all,
Aprons and feeds them.

Gayly the children play,
Chatter and simper;
Then, of a sudden, they
Wake up and whimper.

Where is the Plaything Queen?
Where are her treasures?
Gone to the great unseen;
Gone, like earth's pleasures!

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter IX.

THE THREE GRAY BEANS.

Corny went ashore, but she did not stay there three minutes. From the edge of the wharf we could see that Silver Spring was better worth looking at than anything we should be likely to see on shore. The little lake seemed deeper than a three-story house, and yet, even from where we stood, we could see down to the very bottom.

There were two boys with row-boats at the wharf. We hired one of the boats right off, and Corny gave me such a look, that I told her to get in. After she was in the boat, she asked her mother, who was standing on the deck of the steamboat, if she might go. Mrs. Chipperton said she supposed so, and away we went. When we had rowed out to the middle of the spring, I stopped rowing, and we looked down into the depths. It was almost the same as looking into air. Far down at the bottom we could see the glittering sand and the green rocks, and sometimes a fish, as long as my arm, would slowly rise and fall, and paddle away beneath us. We dropped nickels and copper cents down to the bottom, and we could plainly see them lying there. In some parts of the bottom there were "wells," or holes, about two feet in diameter, which seemed to go down indefinitely. These, we were told, were the places where the water came up from below into the spring. We could see the weeds and grasses that grew on the edges of these wells, although we could not see very far down into them.

"If I had only known," said Rectus, "what sort of a place we were coming to, I should have brought something to lower down into these wells. I tell you what would have been splendid!—a heavy bottle filled with sweet oil and some phosphorus, and a long cord. If we shook up the bottle it would shine, so that, when we lowered it into the wells, we could see it go down to the very bottom, that is, if the cord should be long enough."

At this instant, Corny went overboard! Rectus made a grab at her, but it was too late. He sprang to his feet, and I thought he was going over after her, but I seized him.

"Sit down!" said I. "Watch her! She 'll come up again. Lean over and be ready for her!"

We both leaned over the bow as far as was safe. With one hand I gently paddled the boat, this way and that, so as to keep ourselves directly over Corny. It would have been of no use to jump in. We could see her as plainly as anything.

She was going down, all in a bunch, when I first

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saw her, and the next instant she touched the bottom. Her feet were under her now, and I saw her make a little spring. She just pushed out her feet.

Then she began to come right up. We saw her slowly rising beneath us. Her face was turned upward, and her eyes were wide open. It was a wonderful sight. I trembled from head to foot. It seemed as if we were floating in the air, and Corny was coming up to us from the earth.

Before she quite reached the surface, I caught her, and had her head out of water in an instant. Rectus then took hold, and with a mighty jerk we pulled her into the boat.

Corny sat down hard and opened her mouth.

"There!" said she; "I did n't breathe an inch!"

And then she puffed for about two minutes, while the water ran off her into the bottom of the boat. I seized the oars to row to shore.

"How did you fall over?" said Rectus, who still shook as if he had had a chill.

"Don't know," answered Corny. "I was leaning far over, when my hand must have slipped, and the first thing I knew I was into it. It 's good I did n't shut my eyes. If you get into water with your eyes shut, you can't open them again." She still puffed a little. "Coming up was the best. It 's the first time I ever saw the bottom of a boat."

"Were n't you frightened?" I asked.

"Had n't time at first. And when I was coming up, I saw you reaching out for me."

"Did you think we 'd get you?" said Rectus, his face flushing.

"Yes," said Corny, "but if you 'd missed me that time, I 'd never have trusted you again."

The gentleman-with-a-wife-and-a-young-lady was in another boat, not very far off, but it was nearer the upper end of the little lake, and none of the party knew of our accident until we were pulling Corny out of the water. Then they rowed toward us as fast as they could, but they did not reach us until we were at the wharf. No one on shore, or on the steamboat, seemed to have noticed Corny's dive. Indeed, the whole thing was done so quietly, and was so soon over, that there was not as much of a show as the occasion demanded.

"I never before was in deep water that seemed so little like real water," said Corny, just before we reached the wharf. "This was cold, and that was the only thing natural about it."

"Then this is not the first time you 've been in deep water?" I asked.

"No," said Corny, "not the very first time;" and she scrambled up on the wharf, where her mother was standing talking to some ladies.

"Why, Cornelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Chipperton, as soon as she saw the dripping girl, "have you been in the water again?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corny, drawing her shoulders up to her ears, "and I must be rubbed down and have dry clothes as quick as lightning."

And with this she and her mother hurried on board the steamboat.

Rectus and I went back on the lake, for we had not gone half over it when Corny went into it. We had rowed about for half an hour or so, and were just coming in, when Corny appeared on the deck of the steamboat, with a handkerchief tied around her head.

"Are you going to take a walk on shore?" she called out.

"Yes!" we shouted.

"All right," said she; "if you 'll let me, I 'll go with you, for mother says I must take a good run in the sun. I look funny, don't I? but I have n't any more hats."

We gave her a good run, although it was not altogether in the sun. The country hereabout was pretty well wooded, but there were roads cut through the woods, and there were some open places, and everywhere, under foot, the sand was about six inches deep. Rectus took Corny by one hand, and I took her by the other, and we made her trot through that sand, in sunshine and shade, until she declared she was warm enough to last for a week. The yellow-legged party and some of the other passengers were wandering about, gathering the long gray moss,—from limbs where they could reach it,—and cutting great palmetto leaves which grew on low bushes all through the woods, and carrying them about as fans or parasols; but although Corny wanted to join in this fun, we would not stop. We just trotted her until she was tired, and then we ran her on board the boat, where her mother was waiting for her.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Chipperton, "immediately to bed."

The two disappeared, and we saw no more of Corny until supper-time. Her mother was certainly good at cure, if she did n't have much of a knack at prevention.

Just as the boat was about to start off on her return trip, and after she had blown her whistle two or three times, Mr. Chipperton appeared, carrying an immense arm-load of gray moss. He puffed and blew as he threw it down on deck. When his wife came out and told him of Corny's disaster, he stopped dusting his clothes, and looked up for an instant.

"I declare," said he, "Corny must keep out of the water. It seems to me that I can never leave her but she gets into some scrape. But I 'm sure our

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friends here have proved themselves good fellows, indeed," and he shook hands with both of us.

"WE SAW HER SLOWLY RISING BENEATH US."

"Now then, my dear," said he to his wife, "I've enough moss here for the parlor and sitting-room, and the little back-room, upstairs. I did n't get any for the dining-room, because it might blow about and get into the food."

"Do you mean to take that moss all the way home?" asked Mrs. Chipperton, in surprise. "Why, how will you ever carry it?"

"Of course I mean to take it home," said he. "I gathered this with my own hands from the top of one of the tallest trees on the banks of this famous Silver Spring."

"Mr. Chipperton!" exclaimed his wife.

"To be sure, the tree was cut down, but that makes no difference in the fact. It is both an ornament and a trophy of travel. If necessary, I 'll buy a trunk for it. What did you do with Corny after they got her out?"

Our journey home was very much like our trip up the river, but there were a few exceptions. There was not so much firing, for I think the ammunition got pretty low; we saw more alligators, and the yellow-legged party, which had joined us at Pilatka, went all the way to St. Augustine with us. There was still another difference, and that was in Rectus. He was a good deal livelier,—more in the spirit that had hatched out in him in the cemetery at Savannah. He seemed to be all right with Corny now, and we had a good time together. I was going to say to him, once, that he had changed his mind about girls; but I thought I would n't. It would be better to let well enough alone, and he was a ticklish customer.

The day after we returned to St. Augustine, we were walking on the sea-wall, when we met Corny. She said she had been looking for us. Her father had gone out fishing with some gentlemen, and her mother would not walk in the sun, and, besides, she had something to say to us.

So we all walked to the fort and sat down on the wide wall of the water-battery. Rectus bestrode one of the cannon that stood pointing out to sea, but Corny told him she wanted him to get down and sit by her so that she would n't have to shout.

"Now then," said she, after pausing a little, as if she wanted to be sure and get it right, "you two saved my life, and I want to give you something to remember me by."

We both exclaimed against this.

"You need n't do that," said I, "for I 'm sure that no one who saw you coming up from the bottom, like the fairy-women float up on wires at the theater, could ever forget you. We 'll remember you, Corny, without your giving us anything."

"But that wont do," said she. "The only other time that I was ever really saved was by a ferryman, and father gave him some money, which was all right for him, but would n't do for you two, you know; and another time there was n't really any

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danger, and I 'm sorry the man got anything; but he did.

"We brought scarcely anything with us, because we did n't expect to need things in this way; but this is my own, and I want to give it to you both. One of you can't use it by himself, and so it will be more like a present for both of you, together, than most things would be." And she handed me a box of dominoes.

"I give it to you because you 're the oldest, but, remember, it 's for both of you."

Of course we took it, and Corny was much pleased. She was a good little girl and, somehow or other, she seemed to be older and more sensible when she was with us than when she was bouncing around in the bosom of her family.

We had a good deal of talk together, and, after a while, she asked how long we were going to stay in St. Augustine.

"Until next Tuesday," I said, "and then we shall start for Nassau in the 'Tigris.'"

"Nassau!" she exclaimed, "where 's that?"

"Right down there," I said, pointing out to sea with a crook of my finger, to the south. "It 's on one of the Bahamas, and they lie off the lower end of Florida, you know."

"No," said she; "I don't remember where they are. I always get the Bahamas mixed up with the Bermudas, anyway. So does father. We talked of going to one of those places, when we first thought of traveling for his lung, but then we thought Florida would be better. What is there good about Nassau? Is it any better than this place?"

"Well," said I, "it 's in the West Indies, and it 's semi-tropical, and they have cocoa-nuts and pine-apples and bananas there; and there are lots of darkies. and the weather 's always just what you want——"

"I guess that 's a little stretched," said Corny, and Rectus agreed with her.

"And it 's a new kind of a place," I continued; "an English colony, such as our ancestors lived in before the Revolution, and we ought to see what sort of a thing an English colony is, so as to know whether Washington and the rest of them should have kicked against it."

"WE GAVE CORNY A GOOD RUN."

"Oh, they were all right!" said Corny, in a tone which settled that little matter.

"And so you see," I went on, "Rectus and I thought we should like to go out of the country for a while, and see how it would feel to live under a queen and a cocoa-nut tree."

"Good!" cried Corny. "We 'll go."

"Who?" I asked.

"Father and mother and I," said Corny, rising. "I 'll tell them all about it; and I 'd better be

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going back to the hotel, for if the steamer leaves on Tuesday, we 'll have lots to do."

As we were walking homeward on the sea-wall, Rectus looked back and suddenly exclaimed:

"There! Do you see that Crowded Owl following us? He 's been hanging round us all the afternoon. He 's up to something. Don't you remember the Captain told us he was a bad-tempered fellow?"

"What did he do?" asked Corny, looking back at the Indian, who now stood in the road, a short distance from the wall, regarding us very earnestly.

"Well, he never did anything much," I said. "He seemed to be angry, once, because we would not buy some of his things, and the Captain said he 'd have him told not to worry us. That may have made him madder yet."

"He don't look mad," said Corny.

"Don't you trust him," said Rectus.

"I believe all these Indians are perfectly gentle, now," said Corny, "and father thinks so, too. He 's been over here a good deal, and talked to some of them. Let 's go ask him what he wants. Perhaps he 's only sorry."

"If he is, we 'll never find it out," I remarked, "for he can only speak one word of English."

I beckoned to Crowded Owl, and he immediately ran up to the wall, and said "How?" in an uncertain tone, as if he was not sure how we should take it. However, Corny offered him her hand, and Rectus and I followed suit. After this, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out three sea-beans.

"There!" said Rectus. "At it again. Disobeying military orders."

"But they 're pretty ones," said Corny, taking one of the beans in her hand.

They were pretty. They were not very large, but were beautifully polished, and of a delicate gray color, the first we had seen of the kind.

"These must be a rare kind," said Rectus. "They 're almost always brown. Let 's forgive him this once, and buy them."

"Perhaps he wants to make up with you," said Corny, "and has brought these as a present."

"I can soon settle that question," said I, and I took the three beans and pulled from my pocket three quarter-dollars which I offered to the Indian.

Crowded Owl took the money, grinned, gave a bob of his head, and went home happy.

If he had had any wish to "make up" with us, he had shown it by giving us a chance at a choice lot of goods.

"Now," said I, reaching out my hand to Corny, "here 's one for each of us. Take your choice."

"For me?" said Corny. "No, I ought n't to. Yes, I will, too. I am ever so much obliged. We have lots of sea-beans, but none like this. I 'll have a ring fastened to it, and wear it, somehow."

"That 'll do to remember us by," said I.

"Yes," said Rectus, "and whenever you 're in danger, just hold up that bean, and we 'll come to you."

"I 'll do it," said Corny. "But how about you? What can I do?"

"Oh, I don't suppose we shall want you to help us much," I said.

"Well, hold up your beans, and we 'll see," said Corny.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUEEN ON THE DOOR-STEP.

WE found that Corny had not been mistaken about her influence over her family, for the next morning, before we were done breakfast, Mr. Chipperton came around to see us. He was full of Nassau, and had made up his mind to go with us on Tuesday. He asked us lots of questions, but he really knew as much about the place as we did, although he had been so much in the habit of mixing his Bahamas and his Bermudas.

"My wife is very much pleased at the idea of having you two with us on the trip over," said he, "although, to be sure, we may have a very smooth and comfortable voyage."

I believe that since the Silver Spring affair, he regarded Rectus and me as something in the nature of patent girl-catchers, to be hung over the side of the vessel in bad weather.

We were sorry to leave St. Augustine, but we had thoroughly done up the old place, and had seen everything, I think, except the Spring of Ponce de Leon, on the other side of the St. Sebastian River. We did n't care about renewing our youth,—indeed, we should have objected very much to anything of the kind,—and so we felt no interest in old Ponce's spring.

On Tuesday morning, the "Tigris" made her appearance on time, and Mr. Cholott and our good landlady came down to see us off. The yellow-legged party also came down, but not to see us off. They, too, were going to Nassau.

Rectus had gone on board, and I was just about to follow him, when our old Minorcan stepped up to me.

"Goin' away?" said he.

"Yes," said I, "we 're off at last."

"Other feller goin'?"

"Oh yes," I answered, "we keep together."

"Well, now look here," said he, drawing me a little on one side. "What made him take sich stock in us Minorcans? Why, he thought we used to be slaves; what put that in his head, I 'd

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like to know? Did he reely think we ever was niggers?"

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "He had merely heard the early history of the Minorcans in this country, their troubles and all that, and he——"

"But what difference did it make to him?" interrupted the old man.

I could n't just then explain the peculiarities of Rectus's disposition to Mr. Menendez, and so I answered that I supposed it was a sort of sympathy.

"I can't see, for the life of me," said the old man, reflectively, "what difference it made to him."

And he shook hands with me, and bade me good-bye. I don't believe he has ever found anybody who could give him the answer to this puzzle.

The trip over to Nassau was a very different thing from our voyage down the coast from New York to Savannah. The sea was comparatively smooth, and although the vessel rolled a good deal, in the great swells, we did not mind it much. The air was delightful, and after we had gone down the Florida coast, and had turned to cross the Gulf Stream to our islands, the weather became positively warm, even out here on the sea, and we were on deck nearly all the time.

Mr. Chipperton was in high spirits. He enjoyed the deep blue color of the sea; he went into ecstasies over the beautiful little nautiluses, that sailed along by the ship; he watched with wild delight the porpoises that followed close by our side, and fairly shouted when a big fellow would spring into the air, or shoot along just under the surface, as if he had a steam-engine in his tail. But when he saw a school of flying-fish rise up out of the sea, just a little ahead of us, and go skimming along like birds, and then drop again into the water, he was so surprised and delighted, that he scarcely knew how to express his feelings.

Of course, we younger people enjoyed all these things, but I was surprised to see that Corny was more quiet than usual, and spent a good deal of her time in reading, although she would spring up and run to the railing, whenever her father announced some wonderful discovery. Mr. Chipperton would have been a splendid man for Columbus to have taken along with him on his first trip to these islands. He would have kept up the spirits of the sailors.

I asked Corny what she was reading, and she showed me her book. It was a big, fat pamphlet, about the Bahamas, and she was studying up for her stay there. She was a queer girl. She had not been to school very much, her mother said; for they had been traveling about a good deal of late years; but she liked to study up special things, in which she took an interest. Sometimes she was her own teacher, and sometimes, if they staid in any one place long enough, she took regular lessons.

"I teach her as much as I can," said her mother, "although I would much rather have her go regularly to school. But her father is so fond of her, that he will not have her away from him, and as Mr. Chipperton's lung requires him to be moving from place to place, we have to go, too. But I am determined that she shall go to a school next fall."

"What is the matter with Mr. Chipperton's lung?" I asked.

"I wish we knew," said Mrs. Chipperton, earnestly. "The doctors don't seem to be able to find out the exact trouble, and besides, it is n't certain which lung it is. But the only thing that can be done for it is to travel."

"He looks very well," said I.

"Oh yes!" said she. "But"—and she looked around to see where he was—"he does n't like people to tell him so."

After a while, Rectus got interested in Corny's book, and the two read a good deal together. I did not interrupt them, for I felt quite sure that neither of them knew too much.

The captain and all the officers on the steamer were good, sociable men, and made the passengers feel at home. I had got somewhat acquainted with them on our trip from Savannah to St. Augustine, and now the captain let me come into his room and showed me the ship's course, marked out on a chart, and pointed out just where we were, besides telling me a good many things about the islands and these waters.

I mentioned to Corny and Rectus, when I went aft again,—this was the second day out,—that we should see one end of the Great Bahama early in the afternoon.

"I 'm glad of that," said Corny; "but I suppose we sha' n't go near enough for us to see its calcareous formation."

"Its what?" I exclaimed.

"Its cal–car–e–ous formation," repeated Corny, and she went on with her reading.

"Oh!" said I, laughing, "I guess the calcareous part is all covered up with grass and plants,—at least it ought to be in a semi-tropical country. But when we get to Nassau you can dig down and see what it 's like."

"Semi-tropical!" exclaimed Mr. Chipperton, who just came up; "there is something about that word that puts me all in a glow," and he rubbed his hands as if he smelt dinner.

Each of us wore a gray bean. Rectus and I had ours fastened to our watch-guards, and Corny's hung to a string of beads she generally wore. We formed ourselves into a society—Corny suggested

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it—which we called the "Association of the Three Gray Beans," the object of which was to save each other from drowning, and to perform similar serviceable acts, if circumstances should call for them. We agreed to be very faithful, and if Corny had tumbled overboard, I am sure that Rectus and I would have jumped in after her; but I am happy to say that she did nothing of the kind on this trip.

Early the next morning we reached Nassau, the largest town in the Bahamas, on one of the smallest islands, and found it semi-tropical enough to suit even Mr. Chipperton.

Before we landed we could see the white, shining streets and houses,—just as calcareous as they could be; the black negroes; the pea-green water in the harbor; the tall cocoa-nut trees, and about five million conch-shells, lying at the edges of the docks. The colored people here live pretty much on the conch-fish, and when we heard that, it accounted for the shells. The poorer people on these islands often go by the name of "conchs."

A STREET IN NASSAU.

As we went up through the town we found that the darkies were nearly as thick as the conch-shells, but they were much more lively. I never saw such jolly, dont-care-y people as the colored folks that were scattered about everywhere. Some of the young ones, as joyful skippers, could have tired out a shrimp.

There is one big hotel in the town, and pretty nearly all our passengers went there. The house is calcareous, and as solid as a rock. Rectus and I liked it very much, because it reminded us of pictures we had seen of Algiers, or Portugal, or some country where they have arches instead of doors; but Mr. Chipperton was n't at all satisfied when he found that there was not a fire-place in the whole house.

"This is coming the semi-tropical a little too strong," he said to me; but he soon found, I think, that gathering around the hearth-stone could never become a popular amusement in this warm little town.

Every day, for a week, Mr. Chipperton hired a one-horse barouche, and he and his wife and daughter rode over the island. Rectus and I walked, and we saw a good deal more than they did. Corny told us this the first walk she took with us. We went down a long, smooth, white road that led between the queer little cottages of the negroes, where the cocoa-nut and orange trees and the bananas and sappadilloes, and lots of other trees and bushes stood up around the houses just as proudly as if they were growing on ten-thousand-dollar lots. Some of these trees had the most calcareous foundations anybody ever saw. They grew almost out of the solid rock. This is probably one of the most economical places in the world for garden mold. You could n't sweep up more than a bucketful out of a whole garden, and yet the things grow splendidly. Rectus said he supposed the air was earthy.

Corny enjoyed this walk, because we went right into the houses and talked to the people, and bought cocoa-nuts off the trees, and ate the inside custard with a spoon, and made the little codgers race for pennies, and tried all the different kinds of fruits. She said she would like to walk out with us always, but her mother said she must not be going about too much with boys.

"But there are no girls on the island," said she; "at least, no white ones,—as far as I have seen."

I suppose there were white children around, but they escaped notice in the vast majority of little nigs.

The day after this walk, the shorter "yellow-legs" asked me to go out fishing with him. He could n't find anybody else, I suppose, for his friend did n't like fishing. Neither did Rectus; and so we went off together in a fishing-smack, with a fisherman to sail the boat, and hammer conch for bait. We went outside of Hog Island,—which lies off Nassau, very much as Anastasia Island lies off St. Augustine, only it is n't a quarter as big,—and fished in the open sea. We caught a lot of curious fish, and the yellow-legs, whose name was Burgan, turned out to be a very good sort of a fellow. I should n't have supposed this of a man who had made such a guy of himself; but there are a great many different kinds of outsides to people.

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When we got back to the hotel, along came Rectus and Corny. They had been out walking together, and looked hot.

"Oh!" cried Corny, as soon as she saw me. "We have something to talk to you about! Let's go and sit down. I wish there was some kind of an umbrella or straw hat that people could wear under their chins to keep the glare of these white roads out of their eyes. Let's go up into the silk-cotton-tree."

I proposed that I should go to my room and clean up a little first, but Corny could n't wait. As her father had said, she was n't good at waiting; and so we all went up into the silk-cotton-tree. This was an enormous tree, with roots like the partitions between horse-stalls; it stood at the bottom of the hotel grounds, and had a large platform built up among the branches, with a flight of steps leading to it. There were seats up here, and room enough for a dozen people.

"Well," said I, when we were seated, "what have you to tell? Anything wonderful? If it is n't, you 'd better let me tell you about my fish."

"Fish!" exclaimed Rectus, not very respectfully.

"Fish, indeed!" said Corny. "*We* have seen a *queen!*"

"Queen of what?" said I.

"Queen of Africa," replied Corny. "At least a part of it,—she would be, I mean, if she had stayed there. We went over that way, out to the very edge of the town, and there we found a whole colony of real native Africans,—just the kind Livingstone and Stanley discovered,—only they wear clothes like us."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Rectus.

"I don't mean exactly that," said Corny; "but coats and trousers and frocks, awfully old and patched. And nearly all the grown-up people there were born in Africa, and rescued by an English man-of-war from a slave-ship that was taking them into slavery, and were brought here and set free. And here they are, and they talk their own language,—only some of them know English, for they 've been here over thirty years,—and they all keep together, and have a governor of their own, with a flag-pole before his house, and among them is a real queen, of royal blood!"

"How did you find out that?" I asked.

"Oh, we heard about the African settlement this morning at the hotel, and we went down there, right after dinner. We went into two or three of the houses and talked to the people, and they all told us the same thing, and one woman took us to see the queen."

"In her palace?" said I.

"No," said Corny, "she don't live in a palace. She lives in one of the funniest little huts you ever saw, with only two rooms. And it 's too bad; they all know she 's a queen, and yet they don't pay her one bit of honor. The African governor knows it, but he lives in his house with his flag-pole in front of it, and rules her people, while she sits on a stone in front of her door and sells red peppers and bits of sugar-cane."

"Shameful!" said I; "you don't mean that?"

"Yes, she does," put in Rectus. "We saw her, and bought some sugar-cane. She did n't think we knew her rank, for she put her things away when the woman told her, in African, why we came to see her."

"What did she say to you?" I asked, beginning to be a good deal interested in this royal colored person.

"Nothing at all," said Corny; "she can't talk a word of English. If she could, she might get along better. I suppose her people want somebody over them who can talk English. And so they 've just left her to sell peppers, and get along as well as she can."

"It 's a good deal of a come-down, I must say," said I. "I wonder how she likes it?"

"Judging from her looks," said Rectus, "I don't believe she likes it at all."

"No, indeed!" added Corny. "She looks woe-begone, and I don't see why she should n't. To be taken captive with her people—may be she was trying to save them—and then to have them almost cut her acquaintance after they all get rescued and settled down!"

"Perhaps," said I, "as they are all living under Queen Victoria, they don't want any other queen."

"That 's nothing," said Corny, quickly. "There 's a governor of this whole island, and what do they want with another governor? If Queen Victoria and the governor of this island were Africans, of course they would n't want anybody else. But as it is, they do, don't you see?"

"They don't appear to want another queen," I said, "for they wont take one that is right under their noses."

Corny looked provoked, and Rectus asked me how I knew that.

"I tell you," said Corny, "it don't make any difference whether they want her or not, they have n't any right to make a born queen sit on a stone and sell red-peppers. Do you know what Rectus and I have made up our minds to do?"

"What is it?" I asked.

Corny looked around to see that no one was standing or walking near the tree, and then she leaned toward me and said:

"We are going to seat her on her throne!"

"You?" I exclaimed, and began to laugh.

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"Yes we are," said Rectus; "at least we're going to try to."

"You need n't laugh," said Corny. "You're to join."

"In an insurrection,—a conspiracy," said I. "I can't go into that business."

"You must!" cried Corny and Rectus, almost in a breath.

"You've made a promise," said Corny.

"And are bound to stick to it," said Rectus, looking at Corny.

Then both together, as if they had settled it all beforehand, they held up their gray sea-beans, and said in vigorous tones:

"Obey the bean!"

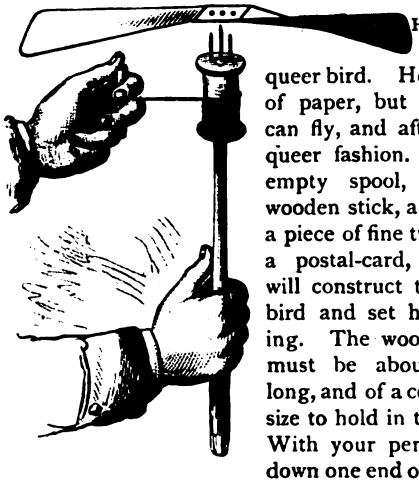
I did n't hesitate a moment. I held up my bean, and we clicked beans all around.

I became a conspirator!

(To be continued.)

THE MECHANICAL PIGEON.

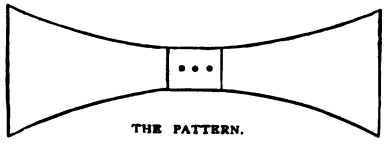
By Charles Barnard.



THIS is a very queer bird. He is made of paper, but he really can fly, and after a very queer fashion. Get an empty spool, a small wooden stick, a few pins, a piece of fine twine, and a postal-card, and we will construct the proud bird and set him a-flying. The wooden stick must be about a foot long, and of a convenient size to hold in the hand. With your penknife cut down one end of the stick so that it will go into the hole in the spool. Make a little ledge near the top so that the spool will not slip down, and can turn freely on the stick. If any part of the stick projects above the spool, cut it off smooth. Now get three pins, and cut each in two in the middle. This will give us three sharp little nails, and you must drive one into the end of the stick so that it will stand up above the spool, and the others into the top of the spool, near the edge, one on each side, and so that all three pins, when the spool is on the stick, shall be in one straight line. Next get a sharp knife and cut an old postal-card to the pattern shown in the diagram in the next column.

In the square part, where the dots are, make three small holes. To find exactly where they are to be, make one hole in the center, and then put the spool on the stick, and the card on top with the middle pin sticking through the hole. Then press the card down on the spool, and the spool-pins will make marks for the other two holes. When the holes are made, the card will rest on the spool, and the pins will stick through the holes. Now take the card off, and holding it firmly by the square part in the middle, twist one wing to the right and the other to the left—just like the fans of a propeller, or the wings of a wind-mill. Bend one corner up and the other down at each end, so that when you look at the card from end to end, the ends will appear to cross each other in opposite directions.

This card is our bird, and, to make him fly, you must tie a piece of string round the spool, and wind it round and round many times from right to left, or in the opposite direction to that of the moving hands of a watch. Now put the spool on the stick, pins up. Set the paper on top, with the three pins sticking through the three holes. Hold the stick in one hand, and give the string a pull with the other,



THE PATTERN.

just as if it was a top, and away the lively bird springs circling into the air. He rises to the top of the room, spins round, and then floats down to the floor. This gay bird is the mechanical pigeon. If he does not fly off at the first pull, wind up again, and keep trying till he starts. Perhaps you have set him on wrong side up; if so, change his position, or he will merely spin round and round and stay on his perch. The first picture gives a good portrait of him, when just ready for flight.

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PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE.

BY E. T. ALDEN.

PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE!
Ten pink fingers has she,
Ten pink toes,
One pink nose,
And two eyes that can hardly see;
And they blink and blink, and they wink and wink,
So you can't tell whether they 're blue or pink.

Pinkety-blinkety-winkety-wee!
Not much hair on her head has she;
She has no teeth, and she cannot talk;
She is n't strong enough yet to walk;
She cannot even so much as creep;
Most of the time she is fast asleep;
Whenever you ask her how she feels,
She only doubles her fist and squeals.
The queerest bundle you ever did see
Is little Pinkety-winkety-wee.

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JOE AND THE SEAL.

By C. M. Drake.

Joe is a little Californian, and he lives close by the Pacific Ocean. His father often takes him to walk on the beach.

"See, papa, see!" cried Joe one day when the two were out together. "What a nice log to sit on!" and Joe ran along the beach until he came to a brown object that lay on the warm sand, a little wav up

from the ocean. But just as Joe was sitting down, the brown "log" began to move, and Joe ran back to his papa in fear, crying:

"It is a whale, papa, and it was agoing to eat me up, just as the one in the Bible ate Jonah."

"No, it is a seal, my boy," replied his father. "It wont hurt us. It is a young one. Let me coax it to stay a while."

So saying, he took hold of the little seal, and, by rubbing it on the back and under the neck, he soon had the little fellow as quiet as a pet dog. Joe soon lost his fear of the seal, and, going up to it, began to rub the soft fur on its back. I think the little seal must have liked this, for, when Joe turned to go, the seal tried to follow him.

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"How tame it is! How queerly it walks on those funny little legs!" said Joe. "Are they his legs or his arms, papa?"

"A little of both," said his papa, laughing. "They are called flippers; and he also can use them as our gold-fish use their fins."

"May I take him home? See! he would follow me clear to the house."

"He would not be happy, Joe, away from the ocean. We will put him back into the ocean, where his brothers and sisters are, Joe. I will take him out to this rock and drop him into the water."

"Does n't he look like a big dog-fish, papa?" cried Joe, as the seal swam away, diving under each big wave that tried to shove him back to the shore.

"Good-bye, little seal! I hope you 'll find your mamma again."

Joe and his papa turned to go home. After a little while, Joe said, very soberly:

"Papa, I guess I don't want the seal-skin hat, that I teased you for. May be it came off of that nice little seal's brother or sister. I don't see how folks can shoot such dear little things as that seal is."

ELEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

ELEVEN little pussy-cats invited out to tea,
Eleven cups of milk they had—sweet as milk could be,
Eleven little silver spoons to stir the sugar in,
Eleven little napkins white, each tucked beneath a chin;
Eleven little me-ows they gave, eleven little purrs,
Eleven little sneezes, too, though wrapped up in their furs.
Eleven times they washed their paws when all the milk was out,
Eleven times they bobbed their heads and said 't was so, no doubt.
Eleven times they thought they heard the squeaking of a mouse.
Eleven times they courtesied to the lady of the house;
Eleven times they promised her to drive away the thieves
That pecked the grapes upon the vines and hid among the leaves.
They kept their word, and one day shook eleven bunches down
To this same girl of 'leven years who caught them in her gown.

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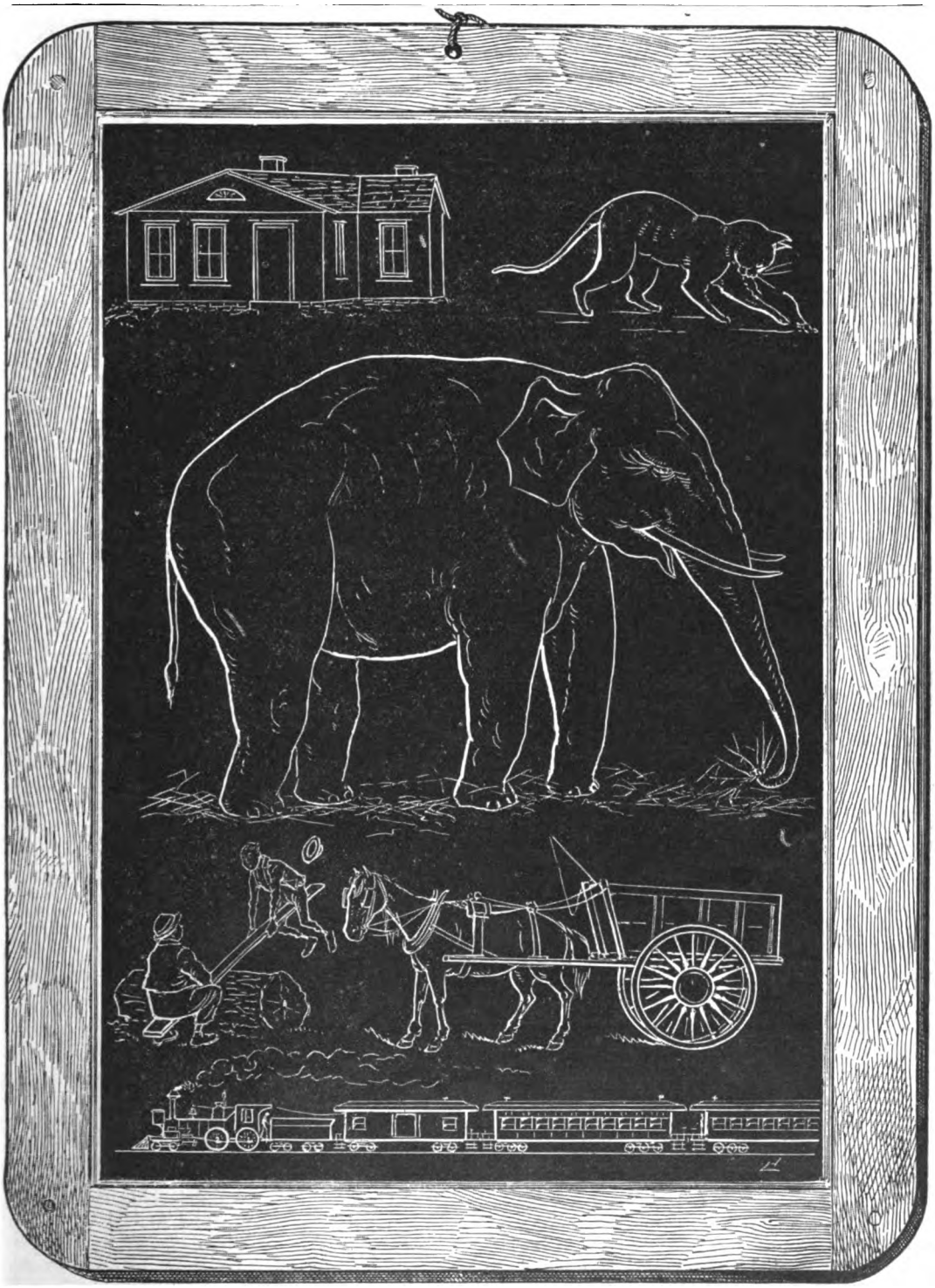

THESE slate pictures are a little harder to draw than those in the December ST. NICHOLAS, but brother or sister or somebody can copy them for you.

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MARCH is a word of five letters, says one. "March" is a military order, says another. March was once the first month of the year, says another. March is our fifth number, says ST. NICHOLAS,—and Jack says:

March is the breeziest, jolliest, freshest, liveliest, busiest month of all the twelve, and whether it comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, or comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion, it's a good honest month, and Jack likes it.

A LETTER TO ME.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if all your readers know what a cunning little cap trimmed with red berries you wear in the fall? I don't believe many of them have seen it, and I should like to describe it to them, if you have no objections.

The first time I met you last fall after you had left off your summer suit was away up in the White Mountains, N. H. I had no idea you traveled as far as that, and I cannot tell you how delighted I was to see you.

You were standing close by a small brook, and (may I tell it?) peeping in over the edge. We all know you too well, dear Jack, to think you vain, and can understand your pleasure in beholding, in this clear brown mirror, your little green spike of a cap, with bright scarlet berries tipped with black, clustering around it.

And what a lovely little bed of green moss you were standing on!

I saw at a little distance from you a spray of the partridge vine, with two little twin berries on its stem, but they were not half as red as yours, and indeed, they seemed to understand it, and hide their heads in the moss. To my taste you are handsomer in the fall than at any other time of the year, though others may have a different taste. Nevertheless, we all love you for your own self, dear Jack, no matter what your clothes are. Your loving friend, E. A. P.

MACHINES RUN BY AIR.

YOU 'VE heard of machines for flying *in* the air, of course. I told you about one last October. But now comes word of machines worked *by* air. These new engines are used to drag heavy trains, empty when going into, but filled with broken stone when coming out of, the great tunnel now being cut between Switzerland and Italy, under Mount St. Gothard.

It would be almost impossible to keep the air fresh in the tunnel, so far underground, if steam-engines were used for cutting the rock; for they would make so much heat, gas, and smoke, that men could not work in there at all.

But these new machines do better, for they are worked by air instead of steam, and the air that escapes after being used in them is good to breathe. It is common air, but it was first forced by water-power into huge iron reservoirs, until there was a great deal more in them than there was in the same space outside. The reservoirs have to be tight and strong, or the air would burst them and escape.

The squeezed or compressed air is drawn off into a part of the new machine which looks like a big steam-boiler, and it is then let into the working parts, as wanted, rushing out with great force, and making the machinery move, and drag the cars, much in the way that steam would.

MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER PROPHECY.

ELLA H., Rita W., and "Alfred" ask who is the "Mother Shipton" mentioned in B. P.'s letter about the "Unfathomable Lake," printed in February.

Well, your Jack never actually knew the old lady, but he has heard that she lived about three hundred years ago in England, and was believed to know beforehand what was going to happen in the world. She once made a prophecy which has become very famous. It was made public first in 1488 and again in 1641. All the events foretold in it, excepting the last, have come to pass. Here is the prophecy:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet shall be true—
The world upside shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride;
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air man shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat:
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that 's not yet known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England at last shall admit a Jew;
The world to an end shall come
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-One.

A TREE THAT GIVES AND CURES HEADACHE.

ITS name alone, *Oreodaphne Californica*, is almost enough to give one a headache; but if you rub its leaves for a short time over your face and hands you will get a headache, surely; and if you happen to have a headache, why, the same rubbing will drive it away, at least, so the natives say.

This obliging tree is a fine-looking evergreen, with a strong spicy smell, and I 'm told that it is found in California.

FASTER THAN LIGHT.

IT does not do to be too sure of things, nowadays, not even if they are called "well-known scientific

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facts," for that which seems true to-day may be proved wrong by the fuller knowledge that to-morrow will bring.

For instance: "Light is the fastest traveler in the universe" used to be held as a fact well known and scientific, and I was ready to believe it when I heard that a ray of light takes but nine minutes in going from the sun to the earth, traveling more than ten million miles a minute.

But now I learn that there is a thing that is even faster than light. This scrap, from one of Professor Proctor's writings, will tell you about it:

"Gravity cannot take so much as a second in acting over the distance separating the planet Neptune from the Sun"—(2,850,000,000 miles)!

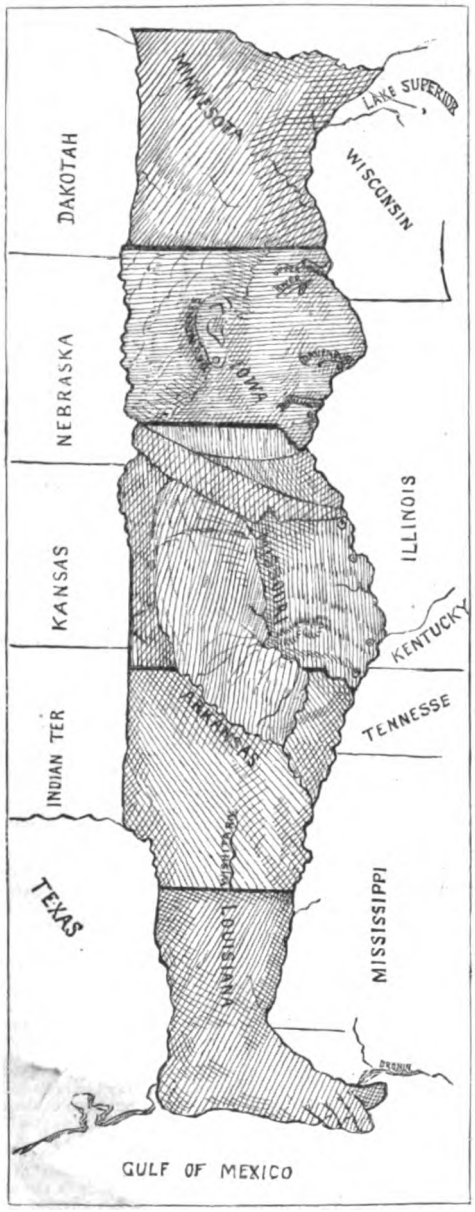
So, my wise young astronomers, Gravity is faster than Light—at least, *as far as we know to-day.*

IS IT "UNCLE SAM"?

GET out your atlases, boys and girls, turn to the map of the United States, and see if you can find in any part of it an outline like this odd picture, which D. E. C. sends.

"The tip of the man's queer cap," says D. E. C., "touches Lake Superior; he is bathing his bare foot in the Gulf of Mexico; his nose is formed by a bend of the Mississippi River; and his back is straight and sturdy.

"A comfortable and good-natured old fellow, this,—and he might pass for Uncle Sam squeezed in among the States of the Union."



SOME VERY OLD BUTTER-MILK.

DEAR JACK: I know a man who drank some of the very oldest buttermilk ever heard of. He lives in Tennessee.

One day, he and some others were asked in a great hurry to dine at the house of a neighbor, with a promise that the company would be treated to one of the rarest drinks ever tasted in all the ages of the world!

This proved to be buttermilk, brought to table in a jug. It had been dug out that same morning from a well which had caved in thirty years before. At that time the jug of milk, safely corked, was hanging by a rope far down the well, to be kept cool; and there it had staid buried for thirty years. All who drank of the buttermilk said it was delicious.—Truly your friend, S. W. K.

BIRDS AND TELEGRAMS.

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR JACK: I saw in the February number, 1878, something that you said about "Birds and Telegraph Wires," and it reminded me of an item I read a little while ago in a daily paper. Some bothering man asked a telegraph operator if a message was stopped when a bird stood on the wire, and if it hurt the bird. The telegraph man told him that the birds were a great nuisance, because they would perch on the wires, and, when a message was sent along, they would pick out the little words in it; so that, sometimes, when it got to the other station, the receiver could not understand it at all. He also said that if any of the birds were killed, it was because they got choked on some long word, or else over ate themselves. Now, dear Jack, do you really believe that is so?

C. D. W.

I really don't. And I think that telegraph operator must have thought he was talking to a goose.

By the way, talking of geese, here 's a paragram on the subject:

A JAPANESE COMPLIMENT.

It is flattering—in Japan—to compare a person to a goose. There are no tame geese in that country, and, as the wild ones are bright and graceful, of course no one there feels hurt at being likened to a goose.

Here, just in the nick of time, is a letter about

A SEPTUAGENARIAN GOOSE.

Beverley, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A family in a town near here had a goose that died a little while ago at the age of seventy years. There is no joke about this, for the name of the family is not "Goose," there have been no deaths in it lately, and the goose was a true "anser,"—web-feet, feathers and all.

The same family has another goose, still alive, whose age is known to be more than fifty years. And this living goose, also, is a "really truly" bird goose.—Your friend, MARY.

BY SUCKING? OR HOW?

HARRY B. writes me that his pet squirrel "sucks up only a very little water once a day, and that is all he takes to drink."

Now, I 'm pretty sure the squirrel would take more water, if he felt it would do him good, so that is all right; but, I 've a notion that he must be a squirrel of a kind never heard of before, if he drinks as Harry's letter tells.

What do you say, my youngsters? Does a squirrel drink by "sucking up," or how? You, too, have pet squirrels, may be; so find out about this with your own eyes, if you can, and let me know.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

Translations of the German legend, "Elisabeth's Rosen," were received from Annie B. Parker—Leonora—Dora Hines—H.—S. J. Radcliffe—C. A. D—Nelson Partridge—J. Frank Wooley—F. B. Wickerson—Edward Miller—Albert Farjeon—Annie L. Fields—Arthur S. Barnes—Louis C. Pilat—M. T. A.—Mary L. Otis—D. S.—Maude H. Morris—Bertha E. Keferstein—Bessie Hard—Fannie Kibbee—Henry C. F. Blickle—H. Constance—E. May Smith—Amalie Wiechmann—H. L.—Dora Sedgwick—Lucia H. Kittle—Henry C. Kroger—Edith C. Lee—Louis F. Ruf—Johnnie C. Whitcomb—Nettie K. Hartwell—Isabelle V. Seagrave—Alice S. Millard—A. Leavens—Albert F. Pasquay—Hattie Hyatt—John J. Daesen—C. L. Bates—Frank T. Nevin—Eugene Hoeber—Scudder Smith and Clarence Young—Minnie L. Benne—Cora McKay—Jennie L. Dickinson—Etha F. Smith—Bertha L. Hafner—T. S. Hardy—M. Alice Parker—George McLean Harper—Helen Reynolds and John Farnham—Sadie McLong—Hilda Lodeman—Lucy J. Way—Clare Charlton—Elizabeth King—Louisa M. Hopkins—B. K. L.—Minne Bruere—"Newark, N. J."—Edgar Francis Jordan—Lutie Thomas—S. de L. Van Rensselaer—Margaret Bugley—Charlie Falkenreck—W. Russell Fearon—Mary E. Whittemore—Aggie Rhodes—Lallie Teal—Amelia L. Diemar—Ralph Hoffman—J. McClurg Hays—Mason C. Stryker—Bella Wehl—Mary A. Hale—Nettie Hawkins—Raymond W. Smith—Christine Senger—Maurie B. Stewart—Arthur M. Taylor—Gertrude Tobias—Schiller Richter—Robert Weld - Stella Dunlap—F. Bergh Taylor—Anna C. Brastow—Florence H. Watson—Emily Harris—Lewis Jones—Elizabeth L. Hillegeist—Helen W. Prescott—Hattie D. Pierce—Mary A. Donohue—John Newton Wright—Winnie Summers—Bessie H. Smith—Corinna Keen—Mabel Z. Bookstaver—Fred Rohloff—Albion M. Kelsea—Wm. A. Benedict—Ida S. Otis—Bessie Watson—L. G. and H. G.—Fleta Holman—Edward J. Bosworth.

We have received the following two letters in answer to the questions at the end of Mr. Warner's story, "What shall we do with her?" which appeared in the January number:

Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Our Friend that had the trouble, with that half cat, calls for assistance, which I give chearfully. I should propose that it be put up at auction, and sold for a Manx Cat of the Chartreuse breed.—Yours, E. R. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have read, in the beautiful January number of your magazine, the story of a cat named "China." I read it gravely through, and have been thinking seriously about an answer to the questions at the end, for of course, Mr. Warner expected an answer. A little boy who had lived some time in China once told me the natives there thought a devilish spirit was in a cat with a tail—and so they cut off that waggish part of the cat's body. May be, if Mr. Warner were to put the devil into his cat (I should think he could do it!) the tail might grow out again,—and then he could sell "China" for a real cat.

Or, why does not he go into the retailing business, and so dispose of it? He might be better employed, I think, than sitting before a roaring wood fire thinking thoughts to steal away other people's time. He is my debtor in that way, by I don't know how many hours. He is in fact shortening my life! C. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: In your December number is a poem called "Can You?" One line of it asks, "Can you see the wind?" To this I reply, "Yes, I can." And this is how: Take a carpenter's saw, hold it in a high wind with the back level with your eyes; you will then perceive a current flowing over the back of the saw. Sometimes, on a warm day, you can see the air twinkling. So there—Yours truly, B. D. T.

Edith B.—"Ent. Sta. Hall" means "Entered at Stationers' Hall," the government copyright office in London, and it shows that a copy of the print on which the legend appears has been deposited with the authorities. Then, if anybody should publish an imitation of the print, the earlier publisher could sue him, in the British dominions, for compensation.

Old Subscriber.—We cannot answer your letter in the magazine, nor can we answer any other letter which is not accompanied by the real name and address of its writer, so that we may reply by mail if we prefer to do so.

London, Eng.

Dear St. Nicholas: We were born in London and have always lived here, but we are Americans, and don't allow any one to call us English. We have been twice to America and have just returned from our second visit there. We like being at sea very much, and find many things to amuse us. The cook made us some taffy (molasses candy). The chief officer had a swing put up, on deck, for us, and the sailors were always ready to give us bits of rope or pieces of wood with which we could make many things. On the voyage home, my little brother Norris thought he would try to catch a fish, so he threw a long line over the side of the ship. After waiting some time "for a bite," and feeling discouraged, he tied the line to the side railing of the deck, and went off to play. One of the stewards drew the rope in through a saloon port-hole and tied a dried herring on it. When Norris pulled in his line next time, and saw "a real fish," he was so delighted! He never guessed it had been tied on. But he knows better now. If you think this little letter worth publishing, we should be very pleased to see it in the "Letter-Box" sometime.—Your little friend, Carl.

Dear St. Nicholas: Although I am quite a big girl, I enjoy reading you as much as ever. Perhaps you do not care to have a grown-up girl writing to you; but, although I am quite aged in regard to years, still I feel as young and enjoy young folks stories as much as when I was only ten years old. St. Nicholas is real nice for the poor girls who are too young for grown people to take an interest in, and yet so old that the real young people don't like to play with them. E. E. B.

Vicksburg, Miss.

Dear St. Nicholas: I received your charming self for January yesterday and read you with a great deal of pleasure. I am very sorry that the story "Half a Dozen Housekeepers" is ended, as it was so interesting and funny; and I suppose Belle's father was agreeably surprised that the girls did not burn his house up, as he prophesied that they would.

The people of our city have lately passed through a fearful epidemic, and there were so many deaths here that one wagon would have to carry five and six coffins at a time, piled one above the other, to the grave-yard. The yellow fever spread all through the country, too, and came very near where I was refugeeing. Fortunately I escaped, but I lost three cousins with it. There are so many desolated homes here that we had a very sad Christmas, but I hope you had a merry one, and remain, your friend, J. P. H.

A Dish-Garden.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to tell your readers of a successful experiment of mine for the winter decoration of a room. It is so simple that a child easily manages it. It was merely a dish of moss in which were set a few small ferns and vines, covered with a bell-glass. I like a large dinner-plate best, though some prefer a deep dish. In the bottom you place a layer of charcoal broken in small pieces, and mixed with a few bits of broken crockery, to form a drain.

Upon this put some of the earth from the woods, in which plant, according to taste, what you have gathered. You might take a fern for a center-piece and around it group little "wintergreens," with more partridge-berry vines (mitchella) than anything else, as their rich green leaves and bright red berries are so cheery in effect. Late in the winter or early in the spring, my mitchella bloomed, and the pure white blossoms formed an exquisite contrast, with their snowy petals looking as if powdered with frosted silver.

The roots must be disturbed as slightly as possible, but press the earth firmly around them, covering it, wherever it shows, with moss, dotting in, here and there, lichens taken from old stumps and fences. When done, sprinkle thoroughly with water and set the dish in a shady corner for several days, after which it can be placed on a center or side table, and will need watering but a few times through the season, if the glass fits tightly. To hide the edge of the dish, as well

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as to keep the air out, a piece of brown chenille—as bright colors would destroy the effect of leaves and berries—can be put around it after the glass is in place, or it can be hidden by bits of lichen arranged on the edge.

I found my dish-garden flourished better if I put it on a chair in a sunny window once in a while, but it stood mostly on a stand in the middle of the room, and was directly under the gaslight in the evening. On seeing it, our friends would say: "How woods-y!" "How lovely!" etc.

It is well to accustom the plants gradually to artificial heat and not put them at once in a very warm room.

Hoping some of your readers may be as successful as I was, I remain very truly your friend, H. S.

N. AND S.—We know of no book, of the kind you ask for that we can heartily recommend You will find good acting plays, acting ballads, tableaux-vivants, etc., for home amusement, in ST. NICHOLAS for January, February, April and November, 1874; in January, April and December, 1875; in February, April and May, 1876; in January, May and December, 1877; in November, 1878, and in January, 1879.

Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a paragraph which I found in an old newspaper. I send it because I thought some of your readers might like to know who "Brother Jonathan" was. Here it is:

"Jonathan Trumbull, who resided in Lebanon, Connecticut, and who was the friend and counselor of Washington, is the true 'Brother Jonathan' of American history."

I am eleven years old and my name is EDITH LESLIE.

A FROZEN PUZZLE.

GET a common water-pail, about three feet of iron wire as fine as the smallest twine, and a lump of ice weighing about two pounds. Stretch the wire twice across the top of the pail so as to make a kind of bridge. Set the wires about two inches apart, and lay the ice upon them, taking care that it does not touch the pail. The ice will begin

to melt, and water will drip into the pail. Presently the ice will seem to sink down as if the wires were cutting it into three pieces. In about half an hour, if you try to lift the ice, you will find the wires securely frozen in. The lump of ice will slip along the wires, but you cannot take it away from them. You can see the wires through the ice, but the point of the sharpest pen-knife cannot find where they entered. There may be a line of silvery bubbles showing where the wires passed, but the ice will be one solid unbroken piece. At last, the wires will come out at the top, and the lump of ice, though partly melted away, will drop into the pail as whole as ever. Who among our young readers can explain this frozen puzzle?

Newburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a dog named Max. He is a great, big, pure-blooded English mastiff. We have his pedigree five or six generations back, and he is rather high-strung; but he is very good-natured; indeed, so much so as to let me pull him up three steps at a time, by his tail, of very steep stairs. He has a very peculiar way of howling when he wants to be let loose. He is a dead dog when mamma tells him to be one, and he can jump over a stick held four feet from the ground.—From your loving reader, MARIE F. G.

MOTHER:—In our last number we gave some new domino games that will be found a very pleasant means of passing an evening agreeably. The games are interesting and have plenty of life in them. The last two are not too hard for girls and boys of fourteen or fifteen years.

SOMEBODY sends this to the "Letter-Box." Who wrote it?

LITTLE LUCY'S STORY ABOUT THE OWL.

An owl, that lived in a hollow tree,
As I went by, looked out at me;
And he rolled his eyes, with a solemn air,
As if to say, this world 's a snare.
And life a burden hard to bear,
Take care, little girl, take care!

Said I, Mr. Owl, we don't agree,
I love the world, and the world loves me,
Quit rolling your eyes, and come and see
How happy a child that is good can be.
I learn in the day, I sleep in the night,
I try to obey, I try to do right;
But you love darkness better than light;
Take care, Mr. Owl, take care!

R. L. S.—The Indian name for the Mississippi River was "Méchacébé," spelled by some writers "Miche Sepe." It means "Great River," or "Great Father of Waters," as you suppose.

"Shoe-wae-cae-mette" is a word in the Pottawattamie language, and means "Lightning upon the waters." The word is said to have been made in a curious way. One day, before the white men came to the Pottawattamie country, there was a great storm, and some Indians ran for shelter into a natural grape-arbor by a river. Through the tangle of vines the storm-bound men saw the beautiful play of the lightning upon the river, and they called out "Shoe-wae-cae-mette!" Whether the story is true or not, no doubt the meaning of the word "Lightning upon the-waters," is correct; and it is a very appropriate name for a boat-club.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

A letter came to our circle the other day, writes a friend, which contained so noble and beautiful a tribute to a mother, that I asked permission to copy it, without names, in ST. NICHOLAS. It was written to a man and by a man, but he has the heart of a little child, and so, I think, all your children will appreciate his words. Here is the letter, excepting only the parts which have no general interest:

Plainfield, N. J.

Dear C.: Here is another torrent rain-storm. It has been going since last night, and is still going unabated. * * * * * * *

It is one of the days to justify a body for keeping in-doors, and to make him feel what a blessed thing home is. It makes me think of a new grave on the bank of the Susquehanna, where our good mother was laid to rest more than a week—yes, just a week—ago to-day, in the fullness of her years. She would have been 86 the coming October. Yet were her physical powers perfect, her senses acute, and all her faculties clear and strong. She had no sickness. There was some mysterious escape of energy, which relaxed her frame and disinclined her to exertion about a week before her death,—but without affecting her mind in the least. She talked, ate and slept as usual,—indeed, conversed with more than usual vivacity and humor,—then, on the morning of her departure, said she felt sleepy,—she must go to sleep,—and went to sleep and did not wake. There was neither perturbation of mind nor pain of body. She was a child of Providence from her birth upward, and the Fatherly love in which she trusted would not suffer his child to be scared by any vision of death, much less any pangs of death. She was lapped in innocent sleep, and waked up in other society,—friends and kindred long lost and much loved, who had not been out of her thoughts a day since they went. A lovelier character, a more unselfish creature cannot be conceived. No purer spirit ever lived on earth, or went unchallenged into heaven. She has left us a perfect image of excellence, such as without the example we could never have framed in fancy. I am willing to believe anything good of mankind for having known her. She lived to see her children and her children's children, and indeed the whole community in which she lived, rise up and call

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her blessed, and wait on her with tender, reverent love in all her goings during many years of a happy old age. I cannot imagine a more perfect character, life or death.

* * * * * * * * * *

It sounds very odd to hear you talk so old about the boys whom I remember, excepting W——, as such little fellows, and I 'm glad to hear of them, qualifying so happily for world's work. Often I wonder how strangely the burden comes on our backs. There 's a part of me not over 10 or 12 years old, or rather, that young creature still exists in me, like the sapling inside of the tree,—and he seems to observe with astonishment now and then how old his outside is getting to be and what a forest is springing up around him. It seems unreal,—incredible,—even absurd. Identifying himself with the undersigned for a moment,—deaf, gray-haired, stoop-shouldered, glasses on nose, pipe in mouth, chief engineer, the old man, squire, governor, tax-payer, major, and what not,—then suddenly viewing his stripling limbs and boyish mug,—he laughs at the ridiculous incongruity, and is ready to declare it all a masque of that old scene-shifter, Time. And it is, partly. I hope my manly accidents are but a thin investiture, and when I go to heaven 't will be pretty much in the character of a big boy;—one of the children, and the child of my mother.

* * * * * * * * *

JOHN W. C.—We hope that before very long ST. NICHOLAS will contain an illustrated article that will help to answer your question. Meanwhile, if you can get some one to let you have an old telescope, complete, to take to pieces and examine, you may find out a good deal for yourself. It will be well, also, to study some book upon "Optics" or the "Science of Light," so that you may know not only how a telescope is made, but also the reasons for putting it together so curiously.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been to see the "lions" of Boston. I don't mean Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Mount Auburn, the Old South, or the Mechanic's Fair; but real live lions, "Willie" and "Martha," that have been raised from babyhood by the lady, Mrs. Lincoln, who owns them. Perhaps your readers would like to hear something about these strange pets.

In the first place, "Willie" and "Martha" are not common menagerie lions, but live in a private house, near the Revere House, and have a large brick room, which has been built for them since they have grown up. This room leads out of Mrs. Lincoln's sitting-room, and visitors who do not wish to go into the lions' parlor can have a good view of the noble creatures through the grated door,—and splendid animals they are! They are now two years old, and I suppose nearly full grown, but as frolicsome as kittens, and devotedly attached to their kind mistress; yet it made me tremble all over to see her, with only a small riding-whip in her hand, go into their room, while they, in their delight at seeing her, leaped round her, putting their great paws upon her shoulders and nearly throwing her down in their affectionate gambols. But in a moment she calmed them. "Lie down, Willie! This instant, sir!" and down the great fellow lay at her feet, quiet as a lamb! Then Martha lay down and rolled over on her back, her huge paws in the air. "Now, Willie, give me your hand," said Mrs. Lincoln, and he got up and most affectionately laid his great paw in her hand. She seems to have the most perfect control over these her dearly loved pets, and says she has no more fear of them than she has of a kitten; and no wonder, for she has had the entire charge of them since they were very small babies. While they were quite young they always slept on her bed at night; and even now, when there are no strangers, she opens the door of their room and they sit with her in her parlor. She said: "Yesterday I was sitting sewing, when 'Martha' came in and spread herself at full length on the sofa for a nap!" It happened to be their dinner-hour, two o'clock, when I was there, so I had the pleasure of seeing them fed, and the way they devoured the fine ribs of roasting beef that were given to them was something to see! Morning and evening Mrs. Lincoln gives the water, and at two o'clock a good meal of fresh beef. About sundown she lets them out into the yard for a run, when they frolic and enjoy themselves in the open air for an hour, to the great delight of the neighbors' children round, who watch from their windows the gambols of these curious household pets. Now, I do hope that if any of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS come to Boston they will call on Mrs. Lincoln, who is always willing to show her lions to those who wish to see them. B. P.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifteen letters, and am a Divine command.

My 1, 12, 13, 5, 4 is illumination. My 6, 15, 14, 10, 7 is a subtle fluid. My 9, 2, 3, 8, 11 is a species of pepper-plant, the leaves of which are chewed with the Areca nut, by East Indians. ISOLA.

TRANSPOSITION COUPLET.

"I love thee not (though thou art fair)
For beauty. What! not heed my prayer?"

Transpose the words of the above rhymed couplet, keeping the same words in each line, so as to make a new couplet with a rhyme and a meaning different from those of the original. B. H.

DIALOGUE NAME-PUZZLE.

THE following dialogue contains anagrams on the names of twelve well-known authors, American, British, French, German, and Italian. The anagrams are printed in Italics; and, besides the anagrams, there are six hidden names of celebrated personages that are mentioned in some of the twelve authors' works:

The speakers in the Dialogue are Henry, Ned, Marie and Ruby:

Henry. As you are too *sick, Ned,* to share in a noisy game, we 'll *seek a sharp* riddle or two. Are you willing?

Ned. Indeed, yes! Let it be riddles; they do not compel hammering and pounding. I hope to be up and active and eating regular meals soon. It 's a miserable arrangement to be at rice and other spoon food all the time.

Henry. I should think so. You must be tired of lying *flat, Ned!*

Ruby. You boys are always talking about eating. [TURNS TO MARIE.] What is the name of that new *tune, Marie,* about "Dee," which you bought from the music man, Friday last?

Marie. "Banks *of Dee.*"

Ned. Oh, never mind the new tune, girls. Shall it be riddles, *Hen, or what?*

Henry. Riddles. Now, Ruby; what French poet do I name when I say "*green bar*"?

Marie. I know, but I *wont tell Ruby!* Oh, oh, look! There 's Pa in the street on horseback. Can *he curb the old Arab* safely, do you think?

Ruby. Yes, he could, if there was n't such a noise in the street. Do hear the boys on that *car yell* at *each cur* they pass!

Henry. Our dog's bark is loudest.

Ned. Oh, dear! Do you call yourselves sprightly? Why, you are as slow as *moles.* How soon shall we have the riddles?

Henry. Why, Ned, you youngster lingering there, it 's you who are slow. We 've had them already. Now, brush up your wits, and solve the riddles, if you can! * * *

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nineteen letters, and I am the name of an American writer of world-wide fame.

1. My 3, 5, 10, 16, is a beautiful flower. 2. My 1, 2, 11, 19, is what the flower must do when picked. 3. My 13, 9, 18, is a religious devotee sometimes likened in poetry to my 3, 5, 10, 16. 4. My 3, 17, 7, 12, 4, is an Oriental beast of burden. 5. My 14, 6, 15, is found at the mouth of a large river. JOSIE H. +

COMPOUND WORD-SQUARE AND INCLOSED GREEK CROSS.

```
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
* * * S * * *
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
```

THE middle letter, S, of the cross is used four times. Every other letter of the cross, in its own position, is used to end one word, and to begin another that reads in the same direction; for the letters of the cross occur at the overlappings of four word-squares each made on a base of four letters. Thus, reading across: the upper left-hand square might begin with the word

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"anon"; and then the upper right-hand square must have for its first line some four-letter word having "n" as its initial. So, reading down: the second upright line of the upper left-hand square might be made with the word "rove"; and the second upright line of the lower left-hand square must then be formed with some four-letter word beginning with "e."

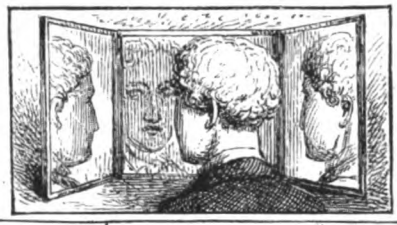
The meanings of the words which form the squares are as follows:

UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A family. 2. To exist. 3. To acknowledge. 4. Recent information.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Fresh intelligence. 2. Wrong. 3. Spacious. 4. A winter toy.

LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Latest tidings. 2. A celebrated mountain in Palestine. 3. To grow less. 4. A vehicle for winter use.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Christmas gift popular with boys. 2. A narrow road. 3. The last parts. 4. Found in business offices.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL DIAMOND.

DIAGONALS, reading downward from right to left: 1. A promontory. 2. A fixed star. 3. Accustomed. 4. The name of a man mentioned in the Bible,—one still given to boys. 5. A conflagration. 6. The title, at one time, of the governor of Algiers. 7. A god of fields and shepherds.

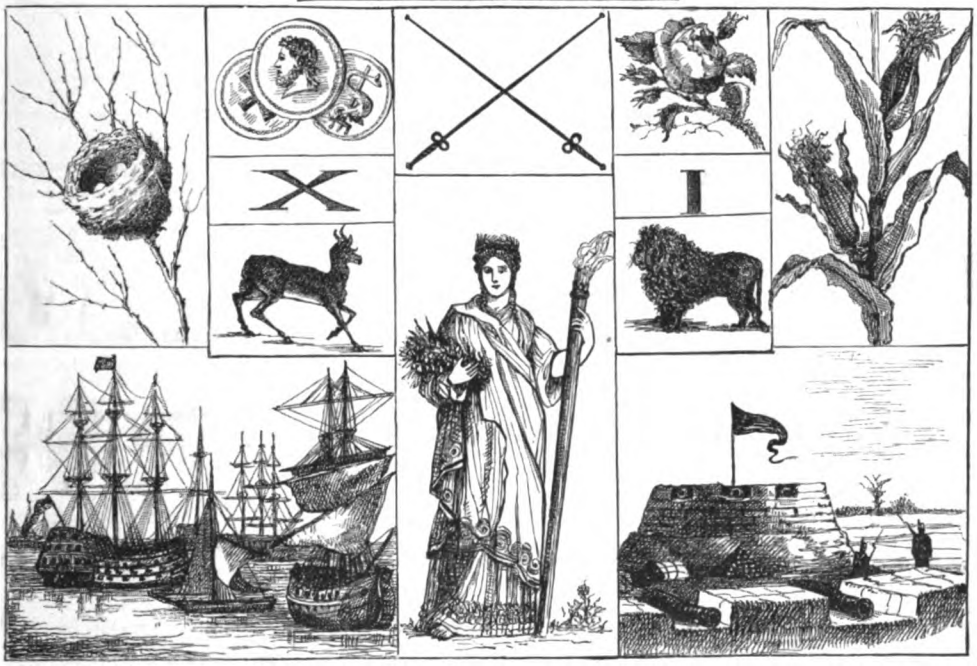
Diagonals, reading downward from left to right: 1. A light blow. 2. Mournful. 3. A large part of the earth's surface. 4. To turn to account. 5. A country of South America. 6. A negative. 7. The first garden.

UNCLE WILL.

CHARADE.

DECEIT is my first;
My second, a tree;
My third is a time
Named for fasting, we see;
My whole is what honest men
Never will be.

H. H. D.



EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

THE problem is, to find the word which properly describes the picture at the top.

To solve the problem: Write down a word descriptive of each of the twelve other pictures. If the proper words are written, they will contain no other letters of the alphabet than those of the word which has to be found; although the letters of this word are used each more than once in spelling the twelve other words. Then pick from the twelve descriptive words just those letters which form the answer.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in saw, but not in blade,
My second is in matron and also in maid.
My third is in watch, but not in clock.
My fourth is in key, but not in lock.
My fifth is in quarter, but not in pound.
My whole is found
In St. George's Sound.

EASY DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. An enemy. 3. A Jewish doctor. 4. A nose, or a beak of a bird. 5. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. An instrument to cool the face. 3. Serious. 4. To flow back. 5. A vowel.

E. M. P.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. AN aquatic bird. 2. In contact with an upper surface. 3. A series of laws. 4. One of the timbers used in building a ship.

GUESSER.

HIDDEN SHAKSPEARIAN SENTENCE.

In the following quotations, find concealed a well-known line from *Julius Cæsar*; one word of the line is in each quotation, and the words are hidden in proper order, in the quotations as they stand.

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight!—*King Richard II.*

For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

O give me cord or knife or poison.—*Cymbeline.*

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If, whilst I live she will be only mine.—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.—*As You Like It.*

And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.—*Taming of the Shrew.*

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PICTURE PUZZLE.

HERE 's a little girl crying because she can't learn her A, B, C! The letters are sorry for her, and are trying a new way to get into her head,—by raining down upon her! See if you can puzzle out the message they speak to the discouraged little one. O'B.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. AN old name for a weaver. 2. An inhabitant of one of the divisions of Great Britain. 3. Cheerful 4. A Scottish alderman. 5. A covering for the head. 6. A noted American general. 7. An ant. 8. A domestic animal. 9. Parts of speech and merit. 10. An infant. 11. A somber color. 12. A crustacean. 13. A very disagreeable sensation. 14. A tall person. 15. Antecedent. 16. A small stream. 17. A domestic. 18. A dignitary of the Roman Catholic church. 19. The effects of fire. 20. A kind of swallow. 21. A piece of prepared pork. 22. One of New England's largest factory towns. 23. A combustible and the top of a hill-range. 24. Part of a boat. 25. A worker in a precious metal. SEDGWICK.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

INITIALS.

I HOLD a subtle influence o'er my last;
Though far away, he follows in my track.
All men admire me, e'en though half concealed,
And on my friends I never turn my back.

FINALS.

Changing, yet changeless, onward still I go;
No hand has power to hasten or delay;
I wait for none, in high estate or low,
Nor ever do I rest, by night or day.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. This outcast brother do not sourly scan
Howe'er unwelcome may his presence be.
The garb of wretchedness may hide a man,
Once sheltered tenderly and loved like thee.

2. A titled name, which happy marriage gave
To one who in the ocean found her grave;
Whose cultured mind and earnestness of thought,
Amid New England scenes their labor wrought.

3. This watchword starts the laggard from his rest,
And wakes new courage in the hero's breast.

4. With noiseless step, and patient, loving face,
Amid the ranks of suffering find my place;
Or pouring floods of melody most rare,
When evening shadows darken all the air. S. A. B.

TWENTY-FOUR "CONCEALED" ANIMALS.

I stood by a toy-boat landing, opposite old Oglethorpe's store, and carelessly threw a pebble into the little murmuring brook. It glanced into a dark-mouthed burrow, when, lo! rising painfully, I saw a pitiful looking creature which soon came limping and staggering onward.

"That is not a mole," I thought. "It must be a rat, though I never before set eyes on such a moist and miserable specimen as this. Still, it walks and seems able to go at a fair crawling pace, although it appears loth to do even that. I must have hit it with that pebble; or, may be, a land-crab bit the poor thing. I 'll carry it home and tend it. Yes? No? Shall I? On second thought, I wont. I 'll leave it on the little landing here."

I went home; tried to fly a kite; threw my ball on the half awning to catch it as it rolled off; planted a stiff ox-goad in the lawn for a flag-staff; ran off with a caramel Kate had given to the baby; and tried writing poetry,—something about "Oh, ye nations of the teeming East!"

But all was of no avail, and even now I see that poor creature in as startling plainness as when I had just turned my back. However, that was the last time I threw a stone.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. Knight, Night. 2. Wait, Ait. 3. Turn, Urn. 4. Brow, Row. 5. Probed, Robed. 6. Peel, Eel. 7. Clog, Log. 8. Dice, Ice. 9. Dash, Ash. 10. Snail, Nail. 11. Snow, Now. 12. Prussia, Russia. 13. Morion, Orion. 14. Ai, I. 15. Broad, Road.

EASY ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas.

EASY SQUARE. REMAINDERS.—Reading Across: 1. Clear; 2. Fears; 3. Tarts. Reading Down: 1. Glean. 2. Tears. 3. Parts. —— RIDDLE.—Seal.

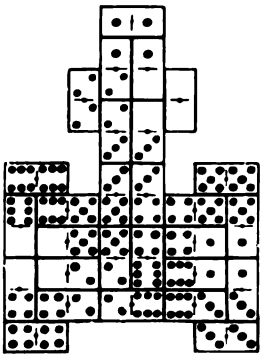
WORD-SQUARE.—1. Gear; 2. Erie; 3. Aims; 4. Rest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—"Improve each moment as it flies."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 20 from Grace Ashton Crosby, who sent correct answers to all the puzzles—Edward Roome—"H. M. S. B." and "A. B."—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Johnnie C. Whitcomb—

NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.—



Bessie Hard—Mabel—Anna E. Mathewson—Will E. Nichols—"Volto Subito"—"Hard and Tough"—Mary and Alexander Stewart—Margaret Gemmill—John V. L. Pierson—Mary L. Otis—Alice N. Dunn—Bessie C. Barney—Mary E. Bramley—Marion H. Case—Florence E. Martin—Grace H. Simonson—Anna S. and Kenneth McDougall—Susie L. Leach—Edward F. Hogan—Jamie Parker—Georgie Noyes—Cora Boudinot—A. G. Cameron—John M. Pullman—Peter Lors—Laura Milnes Cobbett—John J.—Stephen A. Leslie—B. Lawlor—Jared Lines—W. Mears Tolland—M. W. Scrimshaw—Louis Verdun—James Townsend—Martin Tewin—Emma Sykes Lawrence—George M. Taylor—F. E. Dun—Marvin Chase—Bessie L. Goode—"Little Pearl"—T. H. Geddes—Laura Lynn—H. D. V.—M—Lem. G.—George Jay Jencks—Lewis Mooney—"Aw Haw"—James Field—"Ye Burly Two"—Jasper Rhein—Frank Farmer—Bentinck Forbes—Templar—Earleigh Byrde—"Jim Crow"—Nan.

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F. Lorence Rogers

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THE TITHING-MAN PRESERVES ORDER AMONG THE LITTLE PURITANS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. APRIL, 1879. No. 6.

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LITTLE PURITANS.

BY H. E. SCUDDER.

ONCE when I was in Texas I went into a little German church, where the children were to be catechized, and found the sacristan ringing a chime of bells. It was in the back country, and the church was only a plain little wooden shed; but they had hung two bells, about as large as dinner-bells, under the open roof, and the bell-ringer was ringing them alternately. The tune had not much variety about it, but I suppose it made the older people think of the Germany they had left behind, for when people go into a new country they try their best to keep some memory of the old. Our New England ancestors, when they came here, brought Old England names with them for their towns and many Old England customs; but they did not at first bring bells for their churches, and, instead, a man stood on the door-step and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket and sword and spear, for protection against the hostile Indian or the wild beast. Indeed, when Sunday came and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the broad path were all or nearly all armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like building, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed on the lookout for enemies.

We call the drum the Puritan church-bell, but in those days the churches in New England were called "meeting-houses,"—the same as *synagogue*, which word you find in the New Testament, and there were a good many points in common between the Jewish synagogue and the New England meeting-house. Let us enter the meeting-house on a Sunday and see what is done there. You will not fail to see the pulpit, which is very high and often overhung by a sounding-board, such as still remain in some old churches. This is the preacher's place, and before him stands an hour-glass filled with sand; for there is no clock in the house, and when the minister begins his sermon he turns the glass and expects to preach till the last grain of sand has run through. Immediately below the pulpit sit the ruling elders, facing the congregation, and still further down in the same position sit the deacons. Then comes the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they have in the church, for it is the business of a committee once a year to seat the people according to their general rank in the place, and many a bitter family quarrel has sprung up from disappointment at not being well placed. I think a good text for the minister to preach from when the time for seating came would be James ii., 1–10.

The people do not sit in families, but the men sit on one side and the women on the other, while the boys have a place by themselves. Very likely the floor is sanded, and if it is winter the boys have brought little foot-stoves for their mothers and sisters to put under their feet during the long service. A long service it is. For first the pastor makes a prayer which lasts a quarter of an hour, then the teacher reads and expounds a chapter in the Bible. Nowadays one generally hears the chapter read, in whatever church, without comment, but then it was

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held that this savored of a superstitious respect for the Bible, as if one must simply listen to it and not understand it. Then one of the ruling elders dictates a psalm out of the Bay psalm-book, which the people sing. These psalms were made imitations in meter of the Psalms of David, and the people only had about ten tunes in all which they could sing. They did not like to sing the psalms just as they stood, for the English Church did that, and they wished to ignore that church in every possible way, so they put the psalms into very troublesome rhyme, and without any musical instrument sang them as well as they could to one of their ten tunes.

After the singing the pastor preaches his hour-long sermon, and adds often an exhortation, then the teacher prays and pronounces a blessing. The same service is held in the afternoon, except that the pastor and teacher change places. Perhaps there is baptism also, when a little child born since the last Sunday, or it may be this very day, is brought in. If there is a contribution, the people go up by turns and place their money in a box which the deacons keep, and sometimes, if they have no money, they bring goods and corn and the like and place them on the floor.

Do you wonder that in the long service, all of which pretty much was carried on by the minister, the people, and especially the boys, became tired and restless? On cold winter days, as the sermon drew near an end, you could have heard men knocking their half frozen feet together, and then was the time, too, or on drowsy summer afternoons, when the tithing-man was busy. Who was the tithing-man? He was a parish officer whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves.* He had a long staff which he carried, much as a sheriff does. He did not always walk up and down before the children. Sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a thump on the crown presently from the staff of the watchful tithing-man. Many of the seats in the old churches were on hinges, and when people stood up at the blessing, you would hear the seats go slamming against the backs of the pews all over the house like a succession of cannon-crackers. I fancy that the boys who were eager to get away slammed a little harder than was really necessary.

Sunday with the Puritans began at sunset Saturday and lasted until sunset of Sunday. But that is only one day out of seven, though I am afraid it was a long day to many. We are very apt to think of the Puritans as always going to meeting, and little Puritans we imagine as dangling their legs from high wooden seats and wondering when the minister was to be through; but think a moment, remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no large cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a Western village may have in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools, no public halls, exhibitions, concerts or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the rivers and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese and wild ducks. They did not have to wait for vacation and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild-cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to make, mills, fortifications and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate, and when winter came, they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the wood-pile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses, and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high, so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and

*See Frontispiece.

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there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her and will continue to be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many times foolish things were said by the preachers; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast and spend their riches on themselves; that they were to please God and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him and think only of their merchandise. The children in meeting-house and at work learned self-control, learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. We live in happier times now, and should think it very

A PURITAN CHURCH-BELL.

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odd to see boys always take off their hats, and girls courtesy when they met older people in the road; to write letters to our fathers which begin Honored Sir, and to treat our parents as if they were judges of the supreme court; but because little Puritans did these things, you must not fancy they did not love their parents, or that their parents did not love them. There are many beautiful letters written at that time which show that fathers and mothers cared for their homes as they cared for nothing else but God.

So when we think of the stiff, hard-looking Puritans, we may remember that they hated lies and worked hard. The little Puritans grew up in a free out-of-door life, and learned in childhood to set duty before pleasure. And it was out of such stuff that the men and women of the Revolution came.

THE FLAME OF A STREET LAMP.

By Frederic Palmer.

Once there was a gas-lamp just lighted and burning brightly in one of the side streets of a large city.

"There!" said the flame, as she settled herself down; "now, we 'll have a quiet night of it."

Crash! came a stone through one of the upper panes of glass of the frame that inclosed her. The stone came from the other side of the street; it was thrown by a boy in a ragged jacket and a fur cap, and was aimed at a cat which was walking stealthily along on the top of the fence.

"Oh!" cried the flame, bending as far away as her hold on the burner would allow; "why can't people have a regard for one's feelings? I saw him do it; it was very careless. It is exceedingly unpleasant to have one of your glasses broken. One does n't know what might happen. It leaves one exposed to all sorts of things. It 's fortunate there 's so little wind to-night, or I might be blown out."

Just then four very little hobgoblins came along. They had been out on a frolic, and were going home, very merry and very mischievous.

"Hulloo," said one of them. "See here; let 's go in and tease her."

So in they all four went through the broken pane of glass.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame, as they flew in, and she bent away from them.

A great, burly policeman was walking slowly along the street, and he came and stopped under the lamp-post and said:

"How this gas flickers and sings! Ah, there 's a broken pane. I must have it mended to-morrow."

And he leaned back against the lamp-post and stood there, whistling softly to himself.

"See her!" said the hobgoblins, as they crowded together all in a corner and looked at her.

The flame straightened herself up and tried to go on burning as if she were quite unconscious that anything unusual was going on. They had been sobered a little by finding themselves inside of one of the large lamps they had always looked at from the outside, and so near this bright, strange creature; and they kept so quiet for a few minutes that, as she steadily looked the other way, she almost began to believe that she was alone. But soon they began to recover themselves.

"Look at her!" said one of them.

"See her blush!" said another.

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She was blushing, and she knew it; and when she knew that they knew it, and were looking at her, she blushed all the more, though she tried hard to stop.

"She makes believe not to know that we are here," said the hobgoblin who came in last; "I'll make her know."

And he stepped forward, and, with his long forefinger, poked her.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame again, bending aside.

She really could n't help it; it is n't pleasant to be poked with a hobgoblin's long forefinger. She determined she would lean as far away as possible; so she bent away from them and went on burning as best she could, trying to control her trembling.

"She tries to get out of our way," said the hobgoblin who came in next the first; "go round to the other side of her. Let's each take a corner, then she can't dodge us."

So they did. Then the flame became dreadfully frightened. She stood straight up on tiptoe and shrieked at the top of her voice. She hoped the policeman below would know what the matter was. But he did n't. He simply kept leaning against the lamp-post and whistling quietly.

He was thinking of his little girl at home; how sweet and pretty she was, and how beautifully she always bore the teasing, tormenting ways of her brothers, and how dark his home would be if some day she were suddenly to disappear. Persons passing by were struck by his stern expression. His face looked almost savage in the flickering light.

Meanwhile the hobgoblins were getting worse than ever in their malicious sport. It was such fun to see the poor little thing on tiptoe, vainly striving to get out of their reach!

"Oh," said the flame in a whisper to herself, as she sank back again exhausted with the effort; "I really cannot bear this."

But she had to bear it, and not this only. The hobgoblins whistled in her ears; they trod on her toes; they pushed her knees in from behind, and made her courtesy suddenly; they twitched her hair; they pinched her; they stooped down, with their hands on their knees, and blew in her face.

"Oh-h-h-h!" gasped the flame. "You let me alone! You let me alone! If you don't, I'll go out!"

"Hear her!" said the hobgoblins; "she says she 'll go out! We should like to know what she means by that. Go out, indeed! We should like to see her do it. She thinks she 'd get rid of us; but she would n't; we 'd go after her."

And they blew in her face again.

"I *will* go out," cried the poor flame; and she went out.

"She did go out, did n't she?" said the hobgoblins, as they groped about to find the broken pane.

"I wonder where she's gone to," said the last one as he crawled out.

"Hullo!" said the policeman; and he stopped whistling and looked up, in a puzzled way, at the broken lamp; "I did n't think there was wind enough stirring to-night to blow that gas out."

And there was n't.

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A SONG OF EASTER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SING, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking and that Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening
Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal Spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That Winter yields to Spring,—
Sing, little children, sing!

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THE DEW IN THE ROSE.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

The Dew fell into the heart of a Rose, and lay in a blissful dream.

The sun had just set, and the young moon hung in the sky, but so narrow was her silver rim that the earth was almost dark.

"It would be more blessed to die here than to live elsewhere," said the Dew, looking up at a Star, and the Star looked down at the Dew with such a bright smile that she shone, too. Soon the petals of the Rose began to close around her. She could not see them more; but she was surely being shut into the heart of the Rose, and a strange terror filled her so that she sprang up to free herself, but too late. The central petals held her fast, though the outer ones still lay blandly open. Then the Dew called piteously for the Humming-Bird, the Butterfly and the Honey-Bee, to come and set her free; but they were fast asleep and did not hear. So she sank helplessly back into her rose prison, in the delicious atmosphere of which she soon fell asleep and forgot her troubles.

From the moment the Dew fell, an ugly sprite had been flitting around the edge of the Rose. It was the hot South-Wind, a servant of the Sun, and the sworn enemy of the Dew. The Sun left him behind that he might breathe upon the Dew to destroy her. But the Night, watchful mother over her sleeping children, bade the Rose fold the Dew close and safe from harm until morning. So when the morning came, and a West-Wind had driven away the hot South-Wind, the Rose opened her petals and the Dew awoke.

"I wonder why the Rose so unkindly shut me in," she murmured, "and now my beautiful star is gone!"

Thoughtless little Dew! That which seemed a prison was the sheltering bosom of Love, in which you lay safely shielded from the unseen Evil.

SPOILING A BOMBSHELL.

By John Lewees.

When Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the south of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be; and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea.

No one could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct.

He had a half-holiday on his birthday, and he went down to the sea-port town of M——, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematics, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail the ship, he was taught how to coil a rope and

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to help wash the decks. He was a ship's boy,—not a midshipman.

When poor Tom found out this lamentable fact, he made up his mind that he would run away the first time the vessel touched at a port. But when she did reach a port, he re-made up his mind, and concluded to stay on board.

By a little observation he found out that it would be a difficult and dangerous thing for him to try to run away, and besides he had no money to take him home. It would be better, he thought, to stay on board the ship, where he had made some friends, and where he was getting on a good deal better than any other ship-boy. For the under-officers soon found out that Tom was made of better stuff than the other boys, and they could not help thinking, too, that he had been a great fool to come on board in such a position. But they did not tell him so, for that would have helped no one, and might have spoiled a very good ship's-boy.

Tom wrote home whenever he had a chance, and he had some long letters from his family, which were forwarded to him with the other letters for the ship.

But after he had been on board the "Hector" about six months, he got a short letter, which pleased him more than anything in the letter line he had ever received. This told him that, as his friends had become convinced that he was really very much attached to a life on the sea, and that as his officers had reported well of him, they had obtained for him an appointment as midshipman.

Now Tom was happy. Now he would really learn mathematics and navigation, and now he had a chance to work himself up into a good position.

"HE PICKED IT UP AND HURLED IT INTO THE SEA."

It would seem as if this thoughtless boy had been rewarded for running away from school, and giving his family so much anxiety and trouble. But things sometimes happen that way, though it does not do to trust to any such good fortune. In after years, Tom often regretted that he had not staid at school, and finished portions of his education which had to be entirely neglected on board ship. And he also had some immediate cause for repentance, for he found that some of his companions were very willing to joke about the ship's-boy who had come among them, although they knew that he was just as much of a gentleman as any of them.

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In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention, and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duties, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket.

While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bombshell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone.

The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

It never took Tom long to make up his mind. We have seen that. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that it was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse spluttering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

He made one step, a warning cry was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black of Her Majesty's ship "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he believes, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

By V. Q. Smith.

His dear little eyes were full of tears,
But his dear little mouth was smiling.
With his dear little fists in his dear little eyes,
He was really quite beguiling.

He wanted a dear little candy dog
Which belonged to his dear little sister,
And his father called him a dear little pig,
Till he gave up teasing and kissed her.

He could n't help crying a little still,
But he felt like a dear little hero;
Then his sister promised to give him a taste,
And called him a dear little dear O.

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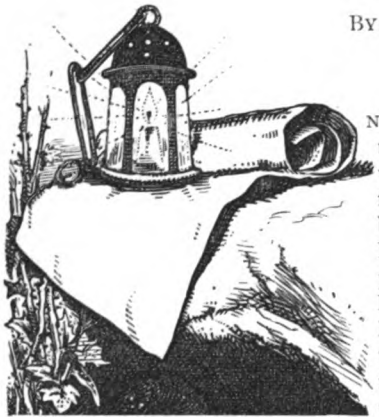
THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

[In two parts. Part I.]



One cold starlit night, Johnny was coming from a neighbor's, whither he had gone proudly with a lantern to bring his sister home through the fields, when the wind blew the light of the lantern out. This was very provoking.

"Never mind," said the school-master, who had happened to be at the neighbor's, too, "the wind cannot blow the stars out."

"Only when it blows up clouds and storm," said Johnny.

"'Behind the cloud is the sun still shining,'" sang his sister, wrapping her cloak about her.

"There is Jupiter shining now behind that little cloud," said the school-master. "There he comes. How large he is close to the horizon!—he will be gone in a few minutes. It 's a pity we can't see his four moons,—what a grand sight he would be now with his four moons clustered about him, and all going below the horizon in company!"

"Pooh! I don't believe it! There is n't but one moon," said Johnny, whose grammar was not his strong point, and whose familiarity with the school-master his sister could explain as well as I.

"Don't believe what?" said the school-master. "That Jupiter has moons? Perhaps you don't believe that each one of those fixed stars is a sun?"

"Of course not," said Johnny. "How can they be suns? They 're nothing but stars, any way."

"They are suns with stars revolving round them, just as the earth revolves round the sun. Perhaps you don't believe that the earth is a star?"

"The earth?" cried Johnny breathlessly. "I guess so! Oh, come now, you can't sell me! This brown, dirty earth!"

The school-master laughed. "How easy disbelief is!" he cried. "It settles all difficulty at once. What a new world of pleasure the urchin has before him!" he said to Johnny's sister. "Come,—are you well wrapped?—let us show him a few of the constellations. Constellations, Johnny," he added, looking up at the stars that shook in the frosty wind like diamonds hanging on dark threads from the deep heavens, "are groups of stars that rise and set together, or nearly so, year after year, as seen from our earth, and have a resemblance to some object or other, as the ancients fancied, and as few of us can see. Seen from some other star, they would look entirely different. Some of them are very distinct, though. Do you see the Dipper—the Great Dipper? There it is," and the school-master stooped behind Johnny, and pointed up with his cane; "four large stars and a crooked handle. Here, turn this way; now, look there!"

"Yes, yes. I—see it. I see it now!" cried Johnny. "It 's a jolly big one!"

"That constellation is somewhere to be seen on every clear night, by us. Some poet describes it, at this season, as a vase, out of which all the other stars are poured about the sky. There are two stars in it called the pointers,—those two,—because they always point at the North Star——"

"I know that," cried Johnny. "That North Star is the one the darkies used to make for. I always knew the North Star and the Milky Way."

"Did you know that the earth was one of the stars of the Milky Way?"

"The earth? Oh, come now!" said Johnny.

"Indeed she is, hanging down from it like a lamp in chains," said Johnny's sister.

"Oh, my! Truly? Now you 're fooling me!" returned Johnny.

"Why should we 'fool' you?" asked the school-master. "Do you think because a thing is strange it can't be true? Do you think, because it is strange, that there can't be such a thing as double and triple stars, all different colors, all revolving round each other, so that as a blue sun sets, a red sun is high in the sky, and a green sun is rising?"

"I should think you thought I was a little boy, to be amused with fairy stories!" said Johnny (who was not a very big boy).

"'The fairy tales of science and the long results of time,'" said the school-master. "Well, let us find another constellation. In the south there is a wonderful one called the Southern Cross, brighter than any jewels. But that is on the under side of our globe, and we on this side cannot see it, of course. Look along the Milky Way now; see if you can find a Northern Cross. There it lies,—a long line of bright stars, almost straight up and down, just leaning a little, and two arms,—the per-

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fect outline of a crucifix. It is the constellation of the Swan, where it flies down the Milky Way."

"It is the prettiest of them all, I think," said Johnny's sister. "It does look so like a piece of jewelry."

"Now let us find Orion, the hunter of the heavens. See, Johnny, if you can discover a great giant anywhere up there, with a sword dangling from his belt, holding a round shield before him, and fighting a wild bull, with his dog at his heels. No? Well, look now, just where I point. There is a big letter V, with a brighter star at the first tip; that bright star is named Aldebaran,—almost all the stars have names. Sailors use that star a great deal in finding out where they are at sea. That letter V is called the Hyades,—the rainy Hyades, the ancients had it, supposing they brought wet weather. They make the Bull's face. You see that little group of fine stars, near by, close as forget-me-nots on a stem,—seven of them? Those are the Pleiades——"

"'Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid,'"

said Johnny's sister, who was rather sentimental and very fond of poetry.

"Your verse in the Bible reading this morning in school spoke of them," said the school-master. "'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?' There 's more in that verse than meets the eye, when we remember that one of those seven stars has the same influence over all this universe of stars that the sun has over the earth. Well, well! Now, Johnny, follow my finger; you have seen the Pleiades hanging on the side of the Bull like a swarm of bees; you have seen the Hyades making the Bull's face, as he butts against the hunter's shield. Now, go on. You will see three stars, rather in a slanting line, like a belt. You have found them? Yes? Then, dropping from that belt are two fainter stars in a line,—the sword. Below those, some distance apart, shine two separate, bright stars, which are in the giant's knees; above the belt, some way up, are two others, which are in his shoulders, and they make a triangle with a smaller one in his neck. Now, lifted up, half round the whole, is a great, faint circle of stars,—the shield. Here, like this," and the school-master with his cane dotted out holes on the snow in the right shape. "Now see if, by the help of those stars, you can make out the great outline of a hunter leaning along the sky there. And that blazing star, with a pale-green luster, is Orion's hound,—Sirius, the dog-star——"

"Yes, I've heard tell of the dog-star."

"And now you 've seen it."

"Well, I never!" said Johnny. "Is that all?"

"All? It 's not the beginning. But I fancy your little pitcher has all it can hold to-night. We will come out again for another lesson."

"Lesson?" said Johnny, with a falling face. "I did n't know it was a lesson."

"You would n't have liked it so well, if you had? That 's the way with all of us, Johnny. But you 'll find, my boy, that there 's no one moment in life when you can declare yourself free from lessons."

"It 's pleasanter to learn it so than in books, any way," said Johnny. "Would n't it be a jolly go, if a fellow could have wings and explore it all for himself?"

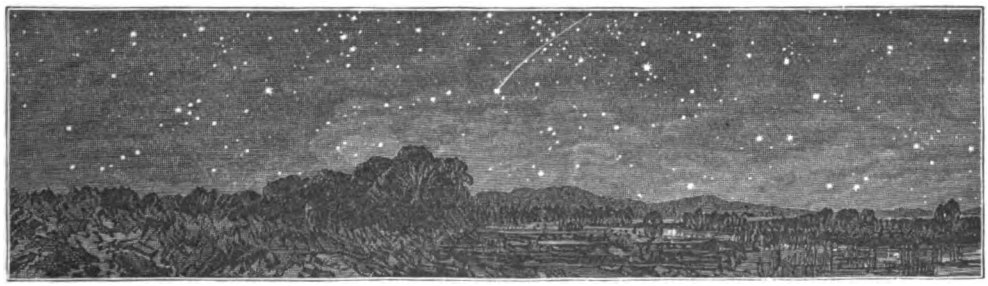
"Like the comets."

"Comets? Nicholas says that when the comet comes next time, it will send this world as high as Gilderoy's kite."

"It will slip by like a cloud, and do us no harm; and we shall only see it shining in the sky on summer nights, hurrying to pay its visit to the sun."

"I guess so!"

"I was just reading a charming little story about a comet," said the school-master to Johnny's sister. "Come, pick up your lantern, Johnny, and we 'll trudge along. This comet, it seems, ages and ages ago, traveling this way, saw a little star rolling along, that was n't here when she came by before. It was the earth; but such a strange earth—all fire and steam and red-hot lava and molten rock, and not a living thing but fire and steam upon it. So



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the comet said, 'Good-morrow and good-bye. I hope you 'll be more tranquil when I come by again,' and shook her silver hair and was gone. Ages and ages afterward, the comet, keeping up her perpetual travel, came this way again. There was the earth, a world of white vapor now, through which she saw dimly huge trees, like palms and enormous ferns, waving heavily to and fro, and strange, horrid, uncouth monsters, of vast bulk and hideous shape, sliding in and out of the waters and morasses. 'Why, this is interesting!' said the comet. 'The little thing is really shaping out. I am quite curious to see what it has in view. Well, good luck to you!' and off she went again. Ages and ages afterward, the same comet came along once more; there was the earth, shining out of her azure atmosphere, marble temples were gleaming under the boughs of graceful trees, fine men and lovely women were walking over grassy slopes smooth as velvet, and little rosy children were tumbling among fruit and flowers. 'Oh!' said the comet, 'what would n't I give to rest here a little! You lovely earth, don't change any more till I come back again!' and, looking behind her, very likely, the comet went on her tireless way. Now, what do you suppose she 'll see when, ages and ages hence, the comet comes back again, Johnny?"

"She wont see me!" said Johnny. "I don't suppose she will. But I wish I had wings to go after her."

"Well, we have almost the same thing as wings —those of us that have telescopes. Did you never look through one,—not through a spy-glass? Then the next time your father goes to Boston, perhaps he will take you, and let you look through the telescope on the Common. You will see the spots on the sun in the day-time, and after dark you will have a chance to see the rings around Saturn and the belts and moons of Jupiter."

"I 'll tease till he takes me," said Johnny, scuffing the snow along before him.

And he did.

When Johnny came home from Boston with his father, some weeks afterward, he kept up a great thinking and a great whistling, and it was presently noticed that he had grown alarmingly industrious; alarmingly, because he demanded pennies for every little act he did, and the family purse was threatened with bankruptcy, in consequence. He sawed the small wood, and piled it, and brought it in, and picked up the chips, and fed the fire; he foddered the cows and took care of the pigs,—always for a consideration. He shoveled the paths in the snow; he brought the water; he was ready to hold anybody's horse anywhere; he put up a dreadful-looking notice in the post-office, to the purport that Johnny Parsons ran errands for five cents. He picked up pins and sold them to the boys for old nails, and sold the nails to the junk-man for old iron. He took his savings-bank to pieces every night to count his pennies, his silver, and his scrip. It was growing into a grand sum total, leaving the domain of cents and mounting close upon that of dollars.

This continued for several weeks, and every day the hoard grew. The family laughed at Johnny's miserliness; his mother worried; but, on the whole, they congratulated themselves on the energy he was showing, on the way in which he would evidently get along in the world. But one night Johnny screwed his savings-bank together triumphantly, and climbed to set it on top of the clock. From that moment not one errand did he run, nobody's horse did he hold, no cows did he fodder, no pennies did he earn, and no wood did he handle, except two long, round, mysterious sticks, through which he was boring with an auger.

Johnny had now a little book on astronomy,—easy astronomy,—which had been given him by the school-master, who frequently came in, of an evening, to explain it to him, while his sister leaned over the other side of the book, as much interested as he in the school-master's words. This book was Johnny's *Vade Mecum*; it was tucked under his pillow at night when he went to sleep, and was pulled out in the morning when he woke up; and the school-master had to threaten to take it away from him, unless some little attention were paid to his other books as well.

"What are you doing, Johnny?" said his mother, one day as she saw him heating the iron hasp of a sharp knife-blade, and then plunging it into a long rod, a slender hole in which had been filled with rosin, so that, when the rosin cooled, the blade was fixed securely in the rod. "What are you doing, Johnny?"

"Making wings," said Johnny; and he ran the rod, with the knife-blade fixed to it, into the hollow he had bored in the bigger of the two long, round sticks, and whirled it round and round, smoothing off the hole that the auger had made. "Making wings, Ma. I 'm going to call on Jupiter and his moons. I 'm going to get up early and be off with Miss Venus, while she 's playing morning star. Great larks, Ma! I 'll let you see before long."

Johnny's labors now began to grow somewhat like a nuisance in the family. Somebody was always upsetting something of his, either a paint-pot or a glue-pot,—for the knife-blade kept coming out of the long rod, and had to be as often replaced, —and there was always a little track of fine whittlings and sawdust following him from garret to kitchen. He had bored the hole in the longer and bigger stick,—it was now a tube,—had smoothed it

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and smeared it with black paint inside, as well as he could, and was busy on the smaller stick; and it became evident that that was meant for another tube, which the hole completed in the larger tube was just big enough to receive; and he bored and smoothed and smeared, without wasting many words, till people were fairly growing sick of the sight of his sticks, his shavings, and his tools, to say nothing of himself, with his fingers stained beyond the power of soap, and his trousers ruined with blotches of rosin and paint and with cuts from his implements, which were sharpened to such an extent that his father expected to see the grind-stone explode any day. He had left the bark on the first stick; but the second one must be made smooth on the outside as well as on the inside, as it had to slide in and out of the larger. He peeled it carefully; rubbed it on the outside with rotten-stone, painted it black, and with a dry cloth wiped off as much of the paint as would come off; painted it over, and wiped off the paint again; painted it over, and wiped it off again, and so on, till at last the little round, hollow stick was as smooth and shining as the lacquered panel of a coach. He had already smoothed and blackened it inside. Then Johnny shut one tube exultingly within the other, took the precise measurements of the ends, brought the money out of his savings-bank, and, while he waited till his father should go again to Boston to buy goods, beguiled the time with conundrums. "Pa, why is Saturn the most dishonest of the planets? Give it up? I 'll tell you. Because he 's in two or three rings at once." And when the thing grew tedious, and he was sent from the room under penalties, he would put his head back and sing out,

AT WORK ON THE TELESCOPE.

"Sis! I guess you can't tell why Jupiter 's the champion star! Eh? eh?"

"I 'm sure I can't! And I don't want to!" would be the impatient reply.

"Because he 's got the Belt! But, say, look here, any of you,—what constellation 's John the Baptist like?"

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!"

"Too much for you? The Great Dipper!" Johnny would exclaim, and slam the door just in season.

But as it grew toward the time for Mr. Parsons to take the journey that he took only twice a year, words cannot describe the docility of Johnny's behavior. He brushed his hair before coming to

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the table, without being told; he made superhuman exertions not to thrust his knife down his throat, even going to the point of putting the crisp fried potato on his fork with his fingers before carrying the fork to his lips; he went about on tiptoe, shut the doors carefully, forgot to whistle, asked no conundrums,—determined if good conduct could do it to make it impossible for his father to refuse him a favor. Mr. Parsons had not the least intention of refusing; and he took the money at last, and the little scrap of directions, which Johnny with abject fear and trembling handed to him, and mounted the stage in which he drove to the distant railway station, and took all Johnny's hopes with him.

Johnny could hardly say he lived in the days while his father was gone; he took no note of anything but the going and coming of the stage; he paid no heed to his lessons; he hardly ate nor drank nor slept; his nerves were so stretched with impatience that he felt like exclaiming at any noise and crying at any sharp word. He grew so white and thin in that prolonged fortnight, that his mother had to talk seriously with him, and he forced himself to eat, under threats of the doctor and Stoughton's Elixir.

But at last the stage drove up, and his father slowly clambered down from it. Before he spoke a word to his father, Johnny undid the parcel that he tossed him,—his father might have broken it,—and then the revulsion came, and he sprang into his father's arms and burst into tears.

It was a tiny parcel after all,—just the brass pieces and the lenses. Johnny knew he could hardly make the lenses himself before he was an old man, and he had found out where they were to be had, and had sent for them. He got out his tubes and proceeded to fit them; his hands shook so it was impossible at first; but he would not let his father or the school-master help him; he waited,—in what suspense!—and steadied his hand, and tried again; and they fitted to a nicety!

All the neighbors, meanwhile, had heard of Johnny's work, and the news spread like wild-fire that at length it was completed and was going to be tried that night—a long six-months' work. But that night a thunder shower came up, and it settled into a long rain, and it was not till sunset of the third day that clear sky was seen again, and only on the sky was first trial to be made.

What a splendid sunset it was with the great clouds driving away before the west wind and all aflame with color,—Johnny's heart was dancing like the rainbowed drops upon the leaves. He took his bread and milk to the doorstep to eat it there while he watched the twilight fall, the darkness gather, and one by one the stars steal out blossoming like flowers upon the dusk.

"There 's Lyra," said Johnny, throwing back his head so far that his bread nearly choked him. "There 's Vega, straight overhead. And there 's —yes, there 's Jupiter, the great beauty!"

Once Johnny would have said "old Jupe"; but there was an unaccountable bashfulness upon him to-night; he hardly dared take any liberties with the planet he was so soon to visit, one of whose satellites was going into eclipse,—and if he was to be privileged to attend that ceremony dignity and decorum were in order. What a night it was!—scarcely a breath stirring, the air rich with fragrance that the late rain had rolled in, and so clear that the stars swung great and golden and shining above the little earth as if they were only made to canopy her. Johnny went in and got his treasure.

"Come," he said to his mother. "I 'm going to try my wings."

He saw them all come out and follow him, but he dared not speak another word. What if the thing was wrong; what if it failed; what if it showed him nothing! There were the neighbors, here and there, coming up the field in the dim dark. There were the school-boys, down in the hollow. Everybody knew that Johnny Parsons had made a telescope, and was going to try it to-night,—everybody had come to see. It was very kind of them,—but if they had only staid away!

How heavy the thing seemed now! It was all he could do to get along. He reached the fence at last, where he had driven a couple of spikes to help support it, and carefully wiped the glasses with the bit of chamois leather in which they had come, and lifted it to its place. He waited then to take breath, and then to take another. It was an awful moment. What if it showed him nothing; what if those were only pictures pasted in the telescope on the Common; what if it was all a fairy story, and there was in reality nothing to see! And then, on the other hand, what if he looked and saw the great golden globe there on the black field, with its four pale moons floating about it, and one just slipping into the shadow! It was the initiation into another life, the entrance into a world as new and strange and almost as grand as death gives. His hand trembled so that he could not steady the telescope. He put his eye there, and for one instant an indistinguishable multitude of all sorts of blazing things were dancing before it; he looked away again and up into the calm, deep heavens that seemed waiting on the scrutiny of his little tubes with a mute mockery.

"Here, you look!" he said, pushing it toward the school-master. "I dars n't!"

And Johnny thought the school-master had it,

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and the school-master thought Johnny had it; and between the two it fell from the fence to the rock, and rolled down the hill, bounding from stone to stone, and the glasses were broken to splinters, and the heavens, that had been going to answer Johnny's search, heard only his lamentations.

When Johnny went to sleep that night, he had been comforted by the promise of being taken as companion on part of the wedding-journey of his sister and the school-master, the next fall, and of a visit to the great observatory, where swung a telescope that brushed the silver dust off the very stars,—for the school-master wisely thought that permission would hardly be refused to the boy who at Johnny's age had made a telescope himself.

But as nobody really saw anything through it, nobody to this day knows whether Johnny made a telescope or not!

THE LITTLE BIG WOMAN AND THE BIG LITTLE GIRL.

By M. M. D.

A LITTLE big woman had a big little girl,
And they merrily danced all the day;
The woman declared she was too small to work;
And the girl said: "I 'm too big to play."
So they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

"We must eat," said the little big woman. "Why not?"
"Why not?" said the big little girl;
So they sipped as they skipped when they wanted a drink,
And swallowed their cake in a whirl.
And they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

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EYEBRIGHT.

By Susan Coolidge.

Chapter IV.

How the Black Dog had his Day.

"You've got the black dog on your shoulder, this morning; that's what's the matter with you," said Wealthy.

This metaphorical black dog meant a bad humor. Eyebright had waked up cross and irritable. What

EYEBRIGHT HAD WAKED UP CROSS.

made her wake up cross I am not wise enough to explain. The old-fashioned doctors would probably have ascribed it to indigestion, the new-fashioned ones to nerves or malaria or a "febrile tendency"; Deacon Berry, I think, would have called it "Original Sin," and Wealthy, who did not mince matters, dubbed it an attack of the Old Scratch, which nothing but a sound shaking could cure. Very likely, all these guesses were partly right and all partly wrong. When our bodies get out of order, our souls are apt to become disordered too, and at such times there always seem to be little imps of evil lurking near, ready to seize the chance, rush in, fan the small embers of discontent to a flame, make cross days crosser, and turn bad beginnings into worse endings.

The morning's mischances had begun with Eyebright's being late to breakfast,—a thing which always annoyed her father very much. Knowing this, she made as much haste as possible, and ran down-stairs with her boots half buttoned, fastening her apron as she went. She was in too great a hurry to look where she was going, and the result was that presently she tripped and fell, bumping her head and tearing the skirt of her frock half across. This was bad luck indeed, for Wealthy, she knew, would make her darn it as a punishment, and that meant at least an hour's hard work indoors on one of the loveliest days that ever shone. She picked herself up and went into the sitting-room, pouting, and by no means disposed to enjoy the lecture on punctuality, which papa made haste to give, and which was rather longer and sharper than it would otherwise have been, because Eyebright looked so very sulky and obstinate while listening to it.

You will all be shocked at this account, but I am not sorry to show Eyebright to you on one of her naughty days. All of us have such days sometimes, and to represent her as possessing no faults would be to put her at a distance from all of you; in fact, I should not like her so well myself. She has been pretty good, so far, in this story; but she was by no means perfect, for which let us be thankful; because a perfect child would be an unnatural thing, whom none of us could quite believe in or understand! Eyebright was a dear little girl, and for all her occasional naughtiness, had plenty of lovable qualities about her; and I am glad to say she was not often so naughty as on this day.

When a morning begins in this way, everything seems to go wrong with us, as if on purpose. It was so with Eyebright. Her mother, who was very poorly, found fault with her breakfast. She wanted some hotter tea, and a slice of toast a little browner and cut very thin. These were simple requests, and on any other day Eyebright would have danced off gleefully to fulfill them. To-day she was annoyed at having to go, and moved slowly and reluctantly. She did not say that she felt waiting on her mother to be a trouble, but her face, and the expression of her shoulders, and her dull, dawdling movements said it for her; and poor Mrs. Bright, who was not used to such unwillingness on the part of her little daughter, felt it so much that she shed a few tears over the second cup of tea after it was brought. This dismayed Eyebright, but it also exasperated her. She would not take any notice, but stood by in silence till her mother had finished, and then, without a word, carried the tray down-stairs. A sort of double mood was upon her. Down below the anger was a feeling of keen remorse for what she had done, and a voice inside

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seemed to say: "Oh dear, how sorry I am going to be for this by and by!" But she would not let herself be sorry then, and stifled the voice by saying, half aloud, as she went along: "I don't care. It 's too bad of mother. I wish she would n't!"

Wealthy met her at the stair-foot.

"How long you 've been!" she said, taking the tray from her.

"I can't be any quicker when I have to keep going for more things," said Eyebright.

"Nobody said you could," retorted Wealthy, speaking crossly herself, because Eyebright's tone was cross. "Mercy on me! How did you tear your frock like that? You 'll have to darn it yourself, you know; that 's the rule. Fetch your work-box as soon as you 've done the cups and saucers.

Ordinarily, Eyebright was very proud to be trusted with this little job. She worked carefully and nicely and had proved herself capable, but to-day her fingers seemed all thumbs. She set the cups away without drying the bottoms, so that they made wet rings on the shelves; she only half-rinsed the teapot, left a bit of soap in its spout, and ended by breaking a saucer. Wealthy scolded her, she retorted, and then Wealthy made the speech, which I have quoted, about the black dog.

Very slowly and unwillingly Eyebright sat down to darn her frock. It was a long, jagged rent, requiring patience and careful slowness, and neither good-will nor patience had Eyebright to bring to the task. Her fingers twitched, she "pshawed," and "oh deared," ran the needle in and out and

SHE PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE CALL.

Eyebright almost replied "I wont," but she did not quite dare, and walked, without speaking, into the sitting-room, where the table was made ready for dish-washing, with a tub of hot water, towels, a bit of soap, and a little mop. Since vacation began, Wealthy had allowed her to wash the breakfast things on Mondays and Tuesdays, days on which she herself was particularly busy.

in irregularly, jerked the thread, and finally gave a fretful pull when she came to the end of the first needleful, which tore a fresh hole in the stuff, and puckered all she had darned, so that it was not fit to be seen. Wealthy looked in just then, and was scandalized at the condition of the work.

"You can just pick it out from the beginning," she said. "It 's a burning shame that a great girl

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like you should n't know how to do better. But it 's temper—that 's what it is. Nothing in the world but temper, Eyebright. You 've been as cross as two sticks all day, Massy knows for what, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself," whereon she gave Eyebright a little shake.

The shake was like a match applied to gunpowder. Eyebright flamed into open revolt.

"Wealthy Ann Judson!" she cried, angrily. "Let me alone. It 's all your fault if I am cross, you treat me so. I wont pick it out. I wont darn it at all. And I shall just tell my father that you shook me; see if I don't."

Wealthy's reply was a sound box on the ear. Eyebright's naughtiness certainly deserved punishment, but it was hardly wise or right of Wealthy to administer it, or to do it thus. She was far too angry to think of that, however.

"That 's what you want," said Wealthy, "and you 'd be a better girl if you got it oftener." Then she marched out of the room, leaving Eyebright in a fury.

"I wont bear it! I wont bear it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Everybody is cruel, cruel! I 'll run away! I 'll not stay in this house another minute—not another minute," and, catching up her sun-bonnet, she darted through the hall and was out of the gate and down the street in a flash. Wealthy was in the kitchen, her father was out, no one saw her go. Rosy and Tom Berry, who were swinging on their gate, called to her as she passed, but their gay voices jarred on her ear, and she paid no attention to the call.

Tunxet village was built upon a sloping hill whose top was crowned with woods. To reach these woods, Eyebright had only to climb two stone walls and cross a field and a pasture, and as they seemed just then the most desirable refuge possible, she made haste to do so. She had always had a peculiar feeling for woods, a feeling made up of terror and attraction. They were associated in her mind with fairies and with robbers, with lost children, red-breasts, Robin Hood and his merry men; and she was by turns eager and shy at the idea of exploring their depths, according to which of these images happened to be uppermost in her ideas. To-day she thought neither of Robin Hood nor the fairies. The wood was only a place where she could hide away and cry and be unseen, and she plunged in without a thought of fear.

In and in she went, over stones and beds of moss, and regiments of tall brakes, which bowed and rose as she forced her way past their stems, and saluted her with wafts of woodsy fragrance, half bitter, half sweet, but altogether pleasant. There was something soothing in the shade and cool quiet of the place. It fell like dew on her hot mood, and presently her anger changed to grief, she knew not why. Her eyes filled with tears. She sat down on a stone all brown with soft mosses, and began to cry, softly at first, then loudly and more loud, not taking any pains to cry quietly, but with hard sobs and great gulps which echoed back in an odd way from the wood. It seemed a relief at first to make as much noise as she liked with her crying, and to know that there was no one to hear or be annoyed. It was pleasant, too, to be able to talk out loud as well as to cry.

"They are *so* unkind to me," she wailed, "so very unkind. Wealthy never slapped me before. She has no right to slap me. I 'll never kiss Wealthy again,—never. O-h, she was so unkind——"

"O-h!" echoed back the wood in a hollow tone. Eyebright jumped.

"It 's like a voice," she thought. "I 'll go somewhere else. It is n't nice just here. I don't like it."

So she went back a little way to the edge of the forest, where the trees were less thick, and between their stems she could see the village below. Here she felt safer than she had been when in the thick wood. She threw herself down in a comfortable hollow at the foot of an oak, and half-sitting, half-lying, began to think over her wrongs.

"I guess if I was dead they 'd be sorry," she reflected. "They 'd hunt and hunt for me, and not know where I was. And at last they 'd come up here, and find me dead, with a tear on my cheek, and then they 'd know how badly they had made me feel, and their hearts would nearly break. I don't believe father would ever smile again. He 'd be like the king in the 'Second Reader'—

> 'But waves went o'er his son's bright hair,
> He never smiled again.'

Only, I 'm a daughter, and it would be leaves and not waves! Mother, she 'd cry and cry, and as for that old Wealthy—" but Eyebright felt it difficult to imagine what Wealthy would do under these circumstances. Her thoughts drifted another way,

"I might go into a convent instead. That would be better, I guess. I 'd be a novice first, with a white veil and a cross and a rosary, and I 'd look so sweet and holy that all the other children,—no, there would n't be any other children,—never mind!—I 'd be lovely anyhow. But I 'd be a Protestant always! I would n't want to be a Catholic and have to kiss the Pope's old toe all the time! Then by and by I should take that awful black veil. Then I could never come out any more—not ever! And I should kneel in the chapel all the time as motionless as a marble figure. That would be beautiful." Eyebright had never been able to sit still for half an hour together in her life, but that made

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no difference in her enjoyment of this idea. "The abbess will be beautiful, too, but stern and unrelenting, and she 'll say 'Daughters' when she speaks to us nuns, and we shall say 'Holy Mother' when we speak to her. It 'll be real nice. We sha' n't have to do any darning, but just embroidery in our cells, and wax flowers. Wealthy 'll want to come in and see me, I know, but I shall just tell the porter that I don't want her, not ever. 'She 's a heretic,' I shall say to the porter, and he 'll lock the door the minute he sees her coming. Then she 'll be mad! The abbess and *Mère Généfride*"—Eyebright had just read for the fourth time Mrs. Sherwood's exciting novel called "The Nun," so her imaginary convent was modeled exactly after the one there described—"the abbess and *Mère Généfride* will always be spying about and listening in the passage to hear what we say, when we sit in our cells embroidering and telling secrets, but me and my Pauline—no I won't call her Pauline—Rosalba—Sister Rosalba—that shall be her name—we 'll speak so low that she can't hear a word. Then we shall suspect that something strange is taking place down in the cellar,—I mean the dungeons,—and we 'll steal down and listen when the abbess and the bishop and all of them are trying the sister, who has a Bible tied on her leg!" Here Eyebright gave an enormous yawn. "And—if—the—mob—does come—Wealthy—will be sure to—sure to——"

ASLEEP IN THE WOODS.

But of that we shall never know, for at this precise moment Eyebright fell asleep.

She must have slept a long time, for when she waked the sun had changed his place in the sky, and was shining on the western side of the village houses. Had some good angel passed by, lifted the "black dog" from her shoulder, and swept from her mind all its foolish and angry thoughts, while she dreamed there under the trees? For behold! matters and things now looked differently to her, and instead of blaming other people and thinking hard things of them, she began to blame herself.

"How naughty I was," she thought, "to be so cross with poor mamma, just because she wanted another cup of tea! Oh dear, and I made her cry! I know it was me—just because I looked so cross. How horrid I always am! And I was cross to papa, too, and put my lip out at him. How could I do so? What made me? Wealthy had n't any business to slap me, though——

"But then I was pretty ugly to Wealthy," she went on, her conscience telling her the truth at last, as consciences will, if allowed. "I just tried to provoke her—and I called her Wealthy Ann Judson! That always makes her mad. She never slapped me before, not since I was a little mite of a girl. Oh dear! And only yesterday she washed all Genevieve's dolly things—her blue muslin, and her overskirt, and all—and she said she did n't mind trouble when it was for my doll. She 's very good to me sometimes. Almost always she 's good. Oh, I ought n't to have spoken so to Wealthy—I ought n't—I ought n't!" And Eyebright began to cry afresh; not angry tears this time, but bright, healthful drops of repentance, which cleansed and refreshed her soul.

"I 'll go right home now and tell her I am sorry," she said impetuously, and, jumping from her seat, she ran straight down the hill and across the field, eager to make her confession and to be forgiven. Eyebright's fits of temper, big and little, usually ended in this way. She had none of that dislike of asking pardon with which some persons are afflicted. To her it was a relief—a thing to be met and gone through with for the sake of the cheer, the blue-sky-in-the-heart, which lay on the other side of it, and the peace which was sure to follow, when once the "forgive me" was spoken.

In at the kitchen door she dashed. Wealthy, who was ironing, with a worried frown on her brow, started and exclaimed at the sight of Eyebright, and sat suddenly down on a chair. Before she could speak, Eyebright's arms were round her neck.

"I was real horrid and wicked this morning," she cried. "Please forgive me, Wealthy. I wont be so naughty again—not ever. Oh, don't, don't!" for, to her dismay, Wealthy, the grim, broke down and began to cry. This was really dreadful. Eyebright stared a moment; then her own eyes filled, and she cried, too.

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"What a fool I be!" said Wealthy, dashing the drops from her eyes. "There, Eyebright, there! Hush, dear; we wont say any more about it." And she kissed Eyebright, for perhaps the tenth time in her life. Kisses were rare things, indeed, with Wealthy.

"Where have you been?" she asked presently. "It 's four o'clock and after. Did you know that? Have you had any dinner?"

"No; but I don't want any, Wealthy. I 've been in the woods on top of the hill. I ran away and sat there, and I guess I fell asleep," said Eyebright, hanging her head.

"Well, your pa did n't come home to dinner, for a wonder; I reckon he was kept to the mill; so we had n't much cooked. I took your ma's up to her; but I never let on that I did n't know where you was, for fear of worrying her. She has worried a good lot, any way. Here, let me brush your hair a little, and then you 'd better run upstairs and make her mind easy. I 'll have something for you to eat when you come down."

Eyebright's heart smote her afresh when she saw her mother's pale, anxious face.

"You 've been out so long," she said. "I asked Wealthy, and she said she guessed you were playing somewhere, and did n't know how the time went. I was afraid you felt sick, and she was keeping it from me. It is so bad to have things kept from me; nothing annoys me so much, and you did n't look well at breakfast. Are you sick, Eyebright?"

"No, mamma, not a bit. But I have been naughty—very naughty indeed, mamma; and I ran away."

Then she climbed up on the bed beside her mother, and told the story of the morning, keeping nothing back—all her hard feelings and anger at everybody, and her thoughts about dying, and about becoming a nun. Her mother held her hand very tight indeed when she reached this last part of the confession. The idea of the wood, also, was terrible to the poor lady. She declared that she should n't sleep a wink all night for thinking about it.

"It was n't a dangerous wood at all," explained Eyebright. "There was n't anything there that could hurt me. Really there was n't, mamma. Nothing but trees, and stones, and ferns, and old tumbled-down trunks covered with tiny-weeny mosses,—all green and brown and red, and some perfectly white,—so pretty. I wish I had brought you some, mamma."

"Woods are never safe," declared Mrs. Bright, "what with snakes, and tramps, and wild cats, and getting lost, and other dreadful things! I hardly take up a paper without seeing something or other bad in it which has happened in a wood. You must never go there alone again, Eyebright. Promise me that you wont."

Eyebright promised. She petted and comforted her mother, kissing her over and over again, as if to make up for the anxiety she had caused her, and for the cross words and looks of the morning. The sad thing is, that no one ever does make up. All the sweet words and kind acts of a life-time cannot undo the fact that once—one bad day far away behind us—we were unkind and gave pain to some one whom we love. Even their forgiveness cannot undo it. How I wish we could remember this always before we say the words which we afterward are so sorry for, and thus save our memories from the burden of a sad load of regret and repentance!

When Eyebright went down-stairs, she found a white napkin, her favorite mug filled with milk, a plateful of bread and butter and cold lamb, and a large pickled peach, awaiting her on the kitchen table. Wealthy hovered about as she took her seat, and seemed to have a disposition to pat Eyebright's shoulder a good deal, and to stroke her hair. Wealthy, too, had undergone the repentance which follows wrath. Her morning, I imagine, had been even more unpleasant than Eyebright's, for she had spent it over a hot ironing task, and had not had the refreshment of running away into the woods.

"It 's so queer," said Eyebright, with her mouth full of bread and butter. "I did n't know I was hungry a bit, but I am as hungry as can be. Everything tastes so good, Wealthy."

"That 's right," replied Wealthy, who was a little upset, and tearful still. "A good appetite 's a good thing,—next best to a good conscience, I think."

Eyebright's spirits were mounting as rapidly as quicksilver. Bessie Mather appeared at the gate as she finished her last mouthful, and, giving Wealthy a great hug, Eyebright ran out to meet her, with a lightness and gayety of heart which surprised even herself. The blue sky seemed bluer than ever before, the grass greener, the sunshine was like yellow gold. Every little thing that happened made her laugh. It was as though a black cloud had been rolled away from between her and the light.

"I wonder what makes me so particularly happy to-night," she thought, as she sat on the steps waiting for papa, after Bessie was gone. "It 's queer that I should, when I 've been so naughty—and all."

But it was not queer, though Eyebright felt it so. The world never looks so fair and bright as to eyes newly washed by tears of sorrow for faults forgiven; and hearts which are emptied of unkind feelings grow light at once, as if happiness were the rule of the world and not the exception.

(To be continued.)

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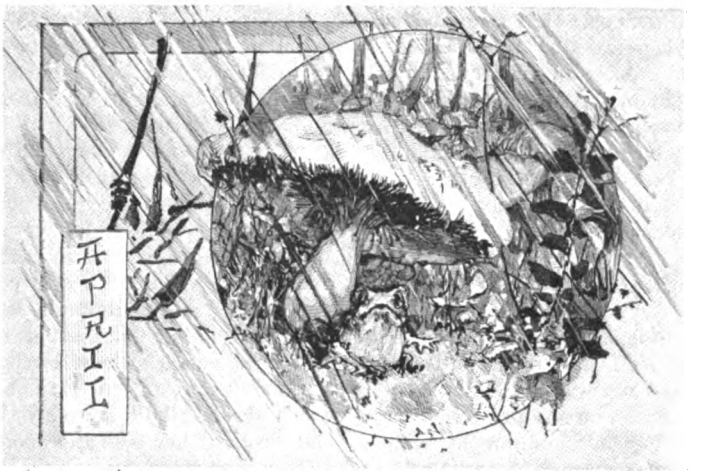

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

By Thomas Hughes.

Author of (Tom Brown's) "School-days at Rugby."

"Halloo! Hie! Look out! There he goes!" "Loo! loo! loo! Hie at him, Vic!" "Hie at him! Loo! loo, Toby!"

Away went the rabbit for dear life, from the furze bush, where the boys and dogs had just started him, across the fifty yards of turf which lay between it and the neighboring copse. Away went the rabbit, and after him the two terriers, and after them the three boys, every one of them as hard as he could pelt. Master Bunny saved his scut by some two yards, and gave a last saucy flirt of his white-marked hind legs, almost in the dogs' faces, as he dashed into a small run in the fence, too narrow for them to get through, and this Vic found to her cost. For that little creature rushed at the run, and stuck fast, howling and struggling; while Toby, more cunningly, topped the fence, and dashed into the tangled mass of weeds and brushwood on the other side, from which he sent back eager yelps to tell his young masters of his whereabouts, and assure them of his devotion to duty.

The boys are not far behind. First over the fence and into the copse comes Plump, a great boy for a short rush, but not good at staying. Close to him his cousin, Peter, a town-bred boy, but all the keener for ratting, rabbiting, or any other country pastime which his uncle's vicarage could afford in the holidays. Pip is a second or two after them, having stopped to tug Vic back out of her *cul-de-sac* and pitch her into the copse, to help Toby in his quest. This is animated and bewildering, the dogs rushing hither and thither, and drawing the boys this way and that after their music.

Suddenly they are silent; not a yelp can be heard. They have run Bunny to his earth, at which they are furiously tearing with teeth and scratching with paws.

But instead of the musical cry of pursuing dogs, another cry, or rather a howl, of mingled rage and pain, now rises straight up into the pleasant summer air from the midst of the densest tangle of the underwood. The boys, who had got scattered, turn toward the place, Pip and Peter both wondering "what in the world can have come to old Plump now."

The next moment, forcing their way through the green and russet tangle, they come upon him, squat at the bottom of a dry ditch which crosses the copse; his round face just clear above the nettles, which form the chief part of his surroundings; throwing his whole soul and energy into the doleful wail, while good, round, oily tears course rapidly down his indignant cheeks.

"Hullo! at it again! All hands to the pumps,

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Peter!" calls out Pip. At which summons the two jump down, one on each side of Plump, and, seizing an arm each, begin working them as if they were pump-handles. After a moment of struggle and resistance on the part of the patient, the prescription works wonders. Plump's wailings cease as suddenly as they had begun; his jolly, fat face clears, and almost breaks into a grin, as he stands up between them, and begins to pull himself together and rub various parts of his stout person.

"Well, but what 's the matter, Plump? You were n't boo-hooing about the nettles, I should hope?"

We may say parenthetically that one of the most striking peculiarities of Master Plump was his perfect command of the water-works. He could roar at a moment's notice and on any pretext, and had hitherto practiced the accomplishment with a shamelessness which somewhat scandalized his male relatives, and particularly his brother Pip, scarcely a year older than himself. So they had invented this method of "all hands to the pumps," by way of controlling the water-works, and it was beginning to tell. At the same time, any one who presumed on this habit to treat Plump as a milk-sop, found himself quite in the wrong box. He had just been to school for his first half, and had turned upon and fought a boy bigger than himself, roaring loudly all the time, but working away like a wind-mill with his strong arms, till his assailant was glad to cry enough.

"No, 't was n't the nettles; but if you were pitched into a bed of them like this, you would n't like it—at least, your face and hands would n't," saying which, Plump grasped the stick he had let fall in his somersault, and began thrashing the bed of nettles all round him.

"What was it, then? How did you get such a cropper?"

"A beastly post there, just by where you are. Look at my leg."

"Well, that is an ugly place," said Peter. It was a big bruise on the shin, which was already swelling up and looking angry.

"But what post? I can't see any," said Pip. However, after thrashing down the docks and nettles about the place from which Plump had taken his header into the ditch, there, sure enough, was a stone post, about two feet high, firmly bedded in the ground. This Plump ascertained by pulling at it with all his might.

"I 'll go and get a pick-ax," he said, "and grub it up, and have old Gaffer Giles break it up for mending the roads."

"But look here, there are letters upon it," said Pip, the observer of the party; "an M, and underneath, B S, and some others I can't make out."

"P'r'aps it 's a tomb-stone," suggested Peter.

"Shut up! Why, this is n't a church-yard," said Plump.

"Well, but I 've heard they sometimes bury fellows in the country at cross-roads, with a stake in them," Peter persisted.

"But they 're suicides; and there are no cross-roads here, and no stake," said Pip.

"Suppose it should turn out to be a Roman stone," said Peter gravely.

And so the boys went on speculating, but could make nothing of the "beastly post," against which Plump still muttered direful threatenings. So, after determining that there was no chance of getting at the rabbit without ferrets, and having, with much difficulty, pulled Vic out of the burrow, in which she had by this time nearly buried herself, and cleansed her eyes and mouth a little from the dirt, the boys turned out of the copse into the high road which skirted it, on their way home to the vicarage. About one hundred yards down the road, they came on old Gaffer Giles, seated on a heap of stones, his legs wide apart, engaged in breaking the bigger ones with a long hammer. He did not hurry himself at his work; as, indeed, why should he?—the parish allowed him three shillings a week for his labor. On the heap by him lay several pick-axes and road-scrapers. At these Plump rushed at once, seizing on the biggest pick-ax.

"I may take this, may n't I, Gaffer?" he said.

"Nay, nay! Maester Gaarge. Thaay picks beant mine. Thaay belongs to the gang as is mending the roads."

"But Gaffer, we only want it just to go into the copse and grub up an old stone," urged Plump.

"Perhaps you know the stone, Mr. Giles?" interposed the politer Pip. "It stands by the dry ditch, and has got some old letters on it—an M and a B S."

"Kneows un! aye to be sure—I kneows un sure enough; I seed un sunk there a matter o' seventy year back, when I wur a leetle chap, smaller 'n either o' you be."

"Well, but what is it then? Tell us all about it, Gaffer. What are the letters for?"

"An M, beant there atop? Ees, ees, I minds, and B S down below? Thaay stands for 'bounds' stwun,' and M for 'Moreton parish.'"

"And we 're going to grub him up, Gaffer; and you must break him up for the road."

The old man chuckled, "Whoy, 't w'u'd take the likes o' you a month to grub!"

So Plump gave up his notion of moving the parish land-mark, and the boys sat down to pump old Giles as to his memories connected with the stone, which, translated from his dialect, were much as follows:

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When he was a little chap at the parish school, they had a holiday every year on "Gang Monday." He did n't just mind when it came round, but somewhere about Whitsuntide. Well, on Gang Monday morning, all the boys went to the church-yard, and there was the lord's steward with a map, and the parish constable, and a smart few men and women, too, who had a mind to beat the bounds—"possessioning" they called it, or some such name. He was no scholard, but minded the name for all that.

So the "possessioners" started with the steward in front and the constable ringing a bell, and the rest following in a row. They marched all round the parish, and now and again the steward would stop, and sometimes they drove a stake or set up a stone like that one in the copse. That was in places where there was a dispute about the parish-line. Then they 'd used to catch a boy or two, and take him by the arms and legs and bump him up against the stone or a tree, so as he should remember the place afterward.

At the brook, too, along that part of it where the parish line struck it, and ran down it for, might be, two or three furlongs, there was a scramble to see who should be pushed in to wade down. It was n't more than knee-deep for any one as knew which side to keep and where to cross. But now and again some young chap as did n't know would be in, and they as knew called him wrong so as he should go plump into the holes above his middle, for all the folk to laugh at; and sometimes they caught a boy and chucked him in. But the boys mostly were too knowing, and kept away from the men when they got near the brook.

There was a deal of waste land too, there, and the steward, he had an eye to it all sure enough, as they went along, to see that no poor man had run up a bit of a place for his jackass or pig, or fenced round a rood of taters or cabbages. He minded one time when they came across a bit of a stye as Israel Willis, the charcoal burner, had put up, and how at the steward's bidding they had pulled it down and chased Israel's sow and her litter on to the common. No, he knew better now. Israel had gone to the bad, and ended in the county jail all along of that business. 'T was no business of their'n to help clear the lord's waste, and now 't was all took in and fenced off these forty year, and no man the better but the lord, and no place left for poor folk to cut a bit of furze, or turn out a goose or a pig, or pick a few bits of stick for a fire.

Then on Gang Mondays when they got back, there was bread and cheese and ale for all, and buns and a glass of ale for the boys, and the bells ringing all the afternoon, and two shillings apiece for the ringers. He had heard tell of a piece of land called Gang Monday's land, as was left in old times to pay for beating the parish bounds. What had come of that now? there was no holiday, nor bread and cheese and ale, nor buns nor bell-ringing.

So old Giles crooned on, breaking a stone now and then with a whack of his hammer to ease his feelings, and glad of such attentive listeners to his budget of old stories and grievances, as the boys were proving themselves to be.

They sat about him all ears, till the church-clock in the distance struck five and warned them of tea-time at the vicarage. Then they jumped up and hurried off, leaving old Giles sitting on the stone-heap and thwacking away with more than usual diligence, as the thoughts of vanished holidays and the wrongs of the poor came thronging back once more across his awakened memory.

As they trotted along toward the vicarage, the boys bandied their chaff as usual backward and forward, agreeing in nothing but this one thing, that it would be great fun—or "real swagger," as Plump would call it—to have a "Gang Monday" next year in Moreton parish.

The vicar's daughter, in broad-brimmed hat and thick leather gauntlets, was trimming her rose-trees on the vicarage lawn as they neared the house.

"Oh look, there 's cousin Carrie; let 's tell her!"

And Peter made for the girl, followed slowly by the other two Ps, who seemed indeed more inclined to make straight for the house.

"O Carrie, here we are, and we 've been having such a jaw from old Gaffer Giles about beating the parish bounds, and Plump has tumbled over the bounds' stone, and cut his breeches, and broken his shin, and stung himself all over with nettles; and we want you to help us persuade uncle to have a Gang Monday."

Carrie stopped her work, and turned round a face as fresh and bright as her own roses.

"With all my heart, Peter," she began; but then her face fell and she shook her little gauntleted fist at her two brothers. "You wretched boys! what have you been doing with Vic?—setting her after rabbits again, I do believe."

The small terrier, her special delight, sidled round toward her young mistress, with tail drooping, casting appealing looks at her, and reproachful ones at the boys, as much as to say, "you know now it was all your fault."

"Well, Carrie, you see she *would* come. We did n't know she was following till we were close to the copse, and then we found a rabbit quite by chance; and you know, Carrie, nobody can stop her when once she sees a rabbit," Plump put in.

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READY FOR THE MARCH. [SEE PAGE 394.]

"Now, it really is too bad of you," she said, bending down and putting back the draggled masses of long hair which hung over Vic's eyes. "It took me two days to get her tidy again after your last hunt, and that only a week ago. It 's too bad. You have ruined her so that I can't take her a walk in the village for fear of her running off into the coverts; and the keepers will shoot her or trap her. Ah, you naughty Vic! you 're nearly as bad as the boys. You 'll be found smothered, I know, in a burrow, or the old Fox will catch you and eat you."

Carrie was really annoyed, but sisters are the most forgiving and long-suffering of our race, and so the boys soon made their peace with her, and got a tub of hot water, and helped to wash the dirt out of Vic's eyes, and comb her hair, and by the time tea was ready, Carrie was as interested in Gang Monday as was any of the three Ps.

The vicar's was a well-ordered house in which boys of the age of the Ps were still kept in their proper places, and only appeared after dinner in their best clothes and manners, at dessert. The vicar was a hard-working man, who liked his quiet dinner at the end of his hard day's work, and liked to have a friend or two to share it. He followed St. Paul's maxim, and was given to hospitality, and on the day of our story, besides his wife and daughter, there were two guests at his table,—his brother from London, Peter's father, and his own curate.

In due course, the table was cleared and places were set for the three Ps, who entered demurely after grace, and set to work upon the fruit and biscuits in decorous silence. Presently, at a pause in the conversation, the vicar began:

"Well, boys, Carrie tells us you 've been pumping old Gaffer Giles about beating the bounds?"

"Yes, papsir," said Pip (the Ps had invented "papsir" as a compromise between papa and sir, the former being too babyish in their opinion, and the latter too formal, while the vicar entirely declined to be addressed as "governor"), "and we want to know why you don't have beating the bounds now every year."

"It must have been such fun," Plump put in.

"But what made old Gaffer call it 'possessioning,' uncle?" said Peter.

"'Possessioning' my boy? 'Processioning,' you mean," said the vicar. "Not but what 'possessioning' would have been the best word for it latterly, for no one got any good from it but the lord of the manor; but 'processioning' was the old word, or 'rogationing,'—sometimes one, sometimes the other, —both good, both older than the Reformation."

"'Rogationing'! what a rum word, papsir," said Plump, taking a large and demure bite at an apple.

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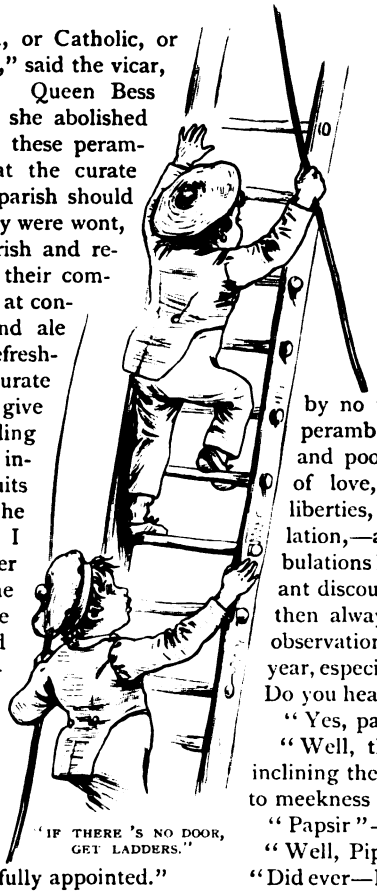
"Not rum at all, Plump,—quite the natural word for the thing. The squire called it 'processioning' because of the procession that looked after his property, the parson 'rogationing' because of the rogations, which were his part of the business."

"But what are 'rogations,' sir?" asked the curate. "I confess I 'm as ignorant as the boys, though I do remember, by the way, that there are rogation days named in our rubric, but what they are I have n't an idea."

"'Rogations' were the liturgies which were chanted in processions and perambulations by the clergy. The rogation days were amongst the most popular and best observed vigils in the times of Roman Catholic supremacy, here, in England. They came over with St. Augustine, and were as old, I take it, as the fifth century."

"Older a good deal, I fancy," said Peter's father. "The rogation days, with their perambulations and processions, were just a revival of the heathen Terminalia, the festival of Terminus, the god of boundaries. Roman, rather than Romish, I should say, brother."

"Well, Roman, or Romish, or Catholic, or whatever you like to call them," said the vicar, "they were no bad custom. Queen Bess was no dull judge, and, when she abolished processions, specially retained these perambulations, and proclaimed that the curate and substantial men in each parish should make them once a year, as they were wont, walking the circuit of the parish and returning to the church to make their common prayer, they were to stop at convenient places where cakes and ale should be distributed for the refreshment of the body, and the curate was to admonish the people to give thanks to God on the beholding of his benefits, and for the increase and abundance of his fruits on the face of the earth, with the saying of the 103d Psalm. I was only reading them the other day, oddly enough. Here 's the book and the very passage," the vicar went on, getting up and taking a volume from his writing-table and reading: "At which time also the said minister shall inculcate these or such like sentences, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and dolles of his neighbor,' or such other order of prayer as shall be lawfully appointed."



"IF THERE 'S NO DOOR, GET LADDERS."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

"None was ever appointed, I suppose, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I ever heard of," replied the vicar.

"I should doubt whether any but Papist clergy ever made any real use of them," said Peter's father.

"You 're mistaken," said the vicar; "Hooker for instance"——

"What, 'The Judicious'?" inquired Peter's father.

"Yes, 'The Judicious,' if you please," went on the vicar,—"Richard Hooker, the great man who left his preferment in London, and all his great prospects, for the small country living 'where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noises.' He, we are told, 'would by no means omit the customary time of perambulations, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and of their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation,—and most did so,—in which perambulations he would usually express more pleasant discourses than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations, to be remembered against next year, especially by the boys and young people.' Do you hear that, boys?"

"Yes, papsir; yes, uncle;" said the three.

"Well, then, listen to what follows: 'Still inclining them and all his present parishioners to meekness and mutual kindness and love.'"

"Papsir"——began Pip anxiously.

"Well, Pip; what is it?"

"Did ever—I mean do you think Mr. Hooker"——

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"'Doctor' Hooker, Pip, you irreverent imp."

"Well, uncle, 'Doctor' Hooker then. Do you think, papsir, that they threw any of Doctor Hooker's boys into the brook?"

"Or bumped them on the parish bounds' stone to make them remember the place?" put in Peter.

"But, sir," the curate struck in, "it really seems a pity so good a custom should have fallen into disuse."

"What! you would like the processioning, eh, Gordon?" said the vicar, smiling. His curate was rather "suspect" in the parish,—"not much better than a Papist," the farmer who supported Little Bethel, and sometimes preached there, had been heard to say.

"Then you 'll go in for Gang Monday next year, wont you, sir?" said Plump to the curate.

"Softly, softly," interposed the rector. "No; I fear the custom is dead and buried, and any attempt to revive it would be misunderstood in the parish, —the reason, that is, the secular reason for it, is gone, since we have got the Government Ordnance Survey maps, and in our days the religious work must be done in the church."

"Why, brother, you seem to think the custom is stone dead. But you 're wrong. We beat the bounds every year in my London parish."

"Ah, really? I thought it was quite given up," said the vicar.

"Not a bit of it," replied his brother; "it's a great holiday for the charity children, and the beadle rises on that one morning a great man once more,—a sort of parochial representative of the old heathen god, Terminus."

"Oh jolly!" said the Ps together; "do tell us all about it, uncle."

"Well, there 's not much to tell. The beadle, in his cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and silver-headed staff, musters the charity boys in the vestry hall, and serves them out a long peeled willow-wand each."

"What 's that for?" asked Pip; "what do they do with the wands?"

"Poke off one another's caps, and switch the cats in the areas when the beadle's back is turned. Well, as soon as they get a vestryman to carry the parish map, they start behind him, the beadle leading, the boys two and two after him, with the school-master bringing up the rear. And they hold their own, too. All the traffic has to stop while the procession is crossing a street."

"What fun!" said Plump. "What, omnibuses and carriages and all?"

"Yes, carriages and all, Plump. A year or two back a grand carriage was drawn up right across the parish boundary line, and when the fat coachman would n't move on, the beadle and school-master ran to the horses' heads and held them, while the charity boys all scrambled through the carriage."

"Oh, what a lark!" cried the boys.

"Yes; but that day the churchwarden who went with the procession happened to be a titled lord."

"I wish he was papsir's churchwarden," said Pip.

"But how can they follow the boundary line in the middle of the town?" asked the curate.

"Oh, they go through houses and out at the back; and if there 's no door, get steps and ladders, and the boys scramble over, carrying their wands. At one place there is a big oven in an outhouse through which the boundary line runs. There the cry is, 'Who 's the boy for the oven to-day?' and once or twice a small boy has run home roaring that he was going to be baked."

"Boo-hooing like old Plump in the nettles to-day,—eh, Pip?" interjected Peter.

"Shut up, I say!" said Plump, trying to get at Peter's leg under the table, for a good pinch.

"And so, when they get back to the vestry hall, the beadle serves out buns and ginger-beer to the boys all round."

"And is there no sort of service in the parish church, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I know of," replied Peter's father.

"A foolish and unmeaning custom," said the vicar. "And the sooner it is put an end to, the better."

"But, sir," said the curate, "I really think we might make it of some use in the country."

"As a procession, eh?" asked the vicar. "No, no; we should have our friend from Little Bethel denouncing us, and the whole parish by the ears. Let well alone, Gordon; you 've got your processioning in the church on Sunday, and I don't quite like that. Let well alone."

"But, sir, I don't mean as a procession. I mean as a lesson in geography."

"A lesson in geography! Well, that 's another matter," laughed the vicar; "but I think you must stick to your maps and globes. If you want anything more, there 's George Grove's primer, the best little big book ever written on geography. I had no notion how ignorant I was till I had read it."

"Yes, sir. But I find it so hard to make the boys understand anything with the maps and globes. Now, it would be quite different if one were to go round the parish with them, and show them how it is bounded, and how the streams lie, and why the village was built here, and not there."

"But I don't know that, myself," said the vicar.

"I declare, I think Mr. Gordon 's right," said Peter's father.

"Yes, and so do we," chimed in the three Ps.

"Of course you do, you young rascals," laughed

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the vicar; "but there 's the drawing-room bell ringing us to tea, and your mother and Carrie wondering what in the world has kept us so long. Bless me," looking at his watch, "why, it 's past nine o'clock. Time for you boys to be in bed. Off with you!"

"Oh, bother!" muttered Plump, who hated going to bed almost as much as getting up.

"But, papsir, you 'll think about having a geography lesson next Gang Monday?" said Pip.

"Very well, boys; I 'll think about it," was the encouraging reply. "Good-night!"

"'Politics,' I think," said Peter.

"Yes, that 's it, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Politics,' bound in Russia leather, on papsir's third shelf, where he keeps his favorite books, only yesterday."

Plump was silenced, but not convinced, so changed the subject with—

"But, I say, did n't Mr. Gordon come out strong on our side?"

"Did n't he, just?" said Peter. "I declare, I think uncle will come round."

"And we 'll carry old Gaffer round the parish in a chair, and give him a pot of ale and a pound of baccy at the end."

THE BEADLE LEADS THE PROCESSION.

"Good-night, papsir. Good-night, uncle. Good-night, Mr. Gordon."

"I say," said Plump, as they went upstairs to their attics, "was n't papsir just prosy about old Hookem, and all that?"

"Hooker, Plump, not Hookem—the great Dr. Hooker," said Pip reprovingly.

"Well, Hooker or Hookem, it 's all the same. Much you know, I dare say, Pip, about the great Dr. Hooker,—or Peter either."

"Don't we, though? Why, did n't we see his great books, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical'—something or other—what was it, Peter?"

"And we 'll give Plump a good bumping on the 'beastly post,'" said Peter laughing, as he opened his bedroom door.

"And chuck him into the nettles in the dry ditch," added Pip, as he disappeared behind his.

Plump paused a moment, to send defiantly after them his favorite ejaculation, "Shut up!" and then rolled into his own small dormitory. And in ten minutes the three Ps were sleeping the sleep of the young and the eupeptic—sweeter even, I fear, than the sleep of the just.

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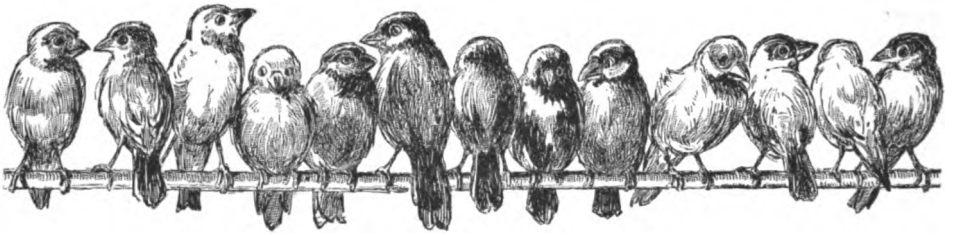
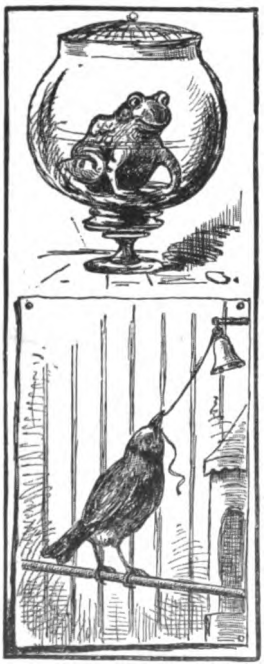


A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

By E. Müller.



Such a narrow, dirty, noisy street! A miserable place for a boarding-school, you would say; yet there it was, and filled, too, with scholars from all parts of the world. Over the door hung a sign, which said "Bird Emporium," but it might just as well have said "Boarding-School." There they were, the boarding-scholars, in cages all along the sides of the room, chattering, singing, eating, swinging, just as other boarding-school scholars do.

A little old man, with kind, bright eyes, was the principal, the president, and the professor, all in one. He taught some of the canaries to draw up all the water they drank, in little pails, which came up when the bird pulled a string; and others he had taught to ring a little bell, when they wanted anything.

The way the little bird learned his lesson, was this: The professor first hung the little bell in his cage, and took all his seed and water away. After a while, he came and rang the bell, and within a few minutes after he brought the seed and water. He went through this performance every day for a week, till, at the end of that time, the bird began to see that first came bell, and then came breakfast; so when he felt hungry, one morning early, he rang the bell himself, as a gentle hint. Finding that brought breakfast, he improved upon the idea, and rang the bell whenever he wanted anything.

There were dozens of canary-birds at the boarding-school, though only a few were taught anything. Most of them were kept in little box cages, ready to be sold; and there they hopped and ate and sang, day after day, just as happily as if they had been in fine, large wire cages. The professor also gave singing lessons. Does it not seem odd, to think of teaching birds to sing? He had a little box like a tiny hand-organ, called a bird-organ; and, instead of songs and dance music, it played only a bird song, like a most accomplished canary. When the professor turned the handle, the organ piped its song, and all the singing class began to sing; so they learned their lesson.

But beside the birds who sang and those who learned accomplishments, there were many other boarders living in this strange boarding-school. In one cage were thirteen tiny little birds, much smaller than canaries. They were happy little things, and it was a pretty sight to see them all nestling close together on the long perch, like a large family of loving brothers and sisters. Then there were little green parrots, who did nothing but hop about and eat; and white parrots, who sat still and looked wise; and, funniest of all, large green parrots, who hung themselves upside down by their claws, and laughed. You could not have helped laughing yourself, if you had heard them, they did seem to enjoy it so much. There was one old parrot who was sick; he was not in a cage, but sat outside on a perch, looking very cross and miserable, and occasionally he would say, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, "Hard times!" or "Be quiet, children, my head aches." He especially scolded the monkey. For there *was* a monkey, though why monkeys should be part of a bird emporium, no one has found out. The monkey was chained to the top of the Guinea-pigs' cage (for there were Guinea-pigs, too); but his chain was

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almost too long, for he could reach into the cage and poke the poor little Guinea-pigs till they would squeak and jump and tumble over each other. He could even reach the cross parrot, just enough to pull his tail, when the parrot would turn around and scold at him till all the other parrots were scolding and laughing, too. And there was a frog. Such a frog! (I 'm sure that, by this time, you agree with me that "Bird Emporium" was not the right name for this boarding-school.) Surely there never was such a big frog as this. He sat in a large glass jar, and did nothing but blink his eyes and look conceited. No doubt he felt proud of being such a big frog, and never took into consideration the fact that he was distressingly ugly. I don't know why he was there. Perhaps boys buy frogs; or may be he was put there to show the monkey how to be quiet and dignified. At any rate, he was there. There were many queer, bright-colored birds from South America, hopping about their cages as contentedly as if they were in their own beautiful forests in Brazil. Yet all around, outside the house, were the noise and dust and confusion of a great city.

Strange boarding-school, and still stranger scholars! Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS have one of these boarding-school birds. Or may be some of the boys have a monkey or Guinea-pigs who were in the same class, so to speak, with these you see here.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

DOWN the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter,
    Out of the clouds they throng:
Freshness of heaven they scatter
    Little dark rootlets among.
"Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
    That is the Raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises:
Buds of all colors and sizes
    Clamber up out of the ground.
Gently the blue sky surprises
    The earth with that soft-rushing sound.
"Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming:
"Come! for we wait for your coming!"
    Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"—
"Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"—
    This is the song everywhere.
Listen! the music will cheer you!
    Raindrop and blossom so fair
Gladly are meeting together
Out in the beautiful weather:—
    Oh, the sweet song in the air!

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KING WICHTEL THE FIRST.

(Translated from the German of Julius Sturm.)

"If you only knew what I know!" said a poor laborer's son to his sister many years ago.

"It must be something very important," said she, snappishly.

But the brother replied:

"It is indeed something very important, and, if you knew it, you would jump high as the ceiling for joy."

"Oh, then, tell it to me," said the sister, coaxingly.

The brother smote his breast proudly with his hand, and said:

"To-night I can become a king, if only I will."

The sister laughed outright, and said:

"You, in your torn jacket, would make a beautiful king."

"I shall not wear the old jacket," replied the future king; "I shall have a red mantle embroidered with gold, and a gold crown also; and, sister, if you desire it, you can become a princess, and have a beautiful dress; and when I am seated on my gold throne, you will sit near me on a silver one. We shall live in a gold castle, where we can eat nice meat all day, and where we shall not have to pick up any more dry sticks."

"But how will it all come about?" asked his sister, quite astonished and puzzled. "Our parents are very poor people."

The brother gave a knowing look, and said:

"I dreamt last night, that——"

He got no further, for a shrill laugh interrupted him, and his sister cried:

"Oh, then, it is all a dream! Thank you, but I don't care to be a dream-princess."

She would have run away, but her brother held her by the dress, and spoke eagerly.

"Let me finish," he cried. "The principal thing is yet to be told. What I tell you I saw only in a dream; but this is what happened to me: I woke up; the moon shone into my room, and before my bed stood a little man, who had a long gray beard and a brown face full of wrinkles. He looked at me with clear, bright eyes, and laid his finger on his mouth, as if he would say: 'Now be still! quite still!' Then he asked me in a whisper, if I wished to have the dream come true, and if I would like to be a king, and live with you in a gold castle? I nodded to him, and he went on: 'If you decide to have what you have dreamt really happen, come with your sister this evening, when the moon rises, to the wood, and wait for me under the great fir-tree, of which you know. But remember there is one condition: In the gold castle you must let no tears fall on the floor, for, if you do, all is lost, and we gnomes are once more without a king.' You will promise—wont you, sister?—not to cry in the gold castle. You always cry easy,—right off."

The sister gave her hand upon it that she would not cry, because she wanted so much to be a princess. The children had now decided that they would go to the wood that evening, and wait till the moon rose. Before dusk, however, they slipped unnoticed into the wood; for they feared that their parents, when they came from their work, would keep them at home. It was a Saturday, and there was a great deal to be done about the house. They went with each other, hand in hand, till they came to the great fir-tree. Then they sat down on the soft moss, meaning to wait till the moon should rise.

After a while the sister said:

"I'm thinking all the time of our parents, and I am so sad that I must cry. May I cry now?"

"Certainly," said the brother; "we are not in the gold castle yet. Cry all you want to, as long as we are in the woods."

And the sister cried till she fell asleep with red eyes. The brother sat near her, and his one thought was, how nice it would be when once he should be a king! At last he, too, got tired and sleepy, and began to nod.

When the brother and sister awoke, they looked around, very much astonished, for they were dressed most beautifully. The brother had on fine black velvet stockings, and a glittering coat of dark blue silk. Around his shoulders hung a red mantle, embroidered with gold, while on his black curly head shone a golden crown.

The sister, on the other hand, wore a sky-blue dress, dotted with silver stars; and on her blonde hair rested a coronet, sparkling with precious stones. While they gazed at each other, mute with amazement, the little man with the gray beard stood before them and cried out:

"Welcome! welcome! I am right glad you have come."

Then he blew a little silver horn that he wore at his side, and at the signal came a long train of gray-bearded little men, who bore a splendid canopy, and under it a gold sedan-chair and a silver one, each resting on glistening poles of ebony.

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The brother must sit in the gold chair, and the sister in the silver one. Slowly and with pomp the train moved through the woods till it came to a mountain, covered with old and stately fir-trees. At the foot of this mountain opened a great wide cavern, in which burned numerous lights. This the train entered, and then proceeded further on, through a long passage, till at last it came to a spacious, lofty hall, in which it was light and clear as day.

In the middle of this vast hall stood a golden castle, much more beautiful than the one the little king had seen in his dream. Here the brother and sister got down from their chairs, and went, accompanied by the little men, up the steps of rock-crystal to the portal of the castle. The door sprang open, and the little men conducted the two into a saloon, in which were two thrones, one of gold, and one of silver. The feet of the gold throne represented four lions, and on the back of it was a golden eagle with outspread wings. The silver throne was upheld by four silver lilies, and on its back stood a silver swan. On the first throne the brother sat, and on the second, the sister.

Hardly were they seated when a buzzing sound went through the assembly, and the little men came over to the thrones, and cried with loud voices:

"Long live our king, Wichtel the First!"

At this cry the king rose angrily, and said:

"My name is not Wichtel; it is Fritz. Just ask my sister; she knows as well as I."

The sister nodded, but the little man, who had first spoken to the children in the wood, came before the throne, bowed low, and said:

"Pardon me, your majesty, but, if I may be permitted to say it, from this day forth your majesty is no longer Fritz but Wichtel the First; for now, you are King of all the Wichtel men."

"If that is so," said King Wichtel, "it shall be my pleasure to have it so."

Hardly had he said this, when a little man came before the throne, bearing in his hand a staff with a great knob, and announced that the table was ready.

"I am glad of that," replied King Wichtel, "for I am very hungry."

Thereupon opened a golden door, revealing a long table, set out with nice dishes and dainty food. The king and his sister stepped down from their thrones, and took their places at the table; and then the Wichtel men sat down.

To the brother and sister the viands tasted very nice; and when the supper was over, one of the Wichtel men led them into an elegant room where stood two beds,—one of gold, the other of silver. King Wichtel lay down in the gold bed, and his sister in the silver bed. As they rested on the soft pillows, the brother said:

"Sister, how does the gold castle please you? Nothing in the world can be more beautiful."

That the sister thought also, but sighed and said:

"If father and mother were only here!"

"That is my one wish, too," said the brother. "I wonder what our dear parents are doing now."

"Oh," sighed the sister again, "they are looking for us, and when they can't find us they will be anxious, and cry."

"Yes," was the answer, "that they will certainly do, since they loved us so much. When we do not come back to the house again, they will think the wolf has eaten us, just as he ate little Red Riding-Hood. You do not cry yet, sister, do you?"

In a low voice the sister replied:

"I have let a few tears fall on the bed, but none on the floor. Do not be angry with me, but I could not help crying, for I thought I heard our good mother weeping. You are so still, that you, too, must be crying."

"Yes," said a voice from the gold bed, "I thought I heard our good father calling us, and his voice sounded so sad, and so full of anxiety! But I catch all my tears in my hand, so that none can fall on the floor."

Both children wept quietly for a time; at last the sister asked, with a tearful voice:

"Will you, then, always be king, and shall we never go back to our dear parents? That I can never endure; I would rather not be a princess any more, for I should die for longing after them, and then you would be alone in the gold castle."

"Ah!" sighed the brother, "I thought it was much easier and better to be a king, but the gold crown has made my forehead all sore, and I would rather pick up dry wood in the forest than always sit on the gold throne; it is so tiresome!"

"What say you?" said a voice from the silver bed; "let us each drop a tear on the floor, and then all will be over, and we will go back to our parents."

The idea was quite after the brother's liking; so they each let fall a great tear on the floor. Hardly had they done this, when a great cry of lamentation went through the gold castle, and there was a loud crash, and it thundered so fearfully that brother and sister sprang out of bed screaming, and became unconscious.

The castle had disappeared. The children lay as if dead in the great cavern on the cold rock, and around them stood sadly the little Wichtel men. One of them, who had a snow-white beard, and must have been very old, said to the rest:

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"Did I not tell you that we could not keep our king this time, any more than on former occasions when we were disappointed? The children of men are all alike. Even the poorest love their parents so much that they long for them, and cry, and this they would do though one should offer them all the magnificence in the whole world."

The Wichtel men bowed their heads sadly, for they would have liked very much to have as a king one of the children of men. At last they re-clad the children in their old clothes, took them softly out of the hole in the mountain, and then laid them under the great fir-tree on the soft moss.

When the brother and sister woke up, it was

"WELCOME! WELCOME! I AM RIGHT GLAD YOU HAVE COME."

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clear day. The sun shone pleasantly through the green fir-branches, and the birds sang gayly. The children looked wonderingly at each other; then sprang up rejoicing, for they saw in the distance their parents, who had been searching for them all night. They ran and embraced father and mother, and told them of the strange things that had happened to them. But the parents assured them it was all a dream, for there were no Wichtel men. The children, however, looked at each other as if they would say, "We know better, for we were with them in the gold castle."

Some time after, when the children were again gathering wood in the forest, the brother said:

"Do you still remember my having a red mantle round me, my wearing a crown and sitting on a gold throne, and being called King Wichtel the First?"

"Of course I remember," said the sister; "for I sat near you as a princess on a silver throne, and wore a blue dress dotted with silver stars. I shall never forget how beautiful everything was."

Then said the brother:

"If we had n't dropped any tears on the floor, I might have been a king to-day, and you a princess. But I don't care," added he, and laughingly held up his old jacket.

"Neither do I," said the sister; "with father and mother it is a thousand times better than with the Wichtel men in the gold castle."

"That is so," said the brother; "but I am glad that I have been a king just for once!"

A MORNING CALL FROM A PANTHER.

By David Ker.

"I SUPPOSE you 're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R——, "and I must own that it 's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I 'm making fun of you, but I 'm not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you 'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks.

"This was how it happened. When we first came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all Central India; and we really were, just at first, the only white people within forty or fifty miles. And such a time as we had of it! If my husband had n't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how he could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful work for him, being up sometimes for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set,—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R—— served out wheelbarrows to them, they actually carried them on their heads in the same way!* I could n't help laughing at it, though it was terribly provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were: if there was a wrong way of using anything they 'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *khitmutgar*, who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter-labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with 'Port' in one ear and 'Sherry' in the other!

"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were fifty times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awakened in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window, or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I 've never found out (I suppose because nobody could invent one bad enough for it), would break out in a succession of the most horrible cries,—just like somebody being murdered,—until the noise fairly drove me wild.

"And then the ants! but you 've seen them for yourself, and I need n't tell you about them. I shall never forget how I felt one day on finding my beautiful new work-box, which my sister had given me as a birthday present just before I left England,

* A fact.

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a perfect international congress of ants of all colors and all sizes,—

"'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,—'

and I was n't much comforted by my husband's assurance that 'that sort of thing happened every day,' and that I would 'soon get used to it.' But all this while I 'm neglecting my story.

"One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the 'compound,' as we call this big inclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was then just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and did n't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed, all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought that I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!

"I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me, when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as if something had fallen upon the roof. I did n't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but, presently, I thought I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and then I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the door-way between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther that I ever saw, and he was looking straight into my eyes!

"For one moment I was too frightened to move, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody had spoken it: 'The big chest!'

"I knew that this chest would hold me and my child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all clear before me; but had the brute not stopped short at sight of the curtain, I should never have had a chance of trying it. Luckily for me, the Indian panther, savage as he is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I've seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour, before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So, while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie (who, poor little pet, seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.

"I was hardly settled there when I heard the 'sniff-sniff' of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and, through the chink that I had left open, the hot, foul breath came steaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the lid, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw could n't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so that I hardly knew how to bear it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courage.

"But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther suddenly leaped right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers, until the pain was so terrible that, unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.

"The scream was answered by a shout, from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not noticing the iron bars; but just as he reached it, there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall suddenly upon the floor. Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.

"I heard afterward that Mr. R—— had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and, not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily, just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But, as you see, my hand is pretty stiff yet."

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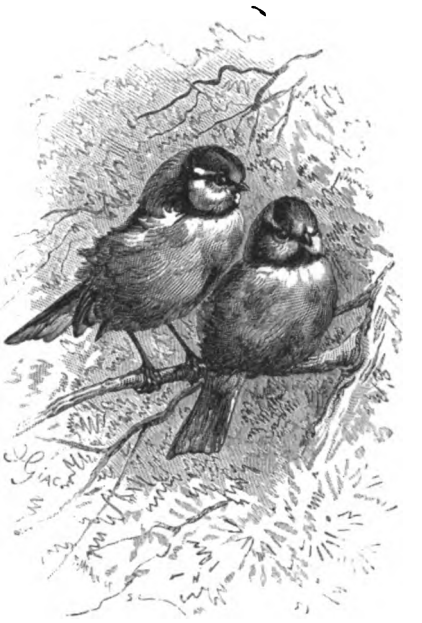
AN OLD BACHELOR.



A HAPPY COUPLE.

LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS.

By Olive Thorne.

Of course, you know that not all the good times come to the children of grand houses; small houses, cottages, and even "rooms," hold many happy little folk. The cost of things about us does n't add to our comfort. China dolls give as much pleasure as great play-ladies of wax; in fact the most dearly loved and cherished doll that I ever saw, was a "rag-baby."

Sometimes in the streets of the city you will see little children dressed very poorly, with perhaps an old shawl over each tumbled head. It does n't look as if any good times came to them; but you will be glad to learn that even to the children of that class who live in New York, happy days have really come. It is simply because one kind lady has thought of a way to make them glad every day, and while they are playing, and having delightful times, to teach them what will really open to them a better life when too old for play.

A school!—yes, even a school, but one of a new kind, where toys and games take the place of books, and so charming that the little scholars mourn over a holiday, and fairly cry when threatened with "vacation." It is a pleasant sight, yet one that somehow brings tears to grown-up eyes, to see a room full of these little ones, gathered in from the streets and alleys of the great city, hands and faces washed, and all at happy play, while really learning to be neat little housemaids, ready when big enough, to become busy with honest work, instead of with mischief. I wish every one of you could look in on the scene, but at least you may see part of it in pictures, while you hear how this wonder is wrought.

Fancy a poor little girl, not more than five or six years old, brought in from the streets where she has never learned anything good. She is placed in a sunny, bright room, where flowers are growing and pictures hanging. She is put into a little chair, seated before a table just high enough for her, and—wonder to her—a set of toy dishes, knives, forks, napkins, glasses and all, complete, is set before her. Other little girls are around her; and, playing with these charming dishes, with the

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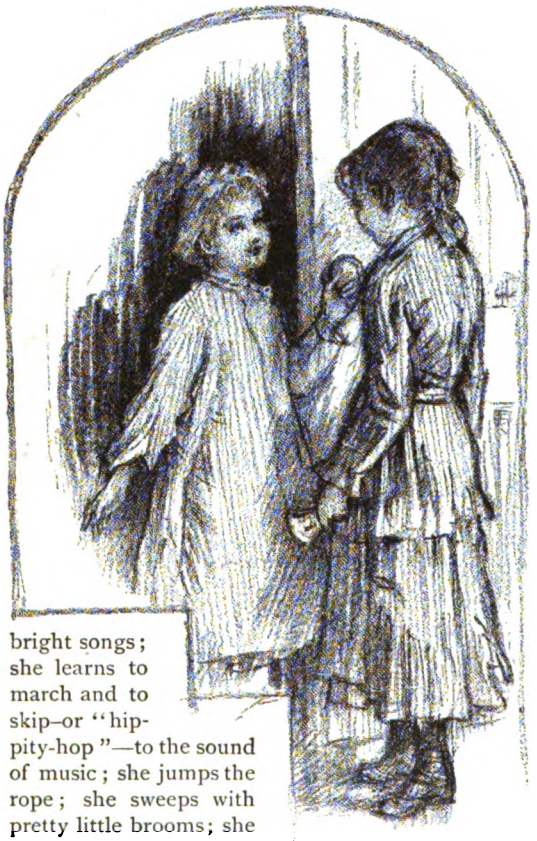
help of kind ladies, she soon learns to set a table properly, although she has perhaps never before seen half the things used. She hears the pretty, bright songs; she learns to march and to skip—or "hippity-hop"—to the sound of music; she jumps the rope; she sweeps with pretty little brooms; she washes in tiny tubs and scrubs with baby scrubbing-brushes; she cleans the toy dishes; she makes a doll's bed; and all the work is joined to music and merry songs,—face all smiles, and eyes all sparkles.



"IS MRS. BROWN AT HOME?"

This strange and delightful school has but six lessons in all; each lesson is packed full of songs, exercises, and plays, and there 's a whole month to learn it in. The first month, playing with little bundles of sticks, tied with bright colored strings, the little girls learn to kindle fires, and handle matches; how to use ashes and charcoal; how wood grows; how to keep wooden things clean, and many other things, useful to a little housemaid; while all the time they think they 're only playing a new, and very nice, game, with several kind and pleasant young ladies to teach them how. And with each lesson they sing some lively song, like this:

"Little children can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
How the trees grow in the wood,
And for what the sticks are good?

"Then about the matches learn,
How they 're made, and how they burn;
Not to scratch them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

Then, with pieces of white paper, singing another song, they learn how to fold and iron napkins and table-cloths, towels, handkerchiefs, and other things; and last comes a stand-up play, a very nice one, called "Waiting on the door," about which I must tell you.

The girls stand in a ring, excepting one who has a small bell in her hand, and is alone outside. The piano strikes up a lively air, and the children all join hands and move in a circle, singing:

"Here goes a crowd of merry little girls,
Who 've lately come to school;
They 're going to learn to sing the kitchen song,
And mind the kitchen rule.
As they go round, and around, and around,
As they go round once more;
And this is the girl, the very little girl,
Who 's learning to wait on the door."

The verse ended, the circle stands still, and the outside girl, who is the "visitor" in the play, rings her bell,—a make-believe door-bell. The girl who stands next to her is the "servant," and she at once turns around to face the visitor, who asks:

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?"

"Yes, ma'am," is the reply. "Please let me show you to the parlor, and I 'll speak to her."

She then leads the visitor across the circle to a pretended room, and asks:

"Will you please give me your name?"

Having done this, the servant takes the bell, and prepares to become visitor. The circle goes around once more, singing the song over, and the new visitor rings. This time the servant replies politely:

"THEY LEARN HOW TO FOLD NAPKINS."

"Mrs. Brown is in, but wishes to be excused."

The visitor takes leave, and hands her bell to the next. After the song again, the bell rings the third time, and an answer like this is given:

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"Mrs. Brown is out. Will you please leave a message?"

Sometimes there is one message, sometimes another, and the little girls try hard to say it just right, because if one fails she cannot take the bell and be visitor next time. They think this play great fun, and they are as dignified and polite while playing visitor or servant, as though it were all earnest—as, indeed, it is, for after a while when these little players come to open real doors for real visitors, they will know just how to do it, and will not be rude nor make blunders. In fact, they do it nicely now, and each one of them considers it a treat to wait on the door of the school building, which they do by turns. A few days ago a lady rang the bell, and asked if the principal was in.

"Yes, ma'am; please walk in," was the reply of a shy little door-tender, about eight years old. But another little girl about six, who was wiping off the stairs, did not approve of this shortening of the proper reply, so she prompted, in a low voice, yet with a funny elder-sisterly air:

"THESE ARE LITTLE BREAKFAST-TABLES."

"Let me show you to the parlor, and I 'll speak to her."

The second lesson brings new joys to the little learner. Before each smiling maiden, whether with the tow braids and blue eyes of the "Fatherland," the black, flying hair from the "Emerald Isle," the deep, solemn eyes from Italy, or the queer little brown face from China, is set a complete array of breakfast dishes, with table-cloth, napkins, and small round table to match.

Ah, what bliss! the first toys they ever had! With these before them, they learn how to lay the table, to put on the cloth, to place knives and forks, glasses and napkins. When all is arranged, they repeat the lesson together, pointing to each article as they name it.

"These are little breakfast-tables. This is the coffee-pot; it should be scalded before the coffee is put in. This is the sugar-bowl; it should be filled when taken from the table. These are the knives. This is the fork; we eat with the fork. These are

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"WASHING DISHES."

the breakfast-plates; they should always be hot," and so on with the whole.

Think how many useful lessons in that one exercise for little girls who hope some day to work in real kitchens, and who began by calling the tines of a fork its teeth; and who once set the breakfast-table to their own satisfaction by placing the coffee-pot—that being the tallest article—in the middle of the table, and the rest of the service in a ring around it!

Next comes clearing the table, teaching what to take away first, how to collect and pile up silver and dishes, and brush and fold the table-cloth so that it will retain its creases and its fresh appearance.

Then another toy—a dish-pan of the most "cunning" sort—is placed before each small housemaid, and she plays wash the dishes, rinsing them in clear water, and drying each article on its special towel, while she sings:

"Washing dishes,
Suds are hot.
Work away briskly,
Do not stop.

"First the glasses;
Wash them well:
If you do them nicely,
All can tell.

"Then the silver
Must be bright," etc.

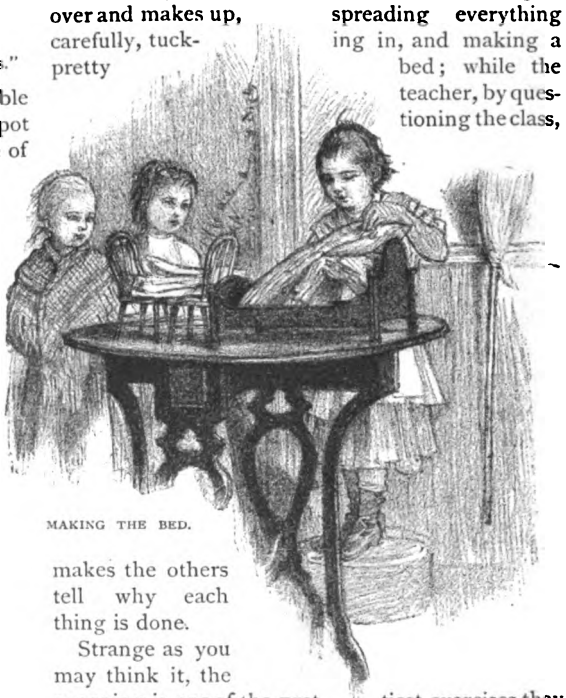
You 'll better see the use of this careful teaching when I tell you that many of the girls, at first, breathe on the glasses to polish them! They are taught here to not only wipe a glass on the glass-towel, but also to set it down with the towel, without touching it with the hands. So thorough is the training in this school.

The play ends with each little worker placing her clean dishes in their two small boxes, setting the boxes on the round table, and turning the dish-pan upside down over all. Then a march strikes up, and the girls rise, take up the articles they have used, march around the room, and leave them in a cupboard at one side.

"Bed-making and sweeping" does n't promise much fun, does it? But you should see these happy children, each with a doll's bedstead, which has nice bedding, like a regular bed; you should hear them sing:

"When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding, and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair."

For this play, the little maiden lays the clothes from the bed over two small chairs, folding the spread and the "pillow-shams," laying off pillows and turning mattresses to air. Then she begins over and makes up, spreading everything carefully, tucking in, and making a pretty bed; while the teacher, by questioning the class, makes the others tell why each thing is done.



MAKING THE BED.

Strange as you may think it, the sweeping is one of the prettiest exercises they learn. To a lively song, the delighted children, in couples, skip around the room, each receiving at one point a pair of brooms, tied with

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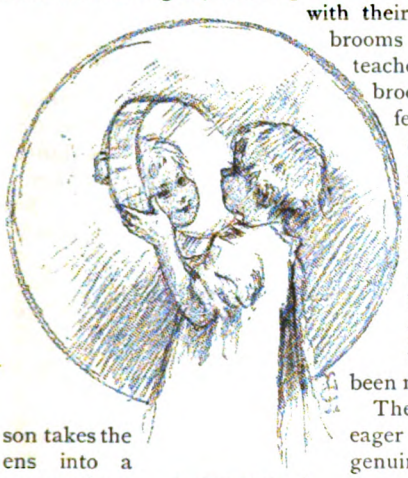
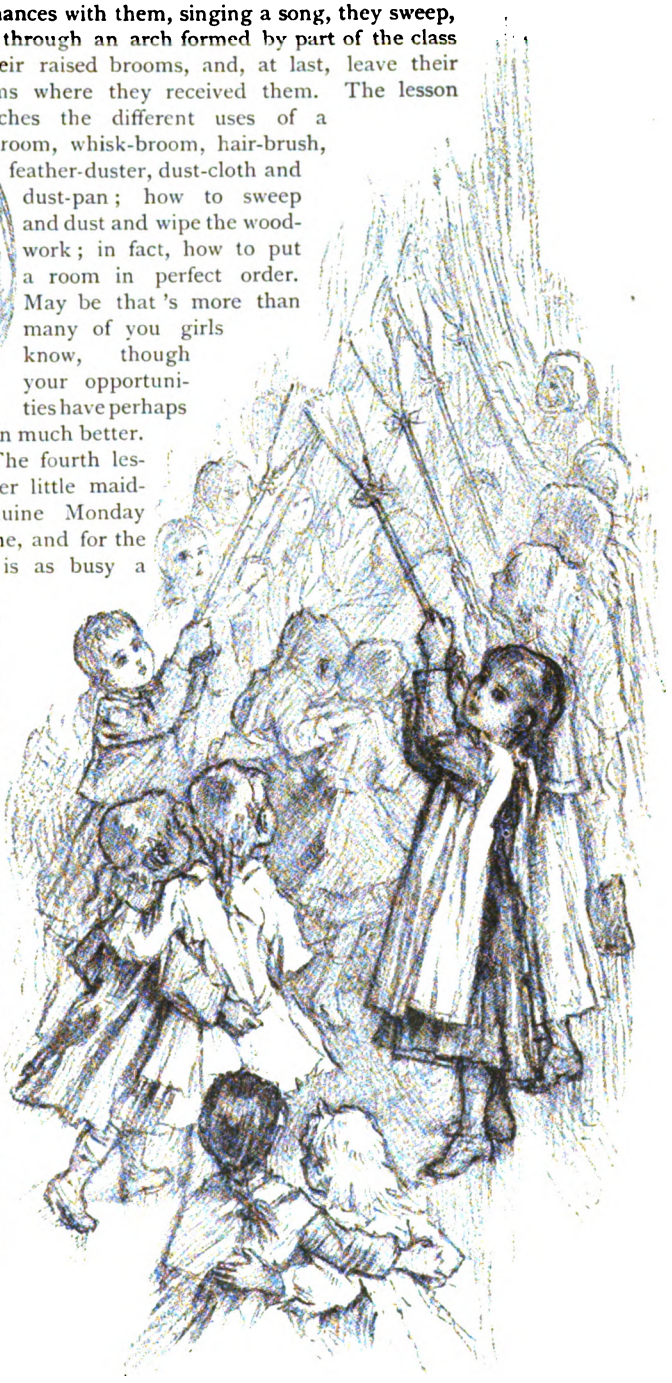
gay ribbons; and after various performances with them, singing a song, they sweep, form into line again, and skip around through an arch formed by part of the class with their raised brooms, and, at last, leave their brooms where they received them. The lesson teaches the different uses of a broom, whisk-broom, hair-brush, feather-duster, dust-cloth and dust-pan; how to sweep and dust and wipe the woodwork; in fact, how to put a room in perfect order. May be that 's more than many of you girls know, though your opportunities have perhaps been much better.



SHINING BRIGHT!

The fourth lesson takes the eager little maidens into a genuine Monday morning scene, and for the next ten minutes the school-room is as busy a laundry as you could wish to see. The tiny tubs and shining little wash-boards are brought out and distributed, and the fresh white clothes-line is hung from clothes-posts set into the four corners of the table. Then each small washerwoman rolls up her sleeves and devotes herself very earnestly to her bag of soiled clothes. And now the scene is lively enough, I assure you, while the busy workers are sorting the clothes rapidly and getting them ready for the hard tussle with the wash-board which they will soon have to undergo. Every part of laundry-work gets its share of attention in this useful play,—for the girls make-believe to heat the water and to boil, rinse and blue the clothes,—but the prettiest sight it affords, I think, is the two rows of sturdy little bare arms, rubbing the clothes up and down, for dear life, over the little wash-boards, and keeping time to the music of this lively song, while the merry voices sing it, to the tune of "Barberry Bush":

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning."



UNDER THE BROOMS THEY SKIP, TWO BY TWO.

You would laugh, too, to see the queer little garments, which are of dolls'-size, dangling from the clothes-line in true wash-day style, and fastened to it by the funniest of baby clothes-pins, each not over an inch and a half long. Taken down from the line with busy little fingers, the

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clothes are supposed to be ready for sprinkling, and

> "This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
> Sprinkle our clothes, sprinkle our clothes,"

sing the little washerwomen, pretending to sprinkle; then follows

> "This is the way we iron our clothes,"

and the fourth lesson ends with the proper motions for ironing.

Scrubbing follows washing, of course, and the little workers, with their three-inch-long scrubbing-brushes polish the table in front of them while they sing with spirit:

> "Scrubbing away
> At break of day
> To make our homes look neatly;
> For a good hard scrub is the very best way
> To make all smell so sweetly.
>
> *Chorus:* Then scrub away in your very best way
> With face so bright and cheerful;
> For a cheery face meets much more grace
> Than one that 's always tearful."

Nothing that 's nice to play is forgotten in this most wonderful school. After the scrubbing, comes jumping the rope, when each girl skips round the room with a rope tied with gay colors, and keeping time to a galop. And then a play where two girls in the center hold one end of the rope of each girl in the ring, thus forming a wheel, and all sing a song about the rope,—how they skip with it, hang clothes on it, and so forth.

Now the girls have been playing, and having a nice time for four months,—one month's lesson each week,—and they have learned enough to be trusted with a dinner-table, its different sets of plates, different courses, etc. They learn the proper way of changing the plates and removing the courses, brushing the crumbs away, arranging dessert, and so on; while a "pricking lesson" teaches, in the kindergarten way, the parts of beef and mutton, and how to cut and cook each.

Now, saved to the very last—you 'll be amazed! —comes the one crowning delight of you country youngsters—*mud-pies!*

"This is really—really"—— says shocked Mamma, and "What can a child learn that is useful in that way, I should like to know," says Aunt Jane, severely.

Truly, dear Mamma and Auntie,—to make real pies. Watch them: the clay (molding-clay, my dears, is the grown-up name of mud) is nice and soft, and the smiling children roll it out, cover their toy pie-plates, cut out their baby biscuits, knead their dolls'-size bread and rolls, play pat-a-cake, and sing a song of the salt, so that they 'll never forget to use it when they are big enough to have dough to knead instead of mu— clay:

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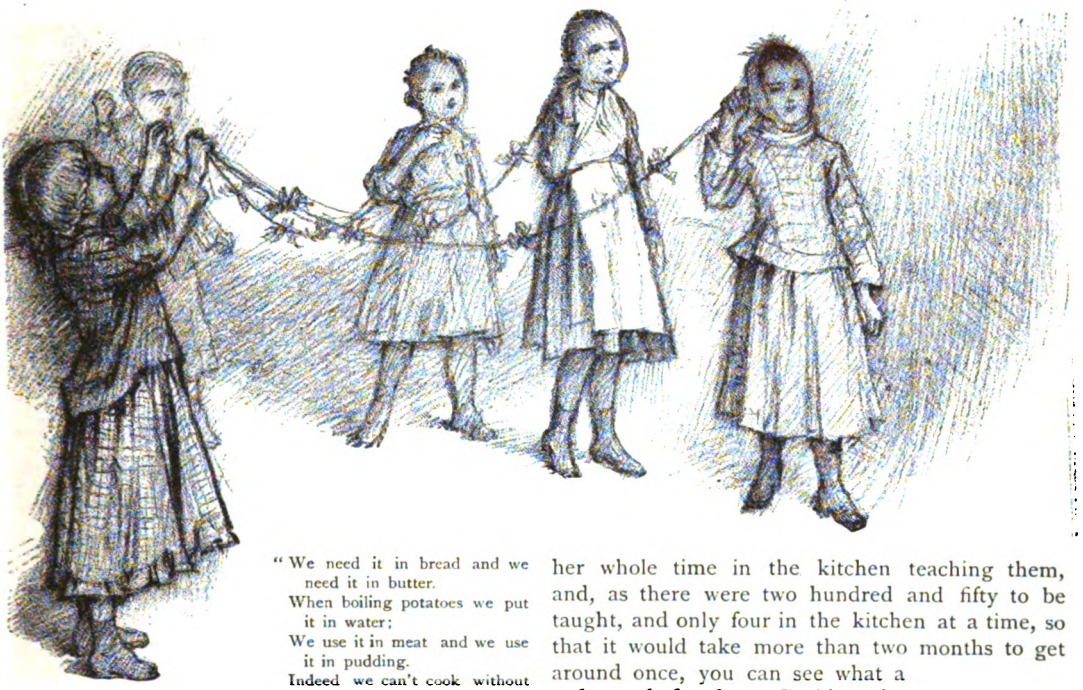

"We need it in bread and we need it in butter.
When boiling potatoes we put it in water;
We use it in meat and we use it in pudding.
Indeed we can't cook without salt."

Then the mud-pie play is over; but is n't it good that even these poor little city babies, who never saw nice country mud,—that is, wet sand—should really have the fun of pie-making, even though it has to be played in-doors, and is called "molding."

The last play of all is a very pretty "Muffin-ring Exercise," in which the girls sing another lively song, telling how to make muffins for breakfast. Here is a verse:

"Plump little hands you wash them all clean,
And roll up your sleeves till your elbows are seen,
Then in a large apron all cooks should be dressed,
And now you are ready to learn all the rest."

This school, called the Kitchen Garden, is the result of a "happy thought," which arose in this way: Miss Huntington is at the head of the Wilson Industrial School, in which there are two hundred and fifty German girls. The school gives dinner to the scholars every day, and as it was not found practicable to hire enough help to do all the work, four girls were selected from the school-room every day to assist the cook about this meal. To the surprise and dismay of the teacher they were almost utterly useless, because they did not know how to wash a dish nor peel a potato.

Miss Huntington found that she needed to spend her whole time in the kitchen teaching them, and, as there were two hundred and fifty to be taught, and only four in the kitchen at a time, so that it would take more than two months to get around once, you can see what a task was before her. Besides, she

"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES."

was appalled to think of the girls growing to be women, so ignorant of housework and nice house ways. Looking one day at a kindergarten, the happy thought flashed

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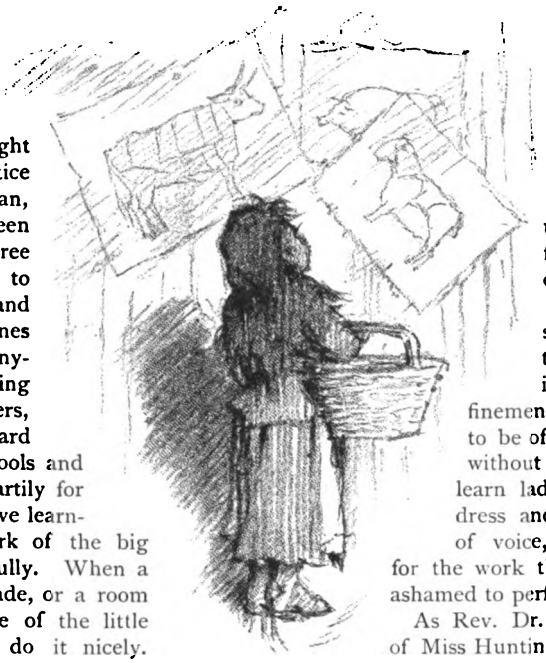
into her mind that kitchen-work could be taught in the same delightful way by plays and songs.

This idea was thought out and put in practice by the earnest woman, and the school has been in operation for three years. You will like to hear how it works, and whether the little ones really learn to do anything. It is simply doing wonders. Poor mothers, whose lives are all hard work, come to the schools and thank the teachers heartily for what their children have learned. The kitchen work of the big school goes on beautifully. When a bed is to be neatly made, or a room properly arranged, one of the little kitchen-gardeners can do it nicely. To the teachers of another Kitchen Garden, at "The Old Brewery Mission" of Five Points,—a most interesting and useful school,—the mothers cannot be thankful enough; they have been taught better ways of doing common things by their little daughters, who have become much more helpful at home, and more neat and pleasant in their ways. One mother was so pleased with the remark of her little four or five year old girl that she came to the school on purpose to tell the teacher. The mother had lighted a match on the wall, as usual; but the child remembered her school lesson about matches, and, turning to her mother, quoted, in a reproving tone of voice, the couplet, that tells you



READY TO GO TO MARKET.

"MOLDING."

"Not to light them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

Last and best of all, you will be glad to hear that a kind lady who takes a deep interest in this particular school, has promised to place each girl, who goes through the six lessons creditably and is more than twelve years of age, in a situation in a respectable family, where she can earn wages suitable to her years; thus starting her in a life that is useful, and saving her from miseries that you cannot imagine.

Besides the valuable instruction, there is over them, all the time, the influence of ladies of refinement, who teach from desire to be of real use to them; and, without knowing it, the children learn lady-like ways, neatness of dress and of person, quiet tones of voice, and, above all, respect for the work that true ladies are not ashamed to perform.

As Rev. Dr. Bellows says, in writing of Miss Huntington's plan: "What idea of a more valuable and urgent character has lately come into any woman's head, or any man's, than the idea that girls, poor or rich, could be taught, in great classes, and by the hundred, all the methods of setting the family table, of serving the food, of cleaning knives and forks, of washing dishes and clothes, of sweeping rooms and dusting closets and ceilings,—how to handle knife and fork, broom and duster; how and in what order to take hold of all forms of household work? There is a best way of doing these things, and only trained and experienced housekeepers, by expensively trained servants, have hitherto been able to practice it. Most domestics have proved incapable of learning it,—because they began too late."

"THE PRICKING-LESSON."

But Miss Huntington takes these little girls in time. There is scarcely a thing in the work of an ordinary house-servant that they do not learn something about. Perhaps there was never any one thing that will do so much to help the very poor of New York as this one happy thought will do. It helps the girls themselves to better lives, does good to all with whom they live and associate, influences the parents and homes, and will, in the end, affect the big city itself.

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MILTON.

By Emma Burt.

Three hundred years ago two men met in the library of a little villa of Arcetni, one mile south of Florence.

It was a picture for a painter. One sat quite motionless in a tall Gothic chair. His square-built, commanding figure was bent, as if at last crushed with the weight of life. His once soft chestnut hair and beard had turned to white. The dark, deep-set eyes were closed, but the face was luminous with thought.

Beside him stood a young man whose beauty had been the marvel and the jest of his associates. An erect and finely proportioned body, surmounted by a head princely in its carriage; the face was without beard, the light-brown waving hair flowed backward. The features were finely cut. The complexion was pure and delicately tinted, and the eyes were a clear, dark gray.

The one was Galileo, philosopher and mathematician, now, in his seventy-fourth year,—after all his toils, and triumphs, and distinguished honors,—prisoner of the Inquisition, confined in his own house, and—blind!

The other was Milton, twenty-nine years of age.

It was a gentle pathway the young man had come. First, his peaceful London home in Bread street, where he was born in the year 1608, at the sign of the "Spread Eagle"; for in those days houses were known by signs instead of numbers. A lovely home, with its books, its music,—of his own father's composing,—the pleasant bustle from his father's business, and the good cheer, and loving-kindness of all. And then, did not the gentle poet, Shakspeare, pass the door now and then on his way to the "Mermaid"?—a house of entertainment near.

Here dwelt the child Milton, a little hard-headed boy, with close-cut hair; clad in a black-braided dress, fitting close around his little neck and arms, and with a lace frill about the neck. Already a studious boy, with a "lovable seriousness" in his face. Here he lived with indulgent parents, his brother and sister, and his Puritan tutor.

Those were royal days, when the attractive child was the beloved center of interest to the household and its circle of genial friends. We can see him watching the grand processions in the street, and feeding the sparrows at the windows, and playing with his games, or bending over his picture-books; or sitting perched on the high stool before the old organ picking out some melody to please his ear, or leaning attentively beside his fond tutor.

Afterward, he is the lad going daily to St. Paul's school, eager for learning, devoted to his masters, and striving to excel. All along are still that fond mother and father, and that happy home.

Farther on he is the youth in Christ's College, at the University of Cambridge, and has donned its picturesque gown. Here he speeds like a young conqueror through the realms of philosophy, mathematics and letters. But to be a master of these forces is not enough. He must create. He finds all about him thoughts and beauty that have never been told. Language is rich, and it is his. What he finds he turns into a world of words full of power and music. He stands before the gowned masters and fellows, and grand, gay lords and ladies. They listen breathless to his eloquence, and when he ceases there is great applause, and they call him *the* orator and poet of Cambridge.

But his best strength does not come from books nor the grave masters, nor the jovial fellows of his class. He has still his happy and his good father and mother.

At this time his home is transferred from the busy London street where his father had gained a sufficient competence, to the charming village of Horton, with its green meadow, its sky-larks, and primroses beside the trim hedges; its old, old trees, its neighboring gentry, and the distant view of Windsor Castle.

When Milton, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, had finished with Cambridge, he went to Horton and lived at home six years. Those were six golden years. In that quiet rural spot he became, for the first time, thoroughly acquainted with Nature. Nor was he an idle dreamer. Never was there greater mental activity than his. He massed and systematized the vast learning he had gained, and added to his store. Nor was it "all work and no play." There was a delightful charm in the brilliant trappings, the grand music, and romantic doings of his courtly neighbors, who drew him into their high festivities, and made him the poet of their masques. Here he wrote some of his finest verse.

But for what was he preparing? His honesty would not permit him to enter the Church, which then enforced that which he disapproved. In this the father's cherished wish was disappointed. It

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was not yet clear to the young man himself what he should do.

Here also, in the quiet of contemplation, became immovably fixed the belief which had grown and strengthened with him, and which is the key to all that is called "Miltonic." It was this:

That a man to be strong must be absolutely pure. That great courage, magnanimity and achievement, are based upon self-respect. That a man should be as perfect as his ideal of a woman. That self-mastery, with disdain of the finical, luxurious and immoral, must be the first conquest. That a great man must be himself unblemished. That a great poet must be himself a poem.

When, therefore, after these six years of steady growth, Milton leaves the home and the loved ones at Horton to travel upon the continent, and presents himself before the aged Galileo, we have in him a picture of a perfect manhood; a poet, the basis of whose nature is solid and fixed; a man among men, with a stoic scorn of temptation; a courageous and self-reliant man, who has earned a spotless title to self-respect, which dignifies his whole bearing and gives it a nobleness that crowns his glorious personal beauty.

Yet was this same man's nature full of grace and melody, and, with all his grandeur of intellect, he had humility before God.

At this time he believed that all his past had been,

MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

but preparation, and that before him was a great work to do, which, when finished, the world "would not willingly let die."

Milton, seated beside Galileo, puts questions, and listens with eager and intense interest to the discourse of the brilliant philosopher. And then they go forth into the garden, the broken man leaning upon the strong, young arm; and, as they go, Galileo talks of his vines, which he used to prune, of his "lady mule," of the two pigeons in the dovecote, of the vases holding the orange-trees, which were shattered by a storm while he was in Rome by order of the Inquisition. And he points to the distant convent of St. Matthew, where but now his beloved daughter, Celeste, had died. He calls her a person of "most exquisite mind," for whom he continually grieves. She who, though parted from him, had cared for him, and fed him on courage and strength out of her deep love,—she had gone out of the world along with his liberty and his daylight. Her sweet, homely attentions,—the chocolate biscuit, the baked pear or quince, or cup of preserved citron, the stitches taken by her fingers,—the persistent unforgetfulness. He misses her in every way.

He speaks of his former delight in his garden and his pleasure in a rural life.

"The book of Nature," he says, "is written in the characters of geometry; when once their meaning is revealed, we may hope to penetrate Nature's deepest mysteries." To young Milton the book of Nature seems equally written in characters of poesy.

They continue their way past the bean-vines and the pear and plum and lemon trees, to the tower where reposes unused the famous telescope. And the blind man says sadly:

"We can ill afford to lose one of our senses. The principal doors into the garden of natural philosophy are observation and experiment, and these are opened with the keys of our senses.

"I am hopelessly blind, so that this heaven and this earth—which I, by my discoveries and demonstrations, had enlarged a hundred thousand times beyond the belief of the wise men of by-gone ages—henceforward is shrunk for me into such small space as is filled by my own sensations.

"I must be content. Of all the sons of Adam, none yet have seen so much as I."

And then they leave the tower, and return to the room whence they had come, and the aged man continues: "I have studied and wept too much! Sir, you cannot know the great difference between using one's own eyes and those of another."

Then the blind old man sits down to his lute, and comforts his soul with its sweet music.

Next, Milton takes rooms in London, and gathers his books about him; and, while teaching his nephews, begins to lay out great literary schemes.

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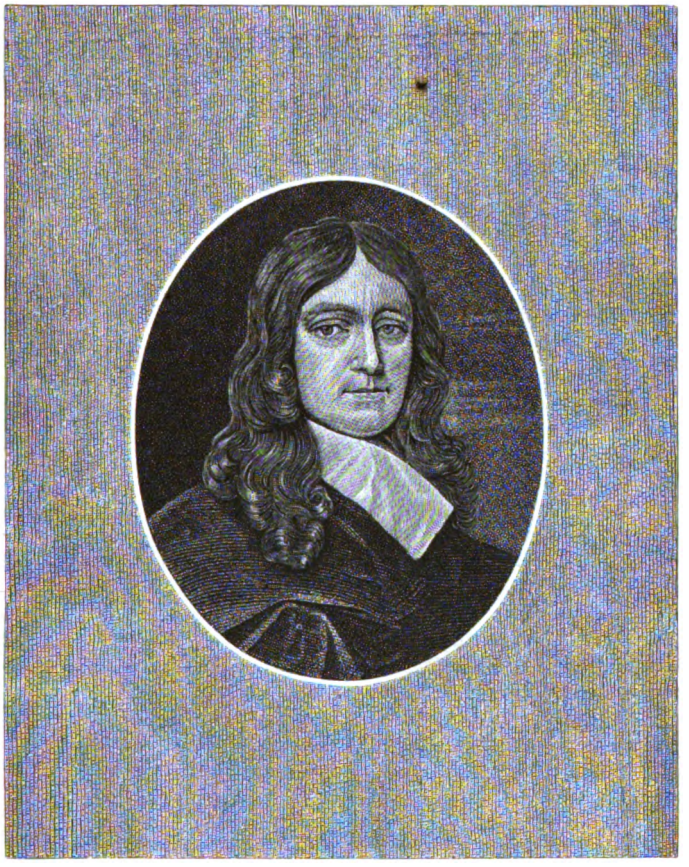
Among numerous other subjects, he thinks of "Paradise Lost," and even writes out a plan of the great poem. He decides that it shall be written in English rather than Latin, the language of learned Europe.



MILTON IN MANHOOD.

Soon he sees that these poetic thinkings must be abandoned. His country is in distraction; civil war is coming. And when his country and his God require him, shall he be "dumb as a beast"? The need of strong prose, written on every subject that affected liberty, was now greater than the need of an immortal poem.

Thus, in his thirty-third year, his public life began. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet in the interest of freedom and the Commonwealth. But while the clear and glowing eloquence of those writings aided the Puritans greatly, it also enraged the Cavaliers. By his bold utterances at this time, Milton brought upon himself a storm of fury which lasted through the best years of his life.

During this time there were speedy and great changes in his home affairs,—his marriage with Mary Powell; the births of three children, Deborah, Anne, and Mary; and the death of his wife. His domestic life often was clouded. Twice again he married. Afflictions and cares beset him. Never was his own home so peaceful as that of his young life. But private troubles were put aside in his zeal for the public good.

He saw his king, Charles I., beheaded, and thought the deed a just one. The Commonwealth was set up, and then Milton was made Secretary of State. Next the Commonwealth went down and the young king went up, and Milton was hunted and persecuted and impoverished. The money he had lent parliament was lost. He was robbed by fire and imperiled by the plague, and, like Galileo, he at last became blind.

Fourteen years before his death he left public life, with the decision he had come to when entering it. His battle was now fought. He retired to the

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shelter and seclusion of his home, and in his blindness, composed the greatest epic that was ever sung—his "Paradise Lost."

What is great and abiding does not grow up effortless. There had come to Milton, too, at last, the slow years of groping without sight. Other eyes must find his material; other voices must make it known to him; other fingers must hold the pen.

His daughters felt "great tenderness" for this man—so beautiful in age. They were charmed with his "delightful company, his flow of subject, and unaffected cheerfulness." And they read and wrote for him, hour after hour, and day after day, while he listened with that seeing ear, and dictated his immortal lines.

But as the years rolled on, his daughters often became weary of reading languages they did not comprehend, only for the purpose of aiding him in writings that seemed to them very grand and beautiful, but not, they thought, of any great use further than to divert his mind; for if ever finished and sold, the poem, very likely, would bring only a few pounds into the family treasury.

"THEY READ AND WROTE FOR HIM, HOUR AFTER HOUR."

So he leaves his daughters more and more to

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their girlish interests, and takes such other helps as come to hand; yet he never deviates from his purpose.

Great was the anguish of groping to control the petty details of his matchless work. From inaccuracy of words, down to punctuation, it was the pitiful sight of a giant in chains.

Now he remembers the words of Galileo about the difference between using your own hands and eyes and those of another.

But while those eyes, seemingly perfect as ever, saw nothing, the mind grew boundless and prophetic in vision.

And with this man, long used to mastery, at last, "neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience." "The strength of his mind overcame every calamity."

These are the words of Macaulay, and he adds, "we can almost fancy we are visiting him, in his small lodgings, that we see him sitting at the old organ, beneath the faded green hangings * * that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction."

Down the years to us "is echoed his poem on his blindness, with these closing words:

> "Doth God require day-labor, light denied?"
> I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
> That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
> Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
> Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait!"

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XI.

REGAL PROJECTS.

The next morning, we all went around to see the queen, and on the way we tried to arrange our affair. I was only sorry that my old school-fellows were not there, to go into the thing with us. There could n't have been better fun for our boys, than to get up a revolution, and set up a dethroned queen. But they were not there, and I determined to act as their representative as well as I could.

We three—Corny, Rectus and I—were agreed that the re-enthronement—we could think of no better word for the business—should be done as quietly and peacefully as possible. It was of no use, we thought, to make a great fuss about what we were going to do. We would see that this African ex-sovereigness was placed in a suitable regal station, and then we would call upon her countrymen to acknowledge her rank.

"It is n't really necessary for her to do any governing," said Rectus. "Queens do very little of that. Look at Queen Victoria! Her Prime Minister and Parliament run the country. If the African governor here is a good man, the queen can take him for a Prime Minister. Then he can just go along and do what he always did. If she is acknowledged to be the queen, that 's all she need want."

"That 's so," said Corny. "And above all there must be no blood shed."

"None of yours, any way," said I; and Rectus tapped his bean, significantly.

Rectus had been chosen Captain of this revolutionary coalition, because Corny, who held the controlling vote, said that she was afraid I had not gone into the undertaking, heart and soul, as Rectus had. Otherwise, she would have voted for me, as the oldest of the party. I did not make any objections, and was elected Treasurer. Corny said that the only office she had ever held was that of Librarian, in a girls' society, but as we did not expect to need a Librarian in this undertaking, we made her Secretary and Manager of Restoration, which, we thought, would give her all the work that she could stand under.

I suggested that there was one sub-officer or employé, that we should be sure to need, and who should be appointed before we commenced operations. This was an emissary. Proper communications between ourselves and the populace would be difficult, unless we obtained the service of some intelligent and whole-souled darkey. My fellow revolutionists agreed with me, and, after a moment of reflection, Corny shouted that she had thought of the very person.

"It 's a girl!" she cried. "And it 's Priscilla!" We all knew Priscilla. It would have been

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impossible to be at the hotel for a week and not know her. After breakfast, and after dinner, there was always a regular market, at the entrance of the hotel, under the great arched porch, where the boarders sat and made themselves comfortable after meals. The dealers were negroes of every age,—men, women, boys, and girls, and they brought everything they could scrape up, that they thought visitors might buy,—fruit, shells, sponges, flowers, straw hats, canes, and more traps than I can remember. Some of them had very nice things, and others would have closed out their stock for seven cents. The liveliest and brightest of all these, was a tall, slim, black, elastic, smooth-tongued young girl, named Priscilla. She nearly always wore shoes, which distinguished her from her fellow country-women. Her eyes sparkled like a fire-cracker of a dark night, and she had a mind as sharp as a fish-hook. The moment Corny mentioned her she was elected emissary.

We determined, however, to be very cautious in disclosing our plans to her. We would sound her, first, and make a regular engagement with her.

"It will be a first-rate thing for me," said Corny, "to have a girl to go about with me, for mother said, yesterday, that it would n't do for me to be so much with boys. It looked Tom-boyish, she said, though she thought you two were very good for boys."

"Are you going to tell your father and mother about this?" asked Rectus.

"I think I 'll tell mother," said Corny, "because I ought to, and I don't believe she 'll object, if I have a girl along with me. But I don't think I 'll say anything to father just yet. I 'm afraid he 'd join."

Rectus and I agreed that it might be better to postpone saying anything to Mr. Chipperton.

It was very true that the queen did not live in a palace. Her house was nearly large enough to hold an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead, such as they have at my Aunt Sarah's. The little room that was cut off from the main apartment, was really too small to count. The queen was hard at work, sitting on her door-stone by the side of her bits of sugar-cane and pepper-pods. There were no customers. She was a good-looking old body, about sixty, perhaps, but tall and straight enough for all queenly purposes.

She arose and shook hands with us, and then stepped into her door-way and courtesied. The effect was very fine.

"This is dreadful!" said Corny. "She ought to give up this pepper-pod business right away. If I could only talk to her, I 'd make her understand. But I must go get somebody for an interpreter."

And she ran off to one of the neighboring huts.

"If this thing works," said Rectus, "we ought to hire a regular interpreter."

"It wont do to have too many paid officials," said I, "but we 'll see about that."

Corny soon returned with a pleasant-faced woman, who undertook to superintend our conversation with the queen.

"What 's her name—to begin with?" asked Corny, of the woman.

"Her African name is Poqua-dilla, but here they call her Jane Henderson, when they talk of her. She knows that name, too. We all has to have English names."

"Well, we don't want any Jane Henderson," said Corny. "Poqua-dilla! that 's a good name for a queen. But what we first want is to have her stop selling things at the front door. We 'll do better for her than that."

"Is you goin' to sen' her to the 'sylum?" asked the woman.

"The asylum," exclaimed Corny. "No, indeed! You 'll see. She 's to live here, but she 's not to sell pepper-pods, or anything else."

"Well, young missy," said the woman, "you better buy 'em of her. I reckon she 'll sell out for 'bout fourpence."

This was a sensible proposition, and, as treasurer, I bought the stock, the queen having signified her willingness to the treaty by a dignified nod and a courtesy. She was very much given to style, which encouraged us a good deal.

"Now then," said Rectus, who thought it was about time that the captain should have something to say, "you must tell her that she is n't to lay in any more stock. This is to be the end of her mercantile life."

I don't believe the woman translated all of this speech, but the queen gave another nod and courtesy, and I pocketed the peppers to keep as trophies. The other things we kept, to give to the children and make ourselves popular.

"How much do you think it would cost," asked Corny of me, "to make this place a little more like a palace?"

I made a rough sort of a calculation, and came to the conclusion that the room could be made a little more like a palace for about eight dollars.

"That 's cheap enough," said Rectus to me. "You and I 'll each give four dollars."

"No, indeed!" said Corny. "I 'm going to give some. How much is three into eight?"

"Two and two-thirds," said I, "or, in this case, two dollars, sixty-six cents and some sixes over."

"All right!" said Corny, "I 'll ask father for three dollars. There ought to be something for extras. I 'll tell mother what I want it for, and that will satisfy him. He can know afterward. I

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don't think he ought to worry his lung with anything like this."

"She wont want a throne," said Rectus, turning the conversation from Mr. Chipperton, "for she has a very good rocking-chair, which could be fixed up."

"Yes," said I, "it could be cushioned. She might do it herself."

"Some of 'em do," I said. "There was the throne of France, you know."

"Well, then, that will be all right," said Corny; "and how about a crown and scepter?"

"Oh, we wont want a scepter," I said; "that sort of thing 's pretty old-fashioned. But we ought to have a crown, so as to make a difference between her and the other people."

THE VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

At this, the colored woman made a remark to the queen, but what it was we did not know.

"Of course she could," said Corny. "Queens work. Queen Victoria etches on steel."

"I don't believe Porker-miller can do that," said Rectus, "but I guess she can pad her chair."

"Do thrones rock?" asked Corny.

"How much are crowns?" asked Corny, in a thoughtful tone.

"Various prices," I answered; "but I think we can make one, that will do very well, for about fifty cents. I 'll undertake to make the brass part, if you 'll cushion it."

"Brass!" exclaimed Corny, in astonishment.

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"You don't suppose we can get gold, do you?" I asked, laughing.

"Well, no," she said, but not quite satisfied.

"And there must be a flag and a flag-pole," said Rectus. "But what sort of a flag are we going to have?"

"The African flag," said Corny, confidently.

None of us knew what the African flag was, although Corny suggested that it was probably black. But I told her that if we raised a black flag before the queen's palace, we should bring down the authorities on us, sure. They 'd think we had started a retail piratical establishment.

We now took leave of the queen, and enjoined her neighbor to impress on her mind the necessity of not using her capital to lay in a new stock of goods. Leaving a quarter of a dollar with her, for contingent expenses during the day, we started for home.

"I tell you what it is," said I, "we must settle this matter of revenue pretty soon. If she don't sell peppers and sugar-cane she 'll have to be supported, in some way, and I 'm sure we can't do it."

"Her subjects ought to attend to that," said Rectus.

"But she has n't got any yet," I answered.

"That 's a fact," said Corny. "We must get her a few to start with."

"Hire 'em, do you mean?" asked Rectus.

"No; call upon them in the name of their country and their queen," she replied.

"I think it would be better, at first," said I, "to call upon them in the name of about twopence a head. Then, when we get a nice little body of adherents to begin with, the other subjects will fall in, of their own accord, if we manage the thing right."

"There 's where the emissary will come in," said Rectus. "She can collect adherents."

"We must engage her this very day," said Corny. "And now, what about the flag? We have n't settled that yet."

"I think," said I, "that we 'd better invent a flag. When we get back to the hotel, we can each draw some designs, and the one we choose can easily be made up. We can buy the stuff anywhere."

"I 'll sew it," said Corny.

"Do you think," said Rectus, who had been reflecting, "that the authorities of this place will object to our setting up a queen?"

"Can't tell," I said. "But I hardly think they will. They don't object to the black governor, and our queen wont interfere with them in any way that I can see. She will have nothing to do with anybody but those native Africans, who keep to themselves, any way."

"If anybody should trouble us, who would it be? Soldiers or the policemen? How many soldiers have they here?" asked Corny.

"There 's only one company now in the barracks," said Rectus. "I was down there. There are two men-of-war in the harbor, but one of them 's a Spanish vessel, and I 'm pretty sure she would n't bother us."

"Is that all?" said Corny, in a tone of relief.

I did n't want to dash her spirits, but I remarked that there were a good many policemen in the town.

"And they 're all colored men," said Corny. "I 'd hate to have any of them coming after us."

"The governor of the colony is at the head of the army, police and all, is n't he?" said Rectus.

"Yes," I answered.

"And I know where he lives," put in Corny. "Let 's go and see him, sometime, and ask him about it."

This was thought to be a good idea, and we agreed to consider it at our next meeting.

"As to revenue," said Rectus, just before we reached the hotel, "I don't believe these people have much money to give for the support of a queen, and so I think they ought to bring in provisions. The whole thing might be portioned out. She ought to have so many conchs a week, so many sticks of sugar-cane, and so many yams and other stuff. This might be fixed so that it would n't come hard on anybody."

Corny said she guessed she 'd have to get a little book to put these things down, so that we could consider them in order.

I could not help noticing that there was a good deal of difference between Corny and Rectus, although they were much alike, too. Corny had never learned much, but she had a good brain in her head and she could reason out things pretty well, when she had anything in the way of a solid fact to start with. Rectus was better on things he 'd heard reasoned out. He seemed to know a good thing when it came before him, and he remembered it, and often brought it in very well. But he had n't had much experience in reasoning on his own account, although he was getting more in practice every day.

Corny was just as much in earnest as she was the first day we saw her, but she seemed to have grown more thoughtful. Perhaps this was on account of her having important business on hand. Her thoughtfulness, however, did not prevent her from saying some very funny things. She spoke first and did her thinking afterward. But she was a good girl, and I often wished my sister knew her. Helen was older, to be sure, but she could have learned a great deal from Corny.

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That afternoon, we had a meeting up in the silk-cotton tree, and Priscilla, who had sold out her small stock of flowers in the hotel-door market, was requested to be present. A variety-show, consisting of about a dozen young darkies with their baskets and strings of sponges, accompanied her up the steps; but she was ordered to rout them, and she did it in short order. When we were alone, Rectus, as captain, began to state to her what we desired of her; but he was soon interrupted by Corny, who could do a great deal more talking in a given time than he could, and who always felt that she ought to begin early, in order to get through in good season.

"Now, Priscilla," said Corny, "in the first place, you must promise never to tell what we are going to say to you."

Priscilla promised in a flash.

"We want you, then," continued Corny, "to act as our emissary, or general agent, or errand-girl, if you don't know what the other two things mean."

"I 'll do dat, missy," said Priscilla. "Whar you want me to go?"

"Nowhere just now," said Corny. "We want to engage you by the day, to do whatever we tell you."

"Cahn't do dat, missy. Got to sell flowers and roses. Sell 'em for de fam'ly, missy."

"But in the afternoon you can come," said Corny. "There is n't any selling done then. We 'll pay you."

"How much?" asked Priscilla.

This question was referred to me, and I offered sixpence a day.

The money in this place is English, of course, as it is an English colony; but there are so many visitors from the United States, that American currency is as much in use, for large sums, as the pounds-shillings-and-pence arrangement. But all sums under a quarter are reckoned in English money,—pennies, halfpennies, four, six and eight-pences, and that sort of thing. One of our quarters passes for a shilling, but a silver dime wont pass in the shops. The darkies will take them—or almost anything else—as a gift. I did n't have to get our money changed into gold. I got a draft on a Nassau house, and generally drew greenbacks. But I saw, pretty plainly, that I could n't draw very much for this new monarchical undertaking, and stay in Nassau as long as we had planned.

"A whole afternoon," exclaimed Priscilla, "for sixpence!"

"Why not?" I asked. "That 's more than you generally make all day."

"Only sixpence!" said Priscilla, looking as if her tender spirit had been wounded. Corny glanced at me with an air that suggested that I ought to make a rise in the price, but I had dealt with these darkies before.

"That 's all," I said.

"All right then, boss," said Priscilla. "I 'll do it. What you want me to do?"

The colored people generally gave the name "boss" to all white men, and I was pleased to see that Priscilla said boss to me much more frequently than to Rectus.

We had a talk with her about her duties, and each of us had a good deal to say. We made her understand—at least we hoped so—that she was to be on hand, every afternoon, to go with Corny, if necessary, whenever we went out on our trips to the African settlement; and, after giving her an idea of what we intended doing with the queen,—which interested her very much indeed, and seemed to set her on pins and needles to see the glories of the new reign—we commissioned her to bring together about twenty sensible and intelligent Africans, so that we could talk to them, and engage them as subjects for the re-enthroned queen.

"What 's ole Goliah Brown goin' to say 'bout dat?" said Priscilla.

"Who 's he?" we asked.

"He 's de Afrikin gubner. He rule 'em all."

"Oh!" said Rectus, "he 's all right. We 're going to make him prime minister."

I was not at all sure that he was all right, and proposed that Rectus and I should go to his house in the evening, when he was at home, and talk to him about it.

"Yes, and we 'll all go and see the head governor to-morrow morning," said Corny.

We had our hands completely full of diplomatic business.

The meeting of the adherents was appointed for the next afternoon. We decided to have it on the Queen's Stair-way, which is a long flight of steps, cut in the solid limestone, and leading up out of a deep and shadowy ravine, where the people of the town many years ago cut out the calcareous material for their houses. There has been no stone cut here for a long time, and the walls of the ravine, which stand up as straight as the wall of a house, are darkened by age and a good deal covered up by vines. At the bottom, on each side of the pathway which runs through the ravine to the town, bushes and plants of various semi-tropical kinds grow thick and close. At the top of the flight of stairs are open fields and an old fort. Altogether, this was considered a quiet and suitable place for a meeting of a band of revolutionists. We could not have met in the silk-cotton tree, for we should have attracted too much attention, and, besides, the hotel-clerk would have routed us out.

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Chapter XII.

RECTUS LOSES RANK.

After supper, Rectus and I went to see the African governor, Goliah Brown. He was a good-natured old colored man, who lived in a house a trifle better than most of those inhabited by his

"'All right,' said Goliah, with a smile."

fellow-countrymen. The main room was of a fair size, and there was a center-table, with some books on it.

When we saw this, we hesitated. Could we ask a man who owned books, and could probably read, to play second fiddle to a woman who could not speak the English language, and who for years, perhaps, had devoted the energies of her soul to the sale of pepper-pods?

However, the office of prime minister was no trifle, and many more distinguished and more learned men than Goliah Brown have been glad to get it. Besides this, we considered that blood is blood, and, in monarchical countries, a queen is a queen. This was a colony of a monarchy, and we would push forward the claims of Poqua-dilla the First. We called her "The First," because, although she may have had a good many ancestors of her name in Africa, she certainly started the line in the Bahamas.

Goliah proved himself a steady-going talker. He seemed pleased to have us call on him, and told us the whole story of the capture of himself and the rest of the Africans. We had heard pretty much all of it before, but, of course, we had to politely listen to it again.

When he finished, we asked a few questions about the queen, and finding that Goliah admitted her claims to royal blood, we told him what we proposed to do, and boldly asked him to take the position of prime minister in the African community.

At first, he did not understand, and we had to go over the thing two or three times before he saw into it. Then, it was evident that he could not see what business this was of ours, and we had to explain our motives, which was some trouble, because we had not quite straightened them out, in our own minds.

Then he wanted to know which was the head person, a queen or a prime minister. We set forth the strict truth to him in this matter. We told him that although a queen in a well regulated monarchy actually occupies the highest place, that the prime minister is the fellow who does the real governing. He thought this might all be so, but he did not like the idea of having any one, especially Jane Henderson, as he called her, in a position higher than his own. We did not say anything to him, then, about giving the queen her English name, because we supposed that he had been used to speak of her in that way, to white people, but we determined to refer to this when matters should be settled.

He was so set in his own opinion on this point of position, that we were afraid we should be obliged to give the thing up. He used very good arguments, too. He said that he had been elected to his present office by his fellow Africans; that he had held it a long time; that he did n't think the rest of his people wanted him to give it up, and he did n't think he wanted to give it up himself. A prime minister might be all very well, but he did n't know anything about it. He knew what it was to be governor, and was very well satisfied to leave things as they were.

This was dampening. Just as the old fellow thought he had settled the matter, a happy thought struck me: we might make the monarchy an independent arrangement. Perhaps Goliah would have no objection to that, provided we did not interfere with his governorship. If Poqua-dilla should be recognized as a queen, and crowned, and provided with an income sufficient to keep her out of any retail business, it was about all she could expect, at her time of life. She certainly would not care to do any governing. The few subjects that we should enlist would be more like courtiers than anything else.

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I called Rectus to the door, and suggested this arrangement to him. He thought it would be better than nothing, and that it would be well to mention it.

We did this, and Goliah thought a while.

"Ef I lets her be call queen," he said, "an' she jist stay at home an' min' her own business, an' don' run herse'f agin me, no way, how much you s'pose she able to gib fur dat?"

Rectus and I went again to the front door to consult, and when we came back, we said we thought she would be able to give a dollar.

"All right," said Goliah, with a smile. "She kin jist go ahead, and be queen. On'y don' let her run herse'f agin me."

This suited us, and we paid the dollar and came away.

"More cash!" said Rectus, as we walked home.

"Yes," said I, "but what troubles me is that queen's income. I don't see now where it 's to come from, for old Goliah wont allow his people to be taxed for her, that 's certain."

Rectus agreed that things looked a little bluish, but he thought we might pay the income ourselves, until after the coronation, and then we could see what else could be done. This was n't much of a plan, but I could n't think of anything better.

The next day, about noon, we all went to see the real governor of the colony. Rectus and I did n't care much about doing this, but Corny insisted on it. She was afraid of the police,—and probably of the army and navy, although she made light of them,—and so she thought it would be a good thing to see whether or not we should have to combat with all these forces, if we should carry out our plans. We took Priscilla along with us on Corny's account. It would look respectable for her to have an attendant. This being an extra job, Priscilla earned two sixpences that day.

The governor lived in a fine house, on the hill back of the town, and although we all knew where it was, Priscilla was of great use to us here, for she took us in at a side gate, where we could walk right up to the door of the governor's office, without going to the grand entrance, at the front of the house, where the English flag was flying. There was a red-coated soldier standing just in the doorway, and when we saw him, we put ourselves on our stiffest behavior. We told Priscilla to wait outside, in the path, and to try and behave so that people would think there was a pretty high-toned party inside. We then went up to the red-coat and asked to see the governor. The soldier looked at us a little queerly, and went back into the house.

He staid a good while, but when he came out he told us to follow him, and took us through a hall into a room where two gentlemen were sitting at desks. One of these jumped up and came to meet us.

"There is the secretary," said the soldier in a low voice to me, and then he left us.

We now had to ask the secretary if we could see

"A SIDE GATE."

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the governor. He inquired our business, but we did n't seem anxious to tell him.

"Anything private?" he said, with a smile.

"Well, sir," said I, "it 's not exactly private, but it 's not a very easy thing to put straight before anybody, and if it don't make any difference, we 'd rather not have to tell it twice."

He hesitated for a minute, and then he said he 'd see, and went into another room.

"Now, look here," I whispered to Rectus, "if you 're captain, you 've got to step up and do the talking. It is n't my place."

The secretary now returned and said the governor could give us a few minutes. I think the probability was that he was curious to know what two boys and a girl could want with him.

The governor's office, into which we now were shown, was a large room, with plenty of book-cases and shelves against the walls, and in the middle of the floor a big table which was covered with papers, packages of manuscript tied up with tape, and every kind of thing necessary to make matters look as if business was brisk in these islands. The governor himself was a tall, handsome gentleman, not old a bit, as Corny put it afterward, and dressed all in white linen, which gave him an air of coolness and cleanness that was quite agreeable to us after our walk in the sun. He was sitting at one end of the long table, and he politely motioned us to seats at one side of him. I expect the secretary arranged the chairs before we came in. We made our manners and sat down.

"Well," said he, "what can I do for you?"

If Corny had n't been along, I don't believe he would have seen us at all. There can be nothing attractive to a governor about two boys. But almost any one would take an interest in a girl like Corny. The secretary was very polite to her.

Rectus now gave his throat a little clearing, and pushed off.

"Our business with you, sir, is to see about doing something for a poor queen, a very good and honest woman——"

"A poor but honest queen!" interrupted the governor, with a smile.

"Oh, he don't mean a common queen," said Corny, quickly. "He means a black queen,—an African,—born royal, but taken prisoner when young, and brought here, and she lives over there in the African settlements, and sells peppers, but is just as much a queen as ever, you know, sir, for selling things on a door-step can't take the royal blood out of a person."

"Oh no, indeed!" said the governor, and he looked very much tickled.

"And this poor woman is old, now, and has no revenue, and has to get along as well as she can, which is pretty poorly, I know, and nobody ever treats her any better than if she had been born a common person, and we want to give her a chance of having as many of her rights as she can before she dies."

"At any rate," said Rectus, who had been waiting for a chance to make a fresh start, "if we can't give her all her royal rights, we want to let her know how it feels to be a queen, and to give her a little show among her people."

"You are talking of an old native African woman?" said the governor, looking at Corny. "I have heard of her. It seems to be generally agreed that she belonged to a royal family in one of the African tribes. And you want to restore her to her regal station?"

"We can't do that, of course," said Corny; "but we do think she 's been shamefully used, and all we want to do is to have her acknowledged by her people. She need n't do any ruling. We 'll fix her up so that she 'll look enough like a queen for those dreadfully poor people."

"Yes," put in Rectus, who had been getting warm on the subject, "they are dreadfully poor, but she 's the poorest of the lot, and it 's a shame to see how she, a regular queen, has to live, while a governor, who was n't anybody before he got his place, lives in the best house, with tables and books, and everything he wants, for all I know, and a big flag in front of his door as if he was somebody great, and ——"

"What?" said the governor, pretty quick and sharp, and turning around square on Rectus.

"Oh, he don't mean you!" said Corny. "He 's talking about the black governor, Goliah Brown."

"Ah, indeed!" said he, turning away from Rectus as if he did n't like his looks. "And what does Brown think of all this?"

I thought I 'd better say a word or two now, because I did n't know where Rectus would fetch us up next, if we should give him another chance, and so I said to the governor that I knew Goliah Brown would make no objections to the plan, because we had talked it over with him, and he had agreed to it.

"Well, then, what do you want that I should do for you?" said the governor to Corny.

"Oh, nothing sir," said she, "but just to make it all safe for us. We did n't know exactly what the rules were on this island, and so we thought we 'd come and see you about it. We don't want the policemen, or the soldiers or sailors, or anybody, to get after us."

"There is no rule here against giving a queen her rights," said the governor, who seemed to be in a good humor as long as he talked to Corny, "and no one shall interfere with you, provided you

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do not commit any disorder, and I 'm sure you will not do that."

"Oh no!" said Corny; "we just intend to have a little coronation, and to ask the people to remember that she 's a queen and not a pepper-pod woman; and if you could just give us a paper permission, and sign it, we should—at least I should—feel a good deal easier."

"You shall have it," said the governor, and he took some paper and a pen.

"It seems a little curious," said he to Corny, as he dipped his pen in the ink, "that I should serve a queen, and have a queen under me at the same time, does n't it?"

"Kind o' sandwiched," remarked Rectus, who had a face like frozen brass.

The governor went on writing, and Corny and I looked at Rectus as if we would singe his hair.

"You are all from the States, I suppose," said the governor.

I said we were.

"What are your names?" he asked, looking at Corny first.

"Cornelia V. Chipperton," said Corny, and he wrote that down. Then he looked at me.

"William Taylor Gordon," said I. When the governor had put that on his paper, he just gave his head a little wag toward Rectus. He did n't look at him.

"My name is Samuel Colbert," said Rectus.

Corny turned short on him, with eyes wide open.

"Samuel!" she said in a sort of theater-whisper.

"Now then," said the governor, "this paper will show that you have full permission to carry out your little plans, provided that you do nothing that may create any disorder. If the woman—your queen, I mean—has been in the habit of earning her own livelihood, don't make a pauper of her." And he gave us a general look as if the time had come to say good-bye. So we got up and thanked him, and he shook hands with us, Rectus and all, and we came away.

We found Priscilla sitting cross-legged on the grass outside, pitching pennies.

"That thar red-coat he want to sen' me off," said she, "but I tole him my missy and bosses was inside, and I boun' to wait fur 'em, er git turned off. So he le' me stay."

Corny, for a wonder, did not reprove Priscilla for giving the sentinel the idea that her employers hired penny-pitchers to follow them around, but she walked on in silence until we were out of the grounds. Then she turned to Rectus and said:

"I thought your name was Rectus!"

"It is n't," said he. "It 's Samuel."

This was no sort of an answer to give Corny, and so I explained that Rectus was his school name; that he was younger than most of us, and that we used to call him Young Rectus; but that I had pretty much dropped the "young" since we had been traveling together. It did n't appear to be needed.

"But why did you call him Rectus, when his name 's Samuel?" asked Corny.

"Well," said I, laughing, "it seemed to suit him."

This was all that was said about the matter, for Priscilla came up and said she must hurry home, and that she 'd like to have her sixpence, and that changed the subject, for we were out of small money and could only make up eleven halfpence among us. But Priscilla agreed to trust us until evening for the other "hoppenny."

Corny did n't say much on the way home, and she looked as if she was doing some private thinking. I suppose, among other things, she thought that as I considered it all right to call Rectus Rectus, she might as well do it herself, for she said:

"Rectus, I don't think you 're as good at talking as Will is. I move we have a new election for captain."

"All right," said Rectus, "I 'm agreed."

You could n't make that boy angry. We held a meeting just as we got to the hotel, and he and Corny both voted for me.

(To be continued.)

THE HOTEL AT NASSAU.

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ARTHUR AND ROMEO.

Arthur likes to play that he is a street-car driver, that Romeo is his horse, that a chair turned upside down is the car, and that Jemima is a young lady taking a ride on her way to do some shopping. You can see Jemima in the picture, sitting with her back to the driver.

Romeo, it is true, does not look in the least like a horse. But it's just as much fun to drive him, and Arthur knows that there are places where people ride on elephants, and use them to drag carts and wagons; and he says: "An elfant is a gweat deal stwonger than a horse; and pootty fast, too. Why should n't a elfant dwaw a stweet car? Get up, Womeo!"

But, this time, Romeo went too fast; so Arthur called to him: "Whoa—whoa! Hold up now, Womeo! Don't you hear the lady on the back seat wants to say somefing? I never did see such a elfant. Whoa, I say!"

Then he turned around to Jemima, and asked in a polite voice:

"What did you say, ma'am? The car makes such a noise, bumping on the stones, I can't hear a word! I s'pect you 've got the cwoup, or somefing. Well, ma'am, I can't make out what you say; and oh, there's about seventy-'leven people waiting on the corner!"

"Miss Jemima says that Billy is coming up the street and through the gate," said Arthur's mamma, who sat by the window reading.

"Oh, goody—goody—goody!" cried Arthur, as he jumped off the car. Jemima fell on her face, and Romeo on his back; but Arthur did

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not stop to pick them up. He put on his hat and ran just as fast as he could out into the yard, and there he met Billy.

Billy was his Uncle Tom's little dog, and Arthur was very fond of him. He was never cross nor ugly, and knew a great many pretty tricks. He could stand on his hind legs, and shake hands, and "speak," and jump backward and forward through a little hoop, and be "dead," and come "alive" again, and do ever so many other things. Arthur was never tired of playing with Billy, though Billy was sometimes a little tired of going through his tricks for Arthur. While Billy stayed, poor Romeo and Jemima were forgotten; but as soon as he went away, Romeo had to go to work again, and Jemima took another ride.

Tick, Tock! Tick, Tock

HARKEE, harkee to the clock,—
"*Tick, tock, tick, tock!*"
This the pretty clock doth say
All the night and all the day.
"*Tick, tock, tick, tock!*"

Tell me, tell me, pretty clock,—
"*Tick, tock, tick, tock!*"—
Is this all that you can say
All the night and all the day?
And the clock makes answer quick,
"*Tock, tick, tock, tick!*"

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now the noisy winds are still;
April 's coming up the hill!
All the Spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain:
Pit, pat, patter, patter,
Sudden sun, and patter, patter!—
First the blue, and then the shower,
Bursting bud, and smiling flower,
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Dry old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April 's coming up the hill!

That 's the way your Jack feels about it, you see; and he is n't an April fool, either,—that is, not if he knows himself. But may be he does n't know.

Now you shall have another sort of April story:

DR. RABELAIS' FREE JOURNEY.

The learned and famous Frenchman, Dr. Rabelais, once found himself in Marseilles without money. He wished to travel to Paris, but could not contrive a way to do so. At last, however, he hit upon a plan.

He started, one first of April, carrying with him some full phials labeled "Poison for the King and the Royal Family." At the city gates, according to the custom in those days, the traveler was searched, and these suspicious-looking bottles were found, as he intended. The officials were horrified, and they promptly arrested him, and hurried him off as a State prisoner to Paris, there to be tried for treason.

Not long after his arrival, Rabelais and his bottles were taken before the judges. Then the doctor, who was very well known as a wit, made a little explanation, showed that the phials contained nothing but brick-dust, and was at once released,—the court, the accusers, the lookers-on, and all Paris, convulsed with laughter at the joke.

THE CAMPANERO; OR, BELL-BIRD.

I THINK, my dear children, there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the bull being at that bird-funeral. The Campanero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, you see, which is connected with its palate, and at a moment's notice it can fill this with air,—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll,—another silence and another toll,—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campanero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow white, while the "horn" is jet black with a few white feathers. True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon for it, but the birds could have managed that.

TOO FOND OF MUSIC.

THAT story told by Dr. Hayes about Greenland seals and icebergs—printed in last month's ST. NICHOLAS, I believe—reminds me of another story, also about a seal, only it was a seal of a large kind, called "ookjook" by the Esquimaux who hunt it. Here is the story:

Captain Tyson, the Arctic explorer, once espied an ookjook who had come up through a hole in the ice to breathe. The explorer beckoned to a companion to bring a gun as quietly as possible and shoot the creature. Meanwhile, the captain whistled a plaintive tune as musically as he could. The ookjook was so charmed by the pleasant sound that he lingered and listened until the gun came and he was killed.

Now, I 'm told that all seals are fond of sweet sounds, whether made by instruments, sung, whistled, or, sometimes, merely spoken, and that they will keep still and listen, giving a hunter time to come within shooting distance.

But perhaps there is a slight mistake, and the seal is only watching for a good chance, while he grumbles to himself, something like this:

"Pshaw! Only let me catch that troublesome fellow, and I 'll soon put an end to his noise!"

THE FINEST EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DEAR JACK: Here is a little story which you may like to know:

An interesting feature of a number of the foreign sections at the Paris Exhibition was the soldiers who had been sent there by their respective governments, nominally to guard the exhibits, though principally as a sort of ornament, they being simply required to stand round and be looked at by the curiosity-seeking visitors. Some economical governments, thinking that wooden soldiers would answer the same purpose at a less expense, accordingly displayed figures representing soldiers in the various uniforms, and people in the different costumes of the country. These figures were sometimes quite well made, and were placed in such positions as often to appear very life-like. We have more than once seen people open their mouths to ask their way of one of these wooden soldiers; and we ourselves on one occasion deeply apologized to a wooden Chinese mandarin, whom we had carelessly run into and almost thrown off his balance.

Sergeant Jones, of the United States Marine Corps, had doubtless witnessed similar laughable mistakes, and this is probably what suggested to him the idea of playing a little trick at the expense of the visitors.

At all events, one fine afternoon, as we were passing through the American Section, we found the sergeant standing perfectly straight, and absolutely still, near one of the show-cases. Rather perplexed at his attitude and at the seriousness of his expression, we sought a post of observation and waited.

For a while no one noticed him, but as he continued immovable, some one presently stopped before him and stared. Then two, three, four, six idlers stopped to see what the first idler was looking at. There stood the sergeant, grave, silent, and motionless. An incredulous smile appeared on the faces of the observers, and their number doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The sergeant had not moved. Some one ventured to touch his hand, another followed, and presently a

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dozen curious people were feeling him from head to foot. Not a muscle relaxed—he had not so much as winked. An exhibitor who was dusting the contents of his show-case seeing what was up, sauntered carelessly along and carefully dusted off the sergeant. This settled the question beyond a doubt: it *was* a statue! There were now about three hundred people of all nationalities gathered about this marvelous piece of workmanship!

"C'est bien une statue!"—

"Quel merveilleux travail!"—

"Awh weally, now you know, those Yankees are jolly clever people!"—

"Wal, I reckon there aint anything can beat this in the whole show!"—

"Chin a ting chop stick young hyson peking yang tse kiang!"—

"Amiodo naga sakito kio yeddo!"—

"Stamboul maho metali ya tibé loublou!"—came from three hundred throats in twenty different languages.

(These last three exclamations, as you will readily understand, dear Jack, are expressive of the utmost wonder and admiration in the Chinese, Japanese and Turkish languages. I might multiply these expressions of delight to an unlimited extent, and give you a high opinion of my linguistic powers But I believe that modesty is a virtue—to be proud of.)

The last man had barely opened his lips to have his say, when the look of admiration suddenly departed from the three hundred faces, and the three hundred throats simultaneously sent out a guffaw which fairly shook the vast edifice, and attracted hundreds of visitors from all sides.

The statue had turned on its heel and quietly marched off.

Truly yours, J. H. F.

THE MAGIC LEAF.

NOW, my serious young botanists, here is something for you, and for everybody else who has a magnifying glass,—to look at carefully,—a Magic

Leaf, which your Jack presents to you with the compliments of the season.

The Leaf has the necromantic power of revealing the secret most important for a person to know; but it will act only on three conditions: First, that the inquirer be quite alone; second, that every line on the leaf be examined through a good magnifying glass, and with the left eye only, the right eye being kept closed by a gentle pressure from the middle finger of the left hand, which must first be passed around by the back of the head; and third, that the secret, when known, be faithfully kept by the lucky finder.

If you will follow these simple rules closely, my young wiseacres, the secret no longer will be a mystery to you.

THE FEAST OF KITES AGAIN.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the April number, 1878, you asked if any one knew anything more about the Feast of Kites. I asked a Japanese gentleman to tell me about it. He did not know of such a day by that name. In the place where he lived they fly kites until the 10th of March, and from then until September the farmers are growing the rice, and they are not allowed to play games in the fields, as they would destroy the crops. Sometimes they have kites eight feet high. He said men fly them as well as boys, and become very angry about them. The boys try to get all the kites they can from each other. Sometimes my friend would gain half a dozen in a day, and sometimes he would lose as many. They get on each side of a river and try to pull one another's kites into the water. Sometimes a man will swim across the river and cut the string of his enemy's kite. In Tokio they fly kites all the year round, because in the city there are no crops to prevent.—Your friend, BELLE W. BOTSFORD.

TREE-PLANTING CROWS.

ONE autumn day, several crows alighted under an oak-tree near my pulpit, and began to search among the fallen leaves. Presently, one of them picked up an acorn in his bill, flew off some distance to where the ground was soft, dropped the acorn into a little hole, and then, with his bill, pushed earth into the hole until it was full.

Now, that was a useful thing to do, and, if this planting of trees is a habit with all crows, it is generous pay in return for the few kernels of grain they eat and the thimbles, scissors, jewels, and such little things, which they may steal from time to time.

As for the corn which the crows pick out of the newly sown fields in spring, —why, your Jack's opinion is that it's pretty small wages for keeping down field-mice, worms and insects while the rest of the grain is ripening.

FLOWERS ON THE PRAIRIES.

DEAR JACK: Here are some things I think your readers may like to hear about the plants of the prairies.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin I have seen the prairie colored for miles with the delicate purple of the lead-plant, with the red and white prairie-clover, with sunflowers, asters, the iron-weed, or by the golden-rod, or a species of purple liatris.

One day, I was riding along a prairie lane. There was a narrow wagon-track, and on either side of this, as far as I could see ahead, there were two broad ribbons of bright yellow formed by the prairie coreopsis. It took up all the lane, from the wagon-track to the green osage-orange hedges, above which its bright head was often lifted, as if it stood on tip-toe, for a look over; and beyond the hedges, in the meadows, right and left, were blotches of the same gay yellow, covering acres and acres. The strong colors of the prairie blossoms, and their unsheltered position, make them striking to the eye.

Many persons think that it is only trees that do not grow on the prairie, but, for every tree or tree-like plant not found there, you miss also a dozen of the smaller kinds of plants. Nearly all the ferns and lichens are absent, and mosses and fungi, as well as most herbs and shrubs.

Although there are great numbers of plants on the prairie proper, they are not of many different kinds; but in the timbered belts of the prairie, and along its rivers, there is more variety.

Wherever there are mountains, many rivers, and forests, there are sure to be also many kinds of plants. New England, with rugged features and large patches of old woods, although in great part cultivated as farm-land, has three times as many varieties or different sorts of plants and animals as can be found in any equal extent of prairie, although the prairie may have greater quantity of its few kinds, by reason of its being vastly more fertile and bathed by a more genial climate.—Yours truly, S. W. K.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

My Bird-House.

I have just read the directions for making a bird-house in St. Nicholas for April, 1877, and feel like setting to work at once to see if I can make anything as pretty as that little picture. But before getting out my hammer and saw, I want to tell you boys and girls about my bird-house, which is a much simpler affair, and would perhaps turn out better, with beginners, than the one already described for you.

My bird-house, by the way, is not my own invention. I read in some newspaper that an oyster-keg made a good bird-house, and an oyster-keg is what you must have in the first place Most of you know what these kegs are, and can easily get one from some store or some oyster-man. Leave the heads in, and stop up the bung-hole; then cut a round hole, two inches in diameter, in the side, about two inches from the end you design for the floor of your house, and nail this end firmly to a square piece of board large enough to project a couple of inches all round, like a little platform. Next, cover the outside of the keg with pieces of rough bark. If you have a wood-pile to go to, you can probably find logs from which you can pry off wide, curving pieces that will go half round your little house; but if not, you must get smaller bits from trees in the woods, and trim them with a knife to fit side by side; no matter if the joinings are not very close, when the house is fastened on some arbor or trellis, no eyes but the birds' can possibly see the crevices, and they are not critical, bright as they are. Use small brads for nailing on the bark, and if driven in a little on the slant, they will hold the bark more securely. For a roof, nail two wide strips of bark to the upper rim of the keg in such a position that their upper edges will meet to form a gable just in the middle above the door. It is not necessary to have this roof water-tight, because the head of the keg will keep out the rain; trim off the upper edges of the bark roof-sides so that they will meet closely, but if they do not stay together well, bore a few holes and take several stitches with fine wire, and your work will be better.

The house will look prettier if you make the roof both wide and deep, giving what, in a real house, would be called "overhanging eaves."

Last of all, fill up the open spaces under the gables with bits of bark trimmed to fit, and nailed to the sides of the keg. Now, your bird-house is complete! Nail it on top of the grape arbor, or in the crotch of a tree, and hang a bit of cotton-wool and a few hairs about the door, which the birds will read as we read the sign "To Let," and see if you do not have wrens and blue-birds coming to look at the vacant house, and, at last, some nice little couple "concluding to rent it for the summer."

No matter if your house is not ready until late in the season. I do not think all the birds get to housekeeping before June, and you know, often they build more than one nest in the course of the summer; so, unless there are too many cats about, I think you may be pretty sure of a tenant.

When I made my little house, I had no idea it would last more than one summer, but it has weathered the storms of four winters and still looks well. Every spring the wrens and blue-birds squabble and fight for possession of it, the wrens, I am sorry to say, always coming off conquerors! And every spring I watch the nest-building from my window with great satisfaction. O'B.

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Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ever so glad that you printed my letter, and the picture of my house, in the January number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I write this to tell you my thanks.

On New Year's day my friend Fannie and I received calls at my house; we had sixteen callers. We gave them coffee, candy, popcorn, macaroons, raisins, oranges and apples.

We had a real nice time.—Your friend, NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

TO C. LINDSLEY, JR.—An article about the house-fly will appear in ST. NICHOLAS before very long, and when it does, you will be able to find in it the answer to your question.

THE illustrated article about "Little Housemaids" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS was prepared after repeated visits to the so-called Kitchen-Garden classes of New York both by the author and the artist. We think all our boys and girls—and their parents, too—will be entertained by the account of this novel school; and we shall be glad if some of our older readers are prompted to take a practical interest in similar work.

Every class of twenty-four scholars at the Kitchen-Garden has four teachers, and a dozen or more classes in New York alone are taught by about fifty volunteers, who have been trained by Miss Huntington herself. There is plenty of room for more schools, and it is a good work for young girls to do, if they have leisure time and fit qualifications at command. The position of servant-girl becomes a grade of honor when once its duties are faithfully learned and cheerfully performed, and it is delightful to think of poor little street waifs being thus led to know the dignity of household service, and helped to enjoy its full benefits.

Miss Huntington has just printed a book by the aid of which any band of girls can start a Kitchen-Garden school in the right way and at almost no expense. No doubt any necessary questions will be cheerfully answered by the lady herself at 125 St. Mark's Place, New York, —though correspondents should bear in mind that her time is very much occupied by daily duties.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a rhyme which came from a young reader and admirer of yours in Wisconsin. The mercury there stood at 30 deg. below zero,—almost too cold for us, here, to imagine. Still, your magazine reaches many who can appreciate the lines if you print them. S. H. JOHNSON.

THIRTY BELOW ZERO.

WE sit and wish
That we, like fish,
Could live beneath the weather;
But sometimes go
To a hole to blow,
And wriggle back together.—LIZZIE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl that lives 'way down in Louisiana; I will tell you how I had the yellow fever this summer.

The yellow fever for a month had been all around us, and we were strictly quarantined from everybody, and never went outside our yard.

One afternoon, when my sisters and I were walking up and down the yard, I felt cold and came back to the house and went to bed with a slight headache. The next morning I woke up with the yellow fever; it was late in the day before we could get a doctor to come.

They kept me in bed without allowing me to put my hands outside of the cover, and all the time they were giving me foot-baths and hot bricks to keep up the perspiration; I had nothing but orange-leaf tea and hot lemonade until my fever left me; and it lasted fifty-four hours.

I was very sick the second night, but the third night, thanks to the care of a good nurse who sponged me, my fever was broken.

Then they began to give me a little nourishment, a spoonful every two hours; at last, on the tenth day, I was well enough to sit up and be washed, and have my things changed, but it was a whole month before I was allowed to eat dry bread. Does not that seem funny?

My little brother was taken shortly after I was, but, his fever being lighter, he would soon have been well had he not had a relapse. The good God kindly preserved us both and most miraculously spared the rest of our family from taking it.

I shall never forget the dreadful scenes of this summer.

I forgot to say that the very day I was taken sick my ST. NICHOLAS came and mother read it to me; after the first day the doctor would not let them read to me for a long time, so I often remember those pretty little stories. EDITH EUSTIS PUGH.

THE stars and star-groups or constellations named in Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's story, "The Boy Astronomer," of which the first part is published this month, will be found fully described and pictured in Professor Richard A. Proctor's illustrated astronomical articles published in ST. NICHOLAS for October and December 1876, and in all the numbers from January to October, 1877, inclusive.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in Professor W. K. Brooks' article, "How Birds Fly," the statement that "Birds also make use of the wind to aid them in flight, and by holding their wings inclined like a kite, so that the wind shall slide out under them, they can sail long distances without flapping their wings at all," etc. Is this correct in the sense here used?

Wind is air in motion in relation to objects on the earth's surface; while it is the motion, or velocity of birds in relation to the air which enables them to sail as described.

Professor Brooks remarks that the principle of this sailing is the same as the flight of a kite. This is true. The bird's inertia acts the same to it as the string acts to the kite. But the inertia of the bird is the same whether the bird is in motion and the air is at rest, or whether the bird remains "stationary" with the air in motion. Hence, the state of the air, whether at rest or in motion, has nothing to do with the number of minutes a bird can sail. The Professor also said that the wind drove the bird upward, and at the same time forward. If this were the case, why could not the bird sail as long as the wind lasted? I have always been told that no matter how great a gale is blowing, to persons sailing through the air in a balloon there always seems to be a perfect calm, unless, indeed, when the balloon suddenly passes from one current of air into another. Is this not so with birds floating in the air?

Can it be otherwise, since they sail equally well in all directions?

Hoping you do not disapprove of my stating my views, I remain your reader, EDWARD C. MERSHON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: My young correspondent seems to be able to think out for himself the problem of flight, and I know that if he will examine the subject again, watching the flight of birds, especially of the larger water-birds, with and against the wind, he will find that many of them are good sailers. He must bear in mind, though, that a bird is not a light body floating in the air like a balloon, but is heavy, and does not float, and that its weight, pulling it down upon the air beneath its wings, is the most important of the forces which drive it forward.—Yours truly, W. K. BROOKS.

Orange, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just heard this true story of two little girls, children of the principal of a boys' school.

They had always been in the habit of playing boys' games, and knew nothing of the delights of dolls. When they were three and four years old, their mother, thinking it a shame that they did not know how to play dolls, bought one for each of them. She spent the whole morning in teaching them to play. After a time she left them, thinking that they would be all right. When she came back, she found them using one of the dolls for a ball, playing "One old cat." The girl that had the bat was saying, "Pitch me a low one, Jennie," and the other replied, "No, Carrie, now it's my innings."—Yours truly, E. S. M.

EXPLANATION OF THE FROZEN PUZZLE,

(See March "Letter-Box" for the Puzzle.)

THE wires supporting the ice, in the frozen puzzle, melt the ice where they touch it, and it settles down, upon and around them, by its own weight. The wires, being very slender, melt only narrow, shallow grooves which they leave in the ice behind them. The water, running down from the ice, gathers in these grooves, and, being surrounded by the ice and protected from the air, the water freezes again, and thus closes up the grooves just as fast as the wires cut into the ice. Re-freezing like this happens whenever two wet surfaces of ice come close together, and we call it "regelation." It is this property of regelation that explains some of the strange movements of those great rivers of ice called "glaciers." Men used to think the ice bent and twisted round the sharp corners as it slipped down its crooked valleys. Now they know that ice never bends, but that the

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ice-river breaks and re-freezes, breaks and re-freezes, into new shapes, again and again, under this strange process of regelation. Lumps of ice swimming in hot water and touching one another, will freeze together in this way.

Break up some ice into small bits, close your hand tightly over a number of them, and plunge the fist into warm water. Hold it in the water a moment; then take it out and open the fingers, and you will find the bits of ice frozen together into a single lump.

An audacious young contributor sends us the following picture and jingle:

This figure
Is a nigure,
Made sick
By a brick.

Edward C. M. will find most of his questions more than answered in the article entitled "Little Puritans" which opens the present number.

As to the voyage of the "Mayflower,"—the ship left Delfthaven, Holland, in July, 1620, and did not cast anchor off the shore of the New World until December 11 of the same year. The children on board must indeed have been tired of their five months' voyage, cooped up with so many stern-looking men and sad-faced women in such a little vessel. Why, there are disagreeables enough even nowadays, in a nine-days' trip by a fine ocean steamship! However, the little Puritan boys no doubt had *some* good times in the few sunny hours of their weary journey, for sailors were fun-loving folk even in those days of hard, solemn living.

The voyagers left home in the middle of the beautiful summer, to come to a land about which they had heard little besides pleasant things; and they tossed and rolled and struggled through those long months of storm and calm, slowly buffeting their way to the home that was so bright in their fancy, only to land, one bleak wintry day, beneath a leaden sky, upon a rocky shore where there were no kind friends to welcome them into snug houses, but danger and want, and fierce red-skinned savages, to meet them. How disappointed all of them must have been! And yet, no doubt they were glad to land, and walk about, and feel the firm earth under foot once more.

Loisel Papin.—Hobson was a keeper of a large livery-stable in the university town of Cambridge, England, in his time the center of a famous fox-hunting district. He let out horses for hire, and, as he had none but good horses, he was well patronized, especially by students from the university. The customers used to haggle about terms, and some never would have any horses but the particular ones they liked, so the hostlers were bribed, some horses were overworked, others not worked at all, and vexatious quarrels sprang up, giving the stable a bad name. To cure these troubles, Hobson at last decided to have but one scale of prices, and made a rule that any person who should wish to hire a horse of his, must either take the one that came next in order in the stable or go without. After that, these regulations were never broken, and the stubborn old fellow became rich as well as famous on account of them and of the goodness of his horses.

And now, whenever you are obliged to take some one thing of a number, or else to go without, you are said to have "Hobson's choice."

Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Editor: The inclosed metrical rendering by S. Young of a little incident in a nursery school of this city seems to me to have merit.—I am, yours respectfully, Thos. K. Beecher.

A Crumb.

There were nine mothers'-darlings all gathered for school,
Where they learned to sit still for ten minutes by rule;
There was one little boy who three crackers had brought;
For eating was better than lessons, he thought;
When recess time came, then he brought out his lunch,
But eight other wee mouths there had nothing to munch.
We had always supposed his stomach was all
The organ he had, for his body was small;
But we were mistaken; for we did not know
That a generous heart was beginning to grow;
First he looked all around, then he nodded his head,
And "shevided" his crackers,—that 's just what he said,
And those nine little people were every one fed.
Will some of our wise men, when given to thought,
Please to tell what they think? Was a miracle wrought?
For the boy and the crackers were both very small,
But I saw for myself, there was plenty for all.
If we all were as ready as he to "shevide,"
If we looked all around with our eyes open wide,
If we did what we could to feed all that we meet,
And were willing to learn as a child at His feet,
Why might not many "wonderful works" now be done
Every day 'twixt the rising and setting of sun.

Answers to Puzzles in the February Number were received, before February 20, from Mabel Jenks and her brother—Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—"Tulpohocken"—W. E. Ward—O. C. Turner—each of whom answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers were received also from Fanny Seaver—J. Arnot Palmer—Bessie Hard—Jesse Robertson—C. Dorsey Gloninger—Albert T. Emery—Florence Wilcox—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Archan D Tillett—Daisy Wakelee—Flavel S Mines—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"The Mr. Flint Man"—"Fordyce Aimée"—Mabel Gordon—John V. L. Pierson—Dora N. Babbitt—Agnes Nicholson—Freddie T. Krafft—Florence Wilcox—Camille Giraud—Golden-haired Flaxie—A. T. Stoutenburg—Severn P. Allnutt—Mary G. Arnold—Frankie T. Benedict—Fannie F. Smith and A. F. Freeman—Harry Noel—Stephen Wray—Bertha Potts—Bessie S. Hosmer—Maggie J. Gemmill—Willie H. Meeker—Bertie H. Jackson—R. R. Blydenburgh—Bessie and Constance Myer—Bessie C. Barney—James F. Bullitt—Katie Burnett—Sarah Gallett—Harold Bald—Bertha F. Keferstein—Ronald K. Brown—Frances Hunter—Edward Roome—A. H. Howard.

Eggroe Nohairs sends proof showing that the Domino Puzzle in the February number may be solved in 40,320 different ways; and F. H. R. explains how 5,040 solutions may be made. Following are the names of the other answerers, and the numbers of solutions they sent: Forty solutions; James F. Bullitt—Sixteen solutions; H. W. Blake—Twelve solutions; O. C. Turner—Eight solutions; William R. Springer.

Seven solutions; Hattie A. Connor—Bessie C. Barney.

Four solutions; Geordie J. Anderson.

Three solutions; Jessie Robertson—K. Hartley—Belle Cole—Mabel Gordon—W. E. Ward.

Two solutions; Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Belle and Kittie Matteson—Mabel G. Buffington—Flora A. Crane—Bertie H. Jackson.

One solution; A. E. Davis—Fanny Seaver—J. M. Roberts, Jun.—"Helen"—Helen A. Deakin—Florence Cleaver—Fanny Elliott—Emma C. Fitch—Nallie Colvin—Fred Wanner—Helen L. Rogers—Frank S. Clarke—Samuel Adams—Albert H. Barrows—Charlie Blauvelt—Seth Hayes—Mabel Jenks and her brother—Willie E. Preston—Alice M. Harding—W. Tippitt Mausan—Will Whitford—Ned Whitford—Eddie S. Stetson—Bessie and Hattie Faulkner—Florence Wilcox—Freddie Shirley—Frankie Hart—"Hobart"—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Nellie M. Cunningham—Fanny Eaton—Fred L. Bancroft—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"J. M. A."—Georgie Kohler—Howard T. Garrett—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—Seward M. Coe—Walter J. Connor—C. B. Keeler—Louisa W. Kirkland—H. R. T.—Helen Risteen—Agnes Nicholson—"Arrowroot"—Jas. Walter Turner—A. T. Stoutenburg—Laura C. Bown—Harry K. Zust—Frank Dennis—Harry Burrows—Mary E. Hitchcock—"Tulpohocken,"—May Parsons—Harry Noel—Flora Jones—Willie J. Warner—Willie H. Meeker—Vee Cornwell—Joseph B. Breck—R. R. Blydenburgh—P. L. Smith—Freddie Willets—R. Bishop—C. C. Gallup.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In unconstitutional. 2. Human beings. 3. A sour fruit. 4. A negative word. 5. In superincumbent.

VERY EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in cotton, but not in silk:
My second in water, but not in milk.
My third is in noble, but not in peer.
My fourth is in sword, but not in spear.
My fifth is in mail, but not in post.
My sixth is in slide, but not in coast.
And now you will see, if you rede this aright,
My whole is something which gives you light.

E. G. W.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. SYNCOPATE a thread-like substance and leave to shoot. 2. Syncopate the shore and leave expense. 3. Syncopate the name of a wise Greek and leave shortly. 4. Syncopate part of a flower and leave a loud sound. 5. Syncopate tumult and leave part of the face. 6. Syncopate a round roof and leave an animal. 7. Syncopate to languish and leave to fall. 8. Syncopate a kind of play and leave part of the head. 9. Syncopate a relative and leave a city of Lombardy. The syncopated letters, read in order, name an American sea-port.

A. B.

SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.

1. I FLOAT upon the water, and my parts are a drink, a person, and a shout. 2. Change the drink into a river, and I become what a man did in search for buried treasure. 3. Change the river into a vegetable, and I become an impudent-looking animal. 4. Change the vegetable into an insect and I become another insect. 5. Change the insect into a bird and I become a vessel, such as is celebrated in a popular Irish song. 6. Change the bird into a pet name for a girl and I become a drinking-vessel. 7. Change the pet name into a French measure of surface, and I become a kind of carpet. 8. Change it into another measure, and I become an ear.

9. Turn the person into the name of the first tone in the minor musical scale, and I become a game or label.

10. Let the shout become an insect, and I change to an article useful to washerwomen.

CUTTER.

FRENCH BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD mirth and leave a bird. 2. Behead a handsome girl and leave a personal pronoun. 3. Behead to own and leave to perceive. 4. Behead a shining body and leave one. 5. Behead a tempest and leave great anger. 6. Behead poor-looking and leave sour. 7. Behead a part of the body and leave another part of it. 8. Behead disdain and leave enchanted. 9. Behead to seize and leave to restore. 10. Behead part of the face and leave a personal pronoun. 11. Behead a domestic animal and leave a drink. 12. Behead a wise person and leave a preposition.

HOPE.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

THE answer is an adage very pleasant to remember when work is done. Every other letter is omitted.

"A-L-O-K-N-N-P-A-M-K-S-A-K-D-L-B-Y."

E. B.

NEW WORD-PUZZLES.

IN each of the following sentences, fill up the blanks with words that complete the sense, taking care that the words themselves, when joined to form one word, agree with the definition that follows the sentence. Thus:

Example: Ask Bridget if she will come on washing-day —— —— for me. Definition: An old-time utensil for holding an open fire in place.

In this example, the blanks must be filled with the words "and iron," which complete the sense, and which, when joined,—forming the word "andiron,"—agree with the definition that follows the sentence.

1. I came to —— —— of your beautiful flowers, as I have none at all. Definition: Depart.

2. "Look at my hair," said Grandma; "this —— —— has silvered already." Definition: Toll paid for passing from one level of a canal to another.

3. Let that —— —— home; he is of no use here! Definition: An East-Indian fruit, usually pickled when exported to the United States.

4. Oh—oh—oh! I really don't see why my teeth —— ——! Definition: A form of beard.

5. You, my poetic friend, are desired to prepare an —— —— music to be recited on examination day. Definition: A name given by the ancient Greeks to a theater used for literary or musical purposes. People nowadays occasionally make a similar use of the name.

6. When those shares are at ——, —— care to sell out. Definition: To take one's portion with other folk.

7. "—— ——, that girl next to you," said the teacher; "and tell her not to tilt her chair." Definition: A small vase or dish.

8. His debts he never will ——, —— though he is to discharge them all at any time. Definition: Due.

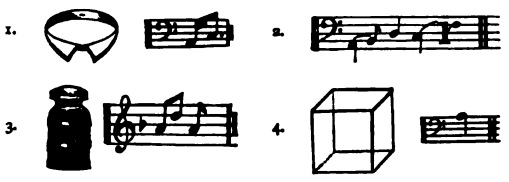
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer contains twenty-five letters, and is a quotation from Young's "Night Thoughts."

1. The 1, 16, 4, 24 is a girl's name. 2. The 7, 11, 22, 19, is an ornamental vessel. 3. The 10, 15, 3, 14, is a journey for pleasure. 4. The 13, 8, 1, 5, is a small animal, useful in gardens. 5. The 17, 23, 6, 2, is a sign of some event which is to happen. 6. The 20, 9, 12, 6, is a trick or stratagem. 7. The 25, 21, 18, 19, is a small silver coin.

ISOLA.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.



SQUARE-WORD BLANKS.

"ONE day, in former times, a —— was dining with an eminent state official in Venice, and was enjoying a highly-seasoned ——, when his elegant —— flashed in the sunlight, and, unfortunately, caught the eye of the —— himself: 'unfortunately,' for next day came a polite message from the grasping ruler, and the brilliant ornament changed owners."

In the above sentence, fill the four blanks with words of four letters each and suited to the sense. The words thus used, if written down one below another in the order of their appearance in the sentence, will form a word-square, and, reading across, beginning at the top, will have the following meanings: 1. One who is in a position of responsibility: a title derived from Anglo-Saxon words meaning "bread-keeper." 2. A dish of boiled or stewed meat: a collection of various musical pieces. 3. A hoop. 4. The title of a magnate of Italy in former times.

B.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams contains the letters used to form a name marked upon all school-maps of North America. The problem is to re-arrange the letters of each anagram in such a way that they will spell correctly the name which has to be found.

1. Aid Nina. 2. African oil. 3. A Balaam. 4. Asses must chat. 5. Ask Abner. 6. Thorn in a coral. 7. O, no such a trial! 8. Nine atoms. 9. Sin in cows.

W.

TWO TRIPLE ACROSTICS.

I. READING ACROSS: 1. A vehicle. 2. Bustle. 3. To step quickly. Primals: A carriage. Finals: The French word for good. Centrals: A girl's name. Primals and Finals connected: Charcoal.

II. Reading across: 1. A Hebrew dry measure. 2. Fuss. 3. A boy's name. Primals: A truck on wheels. Finals: A lad. Centrals: Trouble. Primals and Finals connected: A large enclosed bottle used for carrying chemicals.

C. D.

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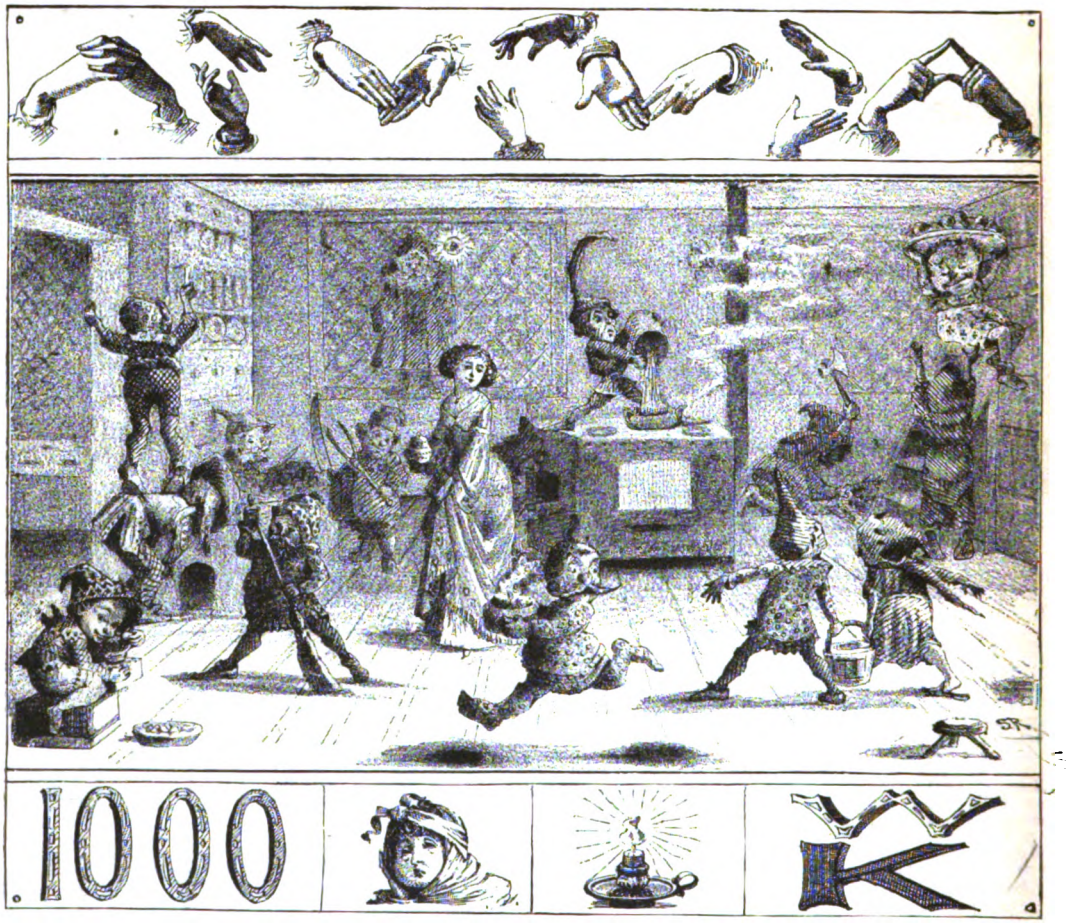
REBUS.



The answer is a common proverb containing five words. The upper picture must be read first, then the pictures at the bottom from left to right. The central picture represents the whole proverb put in practice. S. A. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

Numerical Enigma.—"Let there be light." 1. Light. 2. Ether. 3. Betel.

Couplet.—Though thou art fair, I love thee not.
Not heed my prayer, Beauty? For what?

Dialogue Name-Puzzle.—The names of the twelve authors are: Dickens, Shakspeare, Dante, Martineau, Defoe, Hawthorne, Beranger, Bulwer Lytton, Berthold Auerbach, Carlyle, Chaucer, Holmes.

The names of the six personages mentioned in the works of some of the authors are: Pelham, com*pel ham*mering, Bulwer Lytton; Lear, miserab*le ar*rangement, Shakspeare; Beatrice, *be at rice*, Dante; Man Friday, *man, Friday* last, Defoe; Barkis, dog's *bark is*, Dickens; Sterling, young*ster ling*ering, Carlyle.

Biographical Enigma.—William Cullen Bryant. 1. Lily. 2. Wilt. 3. Nun. 4. Camel. 5. Bar.

Compound Square.—

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C L A N E W S
L I V E V I L
A V O W I D E
N E W S L E D
E B A L A N E
W A N E N D S
S L E D E S K
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Diagonal Diamond.—

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      C
    A S U
  P U S A F
E N E S I D F
  D A R E A
    E Y U
      N
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Double Diamond.—Across: 1. S. 2 FOe. 3. RaBbi 4. NEb. 5. R. Down: 1. R. 2. FAn. 3. SoBer. 4. EBb. 5. I.

Pictorial Puzzle.—Reflections. — Cross-Word.—Water.

Square-Word.—1. Duck. 2. Upon. 3. Code. 4. Knee.

Hidden Shakspearian Sentence.—"The evil that men do lives after them." *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., sc. 2. Yet *he*. Hence, *villain*. Not *hate*. *Me now*. Cord *or*. *Live she*. Here*after*. *The meanest*.——Picture Puzzle.—"Try, try again!"

Names of Authors Enigmatically Expressed.—1. Webster. 2. Scott. 3. Gay. 4. Baillie. 5. Hood. 6. Sheridan. 7. Emmett. 8. Lamb. 9. Wordsworth. 10. Child. 11. Gray. 12. Crabbe. 13. Paine. 14. Longfellow. 15. Prior. 16. Brooke. 17. Cook. 18. Pope. 19. Burns. 20. Swift. 21. Bacon. 22. Lowell. 23. Coleridge. 24. Sterne. 25. Goldsmith.——Charade.—Fraudulent.

Double Acrostic Enigma.—Initials: Moon Finals: Tide. Cross-words: 1. MendicanT. 2. OssolI. 3. OnwarD. 4. NightingalE.

Twenty-Four Concealed Animals.—1. Dog, old *Oglethorpe's*. 2. Ape, *a pebble*. 3. Lemur, little *murmur*ing. 4. Toad, in*to a dark*. 5. Loris, *lo! rising*. 6. Wapiti, saw *a pitiful*. 7. Camel, *came limping*. 8. Stag, *stag*gering. 9. Bear, *be a rat*. 10. Chamois, such *a moist*. 11. Sable, seems *able*. 12. Goat, to *go at*. 13. Sloth, appears *loth*. 14. Doe, *do even*. 15. Rabbit, land-*crab bit*. 16. Lion, shall *I? On* second. 17. Eland, little *land*ing. 18. Yak, fly *a kite*. 19. Fawn, half-*awning*. 20. Cat, to *catch*. 21. Fox, stiff *ox*-goad. 22. Elk, carame*l K*ate. 23. Hyena, "Oh *ye na*tions." 24. Ass, in *as* startling.

For list of the answerers of the February Puzzles, see "Letter-Box."

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F. Lorenec Rogers

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THE MAY KING.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. MAY, 1879. No. 7.

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THE KING OF MAY.

BY M. M. D.

HE was n't very pretty,
  He was n't very wise,
And he stood, when asked a question,
  In paralyzed surprise.
A freckled lad, a speckled lad
  Who *would* turn in his toes,
And—though not absolutely bad—
  Had such a funny nose!
He had n't any manners,
  He did n't know his books,
And I must own, his principles
  Did not belie his looks.
He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play;
And every hair grew a different way,—
Then why did they make him King of the May?

Yes blithely, in a circle,
  They whirled around their king;
And there he stood, half crying
  Half pleased to hear them sing,
Till in his heart, a mighty part
  Was given him to do;
Emotion thrilled his little breast
  And gave him fervor new:
"I 'll do it! that I will!" he thought.
"It is n't much. I know I ought!——"
    "Oh do! Oh do! Oh do!" sang they,
    "And we will crown you King of May!"

"I 'll do it! Yes, I 'll do it!"
  His heart sang back, again,
Until a ray of loveliness
  Came to his face so plain.
His eyelids quivered; he almost shivered;
  His young form stood erect,—

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When manly thoughts stir boyish souls
  What else can you expect?—
And still they sang their roundelay,
The circling girls so sweet and gay,
About their king, their King of May!

Hark! The king is speaking:
  The eager girls press near.
He says aloud: "I 'll do it!"
  In ringing voice, and clear.
And from his pocket, as from a socket,
  Slowly he drew it forth,—
He looked to East, he looked to West,
  He looked to South and North,—
The skies their blest assurance gave,
'T was noble to be kind and brave.
He drew it forth; he gave it over,
As though he were each maiden's lover,
  As though it were his life.
The thing they 'd begged for hours and hours
To cut the May-pole vines and flowers,—
  That little rascal's knife!

Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day!
How gleefully they skip away,
Leaving alone their King of May,
His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!

THE ARITHMETIC OF GINGERBREAD.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

"R-U-D-I-M-E-N-T-S, rudiments," spelled Katy. "B'lieve I 'll find out what that means this very minute; it 's better 'n these horrid fractions," and she started to look for the word in the worn old Webster's "Unabridged" that papa had banished from his handsome shelves to the children's room upstairs.

Poor Katy!—she had been droning wearily through the rules for multiplication and division of fractions all the long afternoon study-hour. It was just the dreariest part of the whole book. "Case First,—To multiply a fraction by a whole number. Case Second,—To multiply a whole number by a fraction." These were the very worst, scarcely exceeded by the corresponding rules for division, and Katy had just about worn out her brown eyes crying over the cases in which you multiplied by the numerator and divided by the denominator, or multiplied by the denominator and divided by the numerator.

"It is just the hatefulest old study in school, mamma," said Katy to her mother, who passed through the room and looked askance at Katy's red eyes,—"the very hardest one to see any use in. I don't suppose I 'll ever in all my life have to multiply or divide a whole number by a fraction; hope not, any way. I despise halves and quarters of things so awfully."

Mamma did n't reply, but wearily threw herself down on the little bed that was kept in the nursery, with very dark circles about her eyes, and a pale, tired face.

"Do you believe, Katy, you could go down and stir up some ginger-cakes for tea? Christine is hurrying with her ironing, and Mary must take baby while I go and sleep off, if possible, this

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miserable headache," said Mrs. Richards, only half opening her weary eyelids.

"O yes, mamma, anything is better than these hateful rudiments. I looked that up just now in Webster. 'First beginnings,' it says; only I think it 's hard enough to be the last endings;" but seeing no brightening in her mother's eye, she hastened to help her down into her own room. Then with gentle hand she settled the pillows comfortably, saturated a handkerchief with camphor, closed the shutters, and ran softly down still another flight of steps into the basement kitchen.

"Christine, I 'm to make ginger-cakes for tea, all my own self. Mamma said so, and she 's gone to lie down and sleep off her headache, and must n't be disturbed," said Katy, half afraid that Christine might hunt up confirmation of the gingerbread business. It was something new, certainly, to turn this harum-scarum little creature loose in the pantry to rummage the spice-boxes, and break up the cream in the cellar in her search for sour milk. But, with large families, there are times when the work crowds fearfully, and the only way is to press more hands into the service, not minding always if they are unskilled ones.

"Vell, Mees Katy, please keep te muss ober dare in te sink so mooch as you can," said Christine, evidently not jubilant at the prospect of cleaning up after a little girl's baking; "an' don't leaf te wet spoon in te soda, nor drip te sour milk roun' te clean cellar. It 's dare in te big jar unter te vindow."

Katy got down the gem-irons for the first thing, greased them with Mary's patent griddle-greaser (a pine stick plentifully supplied with cotton rags at one end); then climbed up to the shelf where the book of recipes was kept.

"'Meeses Vite's soft ginger-cake' is vat you wants, Mees Katy, an' we takes 'double of the receipt,'" said Christine, quoting an expression familiar to Yankee cooks.

"That 's just two of everything. *I know*," and Katy tossed her curls with an air of conscious greatness.

"Two times one cup of molasses,—here goes that. Two times two spoonfuls of soda,—that 's four spoons. My! but does n't it foam up beautifully! Two spoons ginger in two-thirds of a cup of hot water—no—oh, dear! It is the soda that ought to go in the hot water, and—oh, horrors! it 's *two times two-thirds* of a cup of hot water. Well, now! If those hateful fractions are n't right here in this gingerbread! Christine, O Christine!" cried Katy in despair. "Come and tell me how much is two times two-thirds of a cup!" But Christine, alas! had already gone upstairs, with her basket of white, freshly ironed clothes poised on her head.

"Two times two-thirds of a cup. Why, it must be more 'n one cup, and yet it says 'of a cup.' If 't was n't for that, I 'd go and get two cups and fill them each two-thirds full; but it can't be only two times two-thirds of *a* cup—that 's one cup." And the poor little girl found herself in worse "deeps," even, than ever she had fathomed in the "Rudiments."

Ned came into the kitchen at that moment, his books flung over his shoulder, and Katy's face lighted up. She could appeal to him. But when she asked him how much two times two-thirds of a cup could be, Ned, with all a boy's wisdom, gave answer like this:

"Two times two-thirds? Case of multiplying a fraction by a whole number. Rule: 'Multiply the numerator of the fraction by the whole number and place the result over the denominator.'

"Two times two-thirds are four-thirds. Improper fraction. Reduce to a whole or mixed number. Rule: 'Divide the numerator by the denominator.' Three is in four once and one-third over. One cup and one-third of a cup."

"But it says 'of a cup,' Ned. Who 'd ever think that 'of a cup' meant part of two cups?" argued Katy, in a despairing tone.

"Well, I did n't write the receipt-book, Kit, and besides, that 's grammar, not arithmetic, and I 'm not up in grammar." And Ned, wisely refraining from venturing beyond his attainments, went upstairs to put away his books.

"Who 'd ever 'a' thought of such a thing," whispered Katy to herself, "that Rudiments would come handy in making ginger-cakes?"

The family ate them hot for supper that night, despite Doctor Dio Lewis and all the laws of health, and pronounced them very fine cakes indeed. What they lacked in ginger (you see Katy, in her perplexity over the hot water, forgot to double the ginger) papa made up in praise, and, as mamma's headache was gone, they all were happy.

Katy was early at school the next morning, and, shying up to the teacher's desk, she said:

"Miss Johnson, you looked as if you thought I was either crazy or stupid the other day, when I said I did n't believe Rudiments were 'in anything in the world.' You see, I meant 'in' anything we *do* or *make*. But I 've come to tell you that I 've changed my mind. Last night I had to make gingerbread for tea, and the first thing I knew, I got right into fractions—two-thirds of things—and all the rules."

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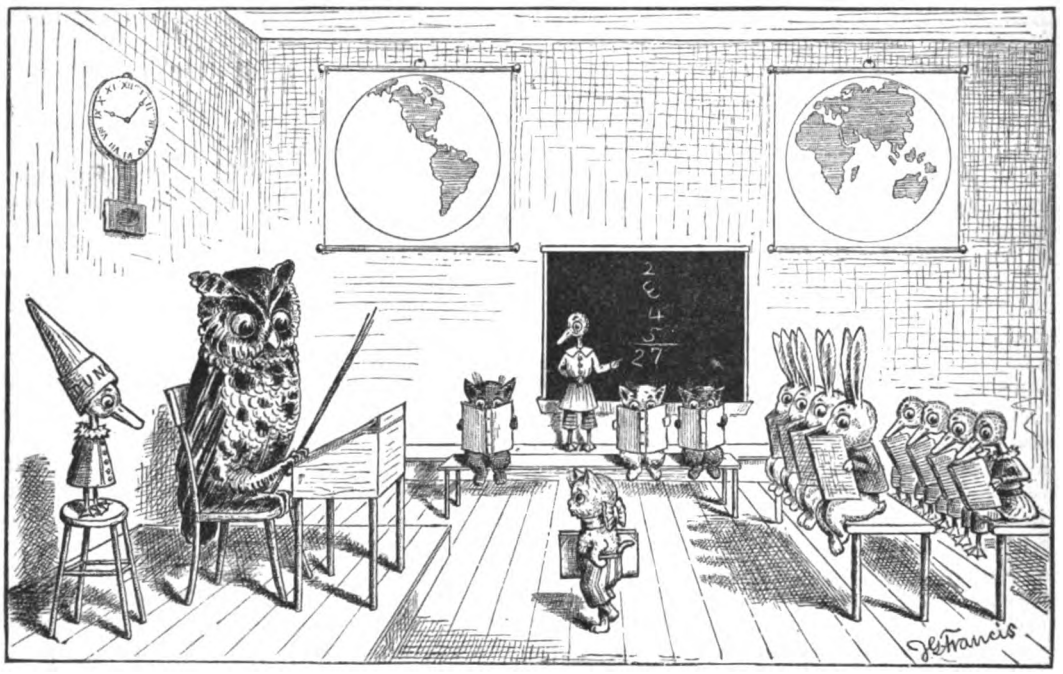

LATE!

THE LAND OF THE POWDER-PLAYERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

BETWEEN the great desert of Sahara and the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea lies a strip of very fertile country which has been inhabited as a favorite part of the globe ever since history remembers, and no doubt for thousands of years before. It was there that Carthage was founded, and it was for conquering this fine region that the noble Roman general, Scipio was given extraordinary honors.

The countries occupying the western part of this northern edge of Africa are known as the Barbary States, and the westernmost of them is Morocco. It was out at sea, beyond Morocco, that the fabled isle of Atlantis lay. This island (whence is derived the name of the "Atlantic" Ocean which washes these shores) was itself named after a mountain called Atlas, which was called so because it was very high, and reminded every one of Atlas, the old hero of the myth. It seemed to uphold the sky on its shoulders, as he sustained the world. The ancient word is still heard applied, however, to the whole range which separates the fertile coast-region from the arid interior; but the Roman name of the country, *Mauritania*, has been changed to Morocco, from Arabic words meaning "the extreme west."

Two distinct classes of people form the bulk of the population in Morocco—Berbers and Moors. The Berbers are the descendants of the aborigines, the ancient first inhabitants of the land. The Moors are the descendants of their Arab conquerors. Following closely upon the decline and extinction of Rome as the great ruling power of the world, Arabia came to the front, and her armies penetrated westward into the valley of the Nile, conquered all the desert worth taking, crossed the dry, hot plains of Tripoli, and overran northwestern Africa, the home of the Berbers, to the very coast of the Atlantic. Then they crossed to Spain, and established that bright civilization which

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was the only shining spot in Europe during the Dark Ages, and to which we all of us owe a very large part of the present advancement of the world in learning.

But about five hundred years ago the power of the Arabs or Moors, as they were called in Spain, began to decline, and not long after all were driven back to Africa before the Spanish armies. It was their desire for revenge, perhaps, and their endless hatred to everything not Arabian, rather than mere desire for booty, which caused them at this time to equip so many vessels with the best and bravest of their seamen, and send them out as pirates to cruise throughout the Mediterranean not only, but far out into the Atlantic. Those were the years when Spain was in her glory, and her fleets loaded with the gold and silver and precious stones of her West Indian colonies and her other American conquests, were sailing homeward to enrich the estates and contribute to the luxury of the proud old Castilians. But such voyages grew doubly dangerous; for, if the Spanish galleons escaped the blood-thirsty buccaneers of Hayti and the Windward Islands, they still had to run the gauntlet of the dreaded corsair, whose keen-eyed lookouts espied them as they approached the Canaries, or sailed swiftly down upon them when the lofty summits of Gibraltar or the Portuguese shore were almost in sight. The corsairs grew wealthy and bold. They took possession of the towns along the coast of Morocco and Algiers, fortified them, and defied all interference. They seized vessels sailing under every flag, murdered their crews or sold them into slavery to the wandering tribes of the interior, and ruled the high seas until Christian nations could stand it no longer, and England sent her ships of war to destroy their forts by cannon, and burn their vessels with bomb-shells and Greek-fire.

Now as one crosses in the steamer from Marseilles, or sails along the picturesque coast some sunny day, no traces of those fierce old times of the Barbary pirates remain. The strongholds of the exterminated Corsairs have been dismantled for many a year, and peace and business activity reside in this old resort of lawlessness and vice.

Tangier is the port where the French steamers land,—or rather where they anchor; for the town has no such great wharves and warehouses as have New York and Liverpool. The moment the steamer comes to a stop she is surrounded by hosts of small boats who carry passengers and luggage to shore; yet even they cannot quite make a landing, but stop outside of the surf on the shelving beach, where stout porters take us and our trunks on their shoulders and carry us through the breakers to the dry land. It is as primitive and savage a way of entering a country as if we were the first persons that ever set foot there. Were it an American or English port there would be an iron and stone pier built at once far out to deep water; but the one thing which, to a European, seems the strongest characteristic of the people in Morocco is their laziness. It is quite useless to try to hurry anybody. If you attempt it, they look at you in surprise, utterly unable to comprehend why you should be anxious about haste.—"Life is long," they say. They never stand, if they can help it, and when they rest do not sit on a chair, as we do, ready to rise quickly, but lounge upon divans or squat cross-legged on rugs on the floor. Even their meals are all taken in this awkward fashion, the tea-pot, cups and saucers and various other dishes, being placed upon fantastic little tables only a few inches high, which would serve admirably for an American girl's play-house. The poorer classes, however, dispense with even these formalities, and take their dinners by means of their fingers out of a big central dish of rice, or mutton-broth and some broken loaves of coarse bread, everybody lounging round on the ground, and scrambling as best he can to get his share before the platterful is exhausted. This, as may be supposed, is not at all a pleasant way of boarding. "If you are not fully acquainted with the customs of this strange land," said a recent traveler, "you may be astonished at having your entertainer's fingers thrust into

LANDING AT TANGIER.

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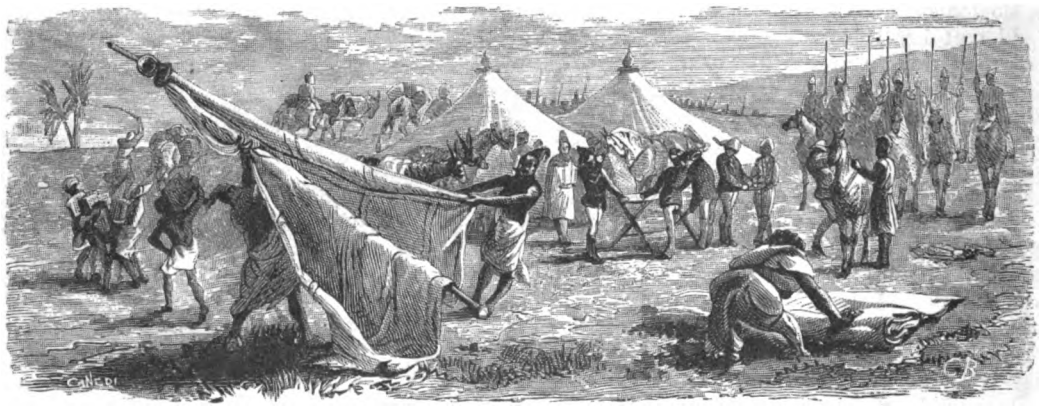
your mouth with a tasty morsel, but this is a good sign. You are sure of his favor if he does so!"

The principal sea-port of Morocco is Tangier, a heaped-up little town, nearly opposite Gibraltar. Its streets are narrow and irregular, and here you may see Oriental life in great and picturesque variety. No two people you meet in the street are dressed the same way,—at least, no two men, for all the Moorish women are mere bags of white bathing towels, and as like as peas in a pod. Fancy young ladies in the United States compelled all through their lives to stick to one color and style of attire! But if there is a sameness about the ladies, quite different is it with their lords and masters; the gorgeous silken costumes of the Jews and Moors, and the rags and filth of the lower caste blacks, filling the eye as quickly as the changes in a kaleidoscope. Here comes a particularly resplendent merchant; his right sleeve is green, his left yellow, his waistcoat bright scarlet, with gilt buttons; his waist is girt with a blue sash, below which are white trousers as far as the knee, no stockings, and yellow slippers. All this, surmounted by a gorgeous turban, gives the wearer the appearance of just starting for a masquerade ball, instead of quietly pursuing his everyday avocations, as he really is doing.

AT THE TEA-TABLE.

If you mean to travel to Fez, the large town where the Sultan of Morocco lives, or to some of the semi-civilized villages of the interior, you must join a caravan. There are no railroads in Morocco; it will be a long time, I fear, before there are any. It is doubtful if there is a single line of regular postal stages, and when the merchants from the large towns desire to go back into the country to sell their goods, or to collect the fruit and crops of the farmers for sale at the sea-coast, a large number of them combine, often secure an escort of soldiers to prevent their being attacked and robbed by wandering marauders, and make extensive trips. However it may be for a native, it is utterly unsafe for a white man to travel through the country, except under the protection of one of these caravans, for the Moors deem it their duty to kill "dogs of Christians" whenever they have a good opportunity.

These caravans sometimes contain thousands of animals,—horses for the merchants and soldiers, mules for those of the servants who do not go on foot, donkeys, camels, and oxen to carry the burdens or draw the rude, heavy carts. The camping-place of such a caravan is an extremely interesting spectacle, and if ever the leisurely Arabs *do* bestir themselves, it



THE CARAVAN.—GETTING READY FOR AN EARLY START.

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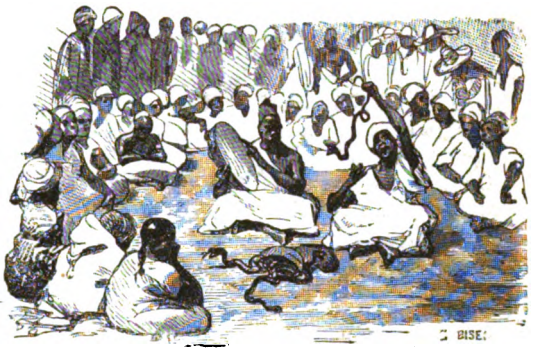
is in making a start, just as the morning sun gets a level look at them over the fringe of palm-trees along the horizon. The camping-place is usually chosen near some village. If the inhabitants are Arabs, they will show great hospitality, hastening to offer help and food until the caravan is supplied, and a great chattering of tongues goes on as the news of the day is exchanged; but at the Berber villages the travelers must look out for themselves, and get their supper-fires going as best they can. The Berbers have not outgrown their ancient enmity.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance,—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig-trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the indolent people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his plowing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat, or a cow and a mule, or any other creatures (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow which would be a fine curiosity for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece, is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen; for in parts of Mexico an almost exactly similar excuse for a plow has been used for three hundred years, and may perhaps be used for three hundred more.

When the caravan reaches a town of considerable size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and between the entertainments of the village people and the recreations at the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories our translations contain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea, or lemonade in some little café of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and the familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. These tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livelihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS.

PLOWING IN MOROCCO.

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towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physicians frequently recommend the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theaters, are the shows of the snake-charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks and body, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed," by its incessant discords.

But even this fondling of reptiles is not the most hateful of the sights which are to be seen in the Moorish towns under the name of entertainment.

Several times during the year the Arab inhabitants of a town hold certain half-religious festivals called the Feasts of the Aissouia, which, in many ways, are as revolting as the orgies of the lowest savages.

Though the Arabs are shy of foreign eyes at their rites, the tourist may get an invitation to these performances, if he happens to have a friend among the natives. Following his guide through a maze of tortuous streets, and up a great many flights of stone steps, he will finally be conducted to a small hall of Moorish architecture, with the characteristic horse-shoe arches supported upon marble pillars, and no roof except, perhaps, a fragment of striped awning. Around the inside runs a gallery occupied by veiled Moorish ladies, and ornamented with a few flags, which alone relieve the glare of whitewash on all sides of this queer building. The floor is laid with octagonal tiles of red and white, and upon red mats, around a small "altar" in the center, sit the musicians and performers, while the spectators find places behind.

THE POWDER-PLAY ON HORSEBACK.

The chosen performers will dance barefooted upon red-hot plates of iron and on beds of living coals; will lick rods of red-hot iron; will take burning torches between their teeth, and hold flaming oil-wicks until the blaze has burned straight into the palms of their hands; will swallow nails and stones; will even snatch up a living scorpion and crunch it between the teeth, with as keen relish as

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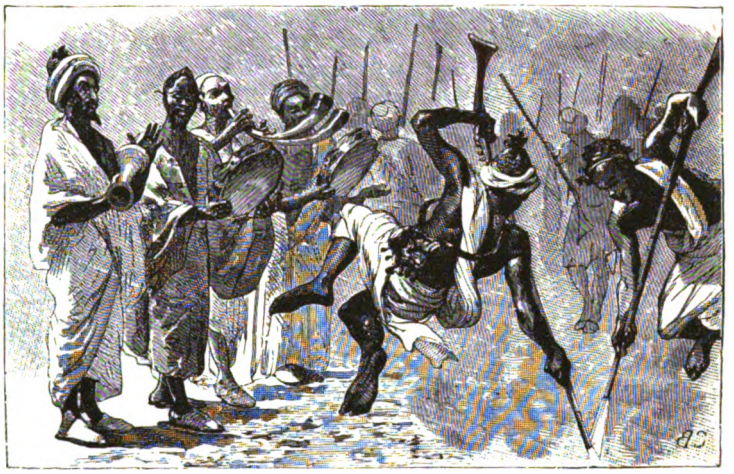
that with which a newsboy eats a shrimp. All this is gone through with (for money) to the harsh tumult of half a dozen rude drums and horns, which make a fit accompaniment to these horrid remnants of pagan fire-worship. What can be expected of a people whose delight is in witnessing such sickening exhibitions?

A much more interesting, though no less noisy, recreation, is the powder-play, a game that may take place on foot or on horseback, for these Moors, as everybody knows, are nearly as much at home in the saddle as afoot. The horsemen engaged in the game ride at an exceedingly rapid pace, carrying loaded guns which they discharge as they dash about in all kinds of positions,—above, below, on either side, and straight forward. The noble horses seem to enter into the wild rush and noise of the fun as much as their masters, and the celerity with which the various movements are executed is wonderful. Not only do the younger men take part in the sport, but old, gray-headed men enjoy it with keen interest and equal spirit. Another kind of powder-play is performed on foot. The band strikes up a fearful din under the name of music, and in the midst of the distracting medley two lines of men, that have formed opposite one another, rush together, and, throwing their bodies into wonderful attitudes, fire their guns, and shout and yell as though in actual battle. The Arabs call this powder-play *Lab-el-barode.*



THE POWDER-PLAY ON FOOT.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER AT THE OBSERVATORY.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Part II.

It was a day of days for Johnny Parsons when the letter came from the school-master, saying he had reached the city, with his wife, on the way home from Niagara, and would be at the station on Wednesday to meet Johnny, who was to be sent up as luggage and charged to the express-man, and go out to the observatory that night to be given the freedom of the big telescope and the stars.

Nobody ever trod in boots with more importance than he did when the stage stopped at the gate. It was not every one that could have the privilege of visiting the observatory and using the big telescope there,—Johnny felt as if astronomers made the world, and he was an astronomer. He scorned to sit inside the coach, and he would not be swung up to the driver's side by the strong arms extended; he climbed up by himself, and his father followed, and the whip cracked and they were off. He turned and waved his hat at his mother and the girls, and then gave his undivided attention to the off-wheeler, who felt his oats, the driver said. It seemed to Johnny that the coach went a snail's pace; he was sure he could get more speed out of that team; once or twice he offered to take the reins and give the driver a rest; but the driver laughed, and chucked him under the chin with his thumb, and said he would as soon let Bildad the Shuhite have them. This contemptuous remark cut Johnny to the heart, and for the rest of the ride he wore the look of a scornful martyr. However, he presently—although, to be sure, temporarily—forgot the insult on being put on board the train. He expressed, of course, his intention of riding on the engine, but it being indispensable that he should be clean upon arrival, that was forbidden; and he was told to keep as quiet as he could, and do what the expressman said, and not to lose his money or his pocket-hand-

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kerchief,—at both of which articles he looked so often, to make sure, that he was kindly relieved of them, by some obliging but unknown person, before the journey's end. When at last the train rolled slowly into the station, there stood the school-master to receive him.

"You're my brother now," said Johnny. "Then I need n't call you Mister any more, need I?"

The school-master laughed, and took him along to his sister, who kissed him till Johnny opened his eyes, wondering why she had never found out his excellences and kissed him so before; and then she gave him a good dinner and put him away to sleep for a couple of hours, that he might be all fresh for his night-ride among the stars.

It was a charming night, dark and clear and cold; the green and red lights of the street-cars, moving along in this direction and in that, seemed like a dream of stars to begin with; not the pure and distant white light of stars, however, but somewhat as those might be if polluted by the life of cities; Johnny thought, losing his conceit of himself in the fancies that the scene called forth, as they crossed the long bridge with its chain of lamps repeated in the water, and the great city with all its twinkling lights ceased to gleam behind them.

Leaving the cars, they walked slowly up a hill-side, through an avenue of firs, that quieted Johnny's excitement a little, and seemed indeed so home-like that when at length they reached a simple-looking dwelling-house, Johnny began to think one telescope was, after all, pretty much like another, and to plume himself and to look a little for others to plume him; and then he saw something looming darkly behind the house as if even this simple-looking dwelling had weird surroundings, and his imagination got the better of him and made him cling to the school-master's hand. They went round the corner of the house, and saw what the dark object was,—a huge stone tower; and they pushed open an iron door, that clanged with a hollow echo through the hollow tower, and went in.

"HE TURNED AND WAVED HIS HAT."

It was a place of immense masonry, block upon block; and whatever was the height to which it rose in the air, it had been sunk in the ground till a foundation of solid stone, fifty feet below the surface of the sod from which they had just stepped, upheld this reader of the riddle of the stars, this

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great refracting telescope. The school-master still kept Johnny's hand, and they went up a winding iron stair-way and came into the upper room of the place with its rounded walls and the mimic heaven of its dim dome.

One telescope much like another, Johnny? Your little plaything, that you had so laboriously whittled out, like this mighty engine at whose glance the stars drew near and delivered up their secrets? There is no humility like that into which one falls from the heights of conceit. Johnny felt like a criminal, in the first moment that he stood there, and would have longed to beg somebody to forgive him, if presently amazement had not swallowed all other emotions. What a monster it was! The locomotive that brought him up to town, mighty as that was, was a mere bauble beside it.

The school-master led him round, directly, and introduced him to some gentlemen. It did not occur to Johnny to think any more of what the gentlemen would think of him; he felt that he and they were alike the merest small atoms before this tremendous thing,—it was long afterward when a thrill of pride, strong as his recent humility, coursed through him, that he remembered that this tremendous thing was the creation and the mere servant of these atoms. He was taken up some steps and placed on a curious little seat that presently somebody began to screw up,—he was already so "screwed up" himself that he forgot to be afraid; and meanwhile the school-master was talking with him and bidding him observe how perfectly the great instrument was poised upon its shaft of stone and brass, so that, immense as it was, it could be moved, by touching one of the slender brass rods tipped with a ball no bigger than a potato.

All of a sudden, there came a report and roar like a crackling explosion of all things; and it seemed to Johnny that "there were thunderings and voices and lightnings and a great earthquake," as he had read in Revelation. For a moment he hid his eyes; but then he remembered that he was there to see, and so he looked, and saw that they were only rolling round the circular iron roof on iron cannon-balls in iron grooves, so as to bring a loop-hole in the right direction to point the telescope out. In another moment he was looking through the eye-piece, just in time to see a great swift object, a white magnificence of mist and splendor, like a veiled bride with wings, slide down the field of view and be gone.

"Oh! oh!" cried Johnny. "How fast a comet flies!"

"We can fly as fast as she can," said one of the gentlemen. "Put in the clock-work, if you please."

And then there was a clicking and ticking, and a wonderful little complexity of brass wheels and rods and delicate machinery was at work, and the telescope was moving with the stars so steadily and perfectly that, swift as the comet flew, the great object-glass kept her in its field, and Johnny, sitting there in his seat, looked with an eye that seemed to fly as fast as she did.

"I don't wonder," he cried, "that the people in old times were so scared of her, and thought she brought plagues and famines. She looks just like a great angel of destruction!"

And, in his ecstasy, Johnny sprang to his feet, and the comet, with the face of its fearful splendor blazing out of the vapor of the long streaming veils; was gone, and he was staring at the roof.

The gentleman beside him smiled at Johnny a little, and told him, after the school-master had seen the comet, that they would show him something not so fearful now. So he sat down, and the roof was shifted, and his chair was wheeled a little, and when he put his eye at the glass again, there hung the crescent of a silver new moon!

"Why!" cried Johnny. "The moon has n't risen yet,—and she 's after the full, any way,—and here she is new! Oh, I see,—why, it 's Venus! By George!" he added, in a long breath of delight. "Nobody 'd think, to see that round point of light in the sky, that it is a crescent like a moon!"

"Venus, you know, has her phases, sometimes gibbous, sometimes waning," began one of the gentlemen, kindly.

"Oh, I know all about Venus," said Johnny.

"Do you? That is more than we do."

"I—I did n't mean that," cried Johnny, covered with shame and contrition. "I meant I knew a little."

"That is all we know," said the gentleman. "Well, we must make haste now," he added, "for the moon's light is coming up, and we shall hardly see the half that we have mapped out. What should you like next?"

"I should have liked to see Saturn," said Johnny; "but I suppose it 's no use now he 's taken off his jewelry."

"But he 's a pretty sight even without his rings," said the gentleman. "And you can see him as nobody has, till now, since you were born."

And, presently, Johnny was looking at a great golden sphere swimming in the depths, while round it on a slender thread of light the moons were strung like tiny golden balls upon a silver wire.

"Saturn is quite as beautiful in this form as when he shows all the glory of his rings; and he is more interesting to astronomers, for it is now that we are able to take the measurements which assure us of his stability. Now you would like to see some double stars, I suppose?"

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Double stars then Johnny saw, rolling round each other with their varying and splendid colors, an emerald and a ruby, a sapphire and a topaz.

"Oh, what a world to live in, with two suns in the sky!" exclaimed Johnny. "Now it's green-light time, and now it's blue. They can't have any white light. Our sun's a topaz, is n't he?"

"In those worlds they must have colors that we don't dream of," said the school-master.

"And different eyes from ours with which to see them," said the gentleman beside Johnny. "Now we will have a nebula."

And in a few moments Johnny saw what he had many a time seen in the sky like a faintly shining cloud, a broad, thin sheet of shining vapor, millions and millions of miles away, open before the telescope into a sea of stars breaking into a foam of star-dust. It capped the climax. Johnny had not another word to say. It seemed to him that he stood in the very presence of the Creator. A mighty voice appeared to be ringing in his ears, "Johnny Parsons, how can you break the laws while these great stars obey them!"

He had been going to ask to look at Alcyone, the bright star in the Pleiades, not expecting to see anything remarkable, but, for instance, just as one likes to see how a great man looks; because it was, as he phrased it, "our sun's sun"; but he felt as if he had already seen too much, more than he could comprehend, as if it would be quite impossible to look at anything further,—— the star which was mighty enough to draw round and round itself, not only our sun and its planets, but all the other stars with which the heavens are sown, was too mighty for his mood of mind just now.

Perhaps the astronomer understood him. At any rate, he let him alone for a while, and kept up a lively discussion with the school-master concerning the merits of reflecting and refracting glasses; and then he asked Johnny to describe the telescope he had once made himself. And by that time the moon was well up in the heavens, cloudless and clear and inviting travelers, and Johnny was ready for more amazement.

That the round, smooth, shining globe, rolling over a velvety surface of sky, as he had been used to see it, could be this seamed and scarred and furrowed place of horror, like a wilderness of burned-out volcanoes, all black and bristling here, and ghastly and white there, was something not easy to believe.

"Is it really the moon?" he whispered.

"Really the moon," said the gentleman. And then he proceeded to point out the various spots by name, the horrid hills, the never-lighted valleys, the vast, bare, dead craters. "And it is possible that there are places of greater desolation yet, for there is one side of the moon that we never see,—it is always hidden from us," said he; and Johnny shivered as if it had been a place of skulls.

"Did you ever see the sun rise?" asked the gentleman, presently.

"Did I?" said Johnny, scornfully, in reply.

"Well, that was on earth. Now, you know, we are travelers journeying over the moon. Look closely here. You see that line of light advancing in the field? That is the sun's light falling on the moon. Now follow it."

And Johnny saw the line of light slowly stealing on and up to the base of the great range of black and jagged mountains; on and up, over great gaps of shadow, out of which countless lesser peaks, unseen before, sprang up in the light, peopling the desert place with stony giants; over black chasms that remained black chasms still; up and up, shining on the face of huge, dark precipices; up and up, catching the edge of sudden ledges; up, till the very topmost crag blazed out. Then over the brink, gently over and across and down, going down into the black valleys beyond, to flood them with the light, and rise higher yet on the great crags behind. And Johnny had seen the sunrise on the Mountains of the Moon!

"I can't bear anything else," said Johnny. "Not now, that is. I think I must go home. I—I feel as if somebody had stepped on me."

"That will soon pass," said the gentleman, smilingly, helping him down. "I know what it is. These things make us feel as insignificant as they are mighty; but by and by we remember in whose image we are made. Well, my little man, I expect one day to have you with us here, calculating the elements of the unknown."

"I am going to be an astronomer, when I grow up!" said Johnny, with decision. "But it takes such a long time to be a man!"

"Not any longer than you will need for all the study and patience it takes to be an astronomer," was the answer. "Little play, hard work, tireless attention, unceasing effort,—you see it takes a great deal more than time. *Sic itur ad astra.*" And then the gentleman bade them good-night.

"'That is the way to the stars,'" said the school-master, translating the Latin, as they stood at last in the open night. "And to everything else that is good for anything. And this is the way to go home,—Sally will be glad to see us,—I suspect she's sitting up for us still."

"Do you remember," asked Johnny, "the story when Saul went to see the witch of Endor? It seems as if we had been there, too!"

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SING-SONG.

By Mary N. Prescott.

Sing a song of snow-flakes,
Icicles and frost;
Four and twenty snow-birds
In the woods were lost.
When the storm was ended,
Happy birds were they,
By some crumbs befriended,
They lived to fly away!

Sing a song of rain-drops,
Clouds, and April weather;
Four and twenty red-breasts
Caught out together.
When the shower was ended,
What a song was heard
About the rainbow splendid,
From each dripping bird!

Sing a song of sunshine,
Bees a-humming praises
Four and twenty hours
Lost among the daisies.
Hunt the wide world over,
From sea to continent,
You never will discover
Where the hours went!

EYEBRIGHT.

By Susan Coolidge.

Chapter V.

CHANGES.

It happens now and then in life that small circumstances link themselves on to great ones, and in this way become important, when otherwise they might pass out of mind and be forgotten. Such was the case with that day's naughtiness. Eyebright remembered it always, and never without a sharp prick of pain, because of certain things that followed soon afterward, and of which I must tell you in this chapter.

Miss Fitch's winter term opened on the 15th of September. The boys and girls were not sorry to begin school, I think. They had "played themselves out" during the long vacation, and it was rather a pleasant change now to return to lessons and regular hours. Everything seemed new and interesting after three months' absence, the schoolhouse, the Green, all the cubby-holes and hiding-places, just as shabby playthings laid aside for a while come out looking quite fresh, and do not seem like old ones at all. There was the beautiful autumn weather beside, making each moment of liberty doubly delightful. Day after day, week after week, this perfect weather lasted, till it seemed as though the skies had forgotten the trick of raining, or how to be of any color except clear, dazzling blue. The wind blew softly and made lovely little noises in the boughs, but there was a cool edge to its softness

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now which added to the satisfaction of breathing it. The garden beds were gay as ever, but trees began to show tips of crimson and orange, and now and then a brown leaf floated gently down, as though to hint that summer was over and the autumn really begun. Small drifts of these brown leaves formed in the hollows of the road and about fence corners. The boys and girls kicked them aside to get at the chestnut burs which had fallen and mixed with them,—spiky burs, half open and showing the glossy-brown nut within. It was a great apple-year, too, and the orchards were laden with ripe fruit. Nearly all the Saturday afternoons were spent by the children in apple-gathering or in nutting, and autumn seemed to them as summer had seemed before autumn, spring before summer, and winter, in its turn, before spring,—the very pleasantest of the four pleasant seasons of the year.

With so many things to do, and such a stock of health and spirits to make doing delightful, it is not strange that for a long time Eyebright remained unconscious of certain changes which were taking place at home, and which older people saw plainly. It did cross her mind once or twice that her mother seemed feebler than usual, and Wealthy and papa worried and anxious, but the thought did not stay, being crowded out by thoughts of a more agreeable kind. She had never in her life been brought very close to any real trouble. Wealthy had spoken before her of Mrs. So-and-so as being "in affliction," and she had seen people looking sad and wearing black clothes, but it was like something in a book to her,—a story she only half comprehended; though she vaguely shrank from it, and did not wish to read further. With all her quick imagination, she was not in the least morbid. Sorrow must come to her, she would never take a step to meet it. So she went on, busy, healthy, happy, full of bright plans and fun and merriment, till suddenly one day sorrow came. For, running in from school, she found Wealthy crying in the kitchen, and was told that her mother was worse,—much worse,—and the doctor thought she could only live a day or two longer.

"Oh no, no, Wealthy," was all she could say at first. Then, "Why does n't Dr. Pillsbury give mamma something?" she demanded, for Eyebright had learned to feel a great respect for medicine, and to believe that it must be able to cure everybody.

Wealthy shook her head.

"It aint no use specylating about more medicines," she said, "your ma 's taken ship-loads of 'em, and they aint never done her any good that I can see. No, Eyebright, dear; it 's got to come, and we must just make the best of it. It 's God's will, I s'pose, and there aint nothing to be said when that 's the case."

"Oh, dear! how can God will anything so dreadful?" sobbed Eyebright, feeling as if she were brought face to face with a great puzzle. Wealthy could not answer. It was a puzzle to her, too. But she took Eyebright into her lap, held her close, and stroked her hair gently; and that helped, as love and tenderness always do.

Some very sad days followed. The doctor came and went. There was a hush over the house. It seemed wrong to speak aloud even, and Eyebright found herself moving on tip-toe, and shutting the doors with anxious care; yet no one had said, "Do not make a noise." Everybody seemed to be waiting for something, but nobody liked to think what that something might be. Eyebright did not think, but she felt miserable. A great cloud seemed to hang over all her bright little world, so happy till then. She moped about, with no heart to do anything, or she sat in the hall outside her mother's door, listening for sounds. Now and then they let her creep in for a minute to look at mamma, who lay motionless as if asleep, but Eyebright could not keep from crying, and after a little while, papa would sign to her to go, and she would creep out again, hushing her sobs till she was safely down-stairs with the door shut. It was such a melancholy time that I do not see how she could have got through with it, had it not been for Genevieve, who, dumb as she was, proved best comforter of all. With her face buried in the lap of Genevieve's best frock, Eyebright might shed as many tears as she liked, whispering in the waxen ear how much she wished that mamma could get well, how good, how very good she always meant to be if she did, and how sorry she was that ever she had been naughty or cross to her; especially on that day, that dreadful day when she ran off into the woods, the recollection of which rankled in her conscience like a thorn. Genevieve listened sympathizingly, but not even her affection could pull out the thorn, or make its prick any easier to bear.

I do not like to tell about sad things half so well as about happy ones, so we will hurry over this part of the story. Mrs. Bright lived only a week after that evening when Eyebright first realized that she was so much worse. She waked up before she died, kissed Eyebright for good-bye, and said, "My helpful little comfort." These sweet words were the one thing which made it seem possible to live just then. All her life long they came back to Eyebright like the sound of music, and when the thought of her childish faults gave her pain, these words, which carried full forgiveness of the faults, soothed and consoled her.

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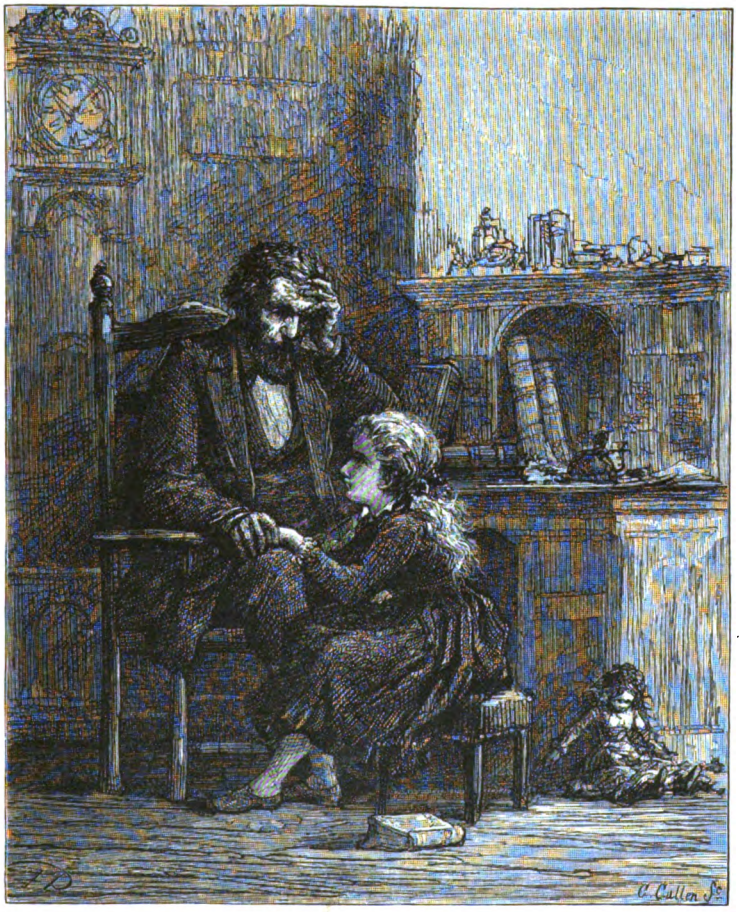
After a while, as she grew older, she learned to feel that mamma in Heaven knew much better than mamma on earth could how much her little daughter really had loved her, and how grieved the loving girl was to have been impatient or unkind.

But this was not for a long time afterward, and meanwhile her chief pleasure was in remembering, that, for all her naughtiness, mamma had kissed her and called her "a comfort," before she died.



TALKING OVER HOME TROUBLES.

After the funeral, Wealthy opened the blinds which had been kept tight shut till then, and life returned to its usual course. Breakfast, dinner, and supper appeared regularly on the table, papa went again to the mill, and Eyebright to school. She felt shy and strange at first, and the children were shy of her, because of her black alpaca frock, which impressed their imaginations a good deal. This wore off as the frock wore out, and by the time that Eyebright had ripped out half the gathers of the waist and torn a hole in the sleeve, which was pretty soon, the alpaca lost its awfulness in their eyes, and had become as any common dress. In the course of a week or two, Eyebright found herself studying, playing, and walking at recess with Bessie, quite in the old way. But all the while she was conscious of a change, and a feeling which she fought with, but could not get rid of, that things were not, nor ever could be, as they had been before this interruption came.

Home was changed and her father was changed. Eyebright was no longer careless or unobservant, as before her mother's death, and she noticed how fast papa's hair was turning gray, and how deep and careworn the lines about his mouth and eyes had become. He did not seem to gain in cheerfulness as time went on, but, if anything, to look more sad and troubled; and he spent much of his time at the cherry-wood desk, calculating and doing sums and poring over account books. Eyebright

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noticed all these little things, she had learned to use her eyes now, and though nobody said anything about it, she felt sure that papa was worried about something, and in need of comfort.

She used to come early from play, and peep into the sitting-room to see what he was doing. If he seemed busy, she did not interrupt him, but drew her low chair to his side and sat there quietly, with Genevieve in her lap, and perhaps a book, not speaking, but now and then stroking his knee or laying her cheek gently against it. All the time she felt so sorry that she could not help papa. But I think she did help, for papa liked to have her there, and the presence of a love which asks no questions and is content with loving, is most soothing of all, sometimes, to people who are in perplexity and trying to see their way out.

But none of Eyebright's strokes or pats or fond little ways could drive the care away from her father's brow. His trouble was too heavy for that. It was a kind of trouble which he could not very well explain to a child; trouble about business and money,—things which little people do not understand; and matters were getting worse instead of better. He was like a man in a thorny wood who cannot see his way out, and his mind was more confused and anxious than any one except himself could comprehend.

At last things came to such a pass that there was no choice left, and he was forced to explain to Eyebright. It was April by that time. He was at his desk as usual, and Eyebright, sitting near, had Genevieve cuddled in her lap, and the "Swiss Family Robinson" open before her.

"Now you 're done, are n't you, papa!" she cried, as he laid down his pen. "You wont write any more to-night, will you, but sit in the rocking-chair and rest." She was jumping up to get the chair when he stopped her.

"I 'm not through yet, my dear. But I want to talk with you for a little while."

"O papa, how nice! May I sit on your knee while you talk?"

Papa said yes, and she seated herself. He put his arm round her, and for a while stroked her hair in silence. Eyebright looked up, wonderingly.

"Yes, dear, I 'll tell you presently. I 'm trying to think how to begin. It 's something disagreeable, Eyebright,—something which will make you feel very bad, I 'm afraid."

"Oh dear! what is it?" cried Eyebright, fearfully. "Do tell me, papa."

"What should you say if I told you that we can't live here any longer, but must go away?"

"Away from this house do you mean, papa?"

"Yes, away from this house, and away from Tunxet, too."

"Not away for always?" said Eyebright, in an awe-struck tone. "You don't mean that, papa, do you? We could n't live anywhere else for always!" giving a little gasp at the very idea.

"I 'm afraid that 's what it 's coming to," said Mr. Bright, sadly. "I don't see any other way to fix it. I 've lost all my money, Eyebright. It is no use trying to explain it to a child like you, but that is the case. All I had is gone, nearly. There 's scarcely anything left,—not enough to live on here, even if I owned this house, which I don't."

Not own their own house! This was incomprehensible. What could papa mean?

"But, Papa, it 's *our* house!" she ventured, timidly.

Papa made no answer, only stroked her hair again, softly.

"And the mill? Is n't the mill yours, papa?" she went on.

"No, dear, I never did own the mill. You were too little to understand about the matter when I took up the business. It belongs to a company; do you know what a 'company' means?—and the company has failed, so that the mill is theirs no longer. It 's going to be sold at auction soon. I was only a manager, and of course I lose my place. But that is n't so much matter. The real trouble is that I 've lost my own property, too. We 're poor people now, Eyebright. I 've been calculating, and I think by selling off everything here, I can just clear myself and come out honest; but that 's all. There 'll be almost nothing left."

"Could n't you get another mill to manage?" asked Eyebright, in a bewildered way.

"No, there is no other mill; and if there was, I should n't want to take it. I 'm too old to begin life over again in the place where I started when I was a boy to work my way up. I *have* worked, too,—worked hard,—and now I come out in the end not worth a cent. No, Eyebright, I could n't do it!"

He set her down as he spoke, and began to walk the room with heavy, unequal steps. The old floor creaked under his tread. There was something very sad in the sound.

A child feels powerless in the presence of sudden misfortune. Eyebright sat as if stunned, while her father walked to and fro. Genevieve slipped from her lap and fell with a bump on the carpet, but she paid no attention. Genevieve was n't real to her just then; only a doll. It was no matter whether she bumped her head or not.

Mr. Bright came back to his chair again.

"I 'll tell you what I 've been thinking of," he said. "I own a little farm up in Maine. It 's about the only thing I do own which has n't got a mortgage on it, or does n't belong to some one else in

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one way or another. It 's a very small farm, but there 's a house on it,—some kind of a house,—and I think of moving up there to live. I don't know much about the place, and I don't like the plan. It 'll be lonely for you, for the farm is on an island, it seems, and there 's no one else living there, no children for you to play with, and no school. These are disadvantages; but, on the other hand, the climate is said to be good, and I suppose I can raise enough up there for our living, and not run into debt, which is the thing I care most for just now. So I 've about decided to try it. I 'm sorry to break up your schooling, and to take you away from here, where you like it so much; but it seems the only way open. And if you could go cheerfully, my dear, and make the best of things, it would be a great comfort to me. That 's all I 've got to say."

Eyebright's mind had been at work through this long sentence. Her reply astonished her father not a little, it was so bright and eager.

"What is the island in, papa? A lake?"

"No, not a lake. It 's in the sea, but very near the coast. I think there 's some way of walking across at low tide, but I 'm not sure."

"I think—I 'm rather glad," said Eyebright slowly. "I always did want to live on an island. And I never saw the sea. Don't feel badly, papa. I guess we shall like it."

Mr. Bright was relieved; but he could n't help shake his head a little, nevertheless.

EYEBRIGHT AND GENEVIEVE.

"You must make up your mind to find it pretty lonesome," he said compassionately.

"The Swiss Family Robinson did n't," replied Eyebright. "But then," she added, "there were six of them. And there 'll only be four of us—counting Genevieve."

If Eyebright had taken the news too calmly, Wealthy made up for it by her wild and incredulous wrath when in turn it was broken to her.

"Pity's sakes!" she cried. "Whatever is the

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man a-thinking about? Carry you off to Maine, indeed, away from folks and church and everything civilized! He 's crazy,—that 's what he is,—as crazy as a loon!"

"Papa 's not crazy. You must n't say such things, Wealthy," replied Eyebright indignantly. "He feels real badly about going. But we 've got to go. We 've lost all our money, and we can't stay here."

"A desert island, too!" went on Wealthy, pursuing her own train of reflection. "Crocodiles and cannibals, I suppose! I 've heard what a God-forsaken place it is up there. Who 's going to look after you, I 'd like to know?—you, who never in your life remembered your rubber shoes when it rained, or knew winter flannels from summer ones, or best frocks from common?" Words failed her.

"Why, Wealthy, sha' n't you come with us?" cried Eyebright, in a startled tone.

"I? No, indeed, and I sha' n't then!" returned Wealthy. "I 'm not such a fool as all that. Maine, indeed!" Then, her heart melting at the distress in Eyebright's face, she swooped upon her, squeezed her hard, and said: "What a cross-grained piece I be! Yes, Eyebright dear, I 'll go along. I 'll go, no matter where it is. You sha' n't be trusted to that Pa of yours if I can help it; and that 's my last word in the matter."

Eyebright flew to papa with the joyful news that Wealthy was willing to go with them. Mr. Bright looked dismayed.

"It 's out of the question," he replied. "I can't afford it, for one thing. The journey costs a good deal, and when she got there, Wealthy would probably not like it, and would want to come back again, which would be money thrown away. Beside, it 's doubtful if we shall be able to keep any regular help. No, Eyebright; we 'd better not think of it, even. You and I will start alone, and we 'll get some woman there to come and work when it 's necessary. That 'll be as much as I can manage."

Of course, when Wealthy found that there were objections, her wish to go increased tenfold. She begged, and Eyebright pleaded, but papa held to his decision. There was no helping it, but this difference in opinion made the household very uncomfortable for a while. Wealthy felt injured, and went about her work grimly, sighing conspicuously now and then, or making dashes at Eyebright, kissing her furiously, shedding a few tears, and then beginning work again, all in stony silence. Papa shut himself up more closely than ever with his account-books and looked sadder every day; and Eyebright, though she strove to act as peace-maker and keep a cheerful face, felt her heart heavy enough at times, when she thought of what was at hand.

They were to start early in May, and she left school at once; for there was much to be done in which she could help Wealthy, and the time was but short for the doing of it all. The girls were sorry when they heard that Eyebright was going away to live in Maine, and Bessie cried one whole recess, and said she never expected to be happy again. Still the news did not make quite as much sensation as Eyebright had expected, and she had a little sore feeling at her heart, as if the others cared less about losing her than she should have cared had she been in their place. This idea cost her some private tears; she comforted herself by a poem which she called "Fickleness," and which began:

> "It is wicked to be fickle,
> And very, very unkind,
> And I 'd be ashamed——"

but no rhyme to fickle could she find except "pickle," and it was so hard to work that in, that she gave up writing the verses, and only kept away from the girls for a few days. But, for all Eyebright's doubts, the girls did care, only Examination was coming on, and they were too busy in learning the pieces they were to speak, and practicing for a writing prize which Miss Fitch had promised them, to realize just then how sorry they were. It came afterward when the Examination was over, and Eyebright really gone; and it was a long time—a year or two at least—before any sort of festival or picnic could take place in Tunxet without some child's saying, wistfully: "I wish Eyebright was here to go; don't you?" Could Eyebright have known this, it would have comforted her very much during those last weeks; but the pity is, we can't know things beforehand in this world.

So, after all, her chief consolation was Genevieve, to whom she could tell anything without fear of making mischief or being contradicted.

"There 's just one thing I 'm glad about," she said to this chosen confidante, "and that is that it 's an island. I never saw any islands, neither did you, Genevieve; but I know they must be lovely. And I 'm glad it 's in the sea, too. But, oh dear, my poor child, how will you get along without any other dolls to play with? You 'll be very lonely, sometimes—very lonely, indeed—I 'm afraid."

(To be continued.)

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THE MAY-FLOWERS.

By Annie Moore.

On a sunny hill-side grew a little colony of May-flowers.

They had slept quietly through the long winter, tucked up, snug and warm, in their covering of snow; and now the bright sun looked down on them, and the wind stirred them, and the birds called to them, and they raised their strong, hardy leaves, and lifted up their stems of small buds, and rejoiced that spring was near.

A little girl came out among them. She said to herself: "I am going away to-morrow. I can't stay to see the dear May-flowers open, so I will take some of them with me, and keep them in water, and they will remind me of this beautiful place, and perhaps they will blossom."

"Oh," said the May-flowers, "please don't take us!"

But the wind blew so that Mary, the little girl, did not hear them, and she pulled stem after stem, till she had as many as she could hold in her small hands. Then she looked around her at the blue sky, and the branches of the trees against it, and the soft, dead leaves flying in the wind, and the patches of white snow in the hollows; and away in the distance the light-house and the blue water.

She said good-bye to it all, for she was afraid she might not see it again soon; and the little May-flowers said good-bye to it, too.

The next day Mary tied the May-flowers together, and wound a piece of wet paper around their stems, and they started on their journey.

The cars were crowded and hot, and Mary held the flowers very tight for fear of losing them, and the tall people rested their elbows on them, and the stout ones pushed against them, and they thought they would die.

But soon the paper was taken off, and the string was untied, and they were put into a vase of water.

The little May-flowers drooped for a time, and could not hold up their heads.

Mary set them in the open window, and a gay bird in a cage sang to them; but they mourned for their pleasant home, and they did not like to stand with their feet in water, and they said:

"Let us give up in despair."

Then the bird sang, "Cheer up! cheer up! chirrup! chirrup!"

They did not listen to him at first, but by and by they said to him:

"Why do you say that to us? Do you know that we have been taken from our home and our friends on the hill-side, where the sun shone, and the birds sang all around us? How can we live and be happy here, and with our feet in the water, too?"

But the bird said: "Cheer up! The sun is shining on you, and I am singing to you as well as I can, and how much better it will be for you to blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, than to do nothing but wither and be thrown away. Do you think I like to be here, shut up in this cage, when I have wings to fly? No! If this cage-door should be left open, you would see me fly up to that chimney in a second."

"Could you?" said the little flowers.

"Yes, indeed," said the bird.

"Would you?" said the flowers.

"Yes," said the bird, "and then into that tree, and then away to the woods somewhere. But while I am here, I think I may as well sing and be gay."

"Perhaps he is right," thought the flowers; so they lifted their heads and looked up.

Mary gave them fresh water every day, and loved them dearly, and talked to them of the beautiful hill-side; and the cheerful bird sang to them, and at last the little buds began to grow and make the best of it.

One bright morning, just two weeks after they were gathered, the largest bud opened its petals, and blossomed into a full-grown May-flower!

It was white, with a lovely tinge of pink, and oh, so fragrant! Mary almost cried with delight, and she kissed the dear flower, and carried it to every one in the house to be admired. The bird stood on tip-toe on his highest perch and flapped his wings, and sang his best song.

"Was I right?" said he. "Did I give you good advice?"

"Yes," said the flowers, "you were right. To blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, is better than to give up in despair and do nothing."

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JERRY'S BABY ELEPHANT.

By Mary Handerson.

Jerry lived with his grandmother in a little cottage two or three miles from the nearest town, and when it was announced, one day, that a menagerie soon would visit the town, Jerry's grandmother gave him leave to go and see the show.

Immediately after breakfast on the great day, Jerry kissed his grandmother, put on his best cap, and started for the town, with some gingerbread in his pocket for his dinner, and twenty-five cents for his ticket. It was still very early when he reached town; but there were plenty of little boys in the streets, grouped together talking about the animals, and what would be the best place to see them. Jerry joined a loud-talking, eager little party, who were running to a piazza over the grocer's store, where they could see far down the main street, by which the menagerie was expected to enter the village. They had a long, long time to wait; the sun grew very hot, and the little boys grew very restless and impatient; a dozen times some one had exclaimed, "There it comes!" and there had been a sudden rush to the front of the piazza, and a shout of pleasure, which was changed to one of disgust, as a drove of cattle or a load of hay emerged from the deceptive cloud of dust.

But at last the caravan came, and their expectations were more than realized; for two mammoth elephants drew the gorgeous red and yellow car in which the twelve musicians sat, and the long train of closed wagons that followed made Jerry clap his hands and jump with delight, for surely inside them there must be bears, tigers, leopards, camels, giraffes, and all the other animals he ever heard of.

Jerry and his friends were soon scampering through the dust beside the wagons, and presently, at the end of the long street, the whole cavalcade turned into a broad, grassy meadow and stood still. The drivers drew their wagons up side by side, and dismounted; the baggage-wagons were all driven forward, and the men proceeded to take from them great bundles of dirty-looking cloth, coils of rope, long poles, piles of boards, and many boxes, at the contents of which Jerry could only guess.

Coarse, sleepy-looking men they were, who went to work as if they saw no fun in an occupation which seemed to the boys so delightful. They spoke rudely to the crowd of eager lads and would not allow them to approach too near. But finally, one man called out:

"Here, youngsters, two of you may come here and earn your quarters by watching the cages while we work."

Jerry and another little fellow, named Charley Newton, were the two who first sprang forward to offer their services, in answer to this offer.

"You 'll do," said the man, as he saw their bright faces; "the animals are mostly quiet; but you will have to look sharp, and if any of the beasts take to jumping, or cutting up any sort of shines, just raise your pipes to the tune of 'Murder!' as loud as you can."

The boys then followed the man to the cages. They had all been drawn up in two sections of a large circle, facing each other, with long spaces between the two lines, so that the boys seemed very far apart when they took up their separate watches where the man had stationed them. "Look sharp!" said he to each, "and if ye hear a row in any of the cages alongside, be mighty quick and loud with your yells." And then he left them.

"I wish you would come over and see these frisky monkeys," called out Charley pretty soon. "I can see 'em through the lower edge of the cage. They're awfully funny."

Jerry was a little tempted; but he said:

"No, Charley; if we're to be paid for our work, we must do just what we promised to, and not go away till the man gives us leave. May be he 'll let us change sides by and by. I guess there's a hyena in the next cage here; something makes a horrid noise."

"Perhaps it's an alligator," replied Charley, whose knowledge of Natural History was very small. Jerry laughed well at this, and was beginning to explain to Charley that alligators were found in the water in hot countries, and were long, flat things, something like lizards, only as big as cod-fish, when Charley called to him to look and see what the men were doing now; and behold! they were coming toward them with the canvas and the poles and the ropes. The boys watched with eager interest, and saw them measuring the ground and marking out a great circle which was to inclose the cages; and then, almost before they could tell how it was done, so accustomed were the men to the work, the boys stood within a large tent, and felt as if the wonderful exhibition had already begun.

"Now, youngsters, our work is done; but I advise you to stay inside the tent till the show

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begins, to make sure of your pay, for the door-keeper may not know you."

This remark was addressed to the boys by the man who had appointed them to their task. Jerry's sense of justice was aroused by it, and he answered in a tone of indignation:

"If your work is done, ours is done, too, for that was the bargain; and you were to pay us each a quarter for it. I think you ought to give it to us, and let us go where we please till the show begins."

"Well, well! I guess you 're right," said the man, "and yonder 's the ticket-seller. I 'll fix it." And stepping up to another man who stood near, he soon returned and handed the boys two tickets for the afternoon performance. "Now, clear out," added he; "the cages wont be opened for an hour yet, and you 'll do no more good here."

JERRY AND HIS ELEPHANT.

The boys thanked him for the tickets, despite this rude speech, and slowly left the tent. "Let 's take a good rest there under that tree till people begin to come," said Charley. "I have got some luncheon in my pocket, and I 'll give you half."

"Well, then," replied Jerry, "I 'll give you half of mine; for it 's nothing like so good fun to eat what you brought yourself, is it?"

So they laughed, and talked, and ate, for a half-hour, until a tall boy came with a large basket, and a camp-stool, and ordered them off the shady spot, because he wanted to sit there and sell his candy and corn-balls.

By this time a crowd had collected around the door of the tent waiting to gain admission. Our little friends joined it and were among the first who gave their tickets to the door-keeper, and entered the inclosure. The cages were all open now, and several showmen were standing by them ready to tell the people the history of the various animals. Jerry moved about from cage to cage listening eagerly; but what interested him more than anything else was the description of the great elephant from Ceylon.

"The elephant," said the keeper, "is the largest and strongest of all land animals; very sensible and obedient to man; he is susceptible of gratitude, and capable of strong attachment to the man to whom he submits, serving him with intelligence and fidelity. His tusks are his defense; with them he can pierce and conquer the lion, and uproot the largest trees; they are made of the valuable substance called ivory, and sometimes weigh 150 pounds. The elephant's trunk is almost as useful as the human arm; when he wants to drink, he fills it with water, which he then pours into his mouth. In a wild state the elephant is social; he seldom wanders alone; the eldest leads the herd; the next in age drives them, and forms the rear; the young and the weak are in the middle. Notwithstanding the weight of his body, he walks so fast that he can easily overtake a man who is running." Jerry might have read all this in Natural History books, but he never had read it. "The motion of the animal is easy," said the voluble showman, in conclusion, "and if there are any little boys and girls here who would like to try it, the Sultan will now be happy to give them a seat upon his back."

At this invitation, Jerry was the first to rush forward, and, at a signal from his keeper, the elephant knelt down, and Jerry and three other little boys mounted the gorgeous throne which he wore upon his back, the clumsy gait of the animal giving them an easy and delightful rocking motion.

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"Oh," he thought, "if I could only have an elephant of my own, I should be the happiest boy in the world!" But the short ride was soon over, and Jerry descended to give some other eager little boy his place.

When all the animals had been exhibited, and people began to leave the tent, Jerry, whose eyes had never wandered long from the elephant, followed close behind him, watching the ponderous legs on which the gray skin wrinkled so curiously, as he was led by his keeper into another tent, where food and a little liberty were given to a few of the animals, during the two hours intervening between this and the evening exhibition. Some packing-boxes and a pile of coarse woolen blankets at one side of the tent caught Jerry's eye, and he seated himself upon them, thinking that he could then watch this wonderful elephant without being in anybody's way. Jerry was very tired, and the small eyes of the big elephant winked so drowsily beneath the monstrous flapping ears, that, while he watched him, he, too, began to doze; and then it was that he saw a little baby elephant, which he had not noticed before, standing near him, and again he thought, "Oh! what a happy boy I should be if I could have an elephant of my own! If now the keeper would give me this little elephant!"

Why, surely, could it be true? there came the keeper, leading up to him this beautiful baby elephant; and as he looked, he saw a card around its neck, like one his teacher had lately given him at school, and these words stood out in black letters, "Jerry Jarvis's elephant."

Jerry had never felt so happy in his life; he took the little creature by the ear, and led it out of the tent to the high-road. At first he had thought the baby elephant no greater than a Newfoundland dog; but now it seemed as large as an ox. He hurried homeward as fast as he could make the little creature go, and soon reached the cottage. He threw open the door, and showed the elephant into the kitchen, exclaiming with eagerness, "Oh, grandma! see! see! I have had such a present!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished grandmother. "A present, indeed! What is the creature? Why did you bring it into the house?"

"Oh, dear grandma! please don't scold! It's a baby elephant, and I could not leave it out-doors to-night, for it might take cold; please let it stay in the kitchen this one night, and to-morrow I will get some boards and a carpenter, and build a shed for it behind the house."

"Well, if this is a young one, what will it come to in a few months more?" said the old lady, shaking her head in sad perplexity. "See! the tusks do not show yet, and I have read that they begin to grow when an elephant is six months old."

"It will make our fortune by and by," said Jerry, in a deprecating tone. "I shall make it very fond of me and teach it tricks, and go round the country exhibiting it."

Grandmother was not as much pleased at this prospect as Jerry was, but said, good-humoredly:

"Well, well, the 'little creature' may sleep here to-night if the four walls of the kitchen are large enough to hold him; but supper is waiting."

Jerry's sleep that night must have been as long as Rip Van Winkle's, or else there was never an elephant like this in the world before! For as soon as he awoke, he dressed himself hastily and ran to the kitchen to see if his pet were still there safe and well; he threw open the door, but stopped upon the threshold in amazement; at the same instant his grandmother opened the door from her little bedroom, and then she started back, and for a minute the two stood staring at each other, and at the monstrous creature in the kitchen. It was indeed wonderful that the baby elephant could have grown so much in one night! it quite filled up the whole of the little kitchen; it would not have been possible for it to turn round! its tusks were half a yard long, and the great head with the enormous flapping ears was right in front of the bedroom door, confronting the poor frightened woman who stood there in dismay.

"This is a pretty state of things," she said at last, partly closing her door, and peeping out at Jerry. "What in the world are we to do? I cannot leave my room, and we shall have no breakfast; and the creature has kept me awake the whole night long, knocking about here! I expected every moment he would knock my door down, or get into the cupboard and smash all the dishes."

Poor Jerry! The elephant was so enormous now, that he really felt afraid to go near it; but he would not let his grandmother see this, so he said, bravely: "I am very sorry, dear grandma, but don't be frightened. There's a piece of bed-cord in the attic, and I'll run and bring it and tie it round his neck, and then I'll lead him right into the woods and fasten him to a tree."

Jerry found the cord, and crawling in between the animal's legs (for the door-way was quite blocked up) he approached its head. But, alas! he could not reach the huge neck; then he tried to wind the cord round the trunk, but the elephant wound its trunk around him instead, lifted him up and bumped him against the ceiling until the boy cried out with pain, and his grandmother was frantic with terror and anxiety. But the elephant seemed to be only amusing himself, and soon laid Jerry quietly down in the corner of the room.

"This will never do," gasped Jerry, as soon as he could speak. "I can't put the rope on, and he

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—he—looks as if he were waiting to toss me up again if I moved at all!" Jerry was trembling all over now, and his teeth chattered.

"Grandmother," he said, "don't you think if you were to throw me a doughnut and I could give it to him, it might make him like me? They never do eat up boys, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know, I 'm sure!" cried the old lady, piteously. "Only look! The creature is much too large to go through the door now, and I shall starve to death here, for I can't get out!"

Jerry had crawled into the pantry, and before eating anything himself, he cut a slice of bread and got some doughnuts, which he stuck upon a fork one at a time; then, by standing on a chair and holding the fork in the tongs, which chanced to be within his reach, he managed to pass them to his grandmother over the head of the elephant.

"I think," said she, "you 'd better bring all the things from the pantry into my room, and we 'll just stay there until to-morrow morning!"

This Jerry did, darting past the elephant whenever its attention seemed fixed on something else. Then when these necessary arrangements were all made, the grandmother took her knitting work, and Jerry jumped in and out of her bedroom window, but he returned every little while to watch the wonderful growth of his elephant.

Late in the afternoon, when, for the fiftieth time, the boy opened the bedroom door to take a peep at him, he found himself unable to shut it, for Mr. Elephant boldly stuck his head into the room, moving it up and down and from side to side in a way that was frightful to see. The door would not admit the shoulders of the animal; but though Jerry and his grandmother retreated to the bed in the farther corner of the room, he could almost reach them with his long trunk, which he lashed about furiously. And oh! what tusks the creature had! Those Jerry had seen on the mammoth Sultan at the menagerie the day before were small compared to these, and they were growing larger every hour. The position of the elephant brought its head just in front of the chimney in the little bedroom; and in his uneasy movements, he at last thrust these formidable tusks through the open fire-place and up the chimney. This done, he seemed unable to withdraw them, although he made vigorous efforts for a few minutes, shaking the little house until it seemed as if it would tumble down; but at last, tired of such exercise, he stood quite still; and the poor frightened folk who were watching him breathed freely again.

"That is a most fortunate thing," said the old lady, in great glee. "He is fastened securely now, and we can have a good night's sleep."

And she really laughed to think the clever elephant should so have outwitted himself.

But, dear me! to sleep was impossible! Finding that he could not move his head, the elephant grew very angry, and began dancing about on his great feet, pressing with his ponderous weight against the thin partition until it gave way, and he advanced into the bedroom as far as its small size would allow him, overturning the bedstead, and tumbling Jerry and his grandmother upon the floor behind it, where, keeping it as a sort of barricade between them, they knelt in darkness, wondering what would come next.

At last, just as day was breaking, making the little room light enough for them to see the outline of the great dusky figure, the elephant made one more desperate effort to free his head from the chimney, hurling his whole weight against the outer wall of the house, when, dreadful to relate! the little dwelling, whose strength had been so severely tried, went to pieces in a minute! and Jerry and his grandmother rolled out upon the grass. They were too much accustomed to wonderful things to be much frightened, and picked themselves up just in season to see a monstrous figure, black and frightful in the dim light, running off into the woods, waving the chimney high in the air, and knocking it against the tree-tops. Jerry laughed at the droll sight, and was saying something about an elephant with a brick, when he turned and saw his grandmother sitting on the ground in her ruffled cap and short gown, crying mournfully, as she looked upon the ruins of their pretty house. Then he felt that they were homeless now, and began to sob and cry also.

"Why, Jerry!" said a cheery voice; "don't cry! I saw you roll off the box, but I did not think it had hurt you. Did you strike on your head?"

"Why, Charley Newton, is that you? Where am I?" said Jerry, springing up and looking about.

There he was in the tent still. He could hardly believe it! All the men and animals had left it; "for," said Charley, "it is almost time for the evening show, and I have hunted everywhere for you! What have you been doing?"

"Charley," said Jerry in reply, "did you ever see an elephant with a brick head?"

"No," said Charley, laughing; "but I have seen one made all of wood in Noah's Ark."

"But mine was alive," said Jerry; "it was as big as this whole tent, and such a time as grandmother and I had with it! I shall never wish again that I could have an elephant of my own, I can tell you! We must hurry home now, for grandmother will be frightened about me. Come quick! and I 'll tell you all about it on the way."

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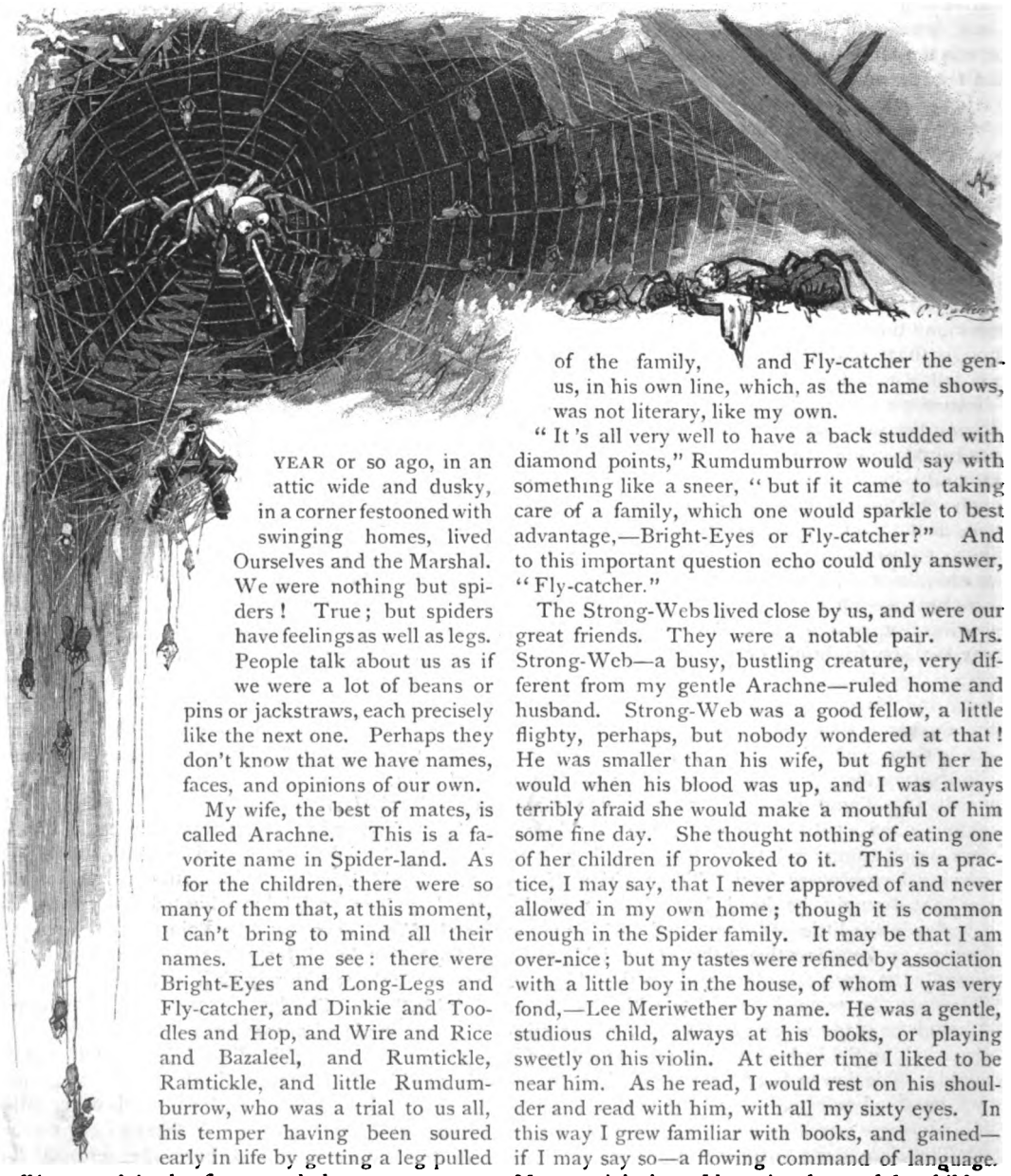
TERRIBLE ADVENTURES OF OURSELVES AND THE MARSHAL.

By Sherwood Bonner.



YEAR or so ago, in an attic wide and dusky, in a corner festooned with swinging homes, lived Ourselves and the Marshal. We were nothing but spiders! True; but spiders have feelings as well as legs. People talk about us as if we were a lot of beans or pins or jackstraws, each precisely like the next one. Perhaps they don't know that we have names, faces, and opinions of our own.

My wife, the best of mates, is called Arachne. This is a favorite name in Spider-land. As for the children, there were so many of them that, at this moment, I can't bring to mind all their names. Let me see: there were Bright-Eyes and Long-Legs and Fly-catcher, and Dinkie and Toodles and Hop, and Wire and Rice and Bazaleel, and Rumtickle, Ramtickle, and little Rumdumburrow, who was a trial to us all, his temper having been soured early in life by getting a leg pulled off in a crack in the floor; and there were a great many more of these little spiders, fifty or sixty of them, in fact. Bright-Eyes was the beauty of the family, and Fly-catcher the genus, in his own line, which, as the name shows, was not literary, like my own.

"It 's all very well to have a back studded with diamond points," Rumdumburrow would say with something like a sneer, "but if it came to taking care of a family, which one would sparkle to best advantage,—Bright-Eyes or Fly-catcher?" And to this important question echo could only answer, "Fly-catcher."

The Strong-Webs lived close by us, and were our great friends. They were a notable pair. Mrs. Strong-Web—a busy, bustling creature, very different from my gentle Arachne—ruled home and husband. Strong-Web was a good fellow, a little flighty, perhaps, but nobody wondered at that! He was smaller than his wife, but fight her he would when his blood was up, and I was always terribly afraid she would make a mouthful of him some fine day. She thought nothing of eating one of her children if provoked to it. This is a practice, I may say, that I never approved of and never allowed in my own home; though it is common enough in the Spider family. It may be that I am over-nice; but my tastes were refined by association with a little boy in the house, of whom I was very fond,—Lee Meriwether by name. He was a gentle, studious child, always at his books, or playing sweetly on his violin. At either time I liked to be near him. As he read, I would rest on his shoulder and read with him, with all my sixty eyes. In this way I grew familiar with books, and gained—if I may say so—a flowing command of language. Many a night have I kept Arachne and the children awake, telling over the adventures of Alice in—Underland was it? and another queer jolly story

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about a far-off country where, in winter, the water was as hard and smooth as glass, and people slipped over it with the speed of flying winds,—a fairy story, of course.

Sometimes I would get so interested in my reading as to become quite giddy,—it happened more than once when I was trying to keep up with that scatter-bug Peterkin family,—and would drop from Lee's shoulder on the open page of his book. But he would never so much as even brush me away, and I would scramble back to my place for a fresh start.

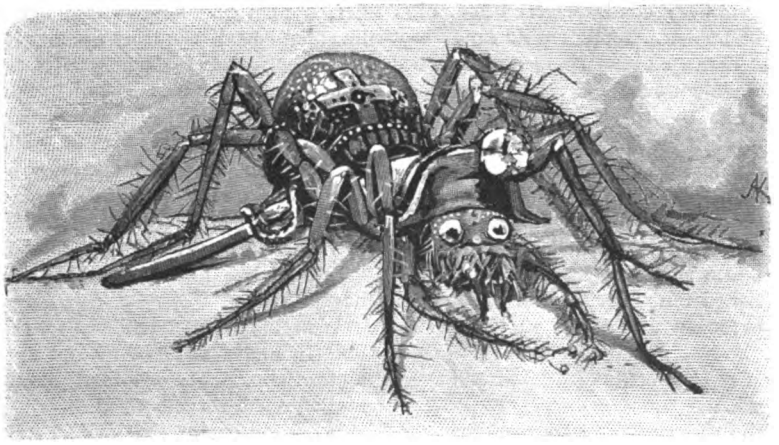
When he played on the violin I could not stay so near him. Our race are very sensitive to music, and sometimes the sweet sounds would pierce through me so sharply that I would run away, fearing to die from too much joy.

And now for the Marshal! We called him the Marshal, because it was a good strong name with a flourish to it, and seemed to suit him. He was a common friend of our family and the Strong-Webs, though there was nothing common about him, I can tell you that! He was not of our species. We were plain, black spiders, but the Marshal was big and beautiful and brilliant as a butterfly's wing or a bright snake's back; he was barred with crimson and yellow and black, soft as velvet to the touch; his legs were long and strong; his eyes fierce as live coals; his movements quick and headlong. He had no family, but lived in and out with ourselves and the Strong-Webs. He would not waste his strength in web-spinning, as he wanted to be always in good fighting order. Fear! Why, an army of centipedes would n't have made him shake. He seemed born to have things happen to him. He had had a leg-to-leg fight with a cockroach and had come off victor. He had been walled up alive by Miss Nanny Meriwether, the young lady of the house, who, catching a glimpse of one of his legs behind the mantel-piece, struck at him wildly with the poker, and, when he escaped her, stuck paper in every crack by which he could get out. Any ordinary spider would have given up in despair, but the Marshal ran around until he found a secret passage in the chimney, through which he plunged boldly, reaching home after fearful perils from wandering rats.

The only trial I had ever known was to put up with Mrs. Strong-Web's gibes at literature. These were very offensive to me, and gave rise to some disputes between Arachne and herself. She went so far as to say that she knew more about books than I did, and would try to correct me when I was entertaining the company with what I had read. And when I quoted poetry,—even if Lucy Larkins herself wrote it,—she had a way of drawing her legs up and making a little round ball of herself, as if she wanted to get away from the sound.

Still, she was n't a bad creature in the main, and we all got on well together, until the night when our terrible adventures began.

We were roused about midnight by a great noise in the streets; people shouting, things on wheels clattering, boys yelling. It was no use trying to see anything out of our tiny-paned windows that were never cleaned; so, bidding our families stay quietly at home, Strong-Web and I, with the Marshal, dashed down, to see what was the matter. Mrs. Meriwether and the children were in the front drawing-room at the windows. I ran to my place on Lee's shoulder; Strong-Web ran up on the window-ledge; the Marshal, too brilliant to risk being seen, hid himself behind a flower-pot. Then we looked out, and down at the end of the street we saw a house on fire. What a horrid sight it was! The flames roaring like the sea, leaping through



THE MARSHAL.

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the house, already devoured to the mere skeleton of a home, tottering and ready to fall.

Suddenly there came a scream from the back of our own house, where the cook slept. Every one started and ran that way, ourselves and the Marshal among the rest. The halls were dark, with as many twists and turns as there are in a water-melon-vine; our heads were confused; almost before we knew it, we found ourselves in the street. Frightened half to death, we ran furiously, not noticing the way we took, only intent on keeping from under the feet of the hurrying crowd, and getting away from the roar and glare and smoke of the fire. When at last we came to our senses, we were far away from home, in a vast sand-waste overgrown with yellow, ill-smelling flowers. Poor unfortunate ones! Where was our home? To what place had we come?

"We are lost!" cried I, in tones of anguish.

"I fear we are," said Strong-Web, with much more cheerfulness than one would have looked for.

"That is n't the worst of it," said the Marshal; "a storm is coming up."

He spoke truly; already the sky was black with clouds, and soon the lightning began its awful silent play, and the thunder its crashing sound. We knew what storms were; safe in our dear, lost attic we had seen the great sheets of water pouring down, and the little chickens and goslings borne off their legs and drowned in the flood. No hope for us, if we had to stand this rain unsheltered. We ran in all directions, like distracted creatures, until the Marshal's voice called, "Here, this way!" A flash of lightning followed his words, and we saw that he had found shelter under a little heap of oyster-shells, where in five seconds we were beside him. The rain fell in torrents, but we could laugh at it now. We even managed to sleep, feeling the need of rest after the violent events of the night.

When we awoke, the sound of the falling rain had ceased, but all was dark.

"It is stifling here," said Strong-Web, "let 's get out."

We hurried to the outlet; but what was our horror to find it closed! The rain had beaten the oyster-shells down into the earth, and we were buried alive! We dashed ourselves against the smooth sides; we raved; we wrung our legs; but to what avail?

After the first few moments of despair had spent themselves, I said:

"At least, the sad comfort is ours of dying together. We have been friends in life; let us comfort each other in these last moments."

The Marshal snarled. There 's no other word for it.

"Die together, shall we?" he said. "I 'll tell you one thing, old Wind-bag—I 'll be the last one to die!"

"Old wind-bag!" But I did n't mind that, for something in the Marshal's hollow tone struck a new terror to my heart. In an instant it flashed over me. The Marshal meant to hold on to life as long as he could. The Marshal meant to eat us!

I said nothing. I drew my legs up, and crept as far as I could into the corner, so that he might get Strong-Web first. My brain reeled with thought. Would he spring upon Strong-Web without warning? Would he offer me any of him? Should I show fight when my turn came? Would it be possible that I—should eat the Marshal?

While we crouched there in the darkness, we heard boyish voices above us. Then there was a kick against the heap of oyster-shells,—as boys will kick,—and we were free. The storm was over; the sun was shining; but, dazed and curiously shamed, we crept out upon the fresh, wet grass, and dared not look each other in the face.

We wandered all day, looking vainly for our home, stopping, when night fell, in a large public garden, which even to our sad eyes appeared a lovely place. Swinging lamps hung from the cedar and oleander trees, that grew everywhere in beautiful profusion; pink and white oleander blooms perfumed the air; a band of musicians played joyous tunes; crowds of people were coming and going, and children ran about merrily.

People were strolling around, as I have said, and, all at once, a young lady sat down on a bench near us. I was the first to notice her. "Look! look!" cried I, "it is Miss Nanny Meriwether! We are saved!" For in the very instant of seeing her, a plan had flashed into my mind,—simple, like all plans of the truly great. It was to conceal ourselves in the folds of Miss Nanny's dress, and, as it were, make a vehicle of her to take us home. My comrades agreed that it was a wonderful opportunity, and we lost no time in hiding ourselves under the plaiting of Miss Nanny's flounce. And now it was that the Marshal's fierce spirit got us into new trouble. He had no love for Miss Nanny, as you may know, since she had walled him up. "I would like her to see that I am still alive," he began.

We remonstrated with him for this rash wish, but unfortunately Miss Nanny put out her foot from under the edge of her dress. She had on a slipper and an open-worked stocking.

"Let me get at that foot!" cried the Marshal, his eyes beginning to shine with fury.

In vain were our frantic entreaties; he dashed out from our hiding-place, and ran up the side of her slipper. But, alas! she happened to look down, and the Marshal's fatal beauty betrayed

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him. She gave such a scream that the people around us came running to see what was the matter.

"A spider! a spider!" she cried, stamping her foot and shaking her dress so violently that we dropped off. It was a miracle that we escaped with our lives; and when at last we were safe, instead of a humble apology to us for his cruel rashness, what did the Marshal do but say he would willingly have never seen home again if he could have given her foot a good bite.

After this painful experience we wandered about for another twenty-four hours, and the next evening we found ourselves tired and worn-out on the beach near the city. The moon rose gently over the sea; the beach stretched away like an unrolled strip of yellow silk, and bathers frolicked in the water.

We rested our fevered legs on the cool back of a jelly-fish, and told our story to a friendly sand-crab who was running about as only the happy can run.

"Brace up, brace up," said he, cheerfully; "I think your troubles are about ended. I do believe Lee Meriwether is on the beach now,—over there on that log. I heard the lady call him Lee."

He started off in his ridiculous sidelong way, we following as fast as we could travel, until we came to the little boy and the lady. They were Lee and his mother! Now indeed we were saved. First exacting a solemn promise from the Marshal to restrain himself, we ran into Lee's hat that was lying on the ground. The silk lining was partly torn out, and we got between the lining and the crown. All happened as we had expected. Lee took us safely home, Strong-Web and I holding the Marshal firmly all the way, for fear his spirit would lead him to bite Lee's head.

And now came our last and most dreadful trial. Miss Nanny was sewing by the table, and as Lee threw down his hat, she picked it up before we had time to get out.

"How your hat is torn, Lee!" she said. "Let me mend it while I am thinking of it," and she drew her work-basket to her and began to sew.

Oh, horror! was this to be our doom after all we had gone through? We looked at the Marshal.

"One stroke for liberty!" he cried, in hoarse but warlike tones. "Dash!"

And at the word of command out we dashed; through Miss Nanny's fingers, over her hands and dress to the floor. How she screamed! The scene in the public garden was nothing to it.

"Am I to be tormented out of my life with spiders!" she cried. "Kill them! kill them!"

She pursued us with flashing eyes and upraised foot, but we got through the door, and up the old stair,—running wildly into the garret room,—and at last were safe in our own homes with our rejoicing wives.

We told our story, and our wives, too, had their story of suffering to tell.

"We have had a hard time," whispered Arachne, "though Fly-catcher has worn himself to a shadow taking care of us. Mrs. Strong-Web has eaten several of her children, and I had grown so thin that I really think I must have eaten poor little Rumdumburrow, in self-preservation, if you had not come to-night."

"Never shall you do that, my Arachne!" I cried, "while I live to provide for you."

So here we all live now, more happily than ever. Mrs. Strong-Web has improved in her manners, and Strong-Web has forgotten that he ever quarreled with her. The Marshal is fiercer than ever, and his vanity grows on him a little. There is a broken looking-glass on a table in the room, and I have caught him more than once standing on one leg before it, admiring his brilliant image.

As for myself, now that they are over, I do not regret our terrible experiences. It is pleasant to see the world; pleasanter still to have adventures; but pleasantest of all to get home safe again, and spin yarns or webs, as the case may be, from the place where they are stored away.

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THE THREE WISE COUPLES.

By Mrs. E. T. Corbett.

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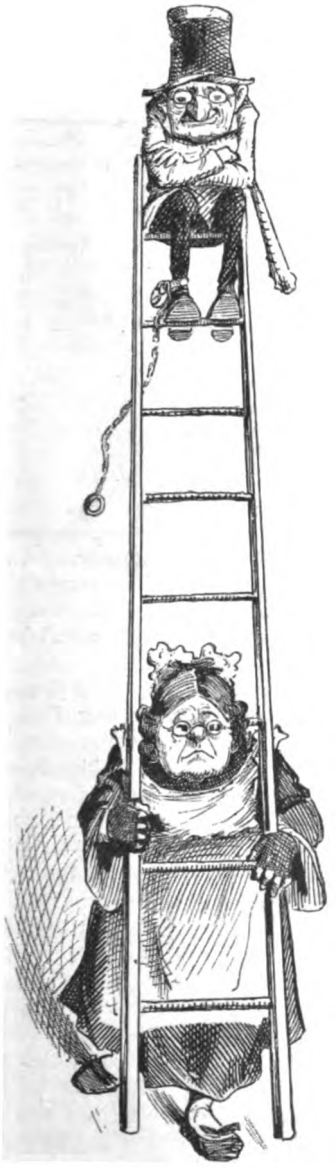

But the wisest couple of all the three
Said: "We will a traveling circus be!"
"You," cried the wife, "the bear must play,
Up on the ladder you ought to stay,
And I 'll carry the club, because, you know,
I 'll have to beat you, your tricks to show."

So the man in the ulster was frozen stiff,
While his wife did nothing but fan and sniff.
The hunter was stung by a cross old spider,
As he very imprudently sat down beside her,
And his wife, who was gathering webs for wool,
Used him to make up a basket full.

But the man who learned the bear to play
Lived on the ladder for many a day.
He stole the club and he would n't come down,
So his poor wife carried him through the town,
And all the people said: "Let 's go
To see the bear and the circus-show!"

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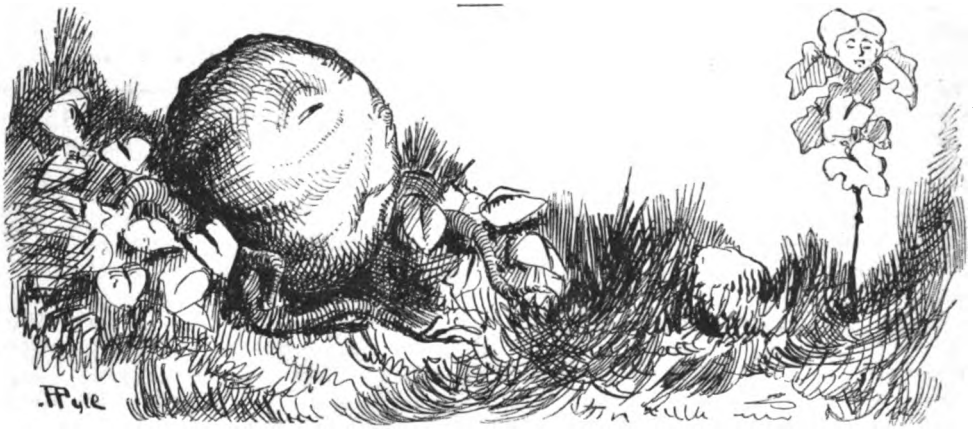
THE GOURD AND THE OAK.

BY HOWARD PYLE.



A GOURD-VINE once, filled with all the pride of rapid growth, glanced at a delicate acorn-shoot that stood at some distance, looking so fragile that it seemed as though a breath would destroy it.

"Poor wretch!" said the Gourd; "how can you bear to show your puny form so close to my own sturdy growth? Hide your head, you poor conceited weakling!"

The Oak-shoot answered not, but submitted in silence to the insulting pity of the great Gourd.

The autumn passed and winter came, and at the first frost the gourd died, and became shriveled into dead and withered stems. As for the oak, it grew with ever-increasing strength, year after year, until at length, its branches spread far and wide, and it towered high among the trees. Many plants hid from the fervent rays of the sun beneath its cool, moist shade, and many weary travelers rested beneath its spreading branches.

Birds came year after year, rearing their young, and finding shelter under its protecting foliage from the inclemencies of the weather.

"Ah!" said the aged Oak one day, looking down upon a bare spot where, many years before, the rapidly growing Gourd had ridiculed it, "I now perceive that it is only by slow growth that the strength and stability, which will remain through the changes of centuries, are produced."

SHE COULD N'T.

(A Story for Big Girls.)

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

CHAPTER I.

DORA was reading in her own private room at her own private desk. The carpet directly underneath the desk was strewn with quill clippings which, together with the confusion of books, maps and papers, gave, as Dora fancied, a literary aspect to the room.

She had taken from her desk a big blank-book, and was turning over its leaves with a half amused, half mournful look; for it was her journal. Was it possible, she thought, that she could have made such sad entries? Yet she remembered some of her sorrowful feelings. Her smile grew plainer as she came to this record: "*In spite of my family I will no longer be a clipt hen.*" On January 4th, 186–, she had declared herself "unhappy." January 6th, "two unhappy days." January 9th, "too wretched to write even here." Then came an outburst of disappointed feeling and strong conscientiousness, in which she had described herself as afraid that

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such thoughts did her no good, and therefore she had written that she had decided to change her journal into a novel and make herself its heroine.

So she had pictured herself as Queen Victoria, traveling about in disguise to discover the best methods of obtaining the freedom and elevation of girls, and of educating them at the same school with boys.

In this story she had settled questions of social reform in a surprisingly rapid manner, and had made political economy depend on Christian teaching. Theories which she had endeavored to impress on the home circle were demonstrated in the full beauty of their practice. Remarks on self-government and wise charity, which had been called forth by the exhibition of certain boyish freaks, were embodied in its legislative code. As she read, she remembered a peculiar, lofty, thoughtful manner that she used to assume at this period, when requested to mend a hole or help in the manufacture of kite-bobs, as an indication of the absorption of her mind in lofty thoughts, from which a summons to trifling duties was painful.

She recalled also her retreats to the attic and her solitary rehearsals of imaginary scenes, and the hours in which she and her chosen, intimate friend, Annie, had assumed given characters, and had occupied all their walks and visits together in the development of distinguished imaginary personages; by taking strange attitudes on stone seats on the Common, hiding awkward movements of their arms under their shawls, pacing up and down with increasing dignity, then bending graciously forward and making rapid gestures and addressing an imaginary audience. Dora consoled herself now by the thought, that if it had not been for these strictly private theatricals she could not have enacted the queen or the injured woman in the plays of the school recess, and that her carriage had really improved thereby,—a very important thing in a young girl's life.

Dora was what other girls call a "funny girl" or a "queer girl." No one could have enumerated all her secret vanities, one of the choicest being the possession of a bold, free handwriting, indicative of character and wasteful of paper. Her journal had been and still was her greatest comfort. She could endure advice, if she could afterward describe, in underscored words, how much she had been misunderstood. Yet she was full of quick sympathies and longed to be loved, whilst her energy and high spirits, her readiness for fun and exercise made her an acknowledged leader at school and in all frolics.

She thought it a fine thing to have secrets all to herself, and had made up her mind that when fifteen years old she would be famous. She had decided that her mother was "too domestic" to care for her kind of troubles, and her brothers were—boys. So she wrote in her journal and made up stories. But, at last, fourteen years old, she sent her first story to a magazine. If the editor had been a girl he would have answered at once. But weeks had gone by and she had received no reply. How many weeks she could not tell, and therefore she had opened her journal to find the eventful date, but feeling melancholy had given herself up to the luxury of glancing over her past experiences.

Just then came a tremendous knock upon the door which set it flying open, admitting her brother Ned, who handed her a long package with such a mocking bow, that she had to put on all her dignity to endure it in silence, especially as he added:

"Uncle Sam will get pretty rich with such a lot of stamps going back and forth;" and then quickly departed out of the way of vengeance. Dora's heart sank. If her story had not been returned the envelope could not have exhibited such a long line of postage. It was her beloved story,—the story that was to have made her famous,—accompanied by a very kind, but, as she thought, patronizing, letter from the editor.

Years after she thanked him; but now, as the combined advice, reproof and ridicule met her eye, she threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief, until, exhausted with sobbing, she fell asleep. Her mother, soon afterward finding her there, longed to waken and comfort her, but Dora had never volunteered any special confidence, and this was not the time to sue for it. She softly closed the door again, saving Dora the pain she would have felt at the discovery of her fancied secret. The next morning no allusion was made to her absence from supper, nor to the last evening's mail. Dora, however, had risen early, gathered all her papers, embalmed them in rose-leaves, bound them with black ribbon, sealed them with black wax, writing on the outer wrapper, which was moistened with great, honest tears, *mortuus est*, and had put them in the farthest corner of the topmost shelf of her closet. She was stunned by the unexpectedness of the blow.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few weeks, the unspent energies that Dora's school did not consume needed vent. She determined henceforth to shine as a philanthropist, for which duty she considered herself trained through her unpublished efforts. Her first endeavor was the organization of a sewing-circle. Scorning elderly assistance, and believing that a school education necessarily fitted one for the practical duties of life, Dora and her girl associates cut

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and made the garments. When finished, the articles were so badly put together that they were ashamed to send them to any "Home"; yet some method of disposal must be devised. Dora suggested that the chief fault with all missionary labor was ignorance of the nature of those helped; that tests of character were far more important than short stitches or a well-fitting dress; that the proper recipients for their bounty could be discovered by a careful study of the expression of the face. Therefore, a select committee, who had studied a little physiognomy, proceeded into the streets lately devastated by fire, or where buildings were being erected, and, measuring by their eye the arch of the eyebrows or curvature of the mouth, approached the little gatherers of shavings and wood, who happened to possess the needed requirements, and benevolently invited them to follow their footsteps. Curiosity soon collected a crowd, which was carefully winnowed by this process of selection, incomprehensible to those whom it concerned.

Meanwhile, Dora and some of the other girls had been busy in arranging silver spoons and money in visible hiding-places, that these children might prove themselves capable of withstanding temptation, before they received the immediate reward of clothing. As the committee and their followers arrived, the baskets of cold food and chips were deposited in the entry, and the little bare feet rubbed vigorously on the bristling mat before they trod the parlor carpet. Poor Dora was in momentary fear of her brothers' entrance, or that her mother's housewifely eye would detect traces of mud. The children gazed at the wonders of the room and the curious juxtaposition of silver and underclothing. They lifted the spoons deftly, but replaced them more quickly, as they felt the glances of their patronesses. When this trial of their virtue had lasted some fifteen minutes, and they had answered various questions addressed them, concerning their residences and families, Dora mounted an ottoman and began:

DISTRIBUTING THE GARMENTS.

"Children, like Oliver Twist, you have wanted more before you had any; like the renowned Spartans, you have been stoical in the presence of riches; like ——"

A long, low whistle warned Dora to bid her friends dispose of their gifts in a hurried manner. Short aprons were given to tall maidens, and very much gored skirts to those who had extensive waists. The children took all in a thankless, stolid manner, as if mismating were an every-day affair, shouldered their baskets, and disappeared round the corner of the house.

Poor Dora! She was greatly disappointed. She had thought that belonging to a sewing-circle

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was respectable and elderly, and that barefooted, pretty little girls always said "Thank you." Instead of establishing a union that would last till all its members were grandmothers, she had wasted her cloth by cutting it badly, and her stitches had been long and crooked. She had had a good time, that was one comfort; but still, she was nearly fifteen, and had not yet found the path to distinction. She *must* instantly undertake something else, that would be strikingly brilliant and not require much effort. Fortunately for her present undertaking, her mother had never allowed her to pursue many studies at once, and thus, thanks to this restriction and to her good natural powers, she had had time for thorough study and for recreation. In composition, however, it had always been impossible to check the fertility of her invention or chasten her style, when given a subject that was not an abstract of some previous study. If required to write an analysis of an author, she would bring together the impressions she had received from her friends and the encyclopedias concerning such a writer, and, without reading through any one play or poem, intertwine these disjointed criticisms into quite a pretty mosaic, alike presumptuous and superficial. To study and to read, with her, involved two distinct mental states: one a painstaking frame of mind, the other a careless, self-indulgent, and enjoyable mood.

In one of her compositions on the best method of aiding the poor, she had described the self-sacrifice of a young girl of wealth and beauty, who gave up her home and went and lived in an alley, to become more like a sister to shop-girls and beggars. Her heroine finally changed the alley into a wide street and the tenements into marble fronts, with tenants having apple-sauce and goose every day for dinner.

"Now," reasoned Dora, "I can't do just as she did; but there 's a little nest of houses near my old nurse's, only half an hour's ride out of town in the horse-cars. I could go out there twice a week, and bring the children together under the trees, as it is such warm weather, and read to them and teach them fancy-work. Then, when the little girls are as old as I am, they can support themselves by embroidery, which always pays better than plain sewing."

So the next week, provided with canvas and worsted, Dora started forth on her new mission, having previously induced her old nurse to collect, either by bribery or threats, eight curious, frightened little maidens, not extremely needy. She shook hands with them all round, making them still more frightened. Then she curled her feet under her and sat down on the grass, telling them to do the same, and began a story, to make them feel at home. It was a capital story, and capitally told. The children drew nearer and nearer, and begged for another when it was ended.

"No," said Dora sternly, and drew out her brightest worsted and cut her canvas into eight squares. Luckily, they could all thread a needle and put it into the right hole; but none could draw the worsted evenly, and the canvas would pucker. Still, as every girl knows, worsted-work is easier than hemming; so at the end of an hour they had made two or three lines of good cross-stitch, and Dora was wild with delight. "This is because I love them," she thought; "I shall write a story about 'Love, the Teacher,' and it will be quite original." Poor Dora!

All went smoothly for three or four weeks. The eight pin-cushions grew as Dora's pocket-money lessened, for she had been obliged to keep some of the girls quiet by promises of two or three cents, if they would behave themselves. She did not like that part of her work, as she had only a small allowance of her own, and she had supposed they would love her at once; but they did n't, and they must be taught, even if it did cost. Then they began to sew carelessly. Dora scolded; then they became disobedient, and Dora threatened to come but once a week. Two or three kept on steadily, and if she had been more patient she would have got along much better. It became less exciting to go out of town for a class that grew smaller each week; besides, she now thought it too expensive; the worsted was wasted, and many needles were broken. The original design for pin-cushions grew narrower; the girls learned little of embroidery, and Dora now fancied she was not fitted for a sewing teacher, but, as usual, consoled herself by thinking that she could relate her trials in a story, and by and by she did. School examination was approaching, and, somehow or other, she ceased to go to her embroidery class. But she wrote in her journal: "Did not go out to those ungrateful little girls to-day, and sha' n't go any more. It serves them right. They may keep all the worsted; it cost me lots. Guess I was n't very patient; can't help it, though. Suppose I could, too; oh, dear!" She was not yet distinguished.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was one more idea in her little head. It had been there for a long time,—ever since she had kept her place throughout the year at the head of the English Literature class,—and that was, to teach pretty young shop-girls what she knew about English authors, for it would be useful to them, and make them feel brighter when they were tired with standing all day.

After her last enterprise, her mother had insisted

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upon being wholly informed about any new scheme before it was begun. Dora was very fond of her mother, after all. She always seemed to know all Dora did without being told of it, and yet she would never allow the girl to do a really mean or wrong thing; but she did allow her to get into scrapes, just like that of the sewing-circle, and to get herself out of them as best she could. Dora always forgot her mother's offers of assistance, and thought her own way the best, until she found by experience that it was a mistaken way.

"Mother wont exactly laugh at me," thought she, "but she will 'twinkle,' when I tell her my new idea. I suppose I must tell her the whole,—that, after all the talks I have heard about shop-girls, I want to persuade the store-keepers to let them have seats, when they are not waiting on customers. Then I should be a real benefactress, and in that way I could find some girls for my English Literature class. I wish she would ask me what I am thinking about; but that is n't her way. Of course, she has guessed it already."

That evening, when Dora and her mother were alone, the former began to fidget about her chair and twirl her locket, till that proceeding gave her courage to say:

"Mother."

"Well?" replied her parent.

"Mother," answered the daughter,—"mother, —well, you know I am at the head of the English Literature class, don't you? I know a good deal about it, and I have plenty of time to teach others; so——"

"Yes, dear," said her mother quietly.

"Well, I was thinking," continued Dora, "that it would be a good plan,"—and she came to a full stop.

Her mother waited some seconds and then asked what would be a good plan.

"You know all about it," burst out Dora in an indignant voice, "and you don't help me at all."

"You mean, dear," said the mother, "that it would be a good plan to induce a few very young girls who tend store all day, to come here in the evening and listen to you."

"Now, how did you know?" exclaimed Dora.

"Oh, you talked in your dreams last night," was the reply.

"Yes, but did I dream aloud the other part?" asked the child eagerly; "did I say that I was going to beg the store-keepers not to keep their sales-girls standing all day?"

"Why, my dear daughter, you are only fourteen, and don't know what you are talking about."

"That's just the reason I must," said Dora; "because I am young they will believe in me, and if I succeed I shall be remembered as a benefactor. I have it all planned out what to say and everything. Do please let me; do, do!"

After much talking and thinking, the mother finally consented, on the condition that Dora should visit but four stores, and those, ones that she named.

The next day, therefore, on her way home from school, Dora entered the large dry-goods establishment of Dunmore & Clapp and walked straight up to one of the partners, whom she knew by sight. "Please, sir," she began, "you will excuse my calling, but I did not know whether you knew how bad it is for girls to stand up all day long?"

The gentleman thus addressed put his hands in his pockets and seated himself or fell into a seat directly before Dora, looking at her in utter amazement.

"Did you understand me, sir?" she asked presently, and coloring very much.

"I think I did, miss," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I am no one, but I do want to do some good; it must be so awful tiresome to stand all day and wait on people. Please do let them sit down. They will be ever so much stronger and happier for it, and then besides, they would be pleasanter to customers if they were not so tired."

"Who told you to come here?" asked Mr. Dunmore.

"No one, sir," was the answer. "It is all my own idea; please do, sir, it would be such a pleasant thing, and then all the other stores would do the same and all the girls could grow strong."

She looked at him so earnestly with her heart-felt wish in her face, that the man's own countenance changed from an expression of wonder to one of purpose, and he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, rose and said, gravely:

"My little maid, you have done what no one else ever did. My girls here shall have seats."

"Thank you, thank you," broke from Dora's delighted voice and eyes, as she seized hold of his hands and shook them again and again and bade him her happiest good-morning.

She briskly entered another store and began in somewhat the same way, but was told that she 'd do well to look at home, and see that her mother did not overwork her servants, for girls that lived out had an awful time nowadays and were mighty thankful to get into shops, standing or not standing.

Enraged by this treatment, she entered a third shop with the intention of addressing herself first to the girls; but being met by a polite official, she detailed her purpose in such a ferocious manner, that he crossly informed her she could send as many arm-chairs as she chose, but that not a girl

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would use them, for they preferred standing to jumping up and down all the time. Dora became terribly dejected; improvement of others was so

"WE CAN'T COMPLAIN."

difficult and her eagerness to aid so earnest. It suddenly occurred to her, that if she should inquire first the price of some article, a paper of pins, for instance, it might give her a chance for conversation with one of the girls. So, leaning over the counter in the fourth store, she began by asking the difference in price between American and English pins, and while examining them, said sympathizingly, that it must be hard to stand all day long, or be dismissed if once caught sitting down.

"It is," was the frank answer; "in some places, they don't like to have the girls pull out the drawers behind the counters and sit on them, but here we can, and we can't complain, though it is like sitting on the edge of a knife."

"Can't you do anything about it; can't I?"

"Oh, it is not so very hard after all, when you have got to earn your living, any way," was the answer.

"I must see about it," said Dora energetically. "I shall come in again and speak to the head man; not to-day, because he has seen me talking with you, perhaps. But, until I can get it fixed all right, don't you want to come to my house and let me read to you some English literature; have a course with some other girls; I don't want old women to come, but young, pretty girls like you, and never mind if you don't think I am old enough. I have been to school and you have n't, and that makes a difference, but we can have a good time, all the same.

The girl looked puzzled and amused. "Why," said she hesitatingly, "we have all been to school, only we don't go now, and you do; that's the difference. I used to study English 'something'; I don't remember what they called it."

Here she went away to attend to a customer, and Dora waited patiently, until in the intervals of buying and selling she had persuaded her to come, and bring two or three others, whom her new friend thought she could find, because it was such a new idea and Dora seemed so much in earnest. Then the little shop-girl returned to her work without interruption and Dora to her home, and reported progress to her mother.

CONCLUSION.

AT the stated time, the three damsels rang the bell, and were ushered into the dining-room. Dora was seated at the table, fortified with books, paper, and pencil. After the usual welcomings and chit-chat, which the girls enjoyed, she ventured to remind them of their purpose in coming, asking them if they had heard of the "Canterbury Tales." As their ready knowledge, however, was confined to Shakspeare, Byron, and Longfellow, who wrote "quite nice," Dora began methodically at the commencement of Chaucer's life, by stating that, after all, the date was not fixed,—somewhere about 1328,—and that what he wrote would be called Old English, and that most people did not think it very important to read him; but, as they wanted to have a connected idea of the general progress of literature, they might as well remember that the "Canterbury Tales" is a collection of stories which some travelers told to each other at an inn where they were stopping. Then she read, for nearly one half hour, extracts from the various stories, interspersing them with a sketch of two or three of the plots, and watching her victims out of the corner of her left eye.

Much must be accomplished in a certain time; so next she took up Spenser, that then the girls might compare the two authors. The few data necessary for a comprehension of the poet were quickly given, followed by a vigorous reading from the "Faërie Queene," till the nine o'clock bell and the sleepy faces of her scholars warned her to stop, and entreat them to tell her about it next Thursday. At this mention of a return of the hour, the girls nudged one another.

"S'pose I might speak for all of us," whispered one. The nudging gave emphatic assent, and she explained, in a confused tone, which grew louder and faster, that they had so many other things to do that, on the whole, they guessed they 'd better say, they should n't come again, as, if they did n't

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say so now, the young lady might be expecting them; but hoped she 'd take no offense.

"It is real kind in you," added another, "only 't aint the kind of fun we 'd expected; but we are lots obliged, just the same."

"Only we are too old for this kind of work; but it is just right for school-girls like you, Miss, and you were real good," chimed in the other two damsels, and they all three sidled toward the door, in confusion and awkwardness.

"Good-bye," said they all, half sorrowfully.

Dora stood aghast, without speaking. She thought she had done capitally, had lost no time in the arrangement of her subjects, and had carried her pupils through a good deal of the course at once. It was like the way she learned at school. At any rate, it was not her fault, she argued; but it was always her misfortune to get hold of the wrong people, and things would n't fit together. To be sure, it was just as her mother had said. She wanted her to wait; but that had not suited Dora, who had thus tried another experiment and failed.

This was the last, forever, of Dora's efforts for distinction, or of any special new plan for doing good, for the next three years. She was almost fifteen, and neither as writer, philanthropist, nor teacher had she succeeded. She determined to give up all idea of doing anything except school work and being good. After all, she was only a fair, average girl, and there was no use in thinking she could ever be anything else. But first she would have a kind of funeral over herself.

The next Saturday was a holiday. She begged her mother to say she was engaged, if any one should call, and not to summon her to luncheon. Her mother took the pathetic little face in both her hands, and kissed it fondly.

"Dora, darling," said she, "when you are twenty years old, you will be one of the happiest of women, I know. Meanwhile, be patient with yourself; it will all come out gloriously."

After that kiss, Dora's funeral did not seem so gloomy. She locked her room door, took her journal and wrote out her last failure. Then she divided one of the pages lengthwise, heading one column with the word "Wants," the other with "Oughts." Under the first she wrote: Want 1, to be real good; 2, to write splendid novels; 3, to be beautiful and great. Under the "oughts" she wrote: 1, to love stupid people; 2, to make everybody happy when I can; 3, not to think about myself, but just keep going on; 4, to talk all the time to mother; 5, never to write another word in this journal. Then she ended it with a great blot, made on purpose, tied up her book with black ribbon, as she had done with her story the previous year, and laid it on the same shelf where that was laid. Next, she had a good cry, ate some candy, felt better, went downstairs and knelt by her mother's side, whispering:

"Mamma, I have given up all trying after what I can't be. I am just going to love you all at home with all my heart, and then you 'll love me; and I wont feel badly because I can't write books or help in big ways. And if I try to make you all real happy in little bits of ways, I guess it will 'come out gloriously,' just as you said."

SHE ENDED IT WITH A GREAT BLOT.

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THE APPLES OF IDUNA.

By Helen E. Smith.

Far away to the north, in the Atlantic Ocean, lies a large island so bleak and cold that it has ever preserved the name of Iceland, given by its Norwegian discoverers in the year 860.

On this island, in the year 1150, lived Olaf, a wealthy Icelander, with his wife Steinvora, and their children, Thorold and Thurida.

During the summer, and, in fact, until the weather had become very cold, Olaf and Steinvora, with their servants, had been more than busy in gathering the stores of dried fish and Iceland moss for food; of peat, drift-wood and fish-bones for fuel; and of hay for the cows. The little boy and girl had done their share of this labor; in the summer going off with the maidens to the great plains to collect the nourishing moss, and in the autumn gathering moss of a different kind for repairing their house.

At length, the long nights of the long Icelandic winter had come. Olaf was happy to think how well he had provided for his family and his cattle. Steinvora was troubled when she thought of all the yarn that must be spun, of the cloth that must be woven, and of the garments that must be made. Thorold and Thurida were delighted when they thought of the snow-sleds and the ice-sliding; but not quite so happy when they thought of the long snow-storms that for days and sometimes weeks together would keep them prisoners in the house. Olaf's house, like all others in Iceland of that day, was only one story in height, and was built for strength and warmth, more than for beauty or cheerfulness. Its walls, made of huge blocks of lava plastered together with clay and moss, were four feet thick. The steep-pitched roof, made of stout beams, covered with boughs of the scrubby oaks,—which then grew plentifully on the island,—was overlaid with a thick covering of turf. In the center was one large room with a hole in the middle of the roof-peak, to serve instead of a chimney. On one side of this room was the store-room for dried fish; on the opposite side, that for the nutritious moss, which was used in place of bread, for no grain was then raised in Iceland. On the third side was a fuel-room, and on the fourth side a cow and sheep shed, and a long low hall leading to the open air. Thus it will be seen that there was no space for windows on the sides of the family room. Its only daylight or fresh air came through the chimney-hole. There were, it is true, some small windows made in the sides of the steep roof, but these were only for summer use, being covered, when winter came, by half-transparent fish entrails, scraped and dried and stretched on frames. These not being strong enough to support a weight of snow, were protected by boughs which, like the rest of the roof, were covered with turf. So you see that the little Thorold and his sister could not amuse themselves by standing at the windows and looking out at the swift-falling snow; or watching the blinking of the stars; or seeing the shimmer of the moonbeams on the glittering ice. Neither were there any story-books to read, for very few were the books to be found in all Iceland then; and had Olaf possessed ever so many, no one in his family could have read them.

Dreary enough must have been the long nights (some of them twenty hours long) were it not for story-telling. The old Icelanders were noted tellers of stories, and children were just as fond then, as now, of hearing them. The father of a family would tell them over and over to his children, until they knew them by heart. And thus the tales were preserved almost as long and well as if they had been written.

One day in February, when the length of the day had grown from four hours to six, and the fishing season had commenced, Olaf called to Thorold and Thurida to come to the door and look at the setting sun throwing his last rays upon the side of the high peak of the Oeräfa Jökul.

"There!" said he; "do you see? Loki is bringing Iduna back with her apples, and the wicked Thjassi will soon lose his eagle wings."

Thorold, who had often heard the story of Iduna, clapped his hands and laughed till he seemed to become too big for his long-skirted blue flannel jacket. But Thurida, who was younger and had not heard the story, only turned her blue eyes up beseechingly from under her funny blue flannel cap, saying:

"My father, who was Iduna, and what are apples?"

"Ugh! The blast is cold, and Iduna is not yet come," said Olaf; "so we will go in and sit by the fire while I tell thee the story."

The large room did not look so gloomy as usual on this night, for the atmosphere was clear, and the smoke from the large wood-and-fish-bone fire passed off freely through the hole in the roof, while the fire-beams danced merrily over the spinning-wheels and loom on one side of the room; over

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the fishing-tackle and bows and spears on another side; over the narrow boxes filled with sea-weed, which served as bedsteads for the family, servants and all, ranged against the wall behind the fire; upon the group of men dressing the fish they had that day speared through the ice; and upon Steinvora and her maidens preparing for supper the big kettle of moss-porridge, to-night, by way of a treat, flavored with dried juniper berries.

It was not until after the supper that Olaf took off his blue flannel cap—shaped like a small three-cornered bag, with a yarn tassel fastened to the point—to let the fire dry his long yellow hair, and, taking the children, one on each knee, told the story of Iduna.

"Once," said he, "a long time ago, before the Christians came to Iceland, the god Odin, with Hænir and the wicked Loki, went on a journey. The ancient gods surely differed little from mortals, for, like us, they often were hungry and thirsty and tired. When these three had traveled far, they came to a beautiful valley where a herd of oxen were grazing. Being very hungry, these gods—not even the best of whom was really good—did not scruple to steal and kill one of the oxen for their supper. They cut the ox into quarters, which they put into their big kettle to boil. But boil the beef would not. In vain the three travelers piled on the fuel; in vain the water in the kettle bubbled and boiled. Every time that the lid of the kettle was removed the meat was found to be as raw as at first. While wondering what the reason for this could be, the perplexed travelers, hearing a voice, looked up, and beheld an enormous eagle, perched on the stoutest branch of a very large oak-tree.

"'If ye are willing,' said the voice, 'to let me have my share of the flesh, it shall soon be boiled.'

"Of course the hungry gods said 'Yes,' when instantly down flew the loud-flapping eagle, and with his great beak snatched up three quarters of the beef!

"'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Loki, 'one quarter only is thy share,' and with that he struck a fierce blow with his traveling staff upon the eagle's back. So much the worse was this for Loki, for while one end of the unlucky staff stuck fast to the back of the eagle, Loki found himself unable to loose his hold from the other end, which he the more desired to do because he now found, to his dismay, that the supposed eagle was no other than the renowned Frost-Giant Thjassi, who, with his great eagle wings, went flying over rocks and forest tops, dragging after him the unhappy Loki till he was torn almost in pieces.

"For a long time the giant took no notice of Loki's piteous entreaties, but, at last, Thjassi deigned to tell him that he should be released when he had bound himself by a solemn oath to bring Iduna and her apples out from her safe retreat behind the bright walls of Asgard, the city of the gods.

"Loki, who was selfish enough to do anything, willingly took the oath, and, all tatters and wounds as he was, soon rejoined his companions. But he told them nothing of his oath."

"My father," interrupted Thurida, "what are apples?"

"They are round things that grow on trees, as I 've been told," said Olaf, "but I never saw any.

"Now, these apples of Iduna were very different from all other fruits, for it was by eating them that the gods kept themselves always young and handsome and strong. So Loki did not dare to tell of the oath he had taken.

"On the return of the three travelers to bright Asgard, the crafty and cruel Loki told the beautiful and kind Iduna that in a forest a short distance off he had found apples which he thought were of a much better quality than her own, and that at all events it was worth while to make a comparison between them.

"Iduna, deceived by his words, took her apples and went with him into the forest; but no sooner had they entered it than Thjassi, clad in his eagle plumage, flew rapidy toward them, and catching up Iduna, regardless of her tears, carried her and her treasures with him to gloomy Jötunheim, the dreary city of the Frost-Giants.

"Now the gods, left in lofty Asgard without the society of the beautiful Iduna, and without any of her youth-giving apples to eat, soon became wrinkled and bent and gray. Old age was creeping fast upon them, and their mourning for Iduna was loud and sincere. It was long before they discovered that Loki was the author of the mischief. When they did so, he could only save himself from their wrath by promising to bring safely back the beloved Iduna and her youth-giving apples.

"To do this, Loki borrowed from the goddess, Frigga, the falcon plumage which she sometimes wore, and disguised in it, flew to Jötunheim.

"In spite of his disguise, it was not without fear that Loki approached the grim and terrible walls of the city of the Frost-Giants. Cautiously and silently he flew about it until he discovered that Thjassi was on an ice-floe, far out at sea, spearing fish for his dinner. Then, with a joyful cry, Loki flew into the city and lost no time in changing Iduna into a sparrow, and flying off with her safely clasped in his talons.

"But, before they were far on their way, the Frost-Giant returned to his gloomy city, there to learn of the escape of Iduna. Into his eagle plumage

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hustled Thjassi, and, screaming with rage, flew in pursuit of the trembling sparrow and swiftly flying falcon.

"Upon the bright walls of Asgard, eagerly watching the uncertain race, stood the impatient gods. Rapidly approached the pursued, but close behind them followed the terrible pursuer. The gods trembled with terror lest Iduna should again fall into his cruel hands, and, as fast as their now aged limbs would let them, they began to gather upon the walls bundles of dry chips, while the good Baldur waited with a fire-brand in his hand.

"Over the bright walls flew Loki and Iduna. Close after them came the loud-flapping Thjassi; but Baldur had been too quick for him, and had already set fire to the ready chips. The rapid flame caught the borrowed plumage of Thjassi, and he thus fell into the power of the gods, who slew him within the walls of the sacred city. Then great and loud was the rejoicing, while the gods hastened to make themselves young and handsome and strong again, by eating freely of the apples of Iduna."

"My father," said Thorold, "the good priest tells us that all those ancient fables about the gods have a meaning that is not a fable. Canst thou not tell me and Thurida what this one means?"

"I do not know how it is of myself," said Olaf, "but I have heard the good priest say that Iduna means the beautiful spring, while Thjassi means the desolating winter. Hence, when the short days and long nights begin to come, we say that Thjassi is carrying off Iduna. And, when the days grow longer and the nights shorter, we say that Iduna with her apples, is returning to us. The fire kindled by the gods upon the walls of bright Asgard is the sun, before whose heat winter dissolves; while all Nature, partaking of the fruits of spring, grows young again."

"My father," murmured sleepy little Thurida, "I will wake up to eat some of the apples."

Olaf laughed, and, kissing his little daughter, laid her tenderly in one of the bed-boxes filled with elastic sea-weed, and spread over her a sack of sea-fowl feathers, saying:

"It is not for many a long and bitter night yet, my Thurida, that the beautiful Iduna shall reach our cold land.

"Yet," he continued, patting Thorold on the head, "when Iduna is with us, 'Iceland's the best land the sun shines on!'"

THE BIG BEAR OF WANNETOLA.

(A True Story.)

By Dr. I. E. Nagle.

One beautiful evening in the latter part of November, 1860, I rode to my nearest neighbor's cabin to spend the night with him, for we had planned to start early next morning on a hunt for a big bear, that had been seen often in the vicinity, and had become the principal topic of the settlers for several months. The country was sparsely settled, and every exciting incident that occurred was largely magnified by those who lived in that isolated portion of the frontier. So the depredations of this big bear during that autumn had soon made him very notable, and excited the desire of hunters to secure his skin.

The neighbor I have mentioned was Harvey Richardson, one of the most successful hunters and famous woodmen in Arkansas. He had spent many years in the forest, and was noted for his desperate adventures with *varmints* of every kind. He met me at the gap in his fence, and welcomed me with the usual hospitable greetings, which make the cabins in the wild western forests free to all who visit them.

Before retiring, we viewed the sky very carefully, and found the outlook gave good promise of a splendid morning for our hunting expedition. A gray mist was in the air, slightly veiling the moon and sky, though not sufficiently thick to hide the stars from view. This softened haze indicated two favorable prospects for hunting. It assured us that the bear would forage during the night, and also that the ground would hold scent, and give the dogs a fine chance for running the game. So, well pleased with the weather, we slept soundly.

An hour before day broke, the door creaked on its wooden hinges, and Harvey took a good look out. The stars were shining brightly, and the keen, sharp morning air was laden with the fresh scent of wood and frosted vegetation. Far off in the forest we heard the half-suppressed howl of a wolf, perhaps speeding on the track of a hapless deer.

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My warm nest was very comfortable, and so I murmured a little sigh of regret, and yawned as Harvey shook me out of bed. He was very much elated because the morning was so perfectly fitted for our expedition, and we quickly prepared for the adventures of the day.

As there are some very important matters connected with the preparations for a dangerous hunt, and not only success in killing game, but often a hunter's safety, depends on his precautions, I will tell you what we did. Harvey wiped his rifle clean with a woolen washer; then he held it to the fire and dried the nipple without heating the stock and breech. He then put in the powder from his boar-tusk charger, and placed a patch-covered half-ounce bullet on the powder, pressing it firmly down home with the ramrod. He did not hammer the ball, but left it snugly laid on the charge. When he examined the nipple of the tube, there was powder at the crown, and then he carefully fitted a cap on it, so that it would not come off under ordinary circumstances. He then strapped on his pouch, pistol and large butcher-knife, and was ready for service.

I warmed my English double-barreled gun, and proceeded to load with three drams of powder, on which were placed felt wads. I did not ram the charges, but on each of them I placed three buck-shot, and on these was laid an ounce ball. Each charge was then covered with felt wads, which were pushed home closely without ramming. Thus my loads were lodged very tightly in the barrels, and after capping on powder that lightly filled the tubes, I, too, was ready for the expedition.

We hurried into the air and loosed the five dogs that were to accompany us. The other eighteen of the pack had been corraled in a high pen during the night, and so they roared and yelped and would not be quieted. But we glided into the forest, and soon their barking was heard only as a dreamy tone in the far distance.

The dogs that accompanied us were noted hunters, and really deserve a passing description. Old Lapstone was a gaunt, one-eyed, huge yellow dog, with a very mean and ugly countenance. His name was given him from his close resemblance to a surly old cobbler who roamed about the neighborhood. The old dog's voice was horribly bass, but he had good grit, was a savage fighter of bears, and always led the pack.

A beautiful dog, named Bullet, half hound and half bull-dog, was always second. He had the pluck of a game chicken, the endurance of a tiger, and the speed of a deer. We depended on him for sleuth and sagacity, and were never disappointed in our confidence.

The third was a large brindle dog. He had a long face, thick nose, long lips, frightful teeth, and around his neck a white ring, which resembled a clergyman's choker; and from this peculiarity he was named Parson. He had great pertinacity and endurance and was a good dog, though he became too much excited at the tooting of a horn, or when he heard the scraping of a fiddle.

Old Pickles was the next, and he never did any good, unless he was in the fourth place, even when running with other packs. He was a bull-dog, with a massive head and neck, was always in at the death, and his delight was to hang on to a bear to the very last. He was a very sour-looking animal, and never made friends with any one. Big Jack was always the tail of the pack. He was a half blood-hound and half Scotch sleuth-hound, evidences of which savage mixture he exhibited in many instances besides bear-hunting. He was a treacherous brute, and would pull down a man with as little hesitation as he would attack a bear. The unpleasant creature was a present to Harvey from an Englishman, who had seen a great deal of backwoods' life and hunting adventures with my friend in the preceding year.

As we approached the banks of the Wannetola, the thickets became more dense and difficult to penetrate. At last we arrived at the crossing of a deep slough or bayou, where we expected to find "sign of the b'ar," as Harvey said, eagerly. To our delight we found the trail we so earnestly sought, and without delay located ourselves for sharp work. The morning twilight was just turning into rosy day, as we adjusted ourselves in "stands," as hunters term the places where they await the approach of game. In standing for deer, the hunter places himself in front of a tree and in full view of the animal, which does not see him, because of the dark background. For other game the hunter hides himself completely from view, choosing his position so as to escape the animal's keen powers of scent.

What Harvey meant by his "sign of the b'ar" was this: The crossing was the only low place and inclined bank of the bayou within a distance of two miles. Bear, deer, and other "varmints," as wild animals are promiscuously termed by frontier people, always crossed at this point, whither they came from every quarter. We found the foot-marks very large, and closely resembling the impressions made by a huge negro's foot. We found, too, that the toes pointed toward the plantations, and there were no points to indicate that he had returned. The smooth side, where Bruin had slipped as he came up the bank, also gave an impressive idea of the creature's great weight and size. He had evidently gone on a foraging excursion to a corn-field or hog-range near by, and after getting his store of

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provender, would doubtless return at an early moment to his den in the far recesses of the swamp.

The morning air was cold and frosty enough to make my nose and fingers tingle with a sense of pain, but the prospect of excitement and combat of a dangerous kind warmed away other thoughts. As daylight came, our senses were aroused to catch every sound indicative of our approaching game.

An old hunter sits immovable, and has ears but for one sound, that is, the crunching tread of the bear. He never pays attention to what occurs in the trees, knowing that bears who live in swamp countries never go up into the branches to look into the impenetrable jungles beneath. It is only in mountainous regions that Bruin sagaciously reconnoiters the surroundings from lofty lookouts

A CLOSE STRUGGLE.

The cold air caused the branches to snap, but these sounds did not alarm us old woodmen. Young huntsmen, at such moments, are very excitable, and get what veterans term the "buck fever." They shake at every sound, and look eagerly and anxiously to discover the source of the slightest noises. A falling twig causes them to make nervous movements; they clutch their guns, and hold their breath to listen, while their hearts beat rapidly, thumping and jumping, and a choking sensation comes into the throat. The astonished novice finds, after the game has fled and escaped, that he failed to shoot and so lost his day's sport.

Hence we looked to the swamp and awaited the walk of the animal.

The sun came up and warmed my back, and my position became very irksome, because it was unadvisable to move for fear of giving alarm to the bear, if he was moving in my direction. I noticed, too, that Big Jack and Bullet had taken positions close by me. The proximity of the former was hardly less uncomfortable than that of a savage panther would have been. We were located about ten feet from the hither side of the crossing, where a fallen tree was in front. Through the interstices of the interlaced roots I could see in every direction

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necessary, and felt assured that if the game came in that direction he would pass very near to my position.

Big Jack made a movement, and, with his red eyes gleaming like burning balls, he seemed as if in the act of springing at me. His ominous glare startled me, but in an instant, noticing that his looks were directed toward the crossing, I, too, looked thither and heard the sound of a heavy animal sauntering slowly over the sodden ground and approaching my lair. In an instant a pair of yellow eyes glared at me, and with as wide a look of surprise as there was in mine. Recovering myself I fired at the monster, which appeared like a huge, animated black cloud as he rose up before me. The brute disappeared with the smoke of my gun, but in a moment I was startled by the report and shock of a second discharge. The other load of my gun had been accidentally exploded. Looking in the direction that the bear had taken, I saw he had run along the other side of the fallen tree and met at the farther end the two dogs, when he turned about and came toward me at his most rapid speed and in savage humor. Then there was a fearful crash and rush. The black mass came on, with eyes gleaming, and bewildering me with the reflection of their glare in the sunlight.

I was conscious that my gun was useless, and so instinctively grasped my pistol, but found it hopelessly entangled in my belt. For a second, despair came upon me, but a sudden revulsion aroused every sense and prompted me to defense for life. Quickly drawing my knife, it was presented at a thrust as the dark mass sprang at me. In the same moment there was the shadow of a dark body flying through the air, and a flash of yellow light, as Big Jack fastened his glittering fangs into the bear's right shoulder. Bruin had his ponderous jaws open, and his yellow teeth were frightfully hideous as he essayed to snap at me, growling horribly all the while. At this moment, too, Bullet leaped at him so fiercely as to divert the monster's attention from myself and make him miss his bite. He reared, and as he again came down on his forefeet and was in the act of going over the bank, I plunged my knife to the hilt into his body, in the region of his heart. He turned and made a terrible snap at my legs, but at the moment I fell backward over a bush, and so we all went into the bayou together. The bear, with Bullet hanging to his lip, was growling terribly as they went over the bank. Big Jack was hanging by his first hold, and thus they floundered in the water and mud.

I scrambled to the edge of the slough, and watched with intense anxiety the result of the battle. In another moment, and when the bear had nearly reached the farther side of the pool, desperately fighting with the dogs every inch of the way, I heard a rushing sound and the whirring flight of the rest of the pack as they sprang over me. In the same instant a flash shot out from the brown barrel of Harvey's rifle, and the bear rolled over, though he still feebly fought the pack, and kept on fighting to the last moment of his existence. To my mortification, an examination of the huge carcass showed that my shot had not made any visible mark on the animal, and that my knife had not quite reached his heart. Harvey's shot had killed him. The weight of the savage animal was over five hundred pounds.

His skin has done good service in many a camp and field since that memorable morning, though I could never bring myself to try to sleep upon it, for the very memory of that fight by the bayou is as unpleasant to me as a nightmare.

MY COLOR.

BY MARCIA D. BRADBURY.

IT glistens in the ocean wave,
It lives in yonder summer sky,
The harebell and forget-me-not
Are tinted with its brightest dye.

It sparkles in the sapphire's depths,
Its touch is on the turquoise laid;
And in the robin's speckled egg
Its faintest tinges are displayed.

So far, perhaps, you have not guessed,
But ah! I fear you may surmise
When I confess this heavenly hue
Shines fairest in the baby's eyes.

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RUDOLPH DON PEDRO LIVINGSTONE.

By F. H. G. B.

THE CHILDREN VIEW DON PEDRO.

FRANK BOWLAND was a thoughtful and ingenious boy, forever making machines of some sort,—printing-presses, magic lanterns, scroll-saws, sleds, and what not. Well, on one occasion he took it into his head to construct a large doll in the semblance of a man,—of a hideous, disproportioned, lop-sided man, to be sure, but as nearly like something human as the materials at hand would permit. The nucleus, or central part of this figure, was a bolster; the members were made of broom-sticks, boots, and old clothes. It was a weird, grotesque extravaganza, which threw his younger brother and sister into an ecstasy of awe and mirth when they were formally and privately admitted to its presence.

"Oh, if it was only alive, would n't it be fun?" cried the younger boy.

"Oh no, no! I don't want it to be alive; it would be just too awful!" cried the sister.

"Why, Fanny, you would not be afraid," said Master Franky, patronizingly. "Look at Tom; he 's a year younger than you, and he is not scared a mite."

"Oh, but Tom 's a boy," replied Fanny, fully aware of the privileges of her sex.

It was all that was said on the subject, but it set Master Franky to thinking. So when the audience dispersed, and he was left alone with his new creation, he sat down and gazed at it in rapt admiration for he knew not how long, but hour after hour slipped away; the yellow noon sunlight changed into red sunset; and still he sat looking at the curious object, and thinking how delightful it would be if the thing could only be endowed with life,—become a breathing, living being, of his own creation. He thought what he would be willing to sacrifice to obtain such a result; he would give up his new sil-

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ver watch, his illustrated book of wild beasts, his knife, anything, if it were only possible for this thing to live and move and speak. He thought and thought and thought. The room was very quiet, and no one came to disturb his thinking.

But what is this? As he muses and longs, something in the object stirs; one dislocated leg advances a few inches, then the other, with an unsteady motion, steps forward, and the whole bundle moves toward him. He is rooted to his chair with surprise and fear. Can it be possible that his wish is to be gratified? It is indeed so.

"Franky," murmurs the figure, in a husky voice, "I want to play with you."

"Play what?" stammers Frank.

"Anything," says the creature; "marbles, or mumbly peg, or anything."

It took our young inventor some minutes to recover his presence of mind; but after a time he found himself strangely familiar with his new companion, and he gradually began to talk to it as if it were some funny kind of a boy.

He sat up late into the night exhibiting his picture-books and other treasures, and explaining the ways of the boy-world to the untutored mind of his uncouth playmate; and, ere he retired to rest, he constructed a comfortable bed for him on the floor.

On the next day, Tom and Fanny were introduced to the living creature, and, after many cries and exclamations from the little girl, were induced to entertain it with all their store of playthings.

"I WANT TO BE WITH YOU," SAID MR. LIVINGSTONE.

One embarrassment they found at first in not knowing how to address their guest. Tom suggested that Bolster would be an appropriate title; but Fanny thought that might hurt its feelings. Frank proposed Newcome, but this was again overruled by Fanny, who wisely remarked that, as names did not cost anything, they might as well give him a good one; so, by her advice, he was unanimously christened Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone.

This difficulty being overcome, they felt more at their ease, and had a right merry time with their playmate, who was as rollicking, high-spirited a creature as any boy of his own size.

After a while, Frank began to want to go out into the open air, to play with his hoop; but of course it was out of the question to take Rudolph with him, so, after providing him with an abundant supply of picture-books and toys, and giving him strict injunctions not to leave the room, and to hide in the closet if he heard any one coming, Frank sallied out. When he had amused himself for a short time, and was in the full tide of jollity and fun, Frank felt something touch him on the shoulder, and turning round beheld, to his dismay, the horrid being of his own creation standing by his side. All his companions gazed, with open eyes and mouths, at the new arrival, while Frank stammered forth:

"What did you come here for? I told you to stay in the room."

"I want to be with you," answered Rudolph. "I like you. It 's very pleasant to be here."

"But you can't, you know. You 'd better go home."

"Why?" asked the fond creature.

Frank did not like to hurt his feelings, and scarcely knew what to answer.

"I 'll tell you by and by. Go home, there 's a good——" He did not feel that he could say "boy," so he said, "Go home, there 's a good thingummy; do, pray do!"

But Thingummy was not to be cajoled; he clung to his manufacturer, and commenced some grotesque gambols, in imitation of the other children in the park. Frank's companions began to laugh.

Frank felt the blood rush to his face, and, unable to endure the prospect of the storm of ridicule he saw impending, took to his heels and fled.

But Rudolph had formed an attachment for the boy who had made him, and could not be got rid of in that way. It was a close race; for, although Frank ran his best, the creature, with a loose, rickety, shambling gait, kept close behind him. Up one street and down another, under horses' heads, up against stout ladies, behind horse-cars, they went,

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till Frank, despairing of shaking off his pursuer,—who, he had hoped, would lose himself in the crowd,—at last made for his own home, where, dashing in at the open door, he rushed upstairs, closely followed by that dreadful creature, Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone.

RUDOLPH AND FRANK HAVE A WRESTLING MATCH. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Frank threw himself on the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. When the paroxysm was over, and he looked up, the creature was standing by his side, and patting his shoulder with one of his flabby hands.

"Why did you come out?—why did you run after me, you awful, horrid, wicked thing?" gasped the agonized youth.

"It was so lonesome here; I want to be with you," answered Rudolph piteously.

"But you can't be with me all the time, you know," said Frank, rather more gently.

"Why?"

"Why, because you are different, you know."

"Different—am I different? How am I different?"

"Oh, dear me!" groaned Frank, "he does n't know he is made of a bolster and a broomstick." Then aloud: "Oh, you look different, you know. You 're very nice, of course. I like you, and all that; but then—then, you know, you—you don't look like us, and if you come out, perhaps—perhaps some one——" Here a happy thought struck him; he would frighten Rudolph; "perhaps a policeman might take you away."

"What is a policeman?" queried Rudolph.

"Oh, a policeman is a great, ugly, wicked man, with a blue coat and brass buttons, who takes people and locks them up in a cellar, and then you 'd never see me again."

"I don't want to see a policeman."

"Well, then you must promise to stay in the house and do as I tell you, or a policeman will be sure to lock you up and never let you out."

"Do policemen ever lock you up?"

"Oh, no."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I 'm different."

"How?"

"Oh, don't you understand, you stupid? You 're not made like me; you look different altogether. You 're very nice, you know, and I like you, and so does Tom, and so does Fanny; but policemen don't like people that look different, and they always lock them up. Now wont you be good, and please me, and stay in the house?"

Rudolph pondered for a few moments,—moments of dreadful suspense for Frank,—and then pledged himself to obey orders for the future.

Frank, much relieved, now set to work to amuse his tormentor with all the resources at his command, and they got on quite merrily for an hour or two, till the supper-bell sounded; then it occurred to Frank that the creature might possibly experience the human necessity for food.

"Would you like something to eat?" he asked.

Rudolph looked at him vacantly.

"He does not know what I mean," thought Frank. So he ran downstairs, and procured a couple of slices of bread and butter, which he placed in the creature's hand, who gaped at them in a meaningless way for some seconds, and then, as though by instinct, thrust them into the big mouth which Frank had marked on the bolster, and devoured them in an instant.

"More," said he, as soon as he had swallowed them.

"More?" echoed Frank.

"I like to eat," answered the creature.

Frank ran downstairs and again returned, this time with four biscuits and a piece of cheese. It did not take two minutes to dispatch these, and again Rudolph opened his mouth to utter the now alarming monosyllable, "More."

"Good gracious!" groaned Frank, "I hope he 's not going to be hungry all the time."

"More; I like to eat."

"So it seems," thought Frank, as he once more bolted down to the supper-table, bringing up this time an entire loaf, and a huge bone to pick.

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The loaf and bone took some time to consume, and Frank thought he had at last satisfied Mr. Livingstone; but it was not long before he heard the ominous word uttered behind him:

"More."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Frank. "Whatever in the world shall I do with this horrid, greedy thing?"

And, waxing wroth as the sense of wrong dilated in his bosom, he struck out from the shoulder, and sent Rudolph sprawling on the floor. But he soon repented the rash act, for instantly there burst forth such a howl, such a wild, piercing yell, from the prostrate form, as was never heard in the house of a respectable family before. A yell calculated to collect a crowd, and bring to the spot all the fire and police force for a mile around.

"Hush up!" screamed Frank, seizing Don Pedro by the arm and trying to lift him up; "hush up, I tell you."

"Boo-o-o-o! Ya-a-a-a-a-a!"

"Be quiet, stop your noise,—policeman coming."

But still the howling went on.

"Hush up, you wretched thing, you; do be a good fellow; you shall have more to eat, all you like, nice things; there now, be a good fellow,—there."

The prospect of "more" seemed to have a pacifying effect upon the glutton, for he stopped sufficiently long to utter his favorite word,

"More."

Frank made another trip to the dining-room and returned with a whole dish of fish-balls, and the contents of the cake-basket, bread-plate, butter-dish, preserve-jar, and the tea-pot.

"There," he said, handing these provisions to Don Pedro, "be quiet now. I wont hurt you again,—eat all you like."

After this hearty meal Rudolph went to sleep. A feeling of loathing had now possessed Frank's soul at the sight of this thing for which he had once so ardently longed. Was there no way in which it could be got rid of? If he could only pull it to pieces, and reduce it to its primitive elements, all would be well. He resolved to try this, and, seizing the creature's boot with both hands, he gave a sudden and vigorous jerk, and off it came, exposing the well-worn broom which had supplied the place of a foot in the anatomy of R. Don Pedro Livingstone, Esq. Instantly the latter sprang into an erect position, and opened its mouth preparatory to a yell. Seeing this, Franky sprang forward, and, seizing it by the throat, held it firmly, whilst he hissed in a stage whisper:

"Be still,—don't make a noise. I 'll get you something to eat,—lots of things to eat!"

But the creature struggled to free himself, and grappled with the boy; and bolster and broom-sticks though he was, he displayed a degree of agility and strength that proved more than a match for his youthful opponent. Still the tussle was vigorously maintained by Franky; they rolled over on the floor, butted each other against articles of furniture, upset chairs, tumbled on the bed, and fought and wrestled all over the room. At last Franky let go his hold, and both fell exhausted upon the bed.

Rudolph was first to recover, which he announced by muttering:

"Why don't you want me to be with you, and why don't you let me come out with you?"

"Because, I tell you," pouted Frank, "because you are different."

"Well, then, wont you make me a little sister to play with,—one that is different and can't go out with you, and will be obliged to play with me all the time."

"Oh no, no, no," groaned Franky, thoroughly terrified at the bare idea of having two insatiable monstrosities on his hands.

"Oh do, please do," moaned Mr. Livingstone. "I can have such fun then, and we can go out in the park and play by ourselves."

"I can't,—I wont,—don't ask me,—there 's a dear, good Rudolph. I 'll do anything else you want. I like you, and everybody likes you, only don't—don't do things, you know."

Don Pedro remained in thoughtful silence for some moments, and then murmured:

"I want to eat."

"Yes, yes," answered Franky, at his side; "keep quiet and you shall have all you want."

"More!"

"Yes; and more."

Presently, Franky crept down to the kitchen, where he found a ham and two loaves of bread. When these had been devoured, Don Pedro became, as before, very drowsy; but he still continued to murmur "More, more."

At length a happy thought struck Frank.

"Suppose we undress and go to bed," he suggested, gayly, as though it were the jolliest idea in the world.

"Very well," answered Rudolph, forgetting for a moment to ask for more.

"Well, do as I do," said Franky, taking off his coat and unbuttoning his vest.

The creature took off his coat as directed, yawning sleepily. Then he untied the cord which fastened his pantaloons, but, alas for him! this cord was to him what the keystone is to the arch,—it kept all the other parts together. No sooner was it unfastened than his legs wavered, wabbled, reeled over, and fell apart; his body tumbled on the floor,

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his arms dropped; the cord relaxed round his throat, and his neck swelled to the full thickness of the boister; and, with a heavy yawn, he ceased to exist.

Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone was no more.

"O Frank!" cried Fanny, "you 've gone to sleep right before your funny man. That is n't polite. Perhaps he wanted to say something."

"What!" cried Frank, springing to his feet. "Is he there yet? Who put him together again? He just now fell all apart. Don't let him move or speak! Don't give him any more."

Tom, who had come upstairs with Fanny, now began to laugh, and Fanny said:

"More? More what? How did he fall apart? Did he really move or speak? I guess you 've been dreaming."

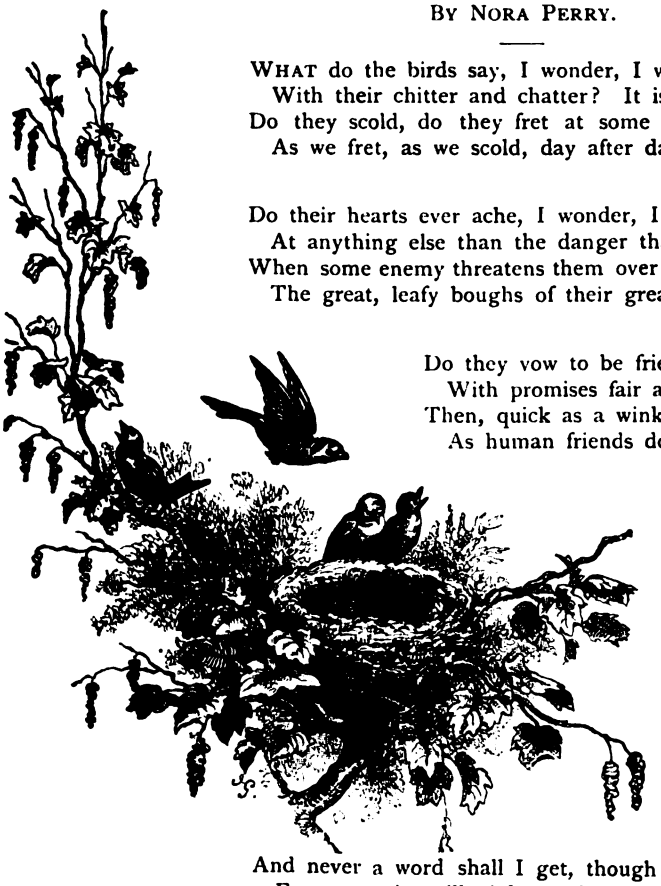
"Have I been asleep?" said Frank, half to himself, but looking straight at Don Pedro, as he stood propped up against the wall, where he had been set when Frank had finished making him.

But Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone never answered a word.

"He don't want to say anything," said Tom. "Bolsters can't talk."

A LITTLE GIRL'S WONDER.

By Nora Perry.



What do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It is n't all play.
Do they scold, do they fret at some boggle or blunder,
As we fret, as we scold, day after day?

Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder,
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or under
The great, leafy boughs of their great, leafy homes?

Do they vow to be friends, I wonder, I wonder,
With promises fair and promises sweet,
Then, quick as a wink, at a word fall asunder,
As human friends do, in a moment of heat?

But day after day I may wonder and wonder,
And ask them no end of such questions as these,—
With chitter, and chatter, now over, now under,
The big, leafy boughs of the big, leafy trees,

They dart and they skim, with their bills full of plunder,
But never a word of an answer they give.
And never a word shall I get, though I wonder
From morning till night, as long as I live.

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A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORONATION.

IN the afternoon, we had our grand rally at the Queen's Stair-way. Corny could n't come, because her mother said she must not be running around so much. So she staid at home and worked on the new flag for the coronation. We designed this flag among us. It had a black ground, with a yellow sun just rising out of the middle of it. It did n't cost much, and looked more like a yellow cog-wheel rolling in deep mud than anything else. But we thought it would do very well.

Rectus and I had barely reached the stairs, by the way of the old fort, when Priscilla made her appearance in the ravine at the head of a crowd of whooping barefooted young rascals, who came skipping along as if they expected something to eat.

"I 'd never be a queen," said Rectus, "if I had to have such a lot of subjects as that."

"Don't think you would," said I; "but we must n't let 'em come up the stairs. They must stay at the bottom, so that we can harangue 'em." So we charged down the stairs, and made the adherents bunch themselves on the level ground.

Then we harangued them, and they laughed, and hurrahed, and whistled, and jumped, while Priscilla, as an active emissary, ran around among them, punching them, and trying to make them keep still and listen.

But as they all promised to stick to us and the royal queen through thick and thin, we did n't mind a little disorder.

The next day but one was to be coronation day, and we impressed it on the minds of the adherents that they must be sure to be on hand about ten in the morning, in front of the queen's hut. We concluded not to call it a palace until after the ceremony.

When we had said all we had to say, we told the assemblage that it might go home; but it did n't seem inclined to do anything of the kind.

"Look a here, boss," said one of them,—a stout, saucy fellow, with the biggest hat and the biggest feet on the island,—"aint you agoin' to give us nothin' for comin' round here?"

"Give you anything!" cried Rectus, blazing up suddenly. "That 's a pretty way to talk! It 's the subjects that have to give. You 'll see pretty soon ——"

Just here I stopped him. If he had gone on a few minutes longer, he would have wound up that kingdom with a snap.

"We did n't bring you here," said I, "to give you anything, for it ought to be enough pay to any decent fellow to see a good old person like Queen Poquadilla get her rights."

"Who 's him?" asked several of the nearest fellows.

"He means Jane Henderson," said Priscilla. "You keep quiet."

"Jane Henderson! Dat's all right. Don' call her no names. Go ahead, boss!" they cried, laughing and shouting. I went ahead.

"We can't pay you any money; but if you will all promise again to be on hand before ten o'clock, day after to-morrow, we 'll take you down to the harbor now and give you a small dive."

A wild promise rang up the sides of the ravine.

A "small dive" is a ceremony somewhat peculiar to this island. A visitor—no native white man would ever think of such a thing—stands on the edge of a pier, or anywhere, where the water is quite deep, and tosses in a bit of money, while the darkey boys—who are sure to be all ready when a visitor is standing on a pier—dive for it. It 's a lot of fun to see them do this, and Rectus and I had already chucked a good deal of small change into the harbor, and had seen it come up again, some of it before it got to the bottom. These dives are called "small," because the darkeys want to put the thing mildly. They could n't coax anybody down to the water to give them a big dive.

"You see," said I to Rectus, as we started down the ravine toward the river, with the crowd of adherents marching in front, "we 've got to have these fellows at the coronation. So it wont do to scare 'em off now."

We went down to a little public square in front of the town, where there was a splendid diving-place. A good many people were strolling about there, but I don't suppose that a single person who saw those darkey fellows, with nothing on but their cotton trousers—who stood in a line on the edge of the sea-wall, and plunged in, head foremost, like a lot of frogs, when I threw out a couple of "big coppers"—ever supposed that these rascals were diving for monarchical purposes. The water was so clear that we could see them down at the bottom,

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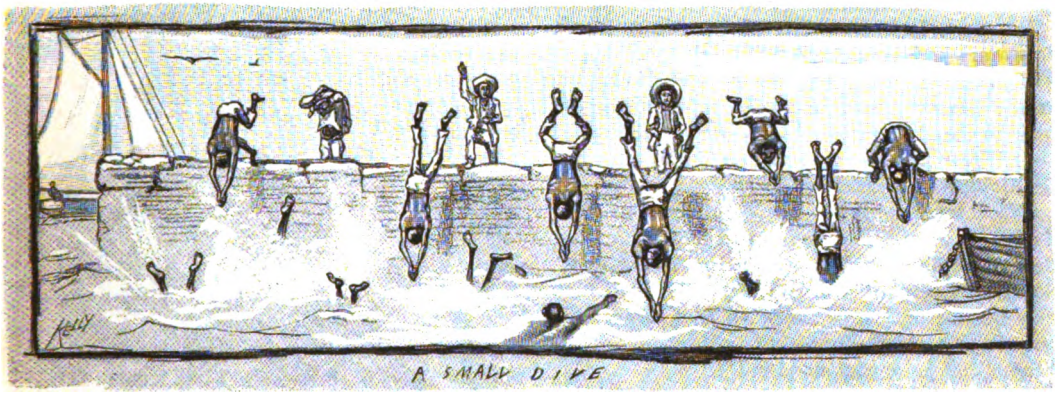
swimming and paddling around after the coppers. When a fellow found one he'd stick it in his mouth, and come up as lively as a cricket, and all ready for another scramble at the bottom.

Sometimes I threw in a silver "check," which is no bigger than a three-cent piece; but, although the water was about fifteen feet deep, it was never lost. The fellows seemed just as much at home in the water as on land, and I suppose they don't know how to get drowned. We tried to toss the money in such a way that each one of them would have something, but some of them were not smart enough to get down to the bottom in time; and when we thought we had circulated enough specie, we felt sure that there were two or three, and perhaps more, who had n't brought up a penny.



So when they all climbed out, with their brown shoulders glistening, I asked which one of them had come out without getting anything. Every man-jack of them stepped forward and said he had n't got a copper! We picked out three little fellows, gave them a few pennies apiece, and came home.

The next day we were all hard at work. Corny and her mother went down to the queen's house, and planned what they could get to fit up the place, so that it would be a little more comfortable. Mrs. Chipperton must have added something to our eight dollars, for she and Corny came up into the town, and bought a lot of things, which made Poquadilla's best room look like another place. The rocking-chair was fixed up quite royally. Mrs. Chipperton turned out to be a better kind of a woman than I thought she was at first.

We hired a man to cut a pole and set it up in the queen's front yard, for the flag; and then Rectus and I started out to get the crown. I had thought that if we could find some sheet-brass I could manage to make a pretty good crown, but there did n't seem to be anything of the kind in the place. But, after a good deal of looking, we found a brass sauce-pan, in a store, which I thought would do very well for the foundation of a crown. We bought this, and took it around to a shop where a man mended pots and kettles. For a shilling we hired the use of his tools for an hour, and then Rectus and I went to work. We unriveted the handle, and then I held the bottom edge of the sauce-pan to the grindstone, while Rectus turned, and we soon ground the bottom off. This left us a deep brass band, quite big enough for a crown, and as the top edge was rounded off, it could be turned over on a person's head, so as to sit quite comfortably. With a cold-chisel I cut long points in what would be the upper part of the crown, and when I had filed these up a little the crown looked quite nobby. We finished it by punching a lot of holes in the front part, making them in the form of stars and circles. With something red behind these the effect would be prodigious.

At ten o'clock, sharp, the next morning, we were all at the queen's house. Mrs. Chipperton was with us, for she wished very much to see the ceremony. I think Mr. Chipperton would have been along, but a gentleman took him out in his yacht that morning, and I must admit that we all breathed a little bit freer without him. There was a pretty fair crowd sitting around in the front yard when we reached the house, and before long a good many more people came to see what was going on. They were all negroes; but I don't believe half of them were genuine native Africans. The queen was sitting inside, with a red shawl on, although it was a pretty warm day, and wearing a new turban.

We had arranged, on the way, to appoint a lot of court officials, because there was no use of our being stingy in this respect, when it did n't cost anything to do up the thing right. So we picked out a good-looking man for Lord High Chancellor, and gave him a piece of red ribbon to tie in his

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button-hole. He had n't any button-hole anywhere, except in his trousers, so he tied it to the string which fastened his shirt together at the collar. Four old men we appointed to be courtiers, and made them button up their coats. For a wonder, they all had coats. We also made a Lord High Sheriff and a Royal Beadle, and an Usher of the White Wand, an officer Mrs. Chipperton had read about, and to whom we gave a whittled stick, with strict instructions not to jab anybody with it. Corny had been reading a German novel, and she wanted us to appoint a "Hof-rath," who is a German court officer of some kind. He was a nice fellow in the novel, and so we picked out the best-looking young darkey we could find, for the position.

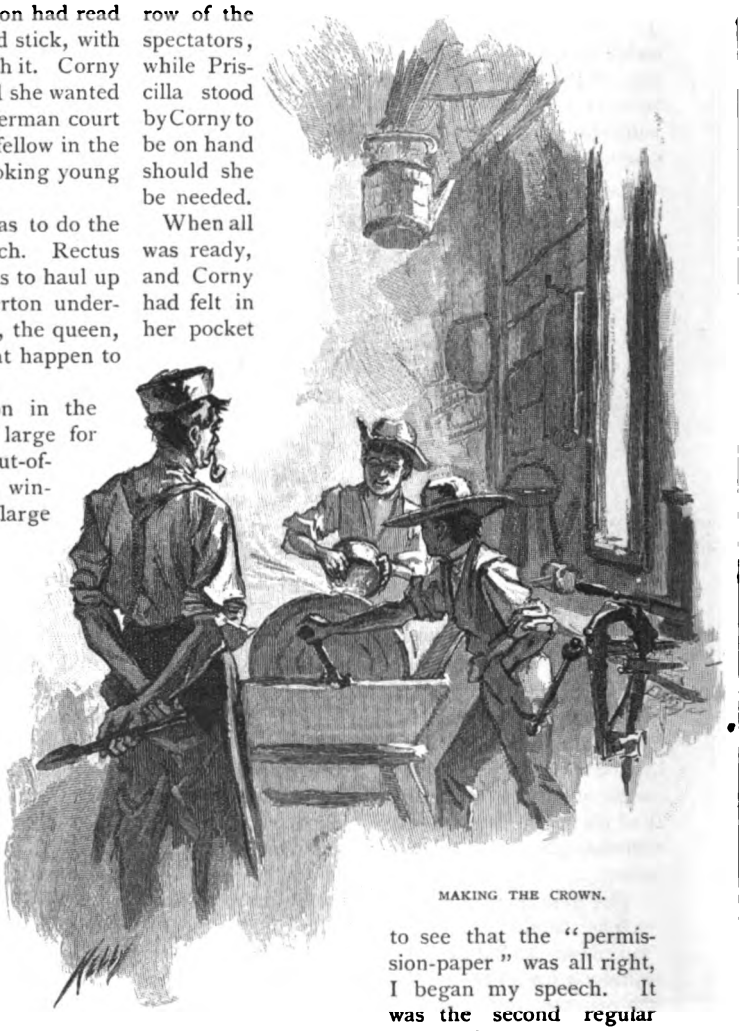
We each had our posts. Corny was to do the crowning, and I was to make the speech. Rectus had his place by the flag, which he was to haul up at the proper moment. Mrs. Chipperton undertook to stand by the old lady,—that is, the queen,—and give her any support she might happen to need, during the ceremony.

We intended having the coronation in the house; but we found the crowd too large for this, so we brought the rocking-chair out-of-doors, and set it in front of the only window in the palace. The yard was large enough to accommodate a good many people, and those who could not get in had plenty of room out in the road. We tried to make Poquadilla take off her turban, because a crown on a turban seemed to us something entirely out of order; but she would n't listen to it. We had the pleasant-faced neighbor-woman as an interpreter, and she said that it was n't any use; the queen would almost as soon appear in public without her head as without her turban. So we let this pass, for we saw very plainly that it would n't do to try to force too much on Poquadilla, for she looked now as if she thought we had come there to perform some operation on her,—perhaps to cut off her leg.

About half-past ten, we led her out, and made her sit down in the rocking-chair. Mrs. Chipperton stood on one side of her, holding one of her hands, while the neighbor-woman stood on the other side, and held the other hand. This arrangement, however, did not last long, for Poquadilla soon jerked her hands away, thinking, perhaps, that if anything was done that hurt, it might be better to be free for a jump.

Corny stood in front, a little at one side, holding the crown, which she had padded and lined with red flannel. I took my place just before Mrs. Chipperton, facing the crowd. Rectus was at the flag-pole, near the front of the yard, holding the halyards in his hands, ready to haul. The *Hof-rath* was by him, to help if anything got tangled, and the four courtiers and the other officials had places in the front row of the spectators, while Priscilla stood by Corny to be on hand should she be needed.

When all was ready, and Corny had felt in her pocket to see that the "permission-paper" was all right, I began my speech. It was the second regular speech I had ever made,—the first one was at a school celebration,—and I had studied it out pretty carefully. It was intended, of course, for the negroes, but I really addressed the most of it to Mrs. Chipperton, because I knew that she could understand a speech better than any one else in the yard. When I had shown the matter up as plainly as I knew how, and had given all the whys and wherefores, I made a little stop for applause. But I did n't get any. They all stood waiting to see what would happen next. As there was nothing



MAKING THE CROWN.

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more to say, I nodded to Corny to clap on the crown. The moment she felt it on her head, the queen stood up as straight as a hoe-handle, and looked quickly from side to side. Then I called out in my best voice:

"Africans! Behold your queen!"

At this instant Rectus ran up the black flag with the yellow cog-wheel, and we white people gave a cheer. As soon as they got a cue, the darkeys knew what to do. They burst out into a wild yell, they waved their hats, they laid down on the grass and kicked, they jumped, and danced, and laughed, and screamed. I was afraid the queen would bolt, so I took a quiet hold of her shawl. But she stood still until the crowd cooled down a little, and then she made a courtesy and sat down.

"Is that all?" asked the neighbor-woman, after she had waited a few moments.

"Yes," said I. "You can take her in."

When the queen had been led within doors, and while the crowd was still in a state of wild commotion, I took a heavy bag of coppers from my coat-pocket—where it had been worrying me all through the ceremony—and gave it to Priscilla.

"Scatter that among the subjects," said I.

"Give 'em a big scr*ah*mble in the road?" said she, her eyes crackling with delight.

"Yes," said I, and out she ran, followed by the whole kingdom. We white folk stood inside to watch the fun. Priscilla threw out a handful of pennies, and the darkeys just piled themselves up in the road on top of the money. You could see nothing, but madly waving legs. The mass heaved and tossed and moved from one side of the road to the other. The Lord High Chancellor was at the bottom of the heap, while the *Hof-rath* wiggled his bare feet high in the air. Every fellow who grabbed a penny had ten fellows pulling at him. The women and small fry did not get into this mess, but they dodged around, and made snatches wherever they could get their hands into the pile of boys and men.

They all yelled, and shouted and tussled and scrambled, until Priscilla, who was dancing around with her bag, gave another throw into a different part of the road. Then every fellow jerked himself loose from the rest, and a fresh rush was made, and a fresh pile of darkeys arose in a minute.

We stood and laughed until our backs ached, but, as I happened to look around at the house, I saw the queen standing on her door-step looking mournfully at the fun. She was alone, for even her good neighbor had rushed out to see what she could pick up. I was glad to find that the new monarch, who still wore her crown,—which no one would have imagined to have ever been a sauce-pan,—had sense enough to keep out of such a scrimmage of the populace, and I went back and gave her a shilling. Her face shone, and I could see that she felt that she never could have grabbed that much.

When there had been three or four good scrambles, Priscilla ran up the road, a little way, and threw out all the pennies that were left in the bag. Then she made a rush for them, and, having a good start, she got there first, and had both hands full of dust and pennies before any one else reached the spot. She was not to be counted out of that game.

After this last scramble we came away. The queen had taken her throne in-doors, and we went in and shook hands with her, telling her we would soon come and see how she was getting along. I don't suppose she understood us, but it did n't matter. When we had gone some distance we looked back, and there was still a pile of darkeys rolling and tumbling in the dust.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HOT CHASE.

THAT afternoon, Rectus and I went over to the African settlement to see how the kingdom worked. It was rather soon, perhaps, to make a call on the new queen, but we were out for a walk, and might as well go that way as any other.

When we came near the house we heard a tremendous uproar, and soon saw that there was a big crowd in the yard. We could n't imagine what was going on, unless the queen had changed her shilling, and was indulging in the luxury of giving a scramble. We ran up quickly, but the crowd was so large that we could not get into the yard, nor see what all the commotion was about. But we went over to the side of the yard, and—without being noticed by any of the people, who seemed too much interested to turn around—we soon found out what the matter was.

Priscilla had usurped the throne!

The rocking-chair had been brought out and placed again in front of the window, and there sat Priscilla, leaning back at her ease, with the crown on her head, a big fan—made of calf-skin—in her hand, and a general air of superiority pervading her whole being. Behind her, with her hand on the back of the chair, stood Poquadilla, wearing her new turban, but without the red shawl. She looked as if something had happened.

In front of the chair was the Lord High Chancellor. He had evidently gone over to the usurper. His red ribbon, very dusty and draggled, still hung from his shirt-collar. The four courtiers sat together on a bench, near the house, with their coats still buttoned up as high as circumstances would allow. They seemed sad and disappointed, and

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probably had been deprived of their rank. The *Hof-rath* stood in the front of the crowd. He did not appear happy; indeed, he seemed a good deal ruffled, both in mind and clothes. Perhaps he had defended his queen, and had been roughly handled.

Priscilla was talking and fanning herself, gracefully and lazily, with her calf-skin fan. I think she had been telling the people what she intended to do, and what she intended them to do; but, almost immediately after our arrival, she was interrupted by the *Hof-rath*, who said something that we did not hear, but which put Priscilla into a wild passion.

She sprang to her feet and stood up in the chair, while poor Poquadilla held it firmly by the back so that it should not shake. I supposed from this that Priscilla had been standing up before, and that our old friend had been appointed to the office of chair-back-holder to the usurper.

Priscilla waved her fan high in air, and then, with her right hand, she took off the crown, held it up for a minute, and replaced it on her head.

"Afrikins, behole yer queen!" said she, at the top of her voice, and leaning back so far that the rightful sovereign had a good deal of trouble to keep the chair from going over.

"Dat 's me!" she cried. "Look straight at me an' ye see yer queen. An' how you dar', you misribble Hop-grog, to say I no queen! You 'serve to be killed. Take hole o' him, some uv you fellers! Grab dat Hop-grog!"

At this, two or three men seized the poor *Hof-rath*, while the crowd cheered and laughed.

"Take him an' kill him!" shouted Priscilla. "Chop his head off!"

At this, a wild shout of laughter arose, and one of the men who held the *Hof-rath* declared, as soon as he got his breath, that they could n't do that,—they had no hatchet big enough.

Priscilla stood quiet for a minute. She looked over the crowd, and then she looked at the poor *Hof-rath*, who now began to show that he was a little frightened.

"You Hop-grog," said she, "how much money did you grab in dem scrahmbles?"

The *Hof-rath* put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some pennies.

"Five big coppers," said he, sullenly.

"Gim me dem," said she, and he brought them to her.

"Now den, you kin git out," said she, pocketing the money. Then she again raised her crown and replaced it on her head.

"Afrikins, behole yer queen!" she cried.

This was more than we could stand. To see this usurpation and robbery made our blood boil. We, by ourselves, could do nothing; but we could get help. We slipped away and ran down the road in the direction of the hotel. We had not gone far before we saw, coming along a cross-road, the two yellow-leg men. We turned, hurried up to them, and hastily told them of the condition of things, and asked if they would help us put down this usurpation. They did not understand the matter, at first, but when we made them see how it stood, they were greatly interested, and instantly offered to join us.

"We can go down here to the police-station," said I, "and get some help."

"No, no!" said the tall yellow-leg. "Don't tell those fellows. They 'll only make a row of it, and get somebody into trouble. We 're enough to capture that usurper. Let 's go for her."

And we went.

When we neared the crowd, the shorter yellow-leg, Mr. Burgan, said that he would go first; then his friend would come close behind him, while Rectus and I could push up after them. By forming a line we could rush right through the crowd. I thought I ought to go first, but Mr. Burgan said he was the stoutest, and could better stand the pressure if the crowd stood firm.

But the crowd did n't stand firm. The moment we made our rush, and the people saw us, they scattered right and left, and we pushed right through, straight to the house. Priscilla saw us before we reached her, and, quick as lightning, she made a dive for the door. We rushed after her, but she got inside, and, hurling the crown from her head, dashed out of a back-door. We followed hotly, but she was out of the yard, over a wall, and into a side lane, almost before we knew it.

Then a good chase began. Priscilla had a long start of us, for we had bungled at the wall, but we were bound to catch her.

I was a good runner, and Rectus was light and active, although I am not sure that he could keep up the thing very long; but the two yellow-legs surprised me. They took the lead of us, directly, and kept it. Behind us came a lot of darkeys, not trying to catch Priscilla, but anxious, I suppose, to see what was going to happen.

Priscilla still kept well ahead. She had struck out of the lane into a road which led toward the outskirts of the town. I think we were beginning to gain on her when, all of a sudden, she sat down. With a shout, we rushed on, but before we reached her she had jerked off both her shoes,—she did n't wear any stockings,—and she sprang to her feet and was off again. Waving the shoes over her head, she jumped and leaped and bounded like an India rubber goat. Priscilla, barefooted, could n't be caught by any man on the island: we soon saw that. She flew down the road, with the white dust flying behind her, until she reached a big limestone

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quarry, where the calcareous building material of the town is sawn out in great blocks, and there she made a sharp turn and dashed down in among the stones. We reached the place just in time to see her run across the quarry, slip in between two great blocks that were standing up like statue pedestals on the other side, and disappear.

We rushed over, we searched and looked, here and there and everywhere, and all the darkeys searched and looked, but we found no Priscilla. She had gone away.

Puffing and blowing like four steam-fire-engines, we sat down on some stones and wiped our faces.

"I guess we just ran that upstart queen out of her possessions," said the tall yellow-legs, dusting his boots with his handkerchief. He was satisfied.

We walked home by the road at the edge of the harbor. The cool air from the water was very pleasant to us. When we reached the hotel, we found Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton and Corny sitting outside, in the entrance court, waiting for supper-time. A lot of arm-chairs always stood there, so that people might sit and wait for meals, or anything else that they expected. When Corny heard the dreadful news of the fall of our kingdom, she was so shocked that she could scarcely speak; and as for Mrs. Chipperton, I thought she was going to cry. Corny wanted to rush right down to Poquadilla's house and see what could be done, but we were all against that. No harm would come to the old woman that night from the loss of her crown, and it was too near supper-time for any attempt at restoration, just then.

"Only to think of it!" said Mrs. Chipperton. "After all we did for her! I don't believe she was queen more than an hour. It 's the shortest reign I ever heard of."

"And that Priscilla!" cried Corny. "The girl we trusted to do so much, and ——"

"Paid every night," said I.

"Yes," she continued, "and gave a pair of mother's shoes to, for the coronation! And to think that *she* should deceive us and do the usurping!"

The shorter yellow-leg, who had been standing by with his friend, now made a remark. He evidently remembered Corny, on the Oclawaha steamboat, although he had never become acquainted with her or her family.

"Did your queen talk French?" he asked, with a smile; "or was not that the language of the Court?"

"No, it was n't," said Corny, gravely. "African was the language of the Court. But the queen was too polite to use it before us, because she knew we did not understand it, and could n't tell what she might be saying about us."

"Good!" said the tall yellow-legs. "That 's very good indeed. Burgan, you owe her one."

"One what?" asked Corny.

"Another answer as good as that, if I can ever think of it," said Mr. Burgan.

Corny did not reply. I doubt if she heard him. Her soul still ached for her fallen queen.

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Chipperton, who had kept unaccountably quiet, so far. "It 's a great pity that I did n't know about this. I should have liked nothing better than to be down there when that usurper girl was standing on that throne, or rocking-chair, or whatever it was ——"

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Chipperton. "It would never have done for you to have exposed your lung to such a scene of turmoil and confusion."

"Bother my lung!" cried Mr. Chipperton, who was now growing quite excited. "I would never have stood tamely by, and witnessed such vile injustice ——"

"We did n't stand tamely by," said I. "We ran wildly after the unjust one."

"I would have stood up before that crowd," continued Mr. Chipperton, "and I would have told the people what I thought of them. I would have asked them how—living in a land like this, where the blue sky shines on them for nothing, where the cocoa-nut and the orange stand always ready for them to stretch forth their hands and take them, where they need but a minimum of clothes, and where the very sea around them freely yields up its fish and its conchs,—or, that is to say, they can get such things for a trifling sum,—I would have asked them, I say, how—when free citizens of a republic, such as we are, come from our shores of liberty, where kings and queens are despised and any throne that is attempted to be set up over us is crushed to atoms,—that when we, I say, come over here, and out of the pure kindness and generosity of our souls raise from the dust a poverty-stricken and downtrodden queen, and place her, as nearly as possible, on the throne of her ancestors, and put upon her head a crown,—a bauble which, in our own land, we trample under foot ——"

At this I shuddered, remembering the sharp points I had filed in our crown.

"And grind into the dust," continued Mr. Chipperton,—"I would ask them, I say, how they could think of all this, and then deliberately subvert, at the behest of a young and giddy colored hireling, the structure we had upraised. And what could they have said to that, I would like to know?" he asked, looking around from one to another of us.

"Give us a small dive, boss?" suggested Rectus.

"That 's so," said Mr. Chipperton, his face beaming into a broad smile; "I believe they would have said that very thing. You have hit it exactly. Let 's go in to supper."

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The next day, Rectus and I, with Corny and Mrs. Chipperton, walked down to the queen's house, to see how she fared and what could be done for her.

When we reached Poquadilla's hut, we saw her sitting on her door-step. By her side were several joints of sugar-cane, and close to them stood the crown, neatly filled with scarlet pepper-pods, which hung very prettily over the peaked points of brass.

Corny whispered to her mother, who nodded, and took out her pocket-book. In a moment, Corny, with some change in her hand, went quietly up the yard and put the money in the queen's lap. Then we went away and left her, still asleep.

A day or two after this, the "Tigress" came in, bringing the mail. We saw her, from one of the upper porticoes, when she was just on the edge of

"VERY WELL OFF AS SHE IS."

She was very still, and her head rested on her breast.

"Asleep!" whispered Corny.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chipperton, softly, "and don't let's waken her. She 's very well off as she is, and now that her house is a little more comfortable, it would be well to leave her in peace, to peddle what she pleases on her door-step. Her crown will worry her less where it is than on her head."

the horizon, and we knew her by the way she stood up high in the water, and rolled her smoke-stack from side to side. She was the greatest roller that ever floated, I reckon, but a jolly good ship for all that; and we were glad enough to see her.

There were a lot of letters for us in her mail. I had nine from the boys at home, not to count those from the family.

We had just about finished reading our letters

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when Corny came up to us to the silk-cotton tree, where we were sitting, and said, in a doleful tone:

"We 've got to go home."

"Home?" we cried out together. "When?"

"To-morrow," said Corny, "on the 'Tigress.'"

All our good news and pleasant letters counted for nothing now.

"How?—why?" said I. "Why do you have to go? Is n't this something new?"

Rectus looked as if he had lost his knife, and I 'm sure I had never thought that I should care so much to hear that a girl—no relation—was going away the next day.

"Yes, it is something new," said Corny, who certainly had been crying, although we did n't notice it at first. "It 's a horrid old lawsuit. Father just heard of it in a letter. There 's one of his houses, in New York, that 's next to a lot, and the man that owns the lot says father's house sticks over four inches on his lot, and he has sued him for that, —just think of it! four inches only! You could n't do anything with four inches of dirt if you had it; and father did n't know it, and he is n't going to move his wall back, now that he does know it, for the people in the house would have to cut all their carpets, or fold them under, which is just as bad, and he says he must go right back to New York, and, of course, we 've all got to go, too, which is the worst of it, and mother and I are just awfully put out."

"What 's the good of his going?" asked Rectus. "Can 't he get a lawyer to attend to it all?"

"Oh, you could n't keep him here now," said Corny. "He 's just wild to be off. The man who sued him is a horrid person, and father says that if he don't go right back, the next thing he 'll hear will be that old Colbert will be trying to get a foot instead of four inches."

"Old Colbert!" ejaculated Rectus, "I guess that must be my father."

If I had been Rectus, I don't think I should have been so quick to guess anything of that kind about my father; but perhaps he had heard things like that before. He took it as coolly as he generally took everything.

Corny was as red as a beet.

"Your father!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe it. I 'll go this very minute and see."

Rectus was right. The stingy hankerer after what Corny called four inches of dirt was his father. Mr. Chipperton came up to us and talked about the matter, and it was all as plain as daylight. When he found that Mr. Colbert was the father of Rectus, Mr. Chipperton was very much surprised, and he called no more names, although I am sure he had been giving old Colbert a pretty disagreeable sort of a record. But he sat down by Rectus, and talked to him as if the boy were his own father instead of himself, and proved to him, by every law of property in English, Latin, or Sanscrit, that the four inches of ground were legally, lawfully, and without any manner of doubt his own, and that it would have been utterly and absolutely impossible for him to have built his house one inch outside of his own land. I whispered to Rectus that the house might have swelled, but he did n't get a chance to put in the suggestion.

Rectus had to agree to all Mr. Chipperton said, —or, at least, he could n't differ with him,—for he did n't know anything on earth about the matter, and I guess he was glad enough when he got through. I 'm sure I was. Rectus did n't say anything except that he was very sorry that the Chipperton family had to go home, and then he walked off to his room.

In about half an hour, when I went upstairs I found Rectus had just finished a letter to his father.

"I guess that 'll make it all right," he said, and he handed me the letter to read. It was a strictly business letter. No nonsense about the folks at home. He said that was the kind of business letter his father liked. It ran like this:

DEAR FATHER: Mr. Chipperton has told me about your suing him. If he really has set his house over on four inches of your lot, I wish you would let it stand there. I don't care much for him, but he has a nice wife and a pleasant girl, and if you go on suing him the whole lot of them will leave here to-morrow, and they 're about the only people I know, except Gordon. If you want to, you can take a foot off any one of my three lots, and that ought to make it all right.

Your affectionate son, SAMUEL COLBERT.

"Have you three lots?" I asked, a good deal surprised, for I did n't know that Rectus was a property-owner.

"Yes," said he; "my grandmother left them to me."

"Are they right next to your father's lot, which Chipperton cut into?"

"No, they 're nowhere near it," said Rectus.

I burst out laughing.

"That letter wont do any good," I said.

"You 'll see," said Rectus, and he went off to mail it.

I don't know what kind of a business man Mr. Chipperton was, but when Rectus told him that he had written a letter to his father which would make the thing all right, he was perfectly satisfied; and the next day we all went out in a sail-boat to the coral-reef and had a splendid time, and the "Tigress" went off without any Chippertons. I think Mr. Chipperton put the whole thing down as the result of his lecture to Rectus up in the silk-cotton tree.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT KATY FOUND.

ONE morning little Katy Cole missed her cat. She was a pretty white pussy, and was called Nippy. Her whole name was a rather queer one, and was given to her by Katy's big brother, Jack. It was "Nip-and-Tuck," and of course it was too long to use, so Katy called her Nippy. Never since she had lived on the farm had Nippy been away at breakfast time. Katy had looked everywhere, and called her all over the house, and was just about ready to cry, when Papa came in from the barn.

"Papa," said she, "have you seen Nippy? She 's lost."

"No, I have n't seen her," said Papa; "but I heard something just now that may have been a cat, up in the hay-loft. I think if you go up there—very quietly—you may find her."

The stairs up into the hay-loft were steep, but Katy was used to them, so she crept up softly, and in a few minutes was on the sweet hay looking all about. It was not very light up there, and at first she could not see anything; but, after a while, she could see the hay and the window quite plainly, but no Nippy seemed to be there. She called her, but no answer came.

"Perhaps she 's hiding," thought Katy. "I 'll keep still and see."

So she sat down on the hay and was very quiet. For some time, she heard nothing, but at last the hay rustled, off in a corner, and Katy looked sharply over there. In a minute she heard a soft "Pr–r–t" and then she saw two white ears sticking up.

"Ah! now I 've caught you, Miss Nippy!" she said aloud, as she crawled over the hay to the corner.

Sure enough, there lay the lost cat, and with her—what do you suppose?—two—three—yes, five, tiny bits of kittens! Two were gray, one was white, and two were gray and white.

"Oh, you dear little things!" said Katy, taking them up one by one. "Naughty Nippy! why did you hide away with your babies? I shall take them all to the house," and she began to put them into her apron. Nippy purred, and rubbed against her hands, and did not object when Katy started down the stairs with her apron full of the kittens, but she went along to see where they were put. Up to the house went Katy with the new family, while Nippy kept close to her and looked sharply to see that none of them fell out, and were left behind.

"O Mamma!" shouted Katy, when she came to the door; "Nippy 's got ever so many dear little kittens! I 'll make them a nest upstairs!"

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"Kittens don't want a nest," said Mamma, laughing; "you may make them a nice bed in the wood-shed."

"They have n't any eyes!" cried Katy, sorrowfully, looking at them closely; "not one of them! poor little kitties!"

"Oh yes, they have, dear," said Mamma, "only they 're hidden behind

the eyelids. In a few days you 'll find that each kitten has two pretty eyes, and then they 'll be big enough to play with."

"May I keep them all, Mamma?" asked Katy.

"You may keep one, and we 'll find good homes for the others when they 're big enough," said Mamma.

"Well, I 'll keep this one," said Kitty, as she held up a white one with gray spots, "and I 'll call it Spotty."

The rest of the kittens were given away, but none of them had a better home or a kinder mistress than Spotty.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGHO! Have I been asleep, or are the birds and trees just waking? There 's a sudden and delightful stir in the air. It is n't noise, and it is n't silence. It 's a mingling of chirps and calls and flutterings and rustlings among the feathery leaves, that somehow makes me the happiest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that lives,—and yet, I don't know exactly why.

Perhaps it is because it makes me feel as if the earth were growing young again; and yet, I don't know how that can be, either.

Well, well. Never mind. Now, all stand in a row. Open your mouths and shut your eyes; and I 'll tell you something sure to surprise.

RAINING TREES.

AT the Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low now and then without dropping in rain. At such a time, if a traveler should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening storm, he would find himself in a drenching shower, while out in the open, away from any tree or shrub, everything would be as dry as a bone!

The cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves, you see, and so, when it touches them, it changes into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming; they run together; and, at length, the water drips off the leaves like rain. And this process goes on until the clouds lift and the sun comes out again.

A BIRD THAT TURNS SOMERSAULTS.

THERE 'S a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail, and red-and-yellow wings Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow.

But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun.

All his family have the same trick, and they are called Tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to our country, but a sea voyage is not good for them, and they are almost sure to die on the way.

LOBSTERS AS PLAYTHINGS.

DID you ever set up lobsters in rows, like a regiment of purple-clad soldiers in rank and file?

No? You never did?

Well, then, perhaps you will get an idea for a new game out of this,—only look out for the claws!

Lizzie H. sends me word that she and her sister, when they were in Sweden, used to watch for an old boatman who served the family, and who, in the season, would bring, up the fiord or creek, a whole boat-load of lobsters at a time. Then the girls would beg their nurse Johanna to let them play with the queer things. Generally, leave would be given, and the sisters would fetch indoors with great glee as many of the lobsters as they wanted, and stand them up all around their play-room, stroking each on the head as they did so, and thus putting it to sleep.

They had to keep a sharp eye on the creatures, though, and, as soon as one threatened to wake, or waved its terrible claws, they had to run and tickle it on the head,—when it would go off to sleep again at once!

Lizzie says it was funny to see these play-soldiers—"marines," she calls them—standing up stiff and straight, as though they were on their best behavior at parade drill!

Your Jack would not advise you to try this curious game, my dears, unless you are quite sure that you have the right kind of lobsters to deal with, for it would be awkward if they should turn on you and give you tit for tat by "stroking" and "tickling" you in their fashion with their claws.

NATURAL CANNON-BALLS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My friend, the late Captain Hawley, brought to me from that wonder-land, the far West, a very curious stone. It is black and perfectly round, as heavy as iron, and looks exactly like a cannon-ball. It was taken from Cannon-Ball River, a branch of the Upper Mississippi. This aforesaid stream contains great quantities of these balls, enough to fight our battles with for centuries. The geologists ought to be ashamed of their ignorance, but they have n't been able to tell whether these cannon-balls were forged by the water-god or the fire-god. A neighbor of mine informs me that he has seen some of these balls in the high clay-banks of Red River, La., and that they were from six to eight feet in diameter! Some of them are formed of iron pyrites, though generally the balls are of clay-iron stones.—Yours, S. W. K.

HOW SQUIRRELS DRINK.

IN answer to your Jack's question, in March, whether squirrels drink "'by sucking,' or how?"

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Millie Staats writes: "Squirrels suck water, like horses. My papa says so, and he knows, for, when a boy, he owned several squirrels. I was n't there, but he says so."

Mary G. Hawks writes that the squirrel "laps," and J. S. L. boldly tells me that "all herbivorous or herb-eating animals, as the cow and the horse, 'suck up' when drinking; all flesh-eating animals and those which are omnivorous — eating anything — as the rat, to whose family the squirrel belongs, 'lap up' water like a dog."

Now, if I am rightly informed, squirrels do "lap up" what they drink, but so quickly that they seem to be "sucking up," and only the sharpest eyes can make quite sure of it.

J. S. L. is partly wrong in his answer, however, and if, one fine warm day, he will go down on his hands and knees beside a quiet pool, and stoop and drink, he will see the reflection of an "omnivorous animal" drinking—not lapping like a dog, but sucking up like a thirsty boy.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

HERE is a picture of some sea-birds, and this is what a friend of mine writes to me about them:

"The owner of the imposing title 'Thalassidroma Pelagica' is only six inches long, and is the smallest of web-footed birds. Above, its feathers are black, sleek and glossy, with glints of blue; but underneath they are dark brown. Its wings are long, and it flies very swiftly, seldom flapping.

"Sometimes it seems to hang in the air with wings outspread, while it runs along the surface of the waves; and from this habit it was named 'Petrel' (which means 'Little Peter'), after St. Peter, who walked on the water.

"When a storm is brewing, although no other sign can be seen by man, the petrels flock together and give loud shrill cries, as if to warn shipmen of coming danger. For this reason, sailors call them 'Stormy Petrels.' But men of science say that the reason why petrels gather before a storm is that then they catch very easily the sea-animals on which they feed. Some observers add that when rain falls the petrels catch the drops, and that this is how they quench their thirst.

"These birds are named also 'sea-swallows,' because their flying is like that of the common swallow.

"They are called 'Mother Carey's Chickens' by sailors; but I have never learned why they got that name, nor who Mother Carey was. I *have* heard, though, that in the Faroe islands these birds become very fat, and men string them on wicks for use as lamps!

"Although the stormy petrel passes most of its life on the wing, it comes ashore to lay its eggs; and these it hides two feet deep, buried in the beach, or in burrows near the tops of cliffs."

A PLANT WITHOUT STALK OR LEAF.

THERE is a very big flower with a queer name, *Rafflesia arnoldi;* but the oddest thing about it is that it has neither stalk nor leaf.

I don't mean a dead flower with the stalk and leaves plucked away, but a living and growing flower. The one I heard of measured three feet across, weighed ten pounds, and could hold about two gallons of water. It was found in the East Indian island of Sumatra, but I 'm told that others of the same family have been seen in South America.

These curious flowers grow upon the roots of other plants, seeming to sit on the roots, and spreading up like heads of cabbages.

A TREE ON STILTS.

OLIVE THORNE sends word to your Jack about a palm-tree that seems to stand on stilts. It grows in South America in the region of the River Amazon. Its trunk is smooth, and, when the tree is fully grown, appears to begin eight feet or so above the ground, standing on straight stiff roots that have thorny, "keep-away-from-me" spines growing out of them A man can stand within these roots, and all the trunk will be above him.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your article about Persian cats, in the March number, and it recalls something I once read which your other readers may like to know.

The Mogul emperors of Hindustan often took to the hunt great numbers of cheetahs, sometimes as many as a thousand at once!

Cheetahs are not always kept in cages, but many of them are so tame that they only have their eyes blindfolded with hoods, and are led in a leash; as soon as the game is in sight, off come the hoods, the leash is slipped, and away go the cheetahs. So mild is the temper of some cheetahs, that they make friends with the dogs and cats of the house, and even play with boys and girls. When stroked, they purr.

But the most curious thing about a cheetah, at least, the African kind, is that it looks like a dog as well as like a cat, so that the great naturalist Cuvier called it a canine-cat.—Truly your admirer,

D. A. C.

MANY boys and girls have written saying they have had great fun with Mechanical Pigeons made according to the directions given in the March number. We have not room to print all the letters, so we make extracts from only two of them:

Lottie Osborn painted the "pigeons" red, white and blue, and "they looked very pretty flying about," she says. "J. W. B.," of Davenport, tried several times, the "bird" flying better every time. Then he made the pigeon of tin instead of pasteboard, and it went a great distance in the air, coming down on the roof of a house. He says the tin stays in place better and flies farther than card.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a very little boy and have never written to you before, but I hope you will put this in your letter department sometime. I have been away visiting, and am so glad to get home.

I think home is a very pleasant place, the best place you can go to. There you see your mamma and papa and all the pleasant things you have seen before. There you can enjoy all with pleasure and delight.

Don't you think every little boy ought to love his home?

H. T. G.

Surrey, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live way up in New Hampshire among the blue, blue sky, and white clouds and mountains! Just where I live travelers compare to a Swiss hamlet. There are six households of us clustered, and I live in an old tavern, part of it one hundred years old! You would think we should be lonely; but no. There is a piano in the long front room, and in these 6 houses are 5 violins, 1 bass-viol and 1 cornet! So we have a fine band; and mamma says we never can be lonely with so many grand mountains so near the stars in winter. And in summer, just before a thunder-storm, how they and the brook seem to hush and to shield us!

Years ago an old woman lived here all alone. She preferred to live alone! And one winter night she was going home from a neighbor's when she met a big wolf face to face! Nothing daunted, the old lady, not frightened one bit, began to clap her hands loudly, and soon Mr. Wolf, scared, retreated.

Our horse, old Peter, who had learned tricks of a gang of gypsies of whom we bought him, accompanied a young lady home one day unasked! He pirouetted in circles about her, trying to kick, and she, too, jumped and clapped her hands, thus keeping him off until near fainting she reached her own house.

I am much interested in Nelly Littlehale's account of her house in California, and think next summer Vintie Stillings and I will try to build one, as we are "something of a mechanic!"—I am your loving little reader.

LEE STILLINGS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking along Broadway, New York, the other day, when I saw in a store window a huge, overgrown, bulging tea-pot. It looked most imposing and business-like, and might have been used to make with ease tea enough for a hundred persons at once, more or less. It stood fully three feet high, and measured at least that length across inside. There was a big twisted earthenware loop near the spout, and another behind the round hole at the top; and these loops served as handles. I suppose.

I found out that the pot was made nearly five hundred years ago in Corea, a peninsula opposite the southern Japanese islands. On the sides of it are scenes painted in strong colors, as in ordinary Chinese pottery. One of the pictures shows a lady seated before a table set on a lawn, near a house, from which she is hidden by a screen; there is a female attendant at each side watching the lady paint; or, it may be that she is writing, for there are paper, India ink, and other materials on the table.

The costumes are supposed to represent those of the ancient Coreans, at a time when they were more civilized than the people then living in Japan. Nowadays, the Japanese are far ahead of the Coreans.—Truly yours,

MINA G. L.

CAN any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS tell H. H. A., through the "Letter-Box," why the climate of France is so much warmer than the climate at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, which is in nearly the same latitude?

Philadelphia, Penn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and for the last two or three years I have had your very amusing book whenever I could get it. I suppose most of your readers, if not all of them, live on shore, but I differ from them in that respect, for I go to sea 'most all the time. My papa is captain of a three-masted schooner, and my mamma and I go to sea with him. I am very lonely often at sea, and ST. NICHOLAS is one of my most prized companions. When I have read one month's number, I always send it to my little brother, who does not go to sea.—From your constant reader,

M. B. K.

Kingston, Canada.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our teacher gave us "Hard Times" as a subject for composition, and I wrote the one inclosed. He said it was a good one. I thought I would send it to you, and will feel proud if you put it in ST. NICHOLAS.

"HARD TIMES."

Hard times is a hard subject for a soft boy to write on. I do not know what caused them, cannot tell what will cure them, and don't believe anybody else can.

Still, think not that we boys don't know what it means. Hard times, as I understand it, means wearing your big brother's old clothes, going without ice-cream, and so on. I thought I knew something about it when I found this out.

When the bills for the last circus were posted, and I was told that owing to "hard times" it was doubtful if I could go, I thought I understood it a little more; and on the day of the circus, when I was informed positively that owing to the "hard times" I could not go, and clown, witty sayings, songs, elephants, spotted horses, giants and dwarfs, and the only things that make a boy's life "in this world" bearable were blotted out, I realized that I understood it fully. If not, I prefer to remain in my ignorance rather than to receive any more knowledge in this line.

J. K. G.

Girton College, Cambridge, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw the autograph signature of that friend of children, Hans Christian Andersen, and this is what was written above it: "Life is the most beautiful fairy-tale." Does it not seem just what he ought to write? A fairy-tale in itself. —Yours truly, an American in England,

ANNA TUTHILL.

Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do not think so meanly of bees as to suppose that one could ever by any possible means mistake a sea-anemone for a flower, as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" seemed to fear in August last. I never saw one that looked like a flower without a deal of imagination being brought to bear upon it. And a bee is not supposed to have imagination. But bees eat salt. They require it as much as do other animals. And this bee alighted on the salt sea-anemone to get a grain of the precious mineral, as he might from any sea-weed. The anemone does resemble sea-weed, and is salt, I presume; at least, the water upon it was salt, and it was that the bee ate.—Very respectfully,

EMMA E. B.

HERE is a terrible bear story which a little boy of six years, named Willie, dictated to his father for ST. NICHOLAS:

There was once a man. He lived in a cottage in a woods full of bears. One day he was out in the woods, and he was startled by a bear.

The animal trotted up to the man so quietly that he did not see him at first. When the bear got close to him he put his paw on his shoulder, and the claws were very sharp. The man, as soon as he felt the

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claws, turned around. He had a pistol with him and he shot the bear.

It was a black bear, about the size of those in Union Park.

The bear's mate had come up behind them with her cubs; they stopped and smelt of the papa bear and growled. The man's pistol had only one charge in it and it was unloaded; so the man turned and ran away, and the mamma bear ran after him. Then he jumped over a fence and laid flat down on the ground and made believe dead. When the bear came up, she jumped over the fence and smelt of the man, but he held his breath and she thought he was dead. Then she jumped back over the fence to her cubs, and they went off. The man lay still until he thought the mamma bear had gone off with her cubs. Then he loaded his pistol and went after the bear and her cubs. He fired at her, and shot her through the heart, and killed her too. Then he took the cubs and carried them to the cottage to tame; then he took the skins off the big bears to make himself a warm coat and cap, and used the meat to eat. That is all about those bears. I can't write much, but I can print a little.

SOLUTIONS of the "Frozen Puzzle," which was printed in the "Letter-Box" for March, were sent in by Ned Seely—M. West—A. Noble Sayre—M. Lyon. All of them were correct, and showed that the writers had made good use of their eyes.

St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some friends in Santa Barbara, California, wrote us a while ago that they could see an unusual sight for them,—snow not far distant from town. One of our boys, and another boy, took their ponies, and a pail, and brought some home. Many children had never seen snow, excepting on the tops of the high peaks very far away. They gathered round the pail and tasted, and felt, and wondered over the snow. One of the boys says he thought it just as cold as the snow in Minnesota and Wisconsin.—Yours truly,

G. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you some old scraps which I think would interest some of your other boys and girls.

The following resolution was passed by a certain Board of Aldermen:

1. Resolved, by this council, that we build a new jail.
2. Resolved, that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. Resolved that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defines a garret as "a room on the highest floor in the house," and a cock-loft as "the room over the garret."

The manager of a theater, finding upon one occasion but three persons in attendance, made the following address:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed; but they will be repeated to-morrow evening."—Your faithful reader,

FRANK W. FOSTER.

THIS little letter was written by a girl of eight years:

Dear Grandpa and Grandma: We had a Tramp cat come to our house but she was not good. So we sent her away but she stayed around our house and she is here now she looks in at the windows. Jennie is trimming a hat but I showed her how. I am making a pair of reins for Johnie. It is most time to have supper. father tried to kill that Cat and the cat bit his hand, and it is all swollen now. It is Satday and we do not go to school. it is a rainy day but it does not rain but it mists. mother is going to a grand party to night and she expects that the ladies will have trales three yards long. When mother gets home I will tell what they did there. * * * * It was a birth day party and Kittie was there and it was Kittie's sisters party, and her sisters name is Annie Kittie is as old as I am and Kittie said that she was very tired. mother ate out of silver plates and they had iced lemon and cake of all kinds and they had a library and books on all sides from the floor to the ceiling and picture galary and everything very nice and splendid, so good by

From ETTIE

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell those of your boy readers who live in large cities, about a way my two chums and I have of getting pleasant and instructive peeps into the country around us.

We take a day, generally Saturday, and go for long walks. In planning the line of march, we choose, now and then, one that leads through some places of bookish interest; and we read up before starting. At other times we go in for botany, etc. We take pencils and paper to make notes and sketches when wanted; and each fellow carries a light luncheon. We take an extra long sleep the night before, and start out dressed in stout under-flannels, any sort of outer clothes, and old and easy shoes. We eat little, and drink sparingly, of water only, when going on one of these tramps. We do not try to walk fast nor far, but just to see easily what we can and have a pleasant time.

Our last tramp was through Washington Irving's country, as we call it,—about Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow, and those parts. It was lovely. We went from the city to Dobb's Ferry by steam-cars, and came back from Sing Sing; but walked all the rest of the way. This was our most expensive jaunt, as yet,—$1.50 each. Each fellow pays his own expenses,—Philadelphia style.—Truly yours, BEN B. T.

A PROVIDENCE correspondent sends these verses about

THE PLUCKY COOK.

There was a young maiden whose look
Was as if she 'd been trying to cook:
Her apron was flour-y,
Her eyes rather showery,
And dough smeared her pretty cook-book.

But being a maiden of pluck,
She resolved that she yet would have luck.
She would not be beaten.
Her bread should be eaten,
Though now it like mucilage stuck.

At last she prepared such a lunch,
That her brothers, beginning to munch
On Saturday morning,
In spite of all warning,
Continued till bed-time to lunch!

K. H.

A YOUNG correspondent who was born in the island of Banca in the East Indian Archipelago, and lived nine years in and near there, writes as follows:

DEAR EDITOR: In the January number I saw the picture of the Malayan sword-dance, and began to read at once the article belonging to the picture. I do not recollect enough of the time I was at Java to know if the article is incorrect or not; but asking my father about it he gave me a good deal of information about the East Indies.

First, Batavia is not, in all its parts, so queer a city as described. In the lower town are houses that have a Dutch aspect, but they are used as offices and warehouses. The Europeans live in the upper town in beautiful villas surrounding great squares, as, for instance, the Koningsplein, which is four times as large as the Champ de Mars in Paris. The Waterlooplein is another large square.

Smaller villas stand alongside canals, but no houses are built close together; each has a fenced-in yard, and some have beautifully laid out gardens of European and tropical plants. The houses are one-story, have verandas, and, sometimes, marble floors. Lofty fruit-trees grow between the squares and the dwellings of Europeans along the canals.

The natives live in houses made of bamboo, built apart, and concealed by graceful palm-trees.

The plan of Batavia is so grand, and the villas are so richly built in general, that the city has received the deserved name of Queen of the East. The Chinese, the Arabs, the Cingalese, etc., live in separate camps at a distance from the European villas and Javanese Kampongs or Desjas. Desja is the Javanese and Kampong the Malayan word for village.

By the by, I should mention that the Javanese and Malayans differ in habits, language, and manners.

The Malayan language has 33 letters and is written from right to left, the Javanese has but 22 letters and is written from left to right, like English. The Javanese language is actually divided into three branches: as, the Kromo, the language the superior speaks to his inferior; the Nyoko, the language the inferior speaks to his superior; and the Kawi, the language of poetry.

The sultan of Djokjokarta, and the ruler of Solo are neither of them exclusive, nor do they decline the interchange of civilities with foreigners or strangers. These princes are very social, and, for instance, come regularly every Saturday evening to the European club-rooms to play a game at whist, or quadrille, with the Governor and high officials and strangers of rank who are introduced to them. They have European tutors for their children, to teach them foreign languages and give them a European education.

They are not pirate chiefs, their domains being entirely inland and surrounded by provinces belonging to the Netherlands India Government. To go from Djokjokarta the sultan would have to get a coupé in a first-class railway carriage, and travel at least one hundred and fifty miles to reach the large sea-port and trading town of Samarang. It is true the rajahs display great wealth, but they derive it from leasing parts of the provinces Djokjo and Solo, which parts are their own property.

The leasers are mostly Hollanders, but also Englishmen and Chinamen, and they cultivate sugar, coffee and rice. The work on the plantations is done by natives, who are paid for it generally by the day, but also by the month. Sometimes a certain amount is paid for the produce of the coffee-shrubs which they undertake to cultivate.

The natives live on the plantations in Desjas, to each of which

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belongs a certain area of ground, grazing-fields and rice-fields. This ground is owned in a sort of commune, and is administered by a Desja chief and elders, elected yearly by the male inhabitants of the Desja.

Besides the income of these leases, the Sultan of Djokjo receives 400,000 guilders a year (a guilder is equal to 40 cents in American money) for governing as a suzerain prince, with the aid and advice of the Dutch resident or governor, and according to the Dutch laws.

About the dances I have little to say, only that the sword-dance is performed by grown men, and is more in use at Sumatra, Banca, and Borneo, than at Java.

The gammelang is more of a musical arrangement than the article says. No drums, violins, horns, etc., belong to it, and it is not at all noisy. It consists of many gongs, generally thirty, but sometimes as many as a hundred; and these gongs are cast of an alloy of copper, tin and silver. They are formed like basins, and are placed with the hollow side on silk threads in different rows. They are correctly tuned, and played upon by one or more musicians, with wooden sticks covered at the ends with gutta percha or leather to soften the touch. The gammelang, when played, has a monotonous but harmonious and pure sound, like a soft carrillon or chimes, but more pure, on account of the amount of silver in the alloy. It sounds pleasant near by, but it can be heard on a still evening very well at a great distance, when it is very sweet and dreamy to the ear.—Yours very respectfully,

EDMOND C. M. VAN DIEST,
Aged 13 years at August 13, 1878.

In reply to the criticisms in the above letter upon her article entitled "Some Malayan Dances," Mrs. Feudge writes:

My article merely described in a passing sentence the queer appearance of Batavia as seen on the seaboard. * * * * It is quite possible that the sword-dance is sometimes performed by adults, but I believe boys are far more frequently the actors,—as in the instance I gave. * * * * As to the other dances and the gammelang,—I described only what I myself saw or what was told me by eye-witnesses.

In respect to Malayan rajahs such as the sultans of Sourakarta and Djokjokarta, the Count de Beauvoir expressly mentions them, as I have described them, as maintaining a princely state; surrounded by wealth and luxury; well-informed, refined, and extremely hospitable to those whom they consented to receive; yet, withal, difficult of access, and, as a rule (to which there were occasional exceptions) declining the civilities of foreigners.

As to piracy, my article expressly states that these native rajahs do not in person engage in that occupation; but I was repeatedly informed by persons long resident among the Malays, that nearly all their native princes were, to a greater or less extent, in league with the piratical hordes who everywhere infest the Malayan Archipelago. In fact, the Malays are a race of pirates, openly and avowedly so; and by far the larger portion of the common men are at some period of their lives, in one way or another, engaged in piracy as a means of living; while the rajahs afford aid and comfort, in times of difficulty, the benefit of their superior wisdom in settling disputes, and protection against foreign interference, receiving a share of the booty in return for such kind offices.

It is quite possible that the present rajahs may be not the same that were in office while I was in the East; perhaps they are their successors in office. I cannot say positively as to this. But even in the event of a change of rulers, my account perfectly accords with the character of those seen by Count de Beauvoir and others ten or fifteen years ago.

Macon, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always interested in the "Letter-Box," and as I think that some of the experiences of a Georgia girl are not altogether uninteresting, I will tell you of a trip that I made last summer to a small island (named Cumberland) on the Georgia coast, near Savannah. It has a beautiful beach, which is delightful for bathing, albeit some are in dread of sharks, which are numerous in one or two places on the beach.

There was a gentleman from Macon who was seized by one while bathing, but he was strong and active, and as the shark was young, the bather escaped, though with a terribly mangled leg.

One of the most attractive spots on the island is a handsome estate called "Dungenness," which was at one time the family residence of the Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene; but now the mansion is a magnificent ruin, the tabby walls alone having withstood the fire of the Northern guns during the late war. Here also repose the ashes of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee. I could tell you much more of my sports, frolics with the waves, dancing, fishing and romping, but forbear, lest I occupy too much of your time.—Your devoted friend and constant reader,

LAURETTE BOYKIN, (13 years old.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a mountain named in the Bible, and leave an animal that is very useful in deserts. 2. Syncopate a vehicle and leave a domestic pet. 3. Syncopate sullen or gloomy, and leave an animal of the deer kind. 4. Syncopate the voice of a rooster and leave a useful farm animal. 5. Syncopate a shepherd's staff and leave a preparer of food for the table. 6. Syncopate smitten and leave gummed tightly together.

NORMA.

RIDDLE.

IN a white house is a black house; in the black house are four members; these members are not relatives, yet are closely connected; what are their names?

P. N.

BURIED HEROES.

IN each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a Hero renowned in history, ancient or modern. Find the names:

1. "Soldiers, Cretans!" cried the chief. "Follow me! Let us do battle on Ida's sacred hill against the foes of our ancient liberties!"

2. "Never was there a richer man, nor one more miserable, than Midas," said the student.

3. With imperial pomp,—eye-dazzling, ear-deafening,—the proud young victor over the Marians, over Sertorius, over the crafty Mithridates, thrice trailed his robes in triumph along the streets of Rome.

4. Like the resistless twining of the boa, dice and cards and wine ruin many a weak, too amiable young man.

5. Lodged in summer comfort at a Swiss hotel, lounging idly on its balcony, I dreamed of the historic lake before me and the tyrannies of the hated Gesler.

6. The sordid creature unblushingly confessed that, for his part, a customer of his, no matter who he might be, must keep his wits about him or get the worse of every bargain.

7. Avoid every chance of taking a chill, especially when you are warm from violent exertion.

8. Small need is there to put names or dates on the rocks down which he rode! What American patriot ever can forget him or them?

9. O magic medicated flannel! Songs to thy praise should be continually sung by the legions of rheumatic martyrs whose pains thou hast eased!

10. Though it should wreck my every hope
And all my fortune mar,
I, on this floor, where patriots stand,
Still give my voice for war!

11. What? Do you know no better word than "nib," Alec, my boy, to call a bird's bill by? Call it "beak," then, and be done with it.

12. With glad avidity the panting hart slaked his thirst in the cool waters of the brook.

LATIN DIAMOND.

1. IN *quod*. 2. A negative. 3. A dwelling. 4. An interrogative particle. 5. In *absque*.

J. S. D.

REBUS.

A familiar version of a common proverb.

LITERARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two of England's greatest poets.

1. That which Chatterton is supposed to have been when he suffocated himself. 2. The name of a periodical of which one hundred and three numbers appeared, and to which Dr. Johnson contributed all the articles excepting twelve. 3. An object of many verses of young poets. 4. A reptile, said by Shakspeare to wear "a precious

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jewel in its head." 5. One of the characteristics which Daniel Webster said "Liberty and Union" must possess. 6. The recluse to which, in "Il Penseroso," Milton compares pensive Melancholy.

X. Y. Z.

ZOOLOGICAL DIAMOND.

1. Is in guagga. 2. The name of a young domestic animal. 3. A bird esteemed highly by good livers. 4. An animal noted for its greediness. 5. Is in lemur.

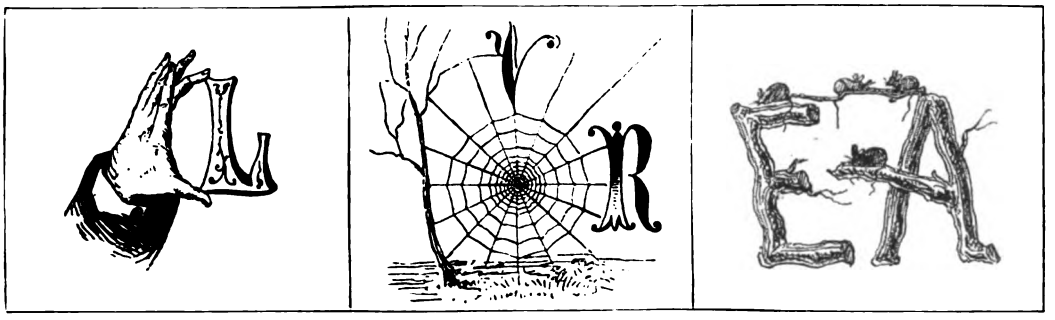
ALIDA.

VERY EASY ANAGRAMS.

EACH example is made up of letters which are to be arranged in such a way as to spell one word. After each example, the meaning of its word is printed.

1. O, Nelly!—Meaning: All by oneself. 2. Tell it.—Meaning: Not large. 3. Do swim!—Meaning: Knowledge and good judgment. 4. Be slow!—Meaning: Parts of a man's arms. 5. Ed bit me.—Meaning: A part of the day that generally comes too soon. 6. Hold, I say!—Meaning: Times for fun and play.

EASY REBUSES.



EACH of these three pictures represents a name of a man distinguished in one of the arts. Two of the men indicated are composers of music, and the other is a famous painter, a native of France.

VERY SIMPLE DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A small animal. 3. Made gentle. 4. A beverage. 5. A consonant.

E. W. R.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wren, but not in crow.
My second is in reap, but not in sow.
My third is in throw, but not in hurl.
My fourth is in boy, but not in girl.
My fifth is in mount, but not in hill.
My sixth is in murder, but not in kill.
My seventh is in peck, but not in quart.
My whole is the name of an American port.

BLACK PRINCE.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. REMOVE a hotel from gaining and leave part of a bird. 2. Remove a fluid from a hinting with the eye and leave a limb. 3. Remove evil from desirous and leave to wound. 4. Remove an insect from thoughtless and leave gained. 5. Remove a list of names from a slattern and leave a toy. 6. Remove a tree from worthless and leave to strive.

CYRIL DEANE.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. Burns to blackness. 2. An animal. 3. In puzzle. 4. A liquor. 5. Vegetables. CENTRALS, reading downward: A fruit. DIAGONALS, reading downward: Garments; part of a flower.

L. E.

EASY REVERSALS.

1. REVERSE a bird, and get a pellet. 2. Reverse a circular band, and get an expression of contempt. 3. Reverse a part of a clock or watch, and get set down. 4. Reverse clothing, and get to boast. 5. Reverse clubs, and get a wound with a sharp-pointed weapon. 6. Reverse a time of battles and get unmanufactured. 7. Reverse a place defended from the wind, and get a fish. 8. Reverse a bark of a dog, and get wages. 9. Reverse recompense, and get part of a clothes' press. 10. Reverse an eatable root, and get a pleasant month. 11. Reverse a naughty boy's expression of defiance, and get food for cattle. 12. Reverse a road, and get to steer wildly.

T.

REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. My 1, 2, 3 is a numeral. 2. My 4, 5, 6, 7 is powerful. 3. My 7, 6, 5, 4 is the name of an island. 4. My 3, 2, 1 is a snare. My whole, containing seven letters, can be maintained.

H. H.

FLOWER TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN the following sentences the names of flowers are transposed, and each dash stands in the place of a word. In each sentence, the problem is, to fill the first blank or set of blanks with a word or set of words the letters of which, when properly transposed, will fill the second blank or set of blanks and complete the sense.

1. I never saw —— —— a variety of —— before.
2. He named the —— in —— —— of troublesome plants.
3. I found this wild —— when out with a miner hunting for ——.
4. Can you not ——, —— —— autumn bouquet, some specimens of the beautiful —— for me?
5. I plucked this —— at the foot of Mt. —— in Palestine.
6. I could —— afford to lose that —— from my garden.
7. I wonder —— —— —— handsome flower as the —— grows wild anywhere?
8. The Scotchman said: "——, —— is nothing sweeter to me than the smell of the ——!"
9. I —— —— elegant —— blooming among those pinks.
10. On warm days the —— droops its lids before the —— —— done.
11. The flowers of the —— are said to —— butterflies.
12. Those florists have —— —— for a —— every few minutes; the flower is in such request.

B.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.

. . . A . . .

THE central letter, A, is given in the diagram, and is used for both the Full Perpendicular and the Full Horizontal; but this central letter, A, forms no part of the words that make the limbs of the cross.

FULL PERPENDICULAR, eight letters, reading from top to bottom: A weapon of war much used among the red-men in former times, but not often seen nowadays.

FULL HORIZONTAL, seven letters, reading from left to right: Sounds, lightly made but quickly repeated.

TOP LIMB, three letters, reading downward: A boy's name.

BOTTOM LIMB, four letters, reading downward: A bird of prey.

LEFT ARM, three letters, reading from left to right: A deep hole in the earth.

RIGHT ARM, three letters, reading from left to right: A gentle blow.

J. P. B.

CHARADE.

QUOTH my second, on breakfast intent,
With his eyes on the luxury bent;
Now please, mother, if I 'm not too late,
First a whole, with dispatch, on my plate.

SOL.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. My 1, 2, 3 is an evil sprite. 2. My 4, 5, 6 is to deprive a person of his lawful possessions. 3. My 7, 8, 9, 10 is endowed with power. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is unlikely to be true,—not to be expected, considering the circumstances of the case.

C. D.

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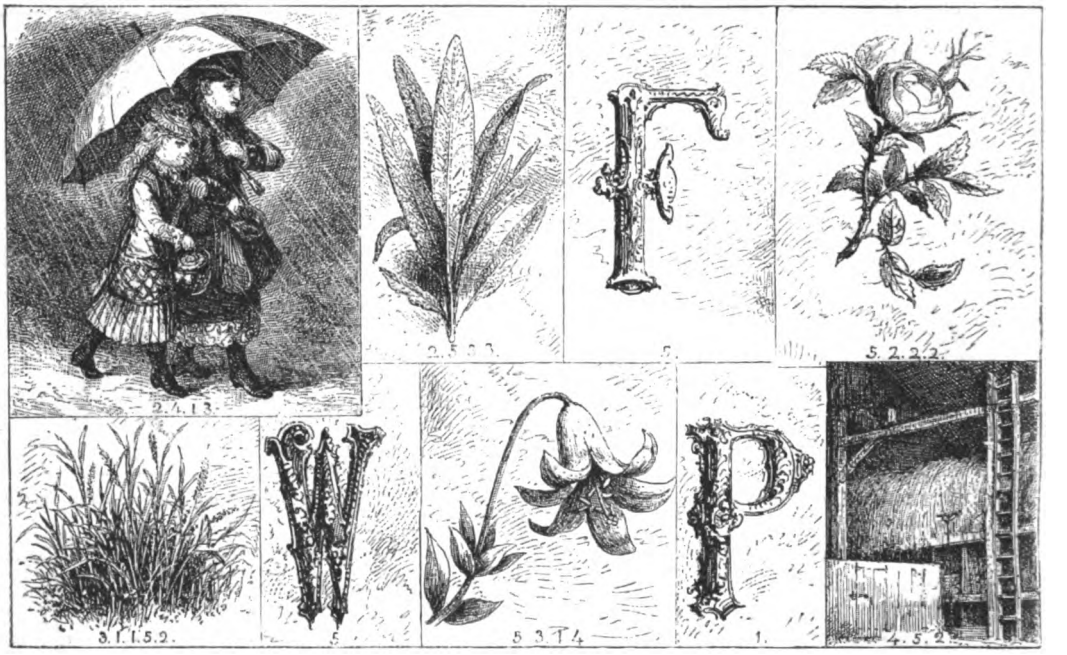
PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.



THE answer has five words, and is a sentence frequently heard among boys and girls in the early spring. Each numeral beneath the pictures denotes a letter in that word of the answer whose place in numerical succession is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: the numeral 2 under a picture denotes a letter belonging to the second word of the answer; 5 that its letter is in the fifth word of the answer, and so on. To solve the puzzle:—Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, to correspond with the words of the answer. Find a word, letters, or a letter, suitably descriptive of each picture, using as many letters for each description as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words, and all the words, when read off in due order, will be the answer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

EASY DIAMOND.—1. L. 2. MEn. 3. LeMon. 4. NOr. 5. N.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ACROSTIC.—1. FiBre, fire. 2. CoAst. cost. 3. SoLon, soon. 4. PeTal, peal. 5. NoIse, nose. 6. DoMe, doe. 7. DrOop, drop. 8. FaRce, face. 9. NiEce, nice. Baltimore.

SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.—1. T-u-g. 2. D-u-g. 3. P-u-g. 4. B-u-g. 5. J-u-g. 6. M-u-g. 7. R-u-g. 8. L-u-g. 9. T-a-g. 10. T-u-b.

FRENCH BEHEADINGS.—1. Joie, oie. 2. Belle, elle. 3. Avoir, voir. 4. Lune, une. 5. Orage, rage. 6. Maigre, aigre. 7. Dos, os. 8. Mépris, épris. 9. Prendre, rendre. 10. Yeux, eux. 11. Veau, eau. 12. Savant, avant.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." —— VERY EASY ENIGMA.—Candle.

NEW WORD-PUZZLES.—1. Beg-one. 2. Lock-age. 3. Man-go. 4. Must-ache. 5. Ode-on. 6. Far-take. 7. Pat-ella. 8. Pay-able.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—1. Colorado. 2. Labrador. 3. Canada. 4. Cuba.

SQUARE-WORD BLANKS.—1. Lord. 2. Olio. 3. Ring. 4. Doge.

EASY ANAGRAMS.—1. Indiana. 2. California. 3. Alabama. 4. Massachusetts. 5. Nebraska. 6. North Carolina. 7. South Carolina. 8. Minnesota. 9. Wisconsin.

TRIPLE ACROSTICS.—1. Cab, Ado, Ran; 2. Cab, Ado, Roy.

REBUS.—"Many hands make light work."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"An undevout astronomer is mad." 1. Anna. 2. Vase. 3. Tour. 4. Toad. 5. Omen. 6. Ruse. 7. Dime.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "The Blanke Family," who solved all the puzzles correctly, and from Bessie and her Cousin—Ethel Gillis—Edward A. Abbot—Wm. F. Judson—Retie Cobb—Maggie J. Gemmill—Allie J. Adams—J. F. Hubbard and J. H. Frink—"King of Africa"—J. Frank Knorr, Jr.—Courtenay H. Fenn—"J. S. L."—Maud Vosburg—Mary J. Hull—C. H. Tibbits—Eddie Snively—Aggie Rhodes—Gertie Spalding—K. H. Leonard—Alice H. Hitchcock—Bessie Taylor—Lida N. Sims—Samuel Wells, Jr.—Mary Lamprey—Gertrude Eager—Henrietta Bacharcht—T. Alex. Payne—Flavel S. Miner—Alfred W. Stockett—Bessie H. Hard—Lulie Coxe—Carrie Adler—Wm. S. Eichelberger—John D. Cress—H. H. Northend—Annie Davenport—Minnie Davies—Albert T. and Sheldon Emery—E. C. Alexander—"W. H. R."—Fred. A. Ogden—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Annie McIlvaine—"Hard and Tough"—Hattie M. Greenleaf—Farnham Gardley—Ada L. Carvill—May L. "Shepard"—Florence Penny—Robert Swords, Jr.—Frank Newsome—Grace A. Smith—"Rectus"—Bertha Newsome—Frederick R. Satterlee—"Robin K. A."—"S. A. B."—Bettie Hillegeist—Fannie M. Miner—Grace Van Vleck—Bessie F. Wheeler—Chas. Wheeler, Jr.—Dent H. Robert—S. N. O. K. S. H.—Dudley K. Carson—Stella Hereford—Sadie Duffield—Constance Grand-Pierre—Gertrude M. Gove—Adele Freeman—Daisy B. Hodgsdon—Gertie—Stephanie M. Coster—G. Schirmer—Elfie K. Stocket—Mabel I. Barrows—"7, 8, 9,"—Carrie and Arthur M.—Will. E. Nichols—Bella Wehl—Bertha Potts—Florence Wilcox—Nellie N. Sherwin—Anne E. Jarvis—Will. O. Jarvis—Bonie—May Carman—Bird Johnston—Severn R. Allnutt—Reta S. McIlvaine—Jennie D. Hayden—Arnot Palmer—Alice G. Lanigan—Kitty C. Atwater—Bessie C. Barney—James Brayley—"E. and A."—Bessie L. Reilly—D. Bruce Kennedy—Lula Marschalk—Florence L. Turrill—Dycie Warden—Maggie P. Beatie—Geo. H. Smith—Bertie H. Jackson—Ruth Baylies—Margie J. Roebling—Allan D. Wilson—Lucy V. Mackrille—Lottie P. Pitkin—Saidee Henry—C. H. McBride—Mary G. Miller—Wm. B. McLean—Ida Cohn—Sallie Lovett—"Winnie"—Alice Sutro—Katie Burne—Mamie W. Aldrich—Carrie E. Smith—Annie E. Smith—Eleanor N. Hughes—"So-So"—Helen C. Wetmore—Evie, and Lizzie—Carl Hinkle—Estella Lohmeyer—Bertha E. Keferstein—Edward Vultee—"Prebo"—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—O. C. Turner—John V. L. Pierson—Frances Hunter—Bessie S. Hosmer—John Emmins—George J. & Esther L. Fiske—Oliver B. Judson—Grace E. Fuller—Wm. H. Paul—Harry L. Frils—Snowflake and Pussie—Anita R. Newcombe—J. De la Hunt—E. G. Seibels—G. H. W., of Manchester, England.

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SUMMER HAS COME!

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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A SECOND TRIAL.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

IT was Commencement at G—— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half smiling to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There 's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother 's going to graduate; he 's going to speak; I 've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one, with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not,—they are dark-blue. There! he 's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He 's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he 's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued, "that he would write on the 'Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

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"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he 's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins" she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched-up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it 's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He 's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment, the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history——'" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face dur-

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ing the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day,—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

MIGNONETTE.

By Susan Coolidge.

Who gave you your name, Little Darling,
I wish that I knew.
Such a tiny, sweet, lovable blossom,
I half think that you grew,
In the Garden of old, and believe
You were christened by Eve.

Was she first of all women to find you?
Did she gather and smell,
And carry a cluster to Adam?
If we only could tell
What they said and they did, he and she,
How nice it would be!

Or was it some quaint little maiden
Of France, in old days,
Who spied you and loved you and called you
(Oh, sweetest of praise!)
Caressingly, as to a pet,
By the name Mignon–ette?

All summer you grow in my garden,
All summer I keep
A bunch of your flowers beside me
Awake or asleep.
And your breath like a voice seems to say
Loving words all the day.

So, whether in France or in Eden
'T is all one to me,
Yours is just the best name, Little Darling,
Could possibly be,
And though no one had taught me, I yet
Should say—Mignonette.

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BOSSY ANANIAS.

By Louise Seymour Houghton.

A group of colored children was congregated about a corner of the hotel piazza, in a Southern town, where the steps led down to the green lawn which swept away under the orange-trees and the oaks, to the broad river. The youngsters were hopping and jumping, giving each other sly digs and pinches, uttering subdued little screams and giggles, but ever with a sharp eye upon the dining-room doors, closed to exclude the sunlight.

The doors flew open, at length, and a stream of ladies and gentlemen issued forth upon the piazza.

A dozen swarthy little hands were stretched out at once, clasping tightly a bunch of drooping violets,—a cluster of roses or azaleas,—or half a dozen little brown bulbs.

"Wants flowers, missis?" "Please buy my roses!" "Wants lily roots to carry Norff? Dey keeps jess so till you sots 'em in de groun'."

A sweet-looking lady drew near; with fresh fair complexion and bright brown eyes, but with snow-white hair beneath the folds of soft lace which encircled her head.

"Who has a little alligator?" she asked.

There was a moment's pause among the little group.

"Mos' too sune for 'gators," remarked one.

"Bossy Ananias got a 'gator," said another.

"Who?"

"Bossy A-n-nanias."

"Bossy *what?*"

"Ananias, missis. He done got a 'gator. You Bossy! show your 'gator to de lady."

At this, the sable crowd parted, and a little colored boy, with a young alligator on his arm, was pushed to the front.

"So you have an alligator?" asks Mrs. Ormerod.

Bossy's eyes twinkle.

"Seed him on he mammy back," he answers. "Chucked a chunk of light 'ud ahind her. Ole mammy flop off in de creek. Baby tumble in de mud. Cotch him jess as easy!"

And he fondles the little reptile and lays it against his cheek—the alligator uttering a croak of affection or complaint—it sounds like either.

"What do you ask for the alligator?" asks Mrs. Ormerod.

"Don't ask nuffin for 'im."

"But I should like to buy him," she continues. "I want to take him North to my little grandson."

Bossy shows his teeth, but is unmoved.

"Bossy wont never sell his things," remarks an older child, a pale, heavy-eyed quadroon girl. "He done got lots o' critters to he house; 'coons and squirrels and 'gators and sich. Wont sell a nary one."

"Why not, Bossy?" asks a gentleman. "Don't you like money?"

Bossy reflects.

"Dey likes me," he answers. "Dey don't know w'ite folks."

The little alligator on his shoulder now stretches out its head and again utters its plaintive croak. Bossy puts up his hand and pats it.

"It know what we is sayin'," he remarks. "Hit don't want to go Norff." And he turns away with his pet, and runs off among the other children now hastening to school.

"That's a character," observes a gentleman.

"And what a name!" says another. "Where could he have got it?"

Bossy, meanwhile, had left the crowd of children at the path which led to the school, and passing out through the park gate, turned down a sandy road toward the river shore, where his home was. Bossy had no eyes for the wonderfully picturesque appearance of the tumble-down shanty where he lived, beneath the grand old oaks. He knew that the rain dripped upon his bed, on stormy nights, and that the wind whistled through the crevices in the wall, and made his ears and toes ache. But he was not thinking about that, this sunny February morning, as he opened the smoke-house door and went in, with his pet upon his shoulder. A great scrambling and scurrying was heard within, and then a happy laugh, which seemed to bubble over out of Bossy's little heart upon his red lips.

"You Bunny! 'Have yo'seff! Git down dar, ole Poss! Quit it, now, quit it I say!" and Bossy tumbled out of the smoke-house door, with a black fox-squirrel clinging to his ragged sleeve, a raccoon following at his heels, and a baby rabbit in either hand: the "gator" remaining all the time upon his shoulder.

"Dat ar squ'll 's de fightinest beast I ebber see," observed Bossy, shaking off the black animal, which, however, did not relinquish its hold of the ragged shirt-sleeve, but carried a great piece with it. "Wants me to sell you off Norff, hey?" he asked in a severe tone, shaking an admonishing finger at his delinquent pet. "W'ite folks wants you, *bad*. Give heap o' money fur you. Dey don't know you like I does. What you tink if I

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sells you off Norff, hey?" Then, as the impish beast made the deprecatory gesture common to its kind, placing its fore-paws upon its breast and moaning, he hastened to add: "Dar, shet up

now, honey; nobody aint gwine sell you Norff ef you 'haves yo'seff;" and betook himself to fondling his rabbits, from time to time bestowing a pat or a loving word upon the 'coon, or the alligator.

All day the boy lay under the trees among his pets, now playing with them, now falling off to sleep among them, with his bare head in the sun, and awaking again to attempt to teach them some little tricks of his own devising.

They never attempted to leave him, though there was nothing to hinder their running away. Not they alone, but every other member of the brute creation, seemed to love the boy. Mocking-birds flew down upon the recumbent oleander-tree against which he was leaning, and caroled their songs in his ear; lizards darted over him as he lay asleep; toads hopped up and watched him with their blinking eyes; bright green-and-gold dragon-flies buzzed around him.

It was thus that Mrs. Ormerod saw him as she came home, in the cool of the afternoon, from her walk in St. David's Path, on the bluff above the river. She stopped and looked at him with a smile which, somehow, softened into tears as she gazed. The fox-squirrel showed his teeth and scolded, and Bossy put out his dusky little hand and patted him, in his sleep.

Mrs. Ormerod turned to where a woman sat nursing a child under the magnolia-tree.

"Is that your little boy?" she asked.

"'T aint nobody's boy," answered the woman. "His mother died when he was a baby; his father done gone away, up river somewhar, and leff her. He calls me mammy; but I aint no kin to him."

"How did he come by so odd a name?" asked Mrs. Ormerod.

"Why, his mother and father could n't 'gree 'bout his name, nohow; so dey just called him Bossy. A'ter de ole man done run away, she name de baby for her father, ole man Ananias Watson; but ebry one was use to call him Bossy, so dey jess calls him Bossy Ananias."

"Is he a good boy?" asked the lady.

"Dey aint no better, nowhar. He don't give a bit o' trouble. He jess plays with his critters all day long. It 's cur'us how he gets 'em all. 'Pears like he jess has to call 'em, and dey runs to him. Got a heap o' sense, Bossy Ananias has."

"How old is he?"

"Five year old lass Chrismuss. He 's right smart good to work, too, for sech a little fellow. Drops corn, and picks out grass, and minds de baby a heap. But he likes his critters best of all."

Mrs. Ormerod walked away thoughtfully. Bossy, now wide awake, ran after, his alligator in his hand. She supposed that he had decided to sell it to her, and half stopped to speak to him; but he ran past her, and threw open the heavy gate which led into the hotel park.

"Did you come to sell me your alligator?" she asked him, as she passed in.

"No, Missis, I jess kim to open de gate. Yo'

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see, I could n't sell my 'gator Norff, nohow, Missis."

Mrs. Ormerod sat down upon a rustic seat and held out her hand.

"Bossy," she said, "come and talk with me. Should you like to go North with me, and live in a nice, large house among other little children, and go to school?"

Bossy's eyes brightened for a moment, then fell upon the little reptile in his hand.

"Could I take my 'gator?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," answered his friend, with some hesitation. "Yes, I think you might take your alligator."

"An' de 'coon, an' de squ'll, an' de bunnies?"

"I hardly think you could take all those, Bossy," replied Mrs. Ormerod. "But you could have some new toys. They give good little boys a great many nice things there."

Bossy looked reflectively upon the ground.

"But *dey* would n't have no Bossy," he urged. "Nobody would n't talk to 'em, ef I leff 'em."

"Could you not give them to your little playmates? The other children," she explained, as Bossy looked up inquiringly.

"None of 'em don't love my squ'll, 'cause he bites. And dey pulls de bunnies' ears, and hurts 'em; and de 'coon don't like 'em, no way. I could n't go, Missis," said Bossy decidedly.

"You would have some new clothes," persisted Mrs. Ormerod. Bossy was unmoved. "And plenty to eat," she added.

If she could have known how Bossy's famished little stomach cried out within him at these words, she would have honored more than ever the steadfast lovingness of the child, who looked up into her eyes and answered:

"Could n't go and leff dem, Missis, not *no* way."

A few days later, Mrs. Ormerod was walking in the woods, and being deceived by the similarity of the roads which everywhere intersect one another under the pines, she lost her way. A hut was not far distant, and thither she bent her steps, intending to ask for directions or a guide. Suddenly a large and fierce dog ran from the hut and sprang toward her, barking savagely. Mrs. Ormerod screamed for help, and attempted to run; but in a moment, when the dog was very close to her, a child's voice cried "You Bram, down, sir! Go home, sir!" and Bossy Ananias sprang up from behind a fallen tree, and running toward them laid his hand upon the furious creature's neck. The dog drooped his ears and tail and slunk off.

"Drefful sassy dog, dat Bram," remarked Bossy, quietly, gazing kindly at the retreating animal. "'Pears like he boun' to kill somebody, one day."

"Are n't you afraid of him?" asked Mrs. Ormerod, who, pale, and still trembling, had seated herself upon the fallen trunk.

"Dey does n't tetch me, Missis," replied Bossy, as he stood quietly beside her, poking the sand about with his bare little toes. When she rose to go, and asked, "Could you show me the way to the hotel, Bossy?" he answered, readily:

"Yes, missis, jess wait till I gits my critters," and, jumping over the fallen tree, he ran to a stump hard by.

"Come on, Solomon," he said, rousing his 'coon, which appeared to be sleeping on the stump. "Come along, Bunny," picking up a rabbit. "Ah, 'gator, 'gator!" he added, in caressing tones, fondling the alligator, which ran to its place upon the boy's shoulder. "Git down, sir!" he said to the fox-squirrel, which sprang upon his back, "you jess let yo' own legs tote you,"—and he ran back to the lady.

"Which of your pets do you call Solomon?" she asked.

"Dat's de 'coon, missis. He so drefful knowin', an' Solomon was the knowinist man, dey tell me. So I jess calls de 'coon Solomon."

Mrs. Ormerod could hardly restrain her smiles at the odd little figure which now trotted along before her, his rags fluttering in the wind, a rabbit in either hand, the alligator crawling over his shoulder, and the 'coon and squirrel following closely at his heels. She was occupied with her own thoughts, however, and though the boy looked back upon her from time to time, he did not interrupt her meditations. She offered him no fee as she thanked him for his service at the park gate; she dreaded to inflict a wound upon the child's sturdy uprightness.

"I believe he saved my life," she said, as she related the adventure to a circle of friends.

"That is a strange boy," remarked a doctor. "He seems to possess uncommon qualities. It is sad that he is so utterly friendless."

"The woman where he lives appears to be kind."

"She is frightfully poor, and is fast sinking into the grave. So many of these colored people are delicate. You will not find her here if you return next winter."

"Then Bossy *must* consent," said Mrs. Ormerod; but the words were not spoken aloud.

Bossy was in the field, behind the cottage, the next evening. The alligator was upon his shoulder, and a rabbit nestled in his ragged pocket, but he hardly noticed them, so intently was he occupied in dropping corn, from a bag tied before him, into the holes his "mammy" was making with a hoe. Mrs. Ormerod came and looked over the fence.

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"Have you to work much longer?" she asked the woman, who came toward her.

"Jess done finished," she answered, as Bossy, dropping the last kernel, shook out his empty bag.

"I have got something for Bossy," said the lady, taking the proffered seat under the magnolia, as they reached the cottage. She opened a parcel she had brought with her.

"See here, Bossy, if you will go North with me you shall have these clothes to wear."

She held up a suit of blue flannel, resplendent with gilt buttons. Bossy's eyes sparkled, then wandered in the direction of the smoke-house.

"And these stockings," added Mrs. Ormerod, displaying a brightly striped pair.

Bossy appeared to hesitate. His hand mechanically fumbled in the intricacies of his ragged pocket and brought out a rabbit.

"And these boots," concluded his tempter, unwrapping a pair of tiny copper-toed, red-topped boots.

It was more than human nature could endure.

"Oh, Solomon!" cried Bossy, running to the smoke-house, "jess see dem boots! Oh, Solomon, I does n't want to leave you——"

Words failed him; he came slowly back, carrying the 'coon in his arms, while the squirrel and the remaining rabbit followed him.

"Dem boots!" he said, in a choking voice, "Solomon,—Bunny,—ole Foxy!—oh, I can't, I can't," he cried in an agony of indecision, throwing himself upon the ground. "Don't ax me, Missis, I can't!"

"It is too much," said Mrs. Ormerod, fairly crying and laughing at once. "You shall not be tempted any farther. The clothes are yours, Bossy, but you shall not go away North. Stay among your pets; you will be better and happier here."

And so, love and steadfastness prevailed, and Bossy Ananias was left, with his pets, in their sunny southern home. But his fortune was made all the same. The gorgeous blue clothes with their shining buttons are soiled and faded, and the little red-topped boots are dingy and worn, but Bossy keeps them carefully, as most precious treasures, in memory of the kind friend who, through all the years that have come and gone, has never forgotten him. There has always been both "breffus" and dinner in the cabin under the magnolia and the oak trees, even through the dreaded July days. The little alligator has grown to be a great one, and has returned to his native element, and the menagerie in the smoke-house has seen many changes, but old Solomon still remains, high favorite and chieftain of Bossy's forces.

Bossy no longer lies whole days in the sunshine among his pets, as was his happy wont in the old time which seems so far away. He is full of business now, for he goes to school, and is the best scholar, and has a reputation to sustain. And Mrs. Ormerod brings him new books every year, which he pores over with delight, for they are all about the beasts and birds he knows and loves so well. He has learned many things about them, though, which are not in any of the books, and who can say what wonderful facts he may have to tell us about them, some day? For there are those who believe that Bossy Ananias will become an excellent naturalist, as the years roll on.

Bossy's adopted "mammy" lived much longer than the doctor anticipated, thanks to Mrs. Ormerod's careful provision for her wants. When she died, there was not a cabin in all the neighborhood whose doors would not have flown open to admit the honest, gentle, kindly souled boy. But "de baby" had now become Bossy's charge, as well as the "critters," and the boy would enter no house where each and all were not welcome. So the two children live on by themselves in the picturesque old cabin, loved and aided by all the neighbors, and always cared for by their absent friend.

Bossy's life is as bright and sunny as the summer land he lives in. His hours are filled with kindly deeds, with earnest work, and with high hopes. But there comes to him, every year, one time of supreme happiness. It is when the short winter days begin to lengthen toward the flowery spring. Then, if from the steamer-deck you should happen to see, standing upon the wharf, a tall, eager-eyed boy, holding by the hand a curly-headed little "picaninny," and with a squirrel or an alligator on his shoulder, or, perhaps, a 'coon upon his arm, you may be sure that it is Bossy Ananias, and that he is waiting to greet Mrs. Ormerod.

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CHUB AND HOPPERGRASS.

By Charles Stuart Pratt.

OVER a daisy clump, with a flying leap, it came, and lighted on a clover leaf.

"It" was no other than Hoppergrass.

The quaint long limbs twinkled just before Chub's half-shut eyes; the whir tickled his ears, — Hoppergrass, as a whole, tickled his jolly pleasant-natured dog-heart.

Chub was not tired; he was not even sleepy; he had dropped himself on the sunny lawn, and closed his eyes, just to plan mischief,—not ugly mischief, but the playful, good-natured sort.

And now that comical Hoppergrass had lighted right before him!

Chub eyed the great golden-brown, big-eyed, long-legged caricature longingly. He winked till the sparkles fairly danced under the dropped lashes. He curled his lips in dog-smiles till his white teeth glittered in sight. How he would delight to softly pat Hoppergrass on the back!

The idea was immensely amusing; it roused him,—yes, he would give worlds to do that very thing! He grew excited, his eyes flashed wide open, he gave a bound; but, alas! when his light paw touched the clover-leaf, Hoppergrass was gayly soaring back again over the daisy clump!

Now Chub was a proud dog; and when, after many a sniff and many a tail-wag, he lifted his brown paw and found he had patted, not Hoppergrass's back, but a mere clover leaf, he was disgusted. To think that a slender little Hoppergrass should outwit a big fellow like him! He just flung his furry length in the deep grass, pillowed his head on his paws, and sulked.

And Hoppergrass, peering through the daisy clump, rolled over and over in a fit of laughter.

Then he grew indignant,—what right had that furry monster to pounce upon him,—him, the very knight of Hoppergrasses, the longest legged of them all?

He crooked his long limbs, gave a mighty bound, and the next instant the white lily nodded under his weight, and from its airy height he sounded a shrill war-cry.

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The clover leaves and grasses seemed to put out hidden legs and leap forward, grasshoppers mailed for battle! Little fellows, big fellows, brown fellows, and great, green fellows with wings!

Haughty Hoppergrass glanced along the ranks, then over the daisy clump at Chub. With quick gestures and rapid low chirps he swept anger through the ranks,—anger against the monster who had pounced upon their knightly leader.

A moment later the host were making their way through the grass forest toward the daisy clump, toward Chub.

Hoppergrass paused on the tallest daisy. He rose to his full height, golden-brown and glittering in the sunshine. He could catch the gleam of his mailed warriors on all sides,—Chub, unsuspecting, half-asleep Chub, was being silently surrounded by the long-legged host.

Hoppergrass chirped sharply, once. A shrill, myriad-voiced trill answered him. The quick rush of fierce attack followed—the swift scintillant whir, the rapid flash, the gold-brown glitter, the green shimmer—the sharp surprise!

Hoppergrass himself, like a hurled lance, struck the very tip of Chub's nose. The great green captains fell thick on eyes and ears. The golden-browns fell everywhere.

Chub, frightened out of dreamy calm, sprang wildly up, barked, snapped his white teeth, snarled, and rolled over and over in a rage of alarm and revenge.

But the long-legged, elusive host were never under him. They poised on grass tips, they swung on clover heads; the great green fellows with wings buzzed and fluttered about his ears, and hung, whirring, over his head.

Chub always had accounted himself brave. He had fought woodchucks. But woodchucks never had flown into his ears, never flapped green wings in his eyes. Woodchucks never had attacked him by companies and battalions.

Chub was frightened, conquered, punished!

He turned and ran,—ran with drooped tail to the terrace. There he halted, gave vent to an indignant growl, and hurled back a howl of defiance. Then he went in-doors to rest.

Hoppergrass, from the upper height of the daisy clump, gave answer in a shrill cry of triumph!

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ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

By Kate Brownlee Horton.

How many of the younger readers of St. Nicholas know about this lady? Not very many, perhaps; but if I could for a moment call up the children of a hundred years ago, and ask them the same question, I am sure that almost every hand would be held up, and voices would cry from all sides, "I do! I do! and so do I!"

To be sure, the lady lived more than a hundred years ago; and perhaps that is some reason why those other children should know her better; but I will tell you of her.

She was born on the 20th of June, 1743, in the little village of Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, the eldest child and only daughter of Dr. John Aiken, a minister there, and was named Anna Letitia.

She must have been a very quick little girl, for her mother wrote a letter saying: "When my little Anna was only two years old, she could read sentences and little stories in her 'wise book' without spelling, and, when she was three, could read as well as most women." Think of that! and it must be true, for the letter is still preserved, and it says so! In those days there were very few good country schools, so Mrs. Aiken taught her little daughter entirely at home. She never went to school, but soon had learned all that her mother, clever as she was, could teach her; and still the girl wished to know more.

Dr. Aiken, who was a fine scholar, had a large school for boys; but he thought it both improper and unnecessary for Anna to share their studies, saying: "She knows all that a girl needs to know." After a while, however,—I think she must have coaxed very hard,—he relented somewhat, and gave her lessons in Latin. This language she soon mastered, reading easily the most difficult books; then her father was so proud of her, that he coaxed in his turn, and persuaded her to learn Greek, and this she acquired almost as readily as she had learned Latin.

When Anna was fifteen years old, Dr. Aiken left Kibworth, and became classical tutor in an academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This change gave his daughter an opportunity to enjoy better society than she ever could have found in little Kibworth, and here she spent fifteen years, the happiest, she herself says, and perhaps the most brilliant, of her life.

At this time she was very beautiful; slender, graceful, with a wonderfully fair complexion, cheeks like roses, soft brown hair that clustered around a finely shaped head, and dark blue eyes that fairly beamed with the light of wit and gayety.

The picture of her from which our engraving was made, was taken in London when she was more than forty years old, but it shows that even then she bore traces of her youthful beauty.

During those fifteen years at Warrington, she wrote many poems, one of the earliest of which is "The Invitation," written principally for the boys in Warrington Academy, which she calls "the nursery for men of future years."

When she was about twenty-eight years old, her only brother, who had been away studying for several years, returned to Warrington, and established himself as a physician there. His coming was a bright event to Miss Aiken. She had been too modest to allow her poems to appear in print, and even her parents did not know how much she had written; but now she told her brother about it, and he helped her to arrange the writings for publication.

When they were ready, her courage failed; she feared harsh criticism, and refused to let the poems go to print. Then Dr. Aiken took the matter in his own hands, and, before she knew it, her little volume was given to the public.

It met with great success, going through four editions in one year,—quite a triumph for a book in those early days,—and praise and congratulations came to her from all sides. Parents, especially, rejoiced in the little book, where so many of the verses for childish readers were written by one who, at the time of writing them, was little more than a child herself.

Encouraged by the success of her first literary venture, and assisted again by her brother, she published another volume called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose"; but that was principally for older readers, being almost beyond the reach of childish minds. When she was nearly thirty years old, Miss Aiken married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a gentleman of French descent, who was a pastor at Palgrove, in Sussex. Perhaps they were poor, for English country ministers did not have very large salaries in those days. At all events, they opened a boarding-school for boys in their home; and although it began with only eight pupils, in a short time it became prosperous.

Some of the customs at English schools in olden times would seem very strange to our school-boys

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nowadays. At Eton, which is one of the oldest and most famous of English schools, having been founded by King Henry VI., in 1440 (more than fifty years before our country was discovered), there have always been seventy boys called "King's scholars," because King Henry left a perpetual fund for the support of such students. These were chosen from among the poorer classes, and used to be admitted through the influence of friends or patrons; but now the fairer system of competitive examinations is carried out. To get a "King's," as it is called, is considered a grand thing, the scholarship being for life, so that, after the school-days are finished, the King's scholar still is cared for, and provided with a position as tutor or professor. "King's" boys always wore gowns of black cloth, and each at Christmas received a present of a piece of cloth for a new gown. This was a very good thing, for sometimes the clothes beneath the gowns were of the poorest. But the boys did not like it, for they were called "gown boys" by the rest of the school, who rather looked down on them as "foundationers" or free-scholars. Later, however, it became customary for gowns to be worn by all the boys.

The free-scholars, in olden times (and it is not very different now), were each allowed tenpence a week for "commons,"—I am afraid some of our boys would say "grub,"—beside the meals provided for them at the school, which consisted of two only, dinner at 11 A. M. and supper at 7 P. M. If they wanted breakfast they had to buy it for themselves. For dinner they had mutton five days in the week, roast-beef the two other days, and, as a treat, on Sundays, plum-pudding and beer, or, in summer, fruit-tarts and beer.

The boys slept in small beds in one large room, rose at five o'clock throughout the year, and made their own beds, being obliged to repeat a verse of poetry, either Latin or English, while so doing. Studies began at half-past six, and lasted till eight o'clock at night. Rather long hours; but Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays were half-holidays, when the boys made up for lack of play-hours on other days. Friday was called "flogging day," because all whippings were given then, no matter at what time in the previous week the offense had been committed. Very little of that kind of punishment is given now; the rod on the back of the hand is sometimes used, but more often "impositions" (of a hundred lines, or more, of prose or poetry) have to be learned by heart, and written out,—always in play-time.

The teachers are called "masters" and "præpostors," and the classes "forms." The sixth-form boys are at the head of the school, and it used to be the custom for each member of the sixth form to have a "fag," a small boy from the second or third form, who had to do everything his boy-master ordered;—make his bed, brush his clothes, black his boots, wait on him at table, do all his errands, etc., or take a thrashing if he refused obedience. But, fortunately, this system of "fagging," almost unknown in our schools, is rapidly going out of fashion in England.

Out-door sports are really a part of an English boy's education. Cricketing and boating are the favorite pastimes, but no boy is allowed on the rivers—in a boat—until he has been "passed" by the regular "swimming committee": a good plan.

The vacations are numerous, but not divided as ours are. At Easter there are three weeks and four days; at "Election" (of scholars), which takes place in midsummer, six weeks and four days; at Christmas four weeks and four days. Besides these, all the saints' days are holidays; so is the queen's birthday, the head-master's birthday, or a visit from any great personage or school patron.

At Winchester, St. Paul's, Charter House, Harrow, Rugby,—all the great schools, in fact,—the customs are very similar; and are only slightly changed from what they were long ago.

Mrs. Barbauld tried to model her school after the very best of those others, and to this end devoted herself, her time, and her talents. She was fond of her boys, and never wearied of inventing ways of making their studies pleasant as well as profitable.

On Wednesday and Saturday mornings they always went to her bright, pretty "home-room," where she told or read to them some delightful story; then she sent them back to the school-room to write it out for her in their own words. Some of her boys, who afterward became Members of Parliament, and well known in the literary world, have said that this practice helped them, more than any other one thing, to become fluent speakers as well as writers. Suppose some of you boys try it for yourselves, even though your teachers do not require it of you. You will soon find it a real pleasure, as well as a help.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld had no children of their own, so they adopted Dr. Aiken's little son, Charles. Mrs. Barbauld loved him dearly, and devoted herself to his education. For him she wrote those "Early Lessons" which became so widely known. For her younger class, of which he was a member, she wrote her beautiful "Hymns in Prose for Children"; while for the school in general, she wrote "Evenings at Home"; and her boys *lived* with their kind teacher those evenings about which we "old folks" once enjoyed so much to read.

At the end of eleven years, the health of both

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Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld failed, and so they were obliged to give up their school; and, taking little Charles with them, they spent nearly two years in pleasant wanderings over the Continent. Afterward, they returned to England, and for sixteen years lived in the pretty little village of Hampstead, where Mr. Barbauld preached, and Mrs. Barbauld wrote, adding greatly to her reputation.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

In 1802 Mr. Barbauld accepted a call to Newington Green; so they left Hampstead, and settled in Stoke Newington. This move was especially delightful to Mrs. Barbauld, who was thus enabled to live near, and see constantly, her beloved brother Dr. Aiken, from whom she had long been separated. Some of her best works were written here, her brother's presence and approval seeming to give fresh impulse to her genius; but of these later works I do not speak, as they were all for older readers.

In 1808 Mr. Barbauld died. For a while his widow was in despair. They had spent thirty-four happy years together, and her grief for him was deep and sincere. But soon she roused herself and sought comfort and relief in writing.

Among other works she then issued was a collection of prose and verse, called the "Female Speaker," for young ladies; and also her best and longest, as well as last poem, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," which even children enjoyed and admired.

She was slowly growing old, and soon became quite feeble, but her last years were cheered by the

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devotion of her brother, and of her adopted son. She still retained all her love for children, and had a large circle of young acquaintances, whom she invited in turn to visit her in her home, and many of whom, especially literary aspirants, she aided in substantial ways, as well as by letters and wise counsels.

On the morning of March 9, 1825, peacefully, almost suddenly, this long, gentle, useful life of eighty-two years, closed.

Mrs. Barbauld certainly did a great deal, both in writing, and in teaching, for the children of her day; but, although her books for young people still hold a place in literature, and her "Hymns in Prose" are now enjoyed by some young readers, it cannot be said that, in the very highest sense, she was a "child's writer." That, in my estimation, implies one whose writings reach and include all children,—dull as well as bright; bad as well as good.

Now, Mrs. Barbauld's "boys" were all *good* boys (I hardly dare say "goody-goody" boys), and her intimate sympathies, as well as her writings, were all for such as they.

Those very boys who "will be boys," are a writer's severest critics, and are soonest touched by stories wherein are pictured living human children —not bad, but real—tried, tempted, and falling, even as they themselves. And lessons better and more lasting than some think, are learned from the stories of those very trials and falls.

It seems to me that Miss Edgeworth, who lived and wrote at about the same time as Mrs. Barbauld, came much nearer to being the true writer for children, and that you who read ST. NICHOLAS would like her writings better. Her "Early Lessons," including the stories of Frank, Henry and Lucy, Rosamond, and others, are almost an education in themselves; and her "Parents' Assistant" is full of tales which do not try to hide the errors and weaknesses of older children, but show them plainly, while also pointing out, often in the happiest manner, the true way to overcome them.

But young folks and their tastes, like all things else, change. This is a day of wider experience, and more varied ideas, even among children; and those of our generation are wiser than those of a hundred years ago,—more ready to receive both the good and the bad. Therefore, I hope my readers will think over the question of books, and reject everything false and bad as if it were so much poison. If they really wish, they will always find some one to choose the books that will help and profit them now, and all their lives after.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE THING HAPPENS TO ME.

FOR several days after our hot chase after Priscilla we saw nothing of this ex-emissary. Indeed, we began to be afraid that something had happened to her. She was such a regular attendant at the hotel-door-market, that people were talking about missing her black face and her chattering tongue. But she turned up one morning as gay and skippy as ever, and we saw her leaning against the side of one of the door-ways of the court in her favorite easy attitude, with her head on one side and one foot crossed over the other, which made her look like a bronze figure such as they put under kerosene lamps. In one hand she had her big straw hat, and in the other a bunch of rose-buds. The moment she saw Corny she stepped up to her.

"Wont you buy some rose-buds, missy?" she said. "De puttiest rose-buds I ever brought you yit."

Corny looked at her with a withering glare, but Priscilla did n't wither a bit. She was a poor hand at withering.

"Please buy 'em, missy. I kep' 'em fur you. I been a keepin' 'em all de mornin'."

"I don't see how you dare ask me to buy your flowers!" exclaimed Corny. "Go away! I never want to see you again. After all you did——"

"Please, missy, buy jist this one bunch. These is the puttiest red rose-buds in dis whole town. De red roses nearly all gone."

"Nearly all gone," said I. "What do you mean by telling such a fib?"—I was going to say "lie," which was nearer the truth (if that is n't a bull); but there were several ladies about, and Priscilla herself was a girl. "You know that there are red roses here all the year."

"Please, boss," said Priscilla, rolling her eyes at

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me like an innocent calf, "wont you buy dese roses fur missy? They 's the puttiests roses I ever brought her yit."

"I guess you 've got a calcareous conscience, have n't you?" said Rectus.

Priscilla looked at him, for a moment, as if she thought that he might want to buy something of that kind, but as she had n't it to sell, she tried her flowers on him.

"Please, boss, wont you buy dese roses fur——"

"No," said Rectus, "I wont."

And we all turned and walked away. It was no use to blow her up. She would n't have minded it. But she lost three customers.

I said before that I was the only one in our party who liked fishing, and for that reason I did n't go often, for I don't care about taking trips of that kind by myself. But one day Mr. Burgan and the other yellow-leg told me that they were going to fish in Lake Killarney, a lovely little lake in the interior of the island, about five miles from the town, and that if I liked I might go along. I did like, and I went.

I should have been better pleased if they had gone there in a carriage; but this would n't have suited these two fellows, who had rigged themselves up in their buck-skin boots, and had all the tramping and fishing rigs that they used in the Adirondacks and other sporting places where they told me they had been. It was a long and a warm walk, and trying to find a good place for fishing, after we got to the lake, made the work harder yet. We did n't find any good place, and the few fish we caught did n't pay for the trouble of going there; but we walked all over a big pine-apple plantation and had a splendid view from the highest hill on the whole island.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when we reached home, and I made up my mind that the next time I went so far to fish, in a semi-tropical country, I 'd go with a party who wore suits that would do for riding.

Rectus and Corny and Mrs. Chipperton were up in the silk-cotton tree when I got home, and I went there and sat down. Mrs. Chipperton lent me her fan.

Corny and Rectus were looking over the "permission paper" which the English governor had given us.

"I guess this is n't any more use, now," said Corny, "as we 've done all we can for kings and queens, but Rectus says that if you agree I can have it for my autograph book. I never had a governor's signature."

"Certainly you can have it," I said. "And he 's a different governor from the common run. None of your State governors, but a real British governor, like those old fellows they set over us in our colony-days."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Chipperton, smiling. "You must be able to remember a long way back."

"Well, you need n't make fun of this governor," said Corny, "for he 's a real nice man. We met him to-day, riding in the funniest carriage you ever saw in your life. It 's like a big baby-carriage for twins, only it 's pulled by a horse, and has a man in livery to drive it. The top 's straw, and you get in in the middle, and sit both ways."

"Either way, my dear," said Mrs. Chipperton.

"Yes, either way," continued Corny. "Did you ever see a carriage like that?"

"I surely never did," said I.

"Well, he was in it, and some ladies, and they stopped and asked Rectus and I how we got along with our queen, and when I told them all about it, you ought to have heard them laugh, and the governor, he said, that Poquadilla should n't suffer after we went away, even if he had to get all his pepper-pods from her. Now, was n't that good?"

I admitted that it was, but I thought to myself that a good supper and a bed would be better, for I was awfully tired and hungry. But I did n't say this.

I slept as sound as a rock that night, and it was pretty broad daylight when I woke up. I don't believe that I would have wakened then, but I wanted to turn over and could n't, and that is enough to make any fellow wake up.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself in the worst fix I had ever been in in my life. I could n't move my arms or my legs, for my arms were tied fast to my body, at the elbows and wrists, and my feet and my knees were tied together. I was lying flat on my back, but I could turn my head over to where Rectus' bed stood—it was a small one like mine—and he wasn't there. I sung out:

"Rectus!" and gave a big heave, which made the bed rattle. I was scared.

In a second, Rectus was standing by me. He had been sitting by the window. He was all dressed.

"Don't shout that way again," he said, in a low voice, "or I 'll have to tie this handkerchief over your mouth," and he showed me a clean linen handkerchief all folded up, ready. "I wont put it so that it will stop your breathing," he said, as coolly as if this sort of thing was nothing unusual. "I 'll leave your nose free."

"Let me up, you little rascal!" I cried. "Did you do this?"

At that he deliberately laid the handkerchief over my mouth and fastened it around my head. He was careful to leave my nose all right, but I

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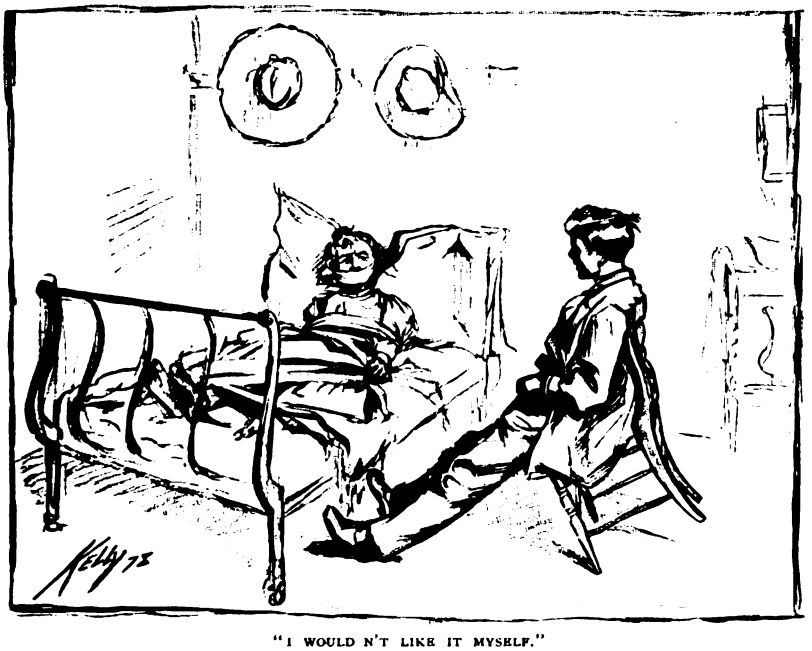
was so mad that I could scarcely breathe. I knew by the way he acted that he had tied me, and I had never had such a trick played on me before. But it was no use to be mad. I could n't do anything, though I tugged and twisted my very best. He had had a good chance to tie me up well, for I had slept so soundly. I was regularly bandaged.

He stood by me for a few minutes, watching to see if I needed any more fixing, but when he made up his mind that I was done up securely, he brought a chair and sat down by the side of the bed and began to talk to me. I never saw anything like the audacity of the boy.

"You need n't think it was mean to tie you, when you were so tired and sleepy, for I intended to do it this morning, any way, for you always sleep sound enough in the mornings to let a fellow tie you up as much as he pleases. And I suppose you 'll say it was mean to tie you, any way, but you know well enough that it 's no use for me to argue with you, for you would n't listen. But now you 've got to listen, and I wont let you up till you promise never to call me Rectus again."



"I WOULD N'T LIKE IT MYSELF."

"The little rascal!" I thought to myself. I might have made some noise in spite of the handkerchief, but I thought it better not, for I did n't know what else he might pile on my mouth.

"It is n't my name, and I 'm tired of it," he continued. "I did n't mind it at school, and I did n't mind it when we first started out together, but I 've had enough of it now, and I 've made up my mind that I 'll make you promise never to call me by that name again."

I vowed to myself that I would call him Rectus until his hair was gray. I 'd write letters to him wherever he lived, and direct them: "Rectus Colbert."

"There was n't any other way to do it, and so I did it this way," he said. "I 'm sorry, really, to have to tie you up so, because I would n't like it myself, and I would n't have put that handkerchief over your mouth if you had agreed to keep quiet, but I don't want anybody coming in here until you 've promised."

"Promise!" I thought; "I 'll never promise you that while the world rolls 'round."

"I know you can't say anything with that handkerchief over your mouth; but you don't have to speak. Your toes are loose. When you 're ready to promise never to call me Rectus again, just wag your big toe, either one."

I stiffened my toes, as if my feet were cast in brass. Rectus moved his chair a little around, so that he could keep an eye on my toes. Then he looked at his watch and said:

"It 's seven o'clock now, and that 's an hour from breakfast time. I don't want to keep you there any longer than I can help. You 'd better wag your toe now, and be done with it. It 's no use to wait."

"Wag?" I thought to myself. "Never!"

"I know what you 're thinking," he went on. "You think that if you lie there long enough, you 'll be all right, for when the chambermaid comes to do up the room, I must let her in, or else I 'll have to say you 're sick, and then the Chippertons will come up."

That was exactly what I was thinking.

"But that wont do you any good," said he. "I 've thought of all that."

He was a curious boy. How such a thing as this should have come into his mind, I could n't imagine. He must have read of something of the kind. But to think of his trying it on *me!* I ground my teeth.

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He sat and watched me for some time longer. Once or twice he fixed the handkerchief over my mouth, for he seemed anxious that I should be as comfortable as possible. He was awfully kind, to be sure!

"It is n't right that anybody should have such a name sticking to them always," he said. "And if I 'd thought you 'd have stopped it, I would n't have done this. But I knew you. You would just have laughed and kept on."

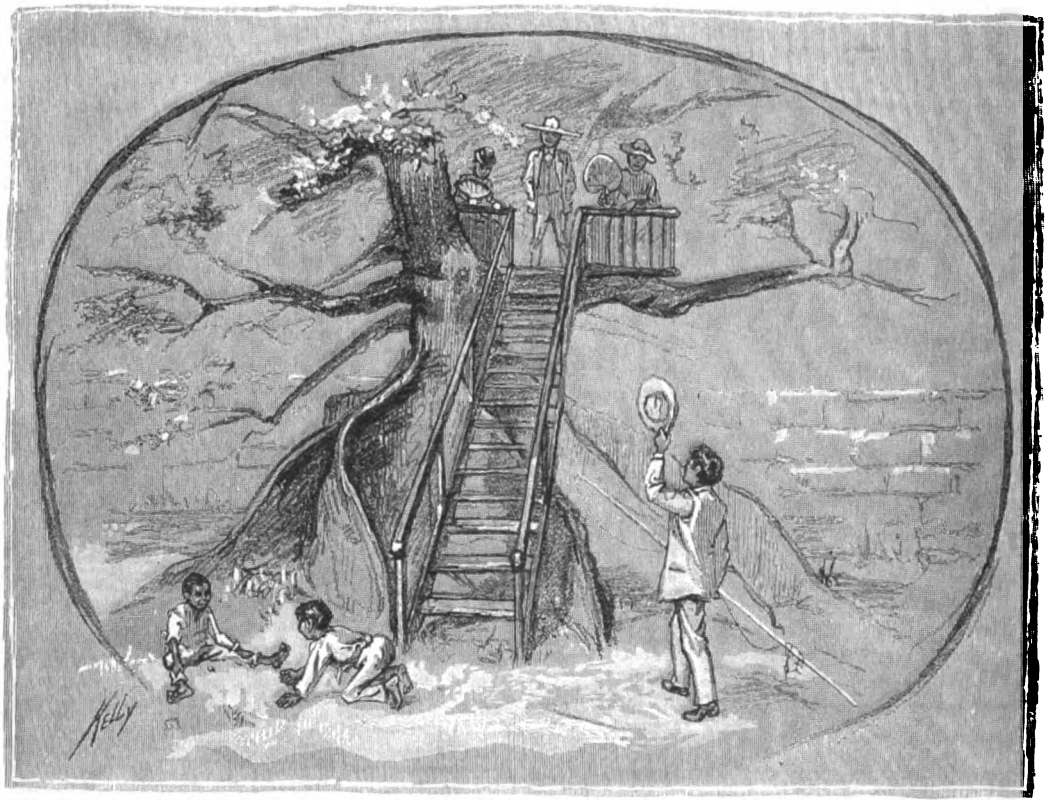
The young scoundrel! Why did n't he try me? back directly with a little black paint-pot, with a brush in it.

"Now," said he, "if you don't promise, in five minutes, to never call me Rectus again, I 'm going to paint one-half of your face black. I got this paint yesterday from the cane-man, on purpose."

Oil-paint! I could smell it.

"Now, you may be sure I 'm going to do it," he said.

Oh, I was sure! When he said he 'd do a



IN THE SILK-COTTON TREE.

"Yesterday, when the governor met us, Corny called me Rectus, and even he said that was a curious name, and he did n't remember that I gave it to him, when he wrote that paper for us."

Oh, ho! That was it, was it? Getting proud and meeting governors! Young prig!

Now Rectus was quiet a little longer, and then he got up.

"I did n't think you 'd be so stubborn," he said, "but perhaps you know your own business best. I 'm not going to keep you there until breakfast is ready, and people want to come in."

Then he went over to the window, and came thing, I knew he 'd do it. I had no doubts about that. He was great on sticking to his word.

He had put his watch on the table near by, and was stirring up the paint.

"You 've only three minutes more," he said. "This stuff wont wash off in a hurry, and you 'll have to stay up here by yourself, and wont need any tying. It 's got stuff mixed with it to make it dry soon, so that you need n't lie there very long after I 've painted you. You must n't mind, if I put my finger on your mouth, when I take off the handkerchief; I 'll be careful not to get any in your eyes or on your lips if you hold your

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head still. One minute more. Will you promise?"

What a dreadful minute! He turned and looked at my feet. I gave one big twist in my bandages. All held. I wagged my toe.

"Good!" said he. "I did n't want to paint you. But I would have done it, sure as shot, if you had n't promised. Now I 'll untie you. I can trust you to stick to your word,—I mean your wag," he said, with a grin.

It took him a long time to undo me. The young wretch had actually pinned long strips of muslin around me, and he had certainly made a good job of it, for they did n't hurt me at all, although they held me tight enough. He said, as he was working at me, that he had torn up two old shirts to make these bandages, and had sewed some of the strips together the afternoon before. He said he had heard of something like this being done at a school. A pretty school that must have been!

He unfastened my arms first,—that is, as soon as he had taken the handkerchief off my mouth,—and the moment he had taken the bandage from around my ankles, he put for the door. But I was ready. I sprang out of bed, made one jump over his bed, around which he had to go, and caught him just at the door.

He forgot that he should have left my ankles for me to untie for myself.

I guess the people in the next rooms must have thought there was something of a rumpus in our room when I caught him.

There was considerable coolness between Colbert and me after that. In fact, we did n't speak. I was not at all anxious to keep this thing up, for I was satisfied, and was perfectly willing to call it square; but for the first time since I had known him, Colbert was angry. I suppose every fellow, no matter how good-natured he may be, must have some sort of a limit to what he will stand, and Colbert seemed to have drawn his line at a good thrashing.

It was n't hard for me to keep my promise to him, for I did n't call him anything; but I should have kept it all the same if we had been on the old terms.

Of course, Corny soon found out that there was something the matter between us two, and she set herself to find out what it was.

"What 's the matter with you and Rectus?" she asked me the next day. I was standing in the carriage-way before the hotel, and she ran out to me.

"You must n't call him Rectus," said I. "He does n't like it."

"Well, then, I wont," said she. "But what is it all about? Did you quarrel about calling him that? I hate to see you both going about, and not speaking to each other."

I had no reason to conceal anything, and so I told her the whole affair, from the very beginning to the end.

"I don't wonder he 's mad," said she, "if you thrashed him."

"Well, and ought n't I to be mad after the way he treated me?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "It makes me sick just to think of being tied up in that way,—and the black paint, too! But then you are so much bigger than he is, that it don't seem right for you to thrash him."

"That 's one reason I did it," said I. "I did n't want to fight him as I should have fought a fellow of my own size. I wanted to punish him. Do you think that when a father wants to whip his son he ought to wait until he grows up as big as he is?"

"No," said Corny, very gravely. "Of course not. But Rectus is n't your son. What shall I call him? Samuel, or Sam? I don't like either of them, and I wont say Mr. Colbert. I think 'Rectus' is a great deal nicer."

"So do I," I said; "but that 's his affair. To be sure, he is n't my son, but he 's under my care, and if he was n't, it would make no difference. I 'd thrash any boy alive who played such a trick on me."

"Unless he was bigger than you are," said Corny.

"Well, then I 'd get you to help me. You 'd do it; would n't you, Corny?"

She laughed.

"I guess I could n't help much, and I suppose you 're both right to be angry at each other; but I 'm awful sorry if things are going on this way. It did n't seem like the same place yesterday. Nobody did anything at all."

"I tell you what it is, Corny," said I. "You 're not angry with either of us; are you?"

"No, indeed," said she, and her face warmed up and her eyes shone.

"That 's one comfort," said I, and I gave her a good hand-shake.

It must have looked funny to see a boy and a girl shaking hands there in front of the hotel, and a young darkey took advantage of our good-humor, and, stealing out from a shady corner of the court, sold us seven little red and black liquorice-seeds for fourpence,—the worst swindle that had been worked on us yet.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. CHIPPERTON KEEPS PERFECTLY COOL.

IT 'S of no use to deny the fact that Nassau was a pretty dull place, just about this time. At least, Corny and I found it so, and I don't believe young

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Mr. Colbert was very happy, for he did n't look it. It 's not to be supposed that our quarrel affected the negroes, or the sky, or the taste of bananas; but the darkeys did n't amuse me, and my recollection of those days is that they were cloudy, and that I was n't a very good customer down in the market-house by the harbor, where we used to go and buy little fig-bananas, which they did n't have at the hotel, but which were mighty good to eat.

Colbert and I still kept up a frigid reserve toward each other. He thought, I suppose, that I ought to speak first, because I was the older, and I thought that he ought to speak first because he was the younger.

One evening, I went up into my room, having absolutely nothing else to do, and there I found Colbert, writing. I suppose he was writing a letter, but there was no need of doing this at night, as the mail would not go out for several days, and there would be plenty of time to write in the daytime. He had n't done anything but lounge about for two or three days. Perhaps he came up here to write because he had nothing else to do.

There was only one table, and I could n't write if I had wanted to, so I opened my trunk and began to put some of my things in order. We had arranged, before we had fallen out, that we should go home on the next steamer, and Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton were going too. We had been in Nassau nearly a month, and had seen about as much as was to be seen—in an ordinary way. As for me, I could n't afford to stay any longer, and that had been the thing that had settled the matter, as far as Colbert and I were concerned. But now he might choose to stay, and come home by himself. However, there was no way of my knowing what he thought, and I supposed that I had no real right to make him come with me. At any rate, if I had, I did n't intend to exercise it.

While I was looking over the things in my trunk, I came across the box of dominoes that Corny had given us to remember her by. It seemed like a long time ago since we had been sitting together on the water-battery at St. Augustine! In a few minutes I took the box of dominoes in my hand and went over to Colbert. As I put them on the table he looked up.

"What do you say to a game of dominoes?" I said. "This is the box Corny gave us. We have n't used it yet."

"Very well," said he, and he pushed away his paper and emptied the dominoes out on the table. Then he picked up some of them, and looked at them as if they were made in some new kind of a way that he had never noticed before; and I picked up some too, and examined them. Then we began to play. We did not talk very much, but we played as if it was necessary to be very careful to make no mistakes. I won the first game, and I could not help feeling a little sorry, while Colbert looked as if he felt rather glad. We played until about our ordinary bed-time, and then I said:

"Well, Colbert, I guess we might as well stop," and he said:

"Very well."

But he did n't get ready to go to bed. He went to the window and looked out for some time, and then he came back to the table and sat down. He took his pen and began to print on the lid of the domino-box, which was of smooth white wood. He could print names and titles of things very neatly, a good deal better than I could.

When he had finished, he got up and began to get ready for bed, leaving the box on the table. Pretty soon I went over and looked at it, for I must admit I was rather curious to see what he had put on it. This was the inscription he had printed on the lid:

"GIVEN TO
WILL AND RECTUS
BY
CORNY.
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA."

There was a place left for the date, which I suppose he had forgotten. I made no remark about this inscription, for I did not know exactly what remark was needed; but the next morning I called him "Rectus," just the same as ever, for I knew he had printed our names on the box to show me that he wanted to let me off from my promise. I guess the one time I called him Colbert was enough for him.

When we came down-stairs to breakfast, talking to each other like common people, it was better than most shows to see Corny's face. She was standing at the front door, not far from the stairs, and it actually seemed as if a candle had been lighted inside of her. Her face shone.

I know I felt first-rate, and I think Rectus must have felt pretty much the same, for his tongue rattled away at a rate that was n't exactly usual with him. There was no mistaking Corny's feelings.

After breakfast, when we all got together to talk over the plans for the day,—a thing we had n't done for what seemed to me about a week,—we found out—or rather remembered—that there were a lot of things in Nassau that we had n't seen yet, and that we would n't miss for anything. We had been wasting time terribly lately, and the weather was now rather better for going about than it had been since we came to the place.

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We agreed to go to Fort Charlotte that morning, and see the subterranean rooms and passageways, and all the underground dreariness of which we had heard so much. The fort was built about a hundred years ago, and has no soldiers in it. To go around and look at the old forts in this part of the world, might make a person believe the millennium had come. They seem just about as good as ever they were, but they 're all on a peace-footing. Rectus said they were played out, but I 'd rather take my chances in Fort Charlotte, during a bombardment, than in some of the new-style forts that I have seen in the North. It is almost altogether underground, in the solid calcareous, and what could any fellow want better than that? The cannon-balls and bombs would have to plow up about an acre of pretty solid rock, and plow it deep, too, before they would begin to scratch the roof of the real strongholds of this fort. At least, that 's the way I looked at it.

We made up a party and walked over. It 's at the western end of the town and about a mile from the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton were with us, and a lady from Chicago, and Mr. Burgan. The other yellow-leg went out riding with his wife, but I think he wanted to go with us. The fort is on the top of a hill, and a colored shoe-maker is in command. He sits and cobbles all day, except when visitors come, and then he shows them around. He lighted a lamp and took us down into the dark, quiet rooms and cells, that were cut out of the solid rock, down deep into the hill, and it was almost like being in a coal-mine, only it was a great deal cleaner and not so deep. But it seemed just as much out of the world. In some of the rooms there were bats hanging to the ceilings. We did n't disturb them. One of the rooms was called the governor's room. There was n't any governor there, of course, but it had been made by the jolly old earl who had the place cut out,—and who was governor here at the time,—as a place where he might retire when he wanted to be private. It was the most private apartment I ever saw. This earl was the same old Dunmore we used to study about in our histories. He came over here when the Revolution threw him out of business in our country. He had some good ideas about chiseling rock.

This part of the fort was so extremely subterranean and solemn that it was n't long before Mrs. Chipperton had enough of it, and we came up. It was fine to get out into the open air, and see the blue sky and the bright, sparkling water of the harbor just below us, and the islands beyond, and still beyond them the blue ocean, with everything so bright and cheerful in the sunlight. If I had been governor of this place, I should have had my private room on top of the fort, although, of course, that would n't do so well in times of bombardment.

But the general-in-chief did not let us off yet. He said he 'd show us the most wonderful thing in the whole place, and then he took us out-of-doors again, and led us to a little shed or inclosed door-way just outside of the main part of the fort, but inside of the fortifications, where he had his bench and tools. He moved away the bench, and then we saw that it stood on a wooden trap-door. He took hold of a ring, and lifted up this door, and there was a round hole about as big as the hind wheel of a carriage. It was like a well, and was as dark as pitch. When he held the lamp over it, however, we could see that there were winding steps leading down into it. These steps were cut out of the rock, as was the hole and the pillar around which the steps wound. It was all one piece. The general took his lamp, and went down ahead, and we all followed one by one. Those who were most afraid and went last had the worst of it, for the lamp was n't a calcium light by any means, and their end of the line was a good deal in the dark. But we all got to the bottom of the well at last, and there we found a long, narrow passage leading under the very foundation or bottom floor of the whole place, and then it led outside of the fort under the moat, which was dry now, but which used to be full of water, and so, on and on, in black darkness to a place in the side of the hill, or somewhere where there had been a lookout. Whether there were any passages opening into this or not, I don't know, for it was dark in spite of the lamp, and we all had to walk in single file, so there was n't much chance for exploring sidewise. When we got to the end, we were glad enough to turn around and come back. It was a good thing to see such a place, but there was a feeling that if the walls should cave in a little, or a big rock should fall from the top of the passage, we should all be hermetically canned in very close quarters. When we came out, we gave the shoe-maker commander some money and came away.

"Is n't it nice," said Corny, "that he is n't a queen, to be taken care of, and we can just pay him and come away, and not have to think of him any more?"

We agreed to that, but I said I thought we ought to go and take one more look at our old queen before we left. Mrs. Chipperton, who was a really sensible woman when she had a chance, objected to this, because, she said, it would be better to let the old woman alone now. We could n't do anything for her after we left, and it would be better to let her depend on her own exertions

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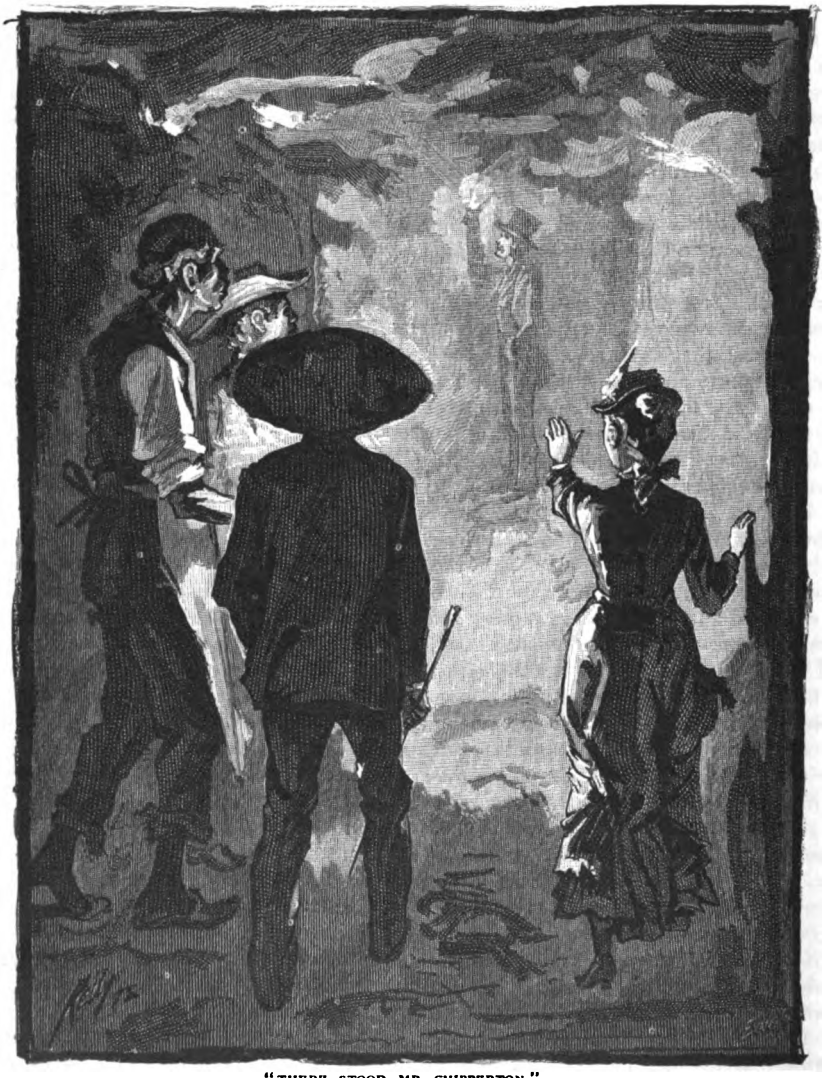
now that she had got started again on that track. I did n't think that the word exertion was a very good one in Poquadilla's case, but I did n't argue the matter. I thought that if some of us dropped around there before we left, and gave her a couple of shillings, it would not interfere much with her mercantile success in the future.

I thought this, but Corny spoke it right out—at least, what she said amounted to pretty much the same thing.

"Well," said her mother, "we might go around there once more, espccially as your father has never seen the queen at all. Mr. Chipperton, would you like to see the African queen?"

Mr. Chipperton did not answer, and his wife turned around quickly. She had been walking ahead with the Chicago lady.

"Why, where is he?" she exclaimed. We all stopped and looked about, but could n't see him.



"THERE STOOD MR. CHIPPERTON."

He was n't there. We were part way down the hill, but not far from the fort, and we stopped and looked back, and then Corny called him. I said that I would run back for him, as he had probably stopped to talk with the shoe-maker. Rectus and I both ran back, and Corny came with us. The shoe-maker had put his bench in its place over the trap-door, and was again at work. But Mr. Chipperton was not talking to him.

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"I 'll tell you what I believe,"—said Corny, gasping.

But it was of no use to wait to hear what she believed. I believed it myself.

"Hello!" I cried to the shoe-maker before I reached him. "Did a gentleman stay behind here?"

"I did n't see none," said the man, looking up in surprise, as we charged on him.

"Then," I cried, "he 's shut down in that well! Jump up and open the door!"

The shoe-maker did jump up, and we helped him move the bench, and had the trap-door open in no time. By this, the rest of the party had come back, and when Mrs. Chipperton saw the well open and no Mr. Chipperton about, she turned as white as a sheet. We could hardly wait for the man to light his lamp, and as soon as he started down the winding stairs, Rectus and I followed him. I called back to Mrs. Chipperton and the others that they need not come; we would be back in a minute and let them know. But it was of no use; they all came. We hurried on after the man with the light, and passed straight ahead through the narrow passage to the very end of it.

There stood Mr. Chipperton, holding a lighted match, which he had just struck. He was looking at something on the wall. As we ran in, he turned and smiled, and was just going to say something when Corny threw herself into his arms, and his wife, squeezing by, took him around his neck so suddenly that his hat flew off and bumped on the floor, like an empty tin can. He always wore a high silk hat. He made a grab for his hat, and the match burned his fingers.

"Aouch!" he exclaimed, as he dropped the match. "What 's the matter?"

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed his wife. "How dreadful to leave you here! Shut up alone in this awful place! But to think we have found you!"

"No trouble about that, I should say," remarked Mr. Chipperton, going over to the other side of the den after his hat. "You have n't been gone ten minutes, and it 's a pretty straight road back here."

"But how did it happen?" "Why did you stay?" "Were n't you frightened?" "Did you stay on purpose?" we all asked him at pretty much one and the same time.

"I did stay on purpose," said he; "but I did not expect to stay but a minute, and had no idea you would go and leave me. I stopped to see what, in the name of common sense, this place was made for. I tried my best to make some sort of an observation out of this long, narrow loop-hole, but found I could see nothing of importance whatever, and so I made up my mind it was money thrown away to cut out such a place as this to so little purpose. When I had entirely made up my mind, I found, on turning around, that you had gone, and although I called I received no answer.

"Then I knew I was alone in this place. But I was perfectly composed. No agitation, no tremor of the nerves. Absolute self-control. The moment I found myself deserted, I knew exactly what to do. I did precisely the same thing that I would have done had I been left alone in the Mammoth Cave, or the Cave of Fingal, or any place of the kind.

"I stood perfectly still!

"If you will always remember to do that," and he looked as well as he could from one to another of us, "you need never be frightened, no matter how dark and lonely a cavern you may be left in. Strive to reflect that you will soon be missed, and that your friends will naturally come back to the place where they saw you last. Stay there! Keep that important duty in your mind. Stay just where you are! If you run about to try and find your way out, you will be lost. You will lose yourself, and no one can find you.

"Instances are not uncommon where persons have been left behind in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and who were not found by searching parties for a day or two, and they were almost invariably discovered in an insane condition. They rushed wildly about in the dark; got away from the ordinary paths of tourists; could n't be found, and went crazy,—a very natural consequence. Now, nothing of the kind happened to me. I remained where I was, and here you see, in less than ten minutes, I am rescued!"

And he looked around with a smile as pleasant as if he had just invented a new sewing-machine.

"But were you not frightened,—awe-struck, in this dark and horrible place, alone?" inquired Mrs. Chipperton, holding on to his arm.

"No," said he. "It was not very dark just here. That slit let in a little light. That is all it is good for, though why light should be needed here, I cannot tell. And then I lighted matches and examined the wall. I might find some trace of some sensible intention on the part of the people who quarried this passage. But I could find nothing. What I might have found, had I moved about, I cannot say. I had a whole box of matches in my pocket. But I did not move."

"Well," said Mr. Burgan, "I think you 'd better move now. I, for one, am convinced that this place is of no use to me, and I don't like it."

I think Mr. Burgan was a little out of temper.

We now started on our way out of the passage, Mrs. Chipperton holding tight to her husband, for

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fear, I suppose, that he might be inclined to stop again.

"I did n't think," said she, as she clambered up the dark and twisting steps, "that I should have this thing to do, so soon again. But no one can ever tell what strange things may happen to them, at any time."

"When father 's along," added Corny.

This was all nuts to the shoe-maker, for we gave him more money for his second trip down the well. I hope this did n't put the idea into his head of shutting people down below, and making their friends come after them, and pay extra.

"There are some things about Mr. Chipperton that I like," said Rectus, as we walked home together.

"Yes," said I, "some things."

"I like the cool way in which he takes bad fixes," continued Rectus, who had a fancy for doing things that way himself. "Don't you remember that time he struck on the sand-bank. He just sat there in the rain, waiting for the tide to rise, and made no fuss at all. And here, he kept just as cool and comfortable, down in that dungeon. He must have educated his mind a good deal to be able to do that."

"It may be very well to educate the mind to take things coolly," said I, "but I 'd a great deal rather educate my mind not to get me into such fixes."

"I suppose that would be better," said Rectus, after thinking a minute.

And now we had but little time to see anything more in Nassau. In two days the "Tigris" would be due, and we were going away in her. So we found we should have to bounce around in a pretty lively way, if we wanted to be able to go home and say we had seen the place.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE LAMBKINS WENT SOUTH.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

MR. and Mrs. Lambkin,
And the six little Lambkins, too,
Awoke one cold March morning,
All saying, "*Katchoo! katchoo!*"
"The fire is out in the furnace,
The day is cold and bleak.
Suppose," said good Mrs. Lambkin,
"We shut up the house for a week."

"Then could we take a journey,
Go South?" in tones quite hoarse,
Cried all the Lambkin children—
"Go South and get warm, of course!"
"I like the plan extremely,"
Said father Lambkin then;
"I 'll go, dears, and buy a canal-boat,
And you will be ready—when?"

"To-morrow! why not to-morrow?"
Said wife and children too:
"To-morrow 's the first of April,
And we have n't much to do.
Well, then, we 'll start to-morrow."
Mr. Lambkin smilingly said:
"Come, wife, and we 'll buy our provisions,
For a family must be fed."

Mrs. Lambkin put on her bonnet,
And arm-in-arm they went
To the grocer's and then to the baker's,
Till all their money was spent.
Nuts and apples and raisins,
Molasses and pickles and cheese.
"I 'm trying," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"The children's tastes to please."

Thursday, the first of April,
Was a cloudy, chilly day,
"Courage!" said father Lambkin;
"We 'll soon be miles away;
We 're going straight to the tropics
Where the dust is silver and gold,
Where the trees are full of fig-paste,
And you dig for ripe dates, I 'm told."

So they loaded their canal-boat
With their nuts and apples and cheese,
Molasses, pickles and raisins,
And there sat down at their ease.
"Let 's sail for the warmest country,"
Said the youngest, with a wheeze.
"We must wait a while," said the father,
"Wait till we catch a breeze."

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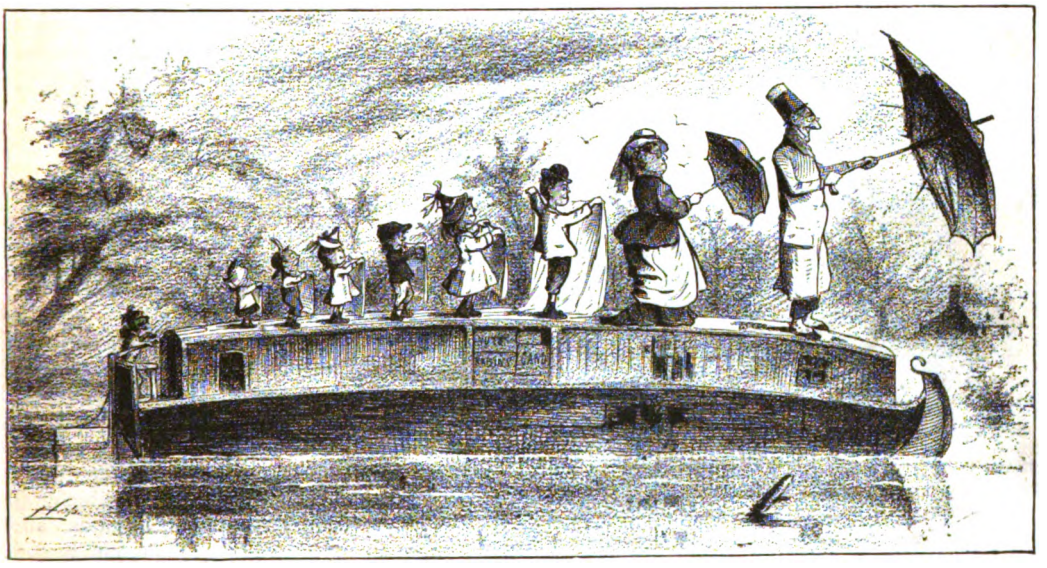
And so the Lambkins waited
While the morning hours went by.
"It's very strange," said the mother,
"That not a breeze comes nigh!
Why should we tarry longer?"
And Mr. Lambkin replied:
"If the breeze don't come quite soon, dears,
We'll have to wait for the tide."

And so the Lambkins waited,
And the afternoon slipped on—
Soon the apples and the raisins,
The pickles and cheese were gone.
Only the nuts and molasses
Remained of all their store.
"I think,"-said Mrs. Lambkin,
"'T would be wiser to go ashore."

So, armed with sheets and towels,
Umbrella and parasol,
The patient Lambkins waited
Till night began to fall,—
Nuts and molasses for supper.
"Oh, father! don't stay here,"
Said two or three of the children,
"We feel so very queer!"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"Some folks may like to roam;
But, for my part, I'm persuaded
There's no place like one's home."
"Home! home!" cried all the children;
"Yes, take us home to-night."
"There, wife!" said Mr. Lambkin,
"You see that I was right."



"No, no!" cried the little Lambkins,
"The world we want to see;
You've promised us a journey,
And a journey it ought to be."
"My dear," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"I see the trouble at last;
We ought to spread our canvas,
But we have n't any mast!"

"True! true!" said father Lambkin,
"But we can manage it all;
I'll hoist my big umbrella,
You raise your parasol;
Give the smallest children towels,
And the largest ones a sheet.
Just follow my directions,
And our rig will be complete."

Then home went all the Lambkins;
With aching hearts and heads,
All tired and cold and hungry,
They crept into their beds.
But all that night was moaning
And groaning sad and sore;
"Alas!" said each poor Lambkin,
"We will not travel more."

So from that day the Lambkins
Have staid at home content.
"We think," say all the children,
"That money's badly spent
In fitting out canal-boats
On foreign shores to roam,
And so we sing together,
There's no place like our home!"

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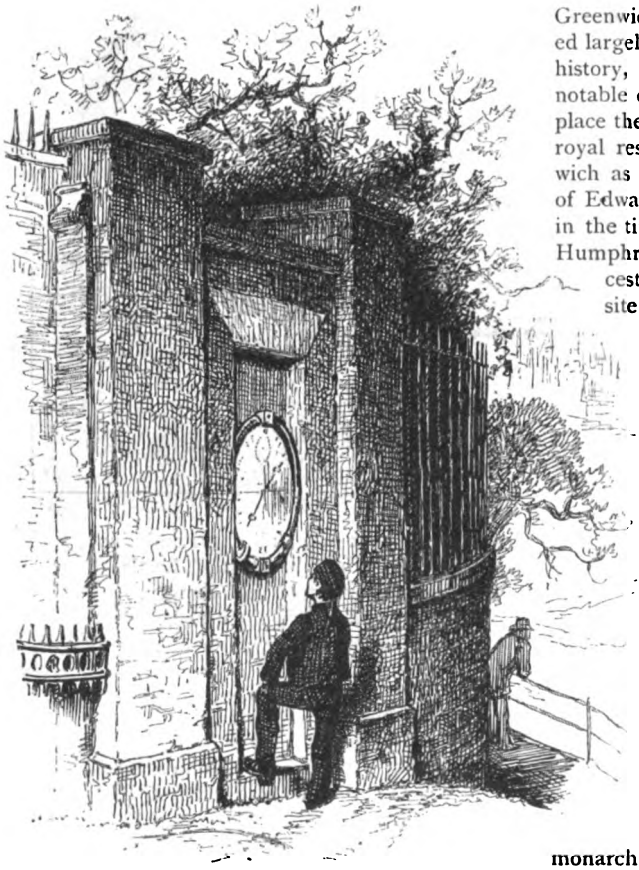
LONGITUDE NAUGHT.

By W. L. Sheppard.

Every young person who will read this article probably knows that longitude is the distance measured east and west from a given point on the earth, and that longitude naught is the given point,—in this case, the town of Greenwich, England, which name I am sure they all have seen on the margins of their maps.

I do not mean to say that there is no other longitude naught, because the numbering of the lines of longitude may begin anywhere, but practically, Greenwich is this point, since, you may be sure, when the longitude of any place is mentioned in English, it is reckoned from Greenwich.



THE STANDARD CLOCK AT GREENWICH.

The national vessels of many countries reckon their longitude from points within their own boundaries. Thus we reckon from Washington, and you will so see it expressed on our maps; and the French from Paris; nevertheless, the merchant marine of the world uses the British Admiralty Charts, the longitude on which is invariably reckoned from Greenwich.

THE STANDARD OF MEASUREMENTS.

Apart from its prominence in the scientific world, Greenwich has figured largely in English history, and several notable events have taken place there. There was a royal residence at Greenwich as early as the time of Edward the First, and, in the time of Henry VI., Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, began, on the site of the present observatory, a tower which was completed by Henry VII., who had a palace in Greenwich park, called by him Placentia. This seems to have been the beginning of Greenwich palace, which, with numerous additions and alterations, ended by being turned into the present hospital and school.

The old palace was a favorite resort of royalty for several generations. Henry the Eighth was born here, and here Edward the Sixth died. The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Henry's daughters, were also born here, and the latter, when queen, made it her summer residence. Henry's queen, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, was arrested here, and numerous pageants, receptions of embassadors, and other regal fêtes, took place at Greenwich palace. Charles the First was the last monarch who resided in it, and he left it in 1641, at the beginning of the troubles which cost him his head. In 1694, King William turned it into a hospital.

Meanwhile, before all this occurred, Duke

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Humphrey's Tower, on the hill, had been first strengthened and made into a fortress in 1642, and then demolished by Charles II., and upon the site, by his order, a Royal Observatory was built,—one of the few creditable things done by this monarch. So, you will see, Greenwich is not altogether without historical attractions in addition to those which give it importance in the scientific and practical world; moreover, it is very beautiful, and, as I discovered on a recent trip there, well worthy of a visit.

It is more interesting to go from London by the steamers than by the railway. You can but be astonished at the ease with which the boat is guided amongst the throngs of vessels, such as you have never seen in the rivers around New York. It is all the more surprising, because the steersman is not forward in an elevated pilot-house, where he could see in every direction, but aft and on deck. From the bridge, a platform which runs from one wheel-house to the other, the captain gives steering signals to the helmsman with one hand, and with the other signs to a boy on the deck below him,* who, in turn, calls them down to the engineer, interpreting the captain's signs into "Start her! Ease her! Stop her! Back her!" as the circumstances require. So there are no bells, but all human signals. I could not help thinking that there might be a bad accident if that boy should sneeze or cough at a critical moment.

The hospital and other buildings at Greenwich are close to the water. They are in the same style as many of the public buildings of the same period in London, and look fully as dingy and grimy.

Going through the great gates the pillars of which have each a large globe upon it,—one terrestrial, the other celestial,—we find on the right the large hospital for sailors. The convalescent men are sitting around the shady side of the building, or slowly walking up and down; and one could, with a little imagination, give to each bandaged limb or wan cheek a history which would take us to scenes of fierce struggles with stormy winds, shipwrecks, or fevers on mangrove-lined rivers.

The next edifice to which the public is admitted is that which contains the Great Painted Hall. The ceiling of the hall is covered with an immense painting, intended to show what a powerful nation the British is, and the walls are hung with a great many pictures of naval fights in which the English are coming out best. For this reason, probably, there are no pictures of John Paul Jones's engagements, nor of any of the actions with our ships in 1812. The works of art, however, though all naval, are not all belligerent. There are statues and pictures of English admirals for several centuries, and though some look very unsailor-like in their ruffs and silk doublets, yet they were good commanders, fighters, and explorers. Here you may see, too, the coat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile,—blue, trimmed with pale buff, and of the "swallow-tailed" cut. Near by, in another case, are a few objects which tell of fearful sufferings, wanderings and death, for these tar-

THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

* See "A London Child's Holiday" in St. Nicholas for September, 1875.

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nished spoons and broken trinkets belonged to those who went with the brave Sir John Franklin.

Leaving the gallery, in crossing the quad rangle, we pass the ship moored on land where the boys of the naval school learn how to "hand, reef and steer," as all boys do who are intended for sea-service. This school was founded in such a singular manner, that it is worth while to notice it. In 1798, a man went around getting subscriptions and collecting money for an institution of this nature to be located at Paddington. He was very successful, but some suspicion of fraud arising, there was a meeting of the parties interested, when it was discovered that the establishment called the "British Endeavour," for the building of which they had subscribed, existed only in the brain of this swindler. At the same time, the Duke of Sussex and others of the subscribers, recognizing the utility of such an institution,

THE SIGNAL BOY.

resolved to carry it out in good faith, which was done, whilst the projector was imprisoned. The king thought so highly of it, that on the day of the battle of Trafalgar, he declared it a Royal Foundation School for a thousand children. The

THE GREAT GATE.

establishment was afterward transferred to Greenwich. There are about five hundred boys there at present, all the sons of seamen, as the regulations require. It is very interesting to see them practice in the rigging, and drill in infantry movements, and on fine afternoons a large crowd collects to witness them.

Still further on is the museum, full of models of ships, dock-yards, anchors, and inventions used in marine operations. The most interesting in this multitude of objects are the models of the masts, rigging or sides of the ships engaged in the most noted of the battles between the British and the French. Here you may see, on a small scale, exactly what damage was sustained by the "Victory" and many of the other ships under Nelson's command. The work of the cannon-shot is so successfully imitated, that it looks as if it had been really done by guns on the same scale as the little ships.

We may now turn our attention to the park, the beautiful groves of which, with the observatory rising on the hill amongst them, we have seen through every opening as we inspected the naval buildings. The land lies beautifully, and sweeps grandly up to the hill capped by the building, with the queer poles and flying wheels on its roof and towers. The trees grow in very striking groups, and one old oak, dead at the top and almost entirely overrun by ivy, is fenced off to itself; it was planted by Queen Bess nearly three hundred years ago.

If it is not too foggy, the view from the hill is charming. The park is a great resort for Londoners in the spring holidays. On these occasions grown people play at games which are usually left to children in America. It is very amusing to see them holding hands in a great circle and playing Kiss in the Ring. They are very boisterous, but good-natured. The observatory is not a very

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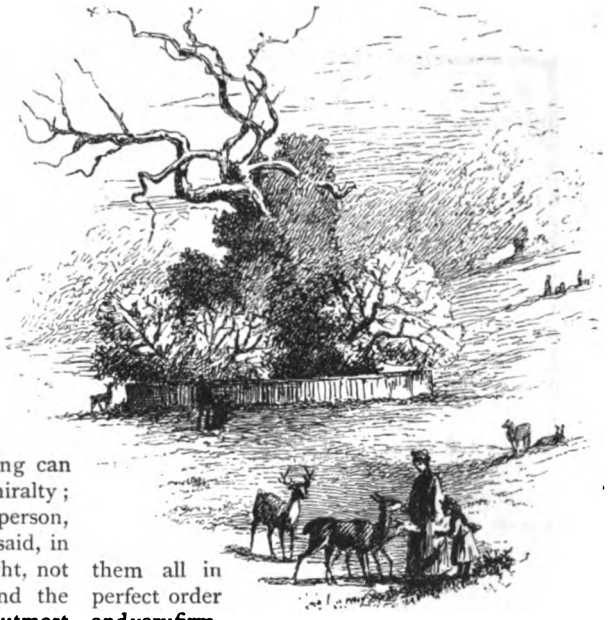
handsome building, and if it were it would be spoiled by the numerous poles, weather-cocks and wind-gauges on its roof, and the great black ball which is dropped at one o'clock every day to give the exact time to ship-masters, in order that they may regulate their chronometers. On one side of the observatory is the great clock that always has the correct time, without any dispute, which is very seldom the case with other time-pieces. You may stand there a long while and notice that everybody who comes by and has a watch will compare it with the big clock. On the wall, near the gate, there are metal plates with projecting irons, which are set to indicate the standard of English measurements: the yard, the foot and the inch. I saw a workman with a hamper of tools coming along. The notice attracted his eye, and he immediately put down his tool-bag, got out and tested his rule, and walked away apparently satisfied with the result. The interior of the building can only be visited by permission from the admiralty; but unless the visitor is a tolerably scientific person, a great deal will be lost to him. It may be said, in general terms, that here, by day and by night, not only are the heavenly bodies watched, and the "stars in their courses" noted with the utmost accuracy, but also that a great many of the operations of nature are followed and their results measured and recorded by instruments and appliances of the most delicate workmanship and adjustment. The barometer and thermometer are instruments familiar to everybody; here they register themselves by photography; anemometers measure the force of the wind; lines of subterranean telegraph measure the force of terrestrial magnetism; electrometers collect atmospheric electricity, and thermometers are everywhere—on the grass, on the ground, and in the Thames. The telescopes are excellent ones, of course, and the greatest pains are taken to have them all in perfect order and very firmly mounted.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK.

As for the town, it seems very quiet, though for years people have come here to eat the nice little fish called "whitebait," and have made it very gay sometimes. I took lunch in one queer old place which dated from George the First's time, I noticed, and was getting shabby, and then I came away, firmly convinced that I should have made a mistake if I had not gone to see the place which has no longitude.

THE HOSPITAL AT GREENWICH.

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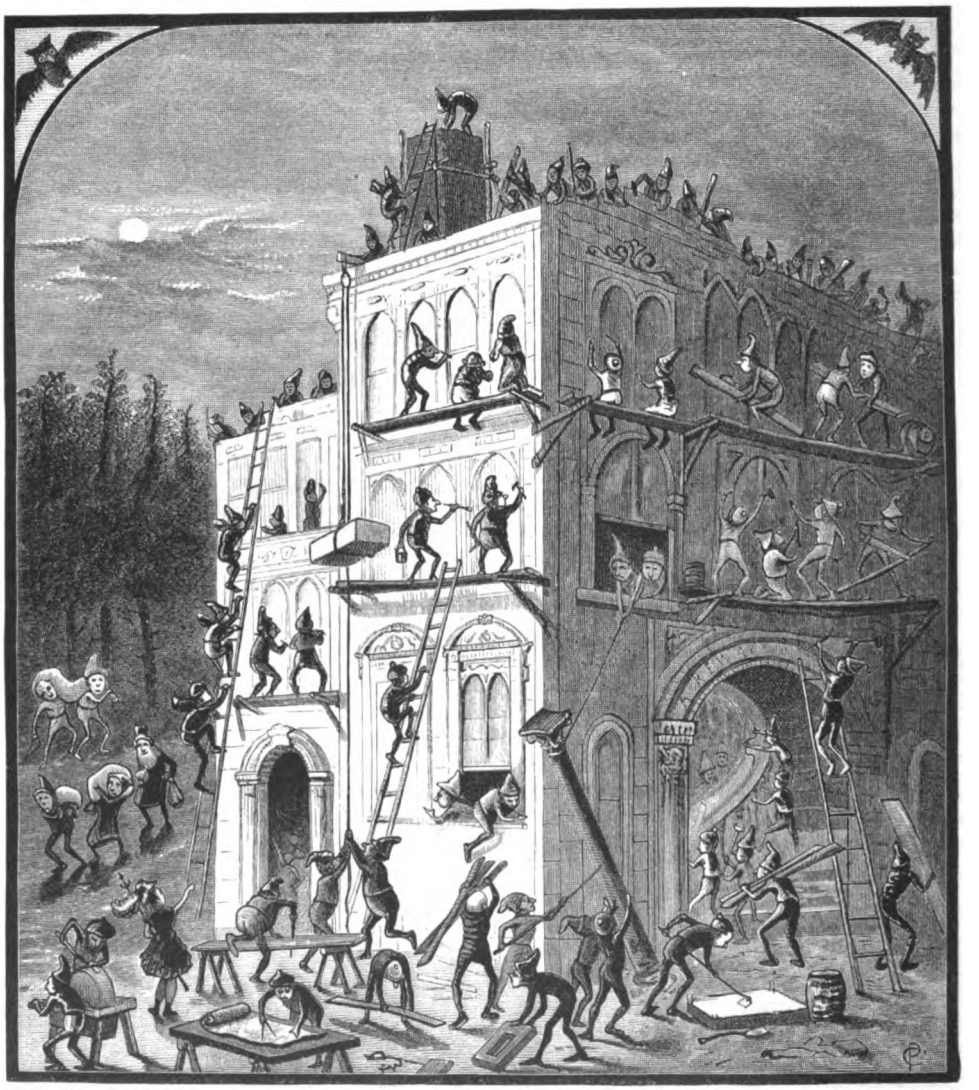
THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

By Palmer Cox.



When the Kidderminster Fairies heard the rumor going round
How the young and favor'd Forester, who guarded game and ground,
Was to wed the Florist's daughter, one as good as she was fair,
They resolved to make a wedding-gift befitting such a pair.
Soon the golden day of promise came which saw the couple wed,
When the solemn vows were spoken and the Parson's blessing said.
Lo! that night the Fairies gathered from the East and from the West,
From the North and South they hastened to some land the youth possess'd.

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Over mountains, over rivers, through the fields and forests green,
Still they mustered by the hundred at the summons of the Queen.
Every trade was represented, all the occupations through,
From the man who planned a building to the one who pegged a shoe,
And they set to work in earnest, throwing jackets all aside,
To erect a stately mansion for the husband and his bride.

'T was a mighty undertaking, of such magnitude indeed,
Nothing else but Fairy workmen could with such a task succeed.
There they bustled without resting, as though life itself was bet,
Till their little hands were blistered and their garments wringing wet,
How they sawed, and bored, and "boosted up" the timbers through the night,
How they hammered, hammered, hammered, to get done ere morning light;
For the Fairies who from labor by the dappled dawn are chased,
While their work is yet unfinished, are forevermore disgraced.

Oh, what harmony existed! Not a breath was wasted there,
Not an oath or harsh expression fell like poison on the air.
Here the blacksmith and his helper made the solid anvil sound
While they forged the bolts and braces that secured the structure round.
There the mason with his trowel kept the hod-men moving spry,
Till the massive chimney tower'd twenty cubits to the sky,
And the painters followed after with their ladders and their pails,
Spreading paint upon the finish ere the joiner drove his nails.
Even cobblers with their pincers, and their awls and pegs of wood,
Were assisting in the enterprise by pegging where they could.
There the glazier with his putty-roll was working with a will,
While the plumber plumbed the building without sending in his bill;
And the sculptor with his mallet by the marble lintel stood,
Till he chiseled the inscription: *A Reward for being Good.*

When no article was wanting for the comfort of the pair,
From the scraper at the entrance to the rods upon the stair,
Then the wizened little millionaires, possessed of wealth untold,
Into treasure-vaults and coffers many rich donations roll'd.
And before the East was purpled by the arrows of the sun
All the Fairies had departed, for the edifice was done.

So that couple took possession, and in all the country round
There was none enjoyed such riches or such happiness profound.
There they lived for years in comfort, and then followed next of kin,
Till a dozen generations in succession lived therein.
Many walls since then have tumbled, in the dust lie stones and lime,
But that mansion, built by Fairies, still defies the teeth of Time.
Winds may howl around its gable, snow may settle on its roof,
Rain may patter, hail may batter, but it towers weather-proof.

Gone are not the days of Fairies, let folk tell you what they will,
In the moonlight they assemble to perform their wonders still.
So be careful, oh, be cautious what you say, or think, or do,
For the Fairies may be waiting to erect a house for you.

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A CURIOUS BOX OF BOOKS.

By H. D. M.

In this little sketch, I want to tell my boy and girl readers in what a remarkable way a certain distinguished man, who lived more than two hundred years ago, was helped by his books. He was a Hollander, and his name was Hugo de Groot; but he was generally called Grotius, after the fashion of those times, which was to give names as much of a Latin form as possible. On the 5th of June, 1619, this man was taken to prison, in the castle of Loevenstein, under a sentence which condemned him to imprisonment for life. He was not an old man,—only thirty-six,—but he was one of the most learned men in Europe. His wife and his five children were allowed to come with him to this gloomy place, which was almost surrounded by the deep rivers Waal and Meuse, and, on the side which joined the land, had two immense walls and a double ditch. The poor prisoners passed over this ditch by a draw-bridge, and went through thirteen different doors, all with heavy bolts, until they reached the rooms where Grotius expected to be locked up for the rest of his life.

This would seem enough to take away a man's spirits forever. But Grotius was one of those happy people who do not stop to wish for things around them to be different, but just go straight on, making the best of matters as they are.

His jailer was a hard and cruel man, who would not let him even walk in the court-yard for a little fresh air, so he could not stir out of his two small rooms. But Grotius sent for a giant top, and used to spin it for hours every day, to give himself exercise. Meantime his wife (who seems to have been as cheerful as he was), with her maid Elsje, took care of the children, cooked the food for all the family, and went backward and forward to the little town to buy what was wanted. Gorcum and Worcum are the two little cities opposite to the castle on different sides. These are real names, though they sound like make-believe, and it was to Gorcum that Madame Grotius used to go, to get food and clothing as they were needed.

There sometimes came also to Grotius, from Gorcum, the things he most cared for, next to his wife and children. A friend of his, a scholar named Erpenius, would send him every now and then a great chest full of books. Think what a joy for the poor prisoner when he could open it, and spread out before him the books that delighted and taught him, that turned his thoughts from his troubles, and soothed him in the way that true knowledge always can soothe and comfort!

But this chest of books did more than merely comfort him in his prison; you shall hear how it helped him to escape from it altogether.

Nearly two years had passed, when some men were sent by the government to search the castle through, for ropes which it was said Grotius' wife had been seen buying in Gorcum. They thought she was trying to contrive an escape for her husband. No ropes could be found, and they went away satisfied that it would be just as easy for him to fly out of the castle like a bird as to escape with ropes, even if he had any. This may have put the idea into Madame Grotius' head, for not long afterward she was in Gorcum one day at the house of a merchant named Dætselær, who had been very kind to them, and who always sent and received the chest of books. She asked Madame Dætselær if she would be frightened to see Grotius make his appearance there.

"Oh no," she said, laughing; "only send him, and we will take good care of him."

Again, some time afterward, she was at Madame Dætselær's, and asked her if it were not true that all exiles and outlaws might come to the town the next day but one, the day of the yearly fair.

"Yes, that is quite true," said her friend.

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"Then my husband might come too?"

"Yes, we shall be glad to have him," said Madame Dætselær.

"What a good woman you are," said the visitor, as she rose to go. "But you know that nothing but a bird could fly out of the castle."

Next day was the 20th of March, and there was a fearful equinoctial storm. All at once one of the children, little Cornelia, said:

"No matter how it blows to-morrow, papa must be off to Gorcum."

Grotius and his wife felt as if the child were an angel speaking from heaven, for, while Madame Dætselær had thought her friend was joking, she had really been making a plan for him to get off. Every time that she looked at the big chest in her husband's room, she thought that he might possibly get into it, and so be carried out of the castle. It was scarcely four feet long, and not very broad nor deep; but he had tried it several times. He was a tall man, but he found he could curl himself up in it, and lie still two hours by the hour-glass, with his wife sitting on the lid. They now made up their minds to risk the trial the next day, because it fortunately happened that the commandant was away for a short time. They told Elsje—who was very quick, and bright, and devoted to them—all about it, and asked her if she would take the chest, with her master in it, to Gorcum. She asked if she would be punished in case it was found out; but though her master said it was most probable that she would be, still she agreed to go. The commandant's wife consented to the chest's being sent out, in her husband's absence, and now everything was arranged for the attempt.

The next morning, Grotius rose early and prayed for an hour. Then he got into the chest, dressed in linen underclothes, and without shoes, so as to take as little room as possible. Under his head was Erpenius' big Testament, with some bunches of thread on it, for a pillow. His wife said good-bye, turned the key in the lock, kissed it, and gave it to Elsje.

Then she put his clothes and slippers in front of the bed, jumped in herself, drew the curtains, and rang the bell for the servant. He brought the soldiers, who were to carry the chest to the boat, and one of them, as he moved it, said:

"The Arminian"—as they called Grotius—"must be in it himself, it is so heavy."

Three or four times, as they dragged and lifted it through all the thirteen doors, they said the same thing; but Elsje passed off all their questions with a joke and a laugh, and so they came safely to the boat. The plank for sliding the box on board was weak, and she made them take another and thicker one; then the wind blew the sail-boat over so much that she was sure the chest would fall overboard, and persuaded the captain to have it securely lashed. Finally, an officer sat down on it, and began kicking and drumming upon it, until she told him he might break some china inside, and begged him to sit somewhere else, and then she sat down on it herself.

The wind was favorable, and soon blew them over to Gorcum. Elsje paid some money to the skipper and his son to carry the chest up to the Dætselærs'.

On the way, the boy said he was sure there was something alive in the box.

"Yes, yes," said Elsje, "Arminian books are always lively and full of spirit."

They reached the house and put down the chest in a back room; Elsje paid them, and then flew into the shop to Madame Dætselær, whispering in her ear:

"I have got my master here in your back parlor."

The good dame turned pale, and looked as if she would faint; but she recovered in a moment, and went into the other room with Elsje.

"Master! master!" cried Elsje, but no one answered. "Oh God!" cried the poor girl, "my master is dead!"

Just then there came a hard thump on the inside of the lid, and Grotius called out:

"Open the chest! I am not dead, but I did not know your voice at first."

The box was unlocked, and he came out in his white clothes, like a dead man out of his coffin.

The dame took them through a trap-door into an upper room, and brought him some wine to drink, for he was very weak. She next ran to her brother-in-law, named Van der Ween, and found him in his shop, talking to one of the officers from the castle. She whispered to him to follow her, which he did at once. When he saw Grotius, he said:

"Sir, you are the man of whom all the country is talking."

"I put myself in your hands," answered Grotius.

Van der Ween said there was not a moment to lose, and hurried off to find a mason, whom he knew he could trust. He asked him to get the dress of a journeyman, and this they put on Grotius, smearing his face and hands with plaster, and slouching his hat over his face, and so they passed safely through the crowd, many of whom knew him, and would have given him up. Two days from that time he reached Antwerp safely, after some dangers and difficulties on the road; but they were nothing compared to what he had

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already gone through. At Antwerp the chief magistrate, who had the strange title of Red Rod, welcomed him kindly, and from that time he was safe.

When the commandant returned to the castle, Madame Grotius met him with a smile.

"Here is the cage," she said, "but your bird is flown."

The commandant was in a terrible passion, but it was of no use; his bad language could not bring back the prisoner, and after a time Grotius' wife was set at liberty, and allowed to join him. As he was not allowed to work for his own country, he spent the rest of his life in the service of France and Sweden, and became more famous than ever, as an embassador, a poet and a historian.

Elsje, the brave girl who had done so much for her master, married Grotius' servant, who had learned Latin and many other things from his master, during the two years he had been serving him in prison, and who afterward became a good lawyer in Holland.

This is the story of the escape of Grotius. He lived to be quite an old man, but I think that there were certain books he never could see without going back in his thoughts to the Loevenstein castle, and feeling heartily thankful that he had loved to read.

THE SCHNITZEN.

By M. A. Edwards.

"Woortz! woortz! wo-o-o-rtz! woortz!"

This was the shrill cry that Peter Koontz repeated again and again as he stood at the edge of a wood at the bottom of Prospect Hill, in Western Pennsylvania. Not a house was in sight, not a creature to be seen in the range of vision, which, it must be confessed, was, at that precise spot, rather limited, with a thick wood on one side, and a high hill on the other. But Peter knew that his wild shrill cry would be understood by those for whom it was intended. Very soon, a long black nose was thrust out from the underwood; then a white one. These noses were quickly followed by portly bodies, and in a few minutes, half a dozen hogs, the owners of the noses, gathered around Peter, and grunted a welcome, for they had their own selfish reasons for being very glad to see him.

Peter counted the hogs. One was missing. "Where is Dindy?" he asked.

No reply being given by the company, he answered the question himself. "He is growing fat and lazy. I wont wait for him. He 'll come home when he is ready, and he is smart enough to take care of himself."

Dindy was Peter's pet. He had been a wonderfully "cute" little pig, all white except a black spot at each eye, which gave him the appearance of wearing spectacles, and made him look extremely wise. It was this expression probably that gave Peter the idea of educating Dindy. His friend, Jake Casebeer, who was a great reader, had told him wonderful stories he had found in books, of the intelligence of pigs, and of the fine things they had been taught to do. So Peter had bestowed a great deal of time and pains on Dindy's education, and had succeeded in teaching him two accomplishments. He would beg by sitting gravely down on his haunches, with his fore legs and long snout held high in the air, and he could fold up a napkin. If the housemaid were to fold your napkin as Dindy folded his, you would say it was very badly done, but Dindy did it very well indeed for a pig.

This was the prodigy that was missing on this evening. It was not the first time he had been thus tardy, and Peter was excusable in not waiting for him, and in walking away from the spot at once, followed by the whole herd of pigs. They had not far to go, for just around the corner of the wood was the small red farm-house in which Peter lived.

The pigs were soon shut into their respective pens. Dindy had a pen to himself, a new one, with clean grass, and he seemed to enjoy it; for pigs, when treated with consideration, are not so fond of dirt as is generally supposed. Peter gave a look at the pen, and saw that the gate was open, and the eating-trough filled. "Dindy will be there all right when I come back," he thought, "and then I 'll fasten the gate."

Peter was in a hurry to get over to the other side of Prospect Hill, for it was nearly time for Jake Casebeer to be there. Jake's business was to ride and attend to a mule that drew a small canal-boat from Dumbarton to Saxe's Bridge. At the latter place a fresh mule was put to the boat, which continued its course, while Jake and his mule spent the night there. The next morning he and his

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mule towed another boat down to Dumbarton, remaining there that night, and back to Saxe's Bridge the next day, and so on. This was Jake's night in Saxe's Bridge. He was always glad when it was his night in that town, for his home was there.

Peter had not gone half way down the hill when he saw the mule coming plodding slowly along as usual, with Jake on her back. The boy held an open book in his hands, according to custom, and was reading so intently that he did not hear Peter's call. Jake had a great deal of time for reading during his slow journeys, and had become very fond of it. The little circulating library of Dumbarton supplied him with books. And, as the girls and boys of the region in which he lived had few books, and read very little, Jake's knowledge was held in high esteem.

JAKE ON HIS MULE.

Peter did not call again, as he felt sure Jake would look around for him when the mule reached that part of the tow-path that ran along the foot of the hill, for it was Peter's habit to be there when his friend came along. And Jake did look up, and seeing Peter, called out:

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" shouted Peter. "Come up to our house this evening! We're going to have a schnitzen, and there'll be lots of fun!"

"All right!" cried Jake, as the mule crept away.

Perhaps all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS do not know that *schnitz* among the Pennsylvania Dutch means dried apples. A *schnitzen* is a party where the invited guests are expected to help in paring the apples, and cutting them for drying; each apple is cut into about eight pieces. After a couple of hours of this work, the apples are put aside, and a bountiful supper is served; and the evening is finished with games or dancing. Sometimes, several barrels of apples are thus got ready for the drying-house in one evening. The drying-house is a small building fitted up with movable shelves, and heated by a stove.

There was a good deal for Peter to do before the company assembled, and his mind was so full of the schnitzen that he forgot Dindy, and went from the hill straight to the house, where he helped to place the barrels of apples in the great, roomy kitchen. All the "deep dishes" in the house were pressed into the service for the use of the parers and cutters, and two or three tubs were made ready for the reception of the apples as the dishes filled. A couple of barrels were placed outside the door for the parings.

It was early in September, and this was the first schnitzen of the season, so when Jake arrived he

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found a large party of young people in the kitchen of Peter's house hard at work, and all in high spirits. They were clustered in groups of four or six, and the talk was lively. Jake was warmly welcomed, and he joined a group, consisting of Peter and his sister, Susannah Koontz, and Deborah Miller.

So many hands busily employed can cut up a great many apples, and three members of the family spent most of the time waiting on the guests, carrying them the apples to be pared, or emptying the dishes of cut apples. The tongues of all were as busy as the hands; but, after a time, there occurred one of those strange pauses you may have noticed sometimes in a party, when everybody stops talking at once, for no apparent reason. In this case, however, one group did not notice the stillness of the room, and continued the conversation. This was how it happened that all the guests heard Peter Koontz say:

"Yes, there are such things as kunjures! I know it!"

"How do you know it?" said Jake. "You've never conjured anything."

"But I do know it," persisted Peter. "I've heard tell of such things as kunjures."

"He means men who go about eating fire, and firing watches into loaves of bread without breaking the watches, and such like things," said Deborah Miller.

"No, I don't," said Peter. "I've seen them kunjures; I mean kunjures that bring fairies and goblins."

"Oh, you mean *charms*," said Jake. "A charm is a verse that fairies are obliged to answer. You may call them in any other way and they wont come, but if you say the right words that make the charm, up pops a little fairy, close by you, and it is always obliged to do just what you want it to."

"Is that really true, Jake?" called out a voice from a distant corner of the room.

Then Jake became aware that the whole company had overheard their little talk. He was too old really to believe in fairies, but he liked fun; and, knowing that his more ignorant companions regarded him as a sort of oracle, because of all he had learned from the books he had read, he thought he would play a joke on them. So he gravely replied:

"I know a fairy charm. I learned it from a book, but I've never tried it."

"Try it now!" called out a chorus of voices.

"Very well," said Jake, as he stood up, and put on his gravest look. "Pay attention!"

All hands stopped work, and all eyes were turned upon Jake as he repeated the following words:

"Fairies big, fairies small,
Fairies little, fairies tall,
Come to me now,
And keep your vow,
And give to me what I beg, beg, beg!"

As the last word was spoken, Jake turned and pointed his finger in a tragic manner toward the open door. But his hand fell to his side, and he stared with astonishment at the spirit he had conjured up. He had expected to see nothing at all, and did not know what to make of the strange figure in the door-way. But the next instant he recognized the learned pig. Yes, there sat Dindy in solemn state, his body erect, and his fore legs and snout held aloft!

The gate of Dindy's pen being open, it is probable that he had been tempted by the noise he heard in the kitchen to visit that apartment for a second supper. It was by no means his first visit to the kitchen. He arrived at the door, no doubt, about the time Jake commenced his charm, and the attention of the company was so engrossed that they did not note the patter of his little hoofs on the stone step. At the words "beg, beg, beg," Dindy at once assumed a begging attitude, as he had been taught to do. He was in no wise abashed at the shouts of laughter that greeted his performance, and the cries of "What a jolly fairy!" "Keep your vow!" "Hurrah for Jake's charm!" He had his eyes on Peter, and was looking for the reward of merit.

"He shall have a piece of cream cheese," said Susannah Koontz, darting into the pantry. She soon returned with the cheese, which she placed in Peter's hand, and he approached Dindy, saying, "Beg! beg! beg!" while the wise animal sat up straight, greatly to the delight of the young folk. Dindy certainly was a very comical pig, and Peter was proud of the sensation his pet was creating.

"He can fold a napkin—if he chooses," said Peter, while the pig was swallowing his cheese.

It was well to add the last clause, for Dindy did not always choose. But he was in a good humor this night, and a napkin being spread open on the floor before him, and a piece of cream cheese held at a distance, he at last comprehended that in order to get that cheese he must fold that napkin. So he made a dab at it with one of his hoofs (he was now in his natural position, on his four legs) and rumpled it up. Then he made a dab with his other foot and turned it over again. So it was really folded, whatever might be said of the skillfulness of the performance. It was, however, considered a great success by the company, who wished it repeated, but Dindy could not be relied on to repeat his tricks, so the piece of cheese was thrown out of the door, the pig dismissed, and everybody returned to the business of the evening.

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Soon the tongues were running as lively as ever, and there was a good deal of noise in the room for about a quarter of an hour, when a scream from some one of "Dindy! Dindy! Oh-h-h! Dindy!" drew the general attention once more to that wise animal. The cheese had fallen within the door-way, so the pig had not gone out for it as had been supposed; but having eaten it, he spied a tub full of cut apples near him. Perhaps he thought they were placed there especially for him. At all events he fell to eating them, and when they were low in the tub so that he could not reach them readily, he scrambled in, and had a good time. When discovered he had eaten half the apples.

Such an uproar! For once in his life Dindy was thoroughly frightened as the boys made a rush toward him. He plunged wildly out of the tub, and upset it, and it rolled among the boys, and upset them. As the pig ran squealing out of the house, and the girls were shrieking, and the boys were knocking their heads together on the floor, old Mr. Koontz gravely regarded the scene, and said to his wife:

"If that 's wot eddication comes to, it ud be better to let it alone!"

To which Mrs. Koontz replied:

"I guess a pig 'll be a pig, do what you will with him."

Well, that was the end of the "schnitzen," as far as the apples were concerned. Dindy had ruined half the evening's work, for there was but one tub more filled up. But nobody could work for laughing; and Mrs. Koontz said they had better put all the things away, and have their supper, and play. So they had a nice supper, and some merry games, but there was no fun equal to the sport Dindy had made, and every little while during the evening a shout of laughter would be heard as some one recalled the funny scene.

There were a number of schnitzens that fall, at which Peter was a guest, but the learned Dindy did not receive an invitation to any one of them.

THE SHOWER.

By Anna Boynton Averill.

Before a gust of whirling dust,
Dainty Minnie and Millie flew,
Hurrying in from the coming shower,
For their pretty feathers and flowers were new,
And their crimps would wilt at a breath of mist
(They guarded them even against the dew),
And their ruffles would droop, so on they pressed,
Till the wide doors opened and let them through.

Under the rainbow, after the shower,
Meg and Molly came to town;
Meg had tangles in her hair,
Molly wore a tattered gown.
Both had baskets scarlet-heaped,
Their little feet were bare and brown,
And under the brim of their poor straw hats,
Their bashful eyes looked down.

The bobolink sings in the dripping elm,
The west is gold and the east is gray,
And the wind is sweet as I sit me down
To copy pictures as I may.
Two are fairer than I can draw,
Both are sweet in a different way,
And I wonder which one you would choose,
If they were hung in the light of day.

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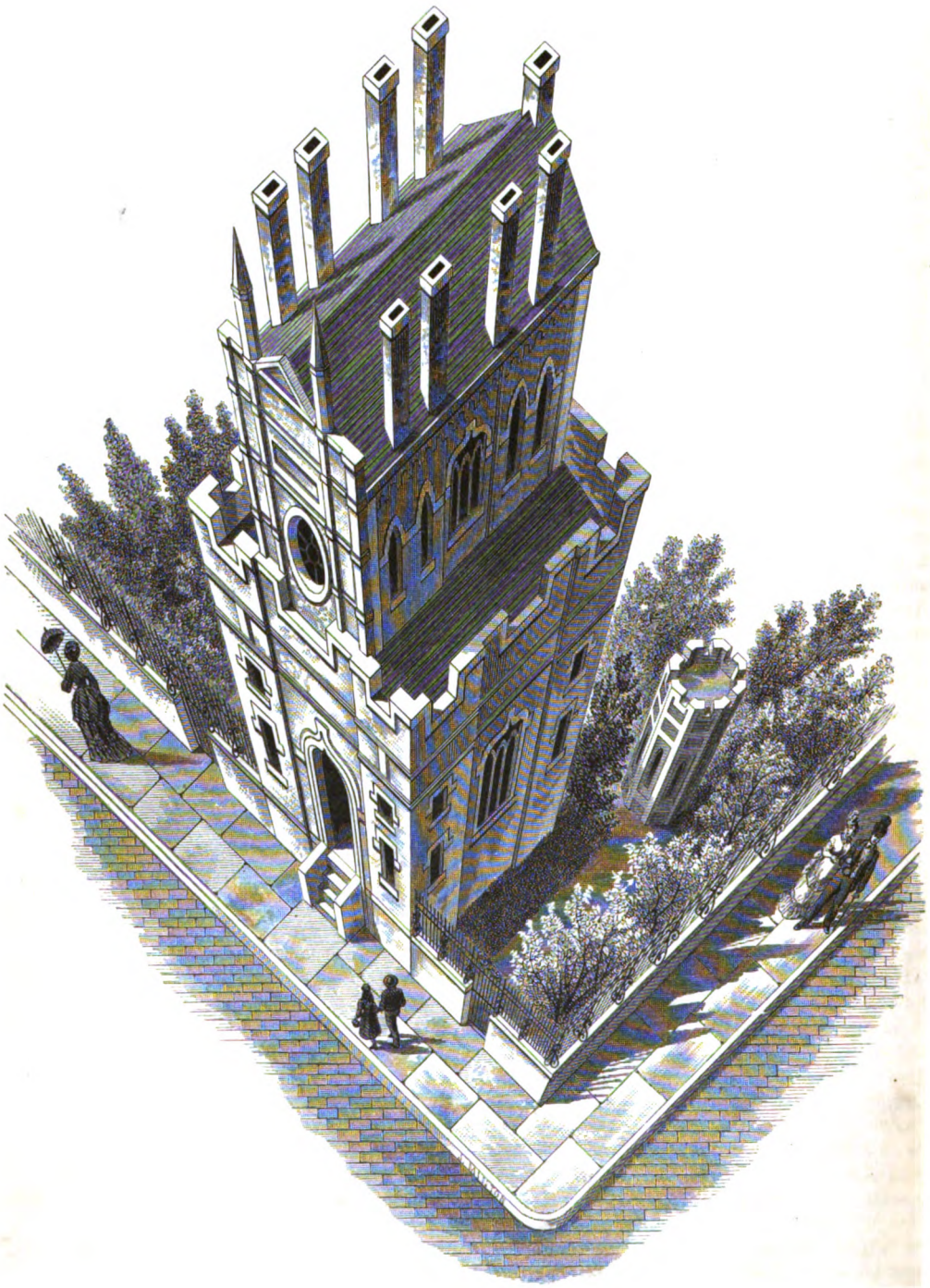

A PUZZLING PICTURE.

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A PUZZLING PICTURE.

By C. B.

THIS is certainly a very strange picture. Everything spreads out like a fan in the queerest manner; the sidewalks run uphill, and the church is so much wider at the top than at the base that it looks as if it might drop apart. Look at the lady at the left. She will certainly fall flat on her face. And the gentleman and lady at the right. What remarkable people to walk in that fashion! Are they going to tumble over?

The artist must have been mad when he drew them. The whole picture is mad, quite frantically mad and fantastic. What does it all mean? Are we up in a balloon, or are we looking down on some strange country like the land behind the looking-glass? You know in the room behind the looking-glass everything reads backward, and the left hand is right and the right is left. You remember what a singular experience Alice had when she went in behind the looking-glass, and this must be one of the places she saw in that queer country.

And yet, when we examine this picture, there is something about it which makes us think that it ought to be all right, if we could only look at it properly.

But how shall we look at it properly? Here is one way to do it:

Hold the magazine in front of you, so that the picture shall be perfectly horizontal. Then shut one eye, and put the other eye over the bottom corner of the picture, about two or three inches from the paper.

Now, if the picture does not at first look all right to you, raise or lower it a little, and you will soon know when it is at the proper distance from your eye, for when it is rightly placed, you will see the house grow lower and the walls grow perpendicular; the people, the summer-house, and the trees will stand up straight, and the picture will look as it ought to be.

Now, can any of you older boys and girls tell why this picture looks all wrong as it is printed on the page, and why it seems all right when you look at it as we have directed? The trouble is certainly something connected with the perspective. What is it?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND HIS FRIEND BLUETREE.

By Howard Pyle.

IN the reign of good Queen Bess there lived in Merrie England a poor man by the name of Bluetree. His wife having died, his seven little daughters took charge of the house and baked, spun and did all the work. Bluetree owned a small patch of ground that had descended to him from his great-grandfather, to whom it had been granted in the reign of King Edward IV. by the lord of the land, whose life the ancestral Bluetree had saved.

Beside cultivating his bit of land, Bluetree worked for the present Lord Diddledaddle, who owned three thousand one hundred and seventy-two acres, beside numerous castles and villas.

One morning, Lord Diddledaddle happened to pass by Bluetree's cottage, and observing a great oak with spreading branches that stood near it, he said to himself:

"Here will be an excellent spot to build my new summer-house. I 'll just tear down this cottage and build it here."

Lord Diddledaddle was not a mean man,—that is to say, when he had everything precisely as he desired,—so he offered Bluetree fifteen pieces of gold for his land, which, indeed, was more than it was worth. But Bluetree had a strong attachment to the old homestead, so he answered:

"Good my lord, my father left me this land, bidding me leave it to my children and my children's children; so, if you will permit the humblest of your slaves so far to assert himself, I would rather keep my land than have the gold."

At this speech, Lord Diddledaddle flew into a violent rage, and, forgetting his own dignity and the service that Bluetree's ancestor had rendered his forefather, he shook his fist, stormed at Bluetree's insolence, and vowed he would turn him and his

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daughters out of house and home the very next day.

The Bluetree family were filled with grief and

BLUETREE DECLINES LORD DIDDLEDADDLE'S OFFER.

dismay at this most doleful prospect. The seven little girls all went to bed crying; all of them, excepting Bluebell, the eldest, soon falling asleep. About midnight, as Bluebell lay tossing upon her bed, she suddenly recollected that she had forgotten to place a bowl of milk upon the hearth for Robin Goodfellow, who came every night and spun flax during the silent hours when all others were sleeping.

Robin Goodfellow was a curious elf, of whom many quaint stories are told even to the present day amongst the good-wives of England. His father was Oberon, King of the Fairies, who granted to his son, Robin, the power of taking any form at pleasure.

Robin always helped good, worthy people; but slothful, slovenly, or ill-tempered wights he heartily tormented and teased.

"Alas!" said Bluebell, as she set the bowl of milk upon the hearth, "to think that this is the last time that I shall care for Robin Goodfellow! Wicked Lord Diddledaddle! how can you be so cruel as to turn us out of house and home?"

Now, Robin Goodfellow, unperceived by Bluebell, was sitting in the shape of a squirrel upon the window-ledge, and had overheard all she had said. Bluebell returned to bed, and, worn out with grieving, speedily fell asleep.

"Ho, ho! my Lord Diddledaddle," said Robin, leaping to the floor in his own shape, and spinning around like a teetotum. "My father, Oberon, bade me play tricks upon knaves, so I shall have rare sport with you, or I much mistake me."

The next morning, Lord Diddledaddle sent five men with axes to cut down Bluetree's cottage; but a great black bear came out of the woods as they approached. The four tall men tried to hide behind little John Nailor, but upon the bear continuing to approach they all ran away and left John to his fate, which he fortunately escaped in spite of the extreme shortness of his legs.

Lord Diddledaddle gnawed his nether lip with rage when he heard of the failure of this attempt.

"I 'll make things sure this time," quoth he; whereupon he sent ten soldiers, each with a keg of gunpowder, to blow the cottage up.

They marched along boldly, looking out for bears with some anxiety. Instead of a bear, they saw standing upon the verge of the forest a snow-white deer.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said the leader of the band, stopping short; "let us approach quietly and shoot this deer."

The deer stood perfectly still, watching them until they had approached almost within gunshot, and then moved a few paces off. The band approached still more eagerly, and once more the deer eluded them. Thus they followed, forgetting all about the gunpowder, the cottage, and Lord Diddledaddle, in the eagerness of their pursuit, until they found themselves floundering in a bog, from which they escaped only with the utmost difficulty, their clothes smeared with mud, and the gunpowder wet and useless.

A BOWL OF MILK FOR ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

When they returned, crestfallen, wet and dirty, Lord Diddledaddle, even more enraged than ever, determined he would settle Bluetree's fate, so he set out armed with a sword as sharp as several razors. As he approached the cabin, swinging his tremendous sword—

"Away with you!" he roared, "or I 'll cut off all your heads."

At that moment, a great blundering bluebottle-fly flew right into Lord Diddledaddle's eye. As Lord Diddledaddle was in a particularly bad humor, he struck at the fly with his sword, and,

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as one might suppose, he missed his mark. Though Lord Diddledaddle missed the fly, he unluckily gave himself a terrible wound. He would have fallen, but Bluetree ran and caught him in his arms, and laid him on his own bed. Five of his little daughters bound up Lord Diddledaddle's wound with strips of white linen, while the other two held some hot cordial to his white lips. Meantime, Bluetree set out with all speed for the doctor and the parson.

For a long while Lord Diddledaddle's life was despaired of, but, being blessed with a remarkable constitution, he entirely recovered. When he was able once more to stand, he called Bluetree to him and said:

"I confess my fault, and am also sensible of your kindness and care of me. To show that I am not altogether ungrateful, I will endow each of your daughters with five times as much land as you now possess, and to you I will give five hundred pieces of gold."

A GREAT BLACK BEAR CAME OUT OF THE WOODS.

Then there was great rejoicing in the Bluetree family. The Bluetrees all blessed their luck. But we know the true cause of their good fortune was Robin Goodfellow, who assumed the shape of a bear, a deer, and a bluebottle-fly, for the sake of his kind friend, little Bluebell.

EYEBRIGHT.

By Susan Coolidge.

Chapter VI.

BETWEEN THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

"Wealthy," said Eyebright, "I want to tell you something."

Wealthy was kneading bread, her arms rising and falling with a strong, regular motion, like the piston of a steam-engine. She did not even turn her head, but dusting a little flour on to the dough, went straight on, saying briefly,

"Well, what?"

"I 've been thinking," continued Eyebright, "that when papa and I get to the Island, perhaps some days there wont be anybody to do the cooking but me, and it would be so nice if you would teach me a few things, not hard ones, you know, little easy things. I know how to toast now, and how to boil eggs, and make short-cake, and stewed rhubarb, but papa would get tired of those if he did n't have anything else, I am afraid."

"You and your Pa 'll go pretty hungry, I guess, if there 's no one but you to do the cooking," muttered Wealthy. "Well, what would you like to learn?"

"Is bread easy to make? I 'd like to learn that."

"You aint hardly strong enough," said Wealthy with a sigh, but she set her bowl on a chair as she spoke, and proceeded to give Eyebright a kneading lesson on the spot. It was much more fatiguing than Eyebright had supposed it would be. Her back and arms ached for a long time afterward, but Wealthy said she "got the hang of it wonderfully for a beginner," and this praise encouraged her to try again. Every Wednesday and Saturday,

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after that, she made the bread, from the sifting of the flour to the final wrap of the hot loaf in a brown towel, Wealthy only helping a very little, and each time the task seemed to grow easier, so that, before they went away, Eyebright felt that she had that lesson at her fingers' ends. Wealthy taught her other things also,—to broil a beefsteak, and poach an egg, to make gingerbread and minute biscuit, fry Indian pudding and prepare and flavor the "dip" for soft toast. All these lessons were good for her, and in more senses than one. Many a heart-ache flew up the chimney and forgot to come down again, as she leaned over her saucepans, stirring, tasting and seasoning. Many a hard thought about the girls and their not caring as they ought about her going, slipped away and came back brightened into good-humor, in the excitement of watching the biscuits rise, or molding them into exact form and size. And how pleasant it was if Wealthy praised her, or papa asked for a second helping of something and said it was good.

Meanwhile, the business of breaking up was going on. Wealthy, who was one of the systematic old-fashioned kind, began at the very top of the house and came slowly down, clearing the rooms out in regular order, scrubbing, sweeping, and leaving bare, chill cleanness behind her. Part of the furniture was packed to go to the Island, but by far the greater part was brought down to the lower floor, and stacked in the best parlor, ready for an auction, which was to take place on the last day but one. It was truly wonderful how many things the old house seemed to contain, and what queer articles made their appearance out of obscure holes and corners, in the course of Wealthy's rummagings. There were old fire-irons, old crockery, bundles of herbs, dried so long ago that all taste and smell had departed, and no one now could guess which was sage and which catnip; scrap bundles, which made Eyebright sigh and exclaim, "Oh dear, what lots of dresses I would have made for Genevieve, if only I had known we had these." There were boxes full of useless things, screws without heads, and nails without points, stopples which stopped nothing, bottles of medicine which had lost their labels, and labels which had lost their bottles. Some former inhabitant of the house had evidently been afflicted with mice, for six mouse-traps were discovered, all of different patterns, all rusty, and all calculated to discourage any mouse who ever nibbled cheese. There were also three old bird-cages, in which, since the memory of man, no bird had ever lived; a couple of fire-buckets of ancient black leather, which Eyebright had seen hanging from a rafter all her life without suspecting their use, and a gun of Revolutionary pattern which had lost its lock. All these were to be sold, and so was the hay in the barn, as also were the chickens and chicken-coops; even Brindle and old Charley.

The day before the auction, a man came and pasted labels with numbers on them upon all the things. Eyebright found "24" stuck on the side of her own special little stool, which papa had said she might take to the Island, but which had been forgotten. She tore off the label, and hid the stool in a closet, but it made her feel as if everything in the house was going to be sold whether or no, and she half turned and looked over her shoulder at her own back, as if she feared to find a number there also. Wealthy, who was piling the chairs together by twos, laughed.

"I guess they wont put you up to 'vandoo,'" she said; "or, if they do, I 'll be the first to bid. There, that 's the last! I never did see such a heap of rubbish as come out of that garret; your Ma, and your Grandma, too, I reckon, never throwed away anything in all their days. Often and often I used to propose to clean out and kind of sort over the things, but your Ma, she would n't ever let me. They was sure to come in useful some day, she said. But that day never come,—and there they be; moth-and-rust-corrupted, sure enough! Well, 't aint no use layin' up treasures upon earth. We all find that out when we come to clear up after fifty years' savin'."

Next morning proved fine and sunny, and great numbers of people came to the auction. Some of them brought their dinners in pails, and stayed all day, for auctions do not occur very often in the country, and are great events when they do. Eyebright, who did not know exactly how to dispose of herself, sat on the stairs, high up, where no one could see her, and listened to the auctioneer's loud voice calling off the numbers and bids. "No. 17, one clock,—who bids two dollars for the clock? No. 18, lounge covered with calliker. I am offered seven-fifty for the lounge covered with calliker. Who bids eight? Thank you, Mr. Brown—going at eight—gone." And No. 17 was the kitchen clock, which had told her the hour so many, many times; the lounge covered with "calliker" was mother's lounge on which she had so often lain. It seemed very sad, somehow, that they should be "going—gone."

Later in the day she saw, from the window, people driving away in their wagons with their bargains piled in behind them, or set between their knees,—papa's shaving-glass, Wealthy's wash-tubs, the bedstead from the best room. She could hardly keep from crying. It seemed as if the pleasant past life in the old house were all broken up into little bits and going off in different directions in those wagons.

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EYEBRIGHT LEARNS TO MAKE BREAD.

She was still at the window when Wealthy came up to search for her. Eyebright's face was very sober and there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Eyebright, where are you? Don't stay mopin' up here, 't aint no use. Come down and help me get tea. I 've made a good fire in the

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sittin'-room, and we 'll all be the better for supper, I reckon. Auctions is wearin' things, and always will be to the end of time. Your Pa looks clean tuckered out."

"Are all the people gone?" asked Eyebright.

"Yes, they have, and good riddance to them. It made me madder than hops to hear 'em a-boastin' of the bargains they 'd got. Mrs. Doolittle, up to the corner, bid in that bureau from the keepin'-room chamber for seven dollars. It was worth fifteen; the auction-man said so himself. But to kind of match that, her daughter-in-law, she giv' thirty cents a yard for that rag-carpet in your room, and it did n't cost but fifty when it was new, and that was twelve years ago next November! So I guess we come out pretty even with the Doolittle family, after all!" added Wealthy, with a dry chuckle.

Eyebright followed down-stairs. The rooms looked bare and unhomelike with only the few pieces of furniture left which Wealthy had bid in for her private use; for Wealthy did not mean to live out any more, but have a small house of her own, and support herself by "tailorin'." She had bought a couple of beds, a table, a few chairs and some cooking things, so it was possible, though not very comfortable, to spend one night more in the house. Eyebright peeped into the empty parlor and shut the door.

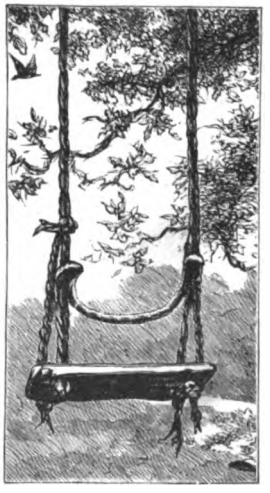
"Don't let 's open it again," she said. "We 'll make believe that everything is there still just as it used to be, and then it wont seem so dismal."

But, in spite of "make-believes," it would have been dismal enough had they not been too busy to think how altered and forlorn the house looked. One more day of hard work, and all was cleared out and made clean. Wealthy followed with her broom and actually "swept herself out," as Eyebright said, brushing the last shreds and straws through the door on to the steps, where the others stood waiting. Mr. Bright locked the door. The key turned in the rusty lock with a sound like a groan. Mr. Bright stood a moment without speaking; then he handed the key to Wealthy, shook hands with her, and walked quickly away in the direction of Mr. Bury's house, where he and Eyebright were to spend the night.

Wealthy was feeling badly over the loss of her old home; and emotion, with her, always took the form of gruffness.

"No need to set about kissing to-night," she said, as Eyebright held up her face, "I 'm a-comin' round to see you off to-morrow."

Then she, too, stalked away. Eyebright looked after her for a little while, then very slowly she opened the garden-gate, and went the round of the place once more, saying good-bye with her eyes to each well-known object. The periwinkle bed was blue with flowers, the daffodils were just opening their bright cups. "Old maids," Wealthy had been used to call them, because their ruffled edges were so neatly trimmed and pinked. There was the apple-tree crotch, where, every summer since she could remember, her swing had hung. There was her own little garden, bare now and brown with the dead stalks of last year. How easy it would be to make it pretty again if only they were going to stay! The "cave" had fallen in, to be sure, and was only a hole in the ground, but a cave is soon made. She could have another in no time if only—here Eyebright checked herself, recollecting that "if only" did not help the matter a bit, and, like a sensible child, she walked bravely away from the garden and through the gate-way. She paused one moment to look at the sun, which was setting in a sky of clear yellow, over which little crimson clouds drifted like a fleet of fairy boats. The orchards and hedges were budding fast. Here and there a cherry-tree had already tied on its white hood. The air was full of sweet prophetic smells. Altogether, Tunxet was at its very prettiest and pleasantest, and, for all her good resolutions, Eyebright gave way, and wept one little weep at the thought that to-morrow she and papa must leave it all.



"WHERE, EVERY SUMMER, HER SWING HAD HUNG."

She dried her eyes soon, for she did not want papa to know she had been crying, and followed to Mrs. Bury's, where Kitty and the children were impatiently looking out for her, and every one gave her a hearty welcome.

But in spite of their attentions and considerate kindness, and the fun of sleeping with Kitty for the first time, it seemed grave and lonesome to be anywhere except in the old place where she had always been, and Eyebright began to be glad that she and papa were to go away so soon. The home feeling had vanished from Tunxet, and the quicker they were off, the better, she thought.

The next morning, they left, starting before six o'clock, for the railroad was five miles away. Early as it was, several people were there to say good-bye,—Bessie Mather, Laura Wheelwright,—

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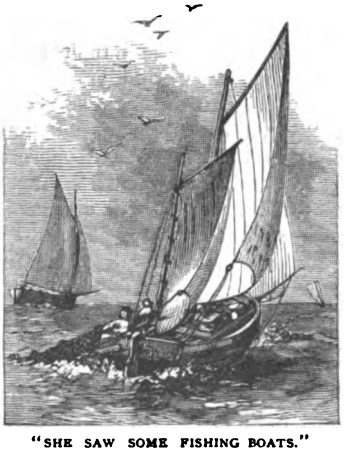
who had n't taken time even to wash her face,—Wealthy, very gray and grim and silent, and dear Miss Fitch, to whom Eyebright clung till the very end. The last bag was put in, Mr. Bury kissed Eyebright and lifted her into the wagon, where papa and Ben were already seated. Good-byes were exchanged. Bessie, drowned in tears, climbed on the wheel for a last hug, and was pulled down by some one. Ben gave a chirrup, the horses began to move, and that was the end of dear old Tunxet. The last thing Eyebright saw, as she turned for a final look, was Wealthy's grim, sad face,—poor Wealthy, who had lost most and felt sorriest of all, though she said so little about it.

It was a mile or two before Eyebright could see anything distinctly. She sat with her head turned away, that papa might not notice her wet eyes. But perhaps his own were a little misty, for he, too, turned his head, and it was a long time before he spoke. The beautiful morning and the rapid motion were helps to cheerfulness, however, and before they reached the railroad station, Mr. Bright had begun to talk to Ben, and Eyebright to smile.

She had never traveled on a railroad before, and you can easily imagine how surprising it all seemed to her. At first, it frightened her to go so fast, but that soon wore off, and all the rest was enjoyment. Little things, which people used to railroads hardly notice, struck her as so strange and so pleasant. When the magazine-boy chucked "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" into her lap, she jumped and said, "Oh, thank you!" and she was quite overcome by the successive gifts, as she supposed, of a paper of pop-corn, a paper of lozenges, and a "prize package," containing six envelopes, six note-papers, six pens, a wooden pen-handle and a "piece of jewelry,"—all for twenty-five cents!

"Did he really give them to me?" she asked papa, quite gasping at the idea of such generosity.

Then the ice-water boy came along, with his frame of tumblers: she had a delicious cold drink, and told papa "she did think the railroad was so kind," which made him laugh; and, as seeing him laugh brightened her spirits, they journeyed on very cheerfully.



"SHE SAW SOME FISHING BOATS."

About noon, they changed cars, and presently, after that, Eyebright became aware of a change in the air, a cool freshness and smell of salt and weeds, which she had never smelt before, and liked amazingly. She was just going to ask papa about it when the train made a sudden curve and swept alongside of a yellow beach, beyond which lay a great shining expanse,—gray and silvery and blue,—over which dappled white waves played and leaped, and large white birds were skimming and diving. A short distance from the shore she saw some fishing boats. She drew a long breath of delight, and said, half to herself and half to papa, "That is the sea!"

"How did you know?" asked he, smiling.

"Oh, papa, it could n't be anything else. I knew it in a minute."

After that, they were close to the sea almost all the way. Eyebright felt as if she could never be tired of watching the waves rise and fall, or of breathing the air, which seemed to fill and satisfy her like food. It made her hungry, too, and she was glad of the nice luncheon which Mr. Bury had packed up for them. But even pleasant things have a tiring side to them, and, as night drew on, Eyebright began to think she should be as glad of bed as she had been of dinner.

Her heavy head had been nodding for some time, and had finally dropped upon papa's shoulder, when he roused her with a shake and said:

"Wake up, Eyebright; wake up! Here we are."

"At the Island?" she asked, drowsily.

"No, not at the Island yet. This is the steamboat."

To see a steamboat had always been one of Eyebright's chief wishes, but she was too sleepy at that moment to realize that it was granted. Her feet stumbled as papa guided her down the stair; she could not keep her eyes open at all. The stewardess—a colored woman—laughed when she saw the half-awake little passenger; but she was very good-natured, whipped off Eyebright's boots, hat and jacket, in a twinkling, and tucked her into a little berth, where in three minutes she was napping like a dormouse. There was a great deal of whistling and screeching and ringing of bells when the boat left her dock, heavy feet trampled over the deck just above the berth, the water lapped and hissed, but not one of these things did Eyebright hear, nor was she conscious of the rocking motion of the waves. Straight through them all she slept, and, when at last she waked, the boat was no longer at sea, and there was hardly any motion.

It was not yet six o'clock, the shut-up cabin was dark and close, except for one ray of yellow sun,

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which straggled through a crack, and lay across the carpet like a long finger. It flickered, and seemed to beckon, as if it wanted to say, "Get up, Eyebright, it is morning at last; get up, and come out with me." She felt so rested and fresh that the invitation was irresistible; and slipping from the berth, she put on dress and boots, which were laid on a chair near by, tied the hat over her unbrushed hair, and with her warm jacket in hand, stole out of the cabin and ran lightly upstairs to the deck.

Then she gave a great start, and said, "Oh!" with mingled wonder and surprise; for, instead of the ocean which she had expected to see, the boat was steaming gently up a broad river. On either side was a bold, wooded shore. The trees were leafless still, for this was much farther north than Tunxet, but the rising sap had tinted their boughs with lovely shades of yellow, soft red and pink-brown, and there were quantities of evergreens beside, so that the woods did not look cold or bare. Every half mile or so the river made a bend and curved away in a new direction. It was never possible to see far ahead, and, as the steamer swept through the clear green and silver water, it continually seemed that, a little farther on, the river came to end, and there was no way out except to turn back. But always when the boat reached the place where the end seemed to be, behold, a new reach of water, with new banks and tree-crowned headlands, appeared, so that their progress was a succession of surprises. Here and there were dots of islands too, just big enough to afford standing-room to a dozen pines and hemlocks, so closely crowded together that the trees next the edge always seemed to be holding fast by their companions while they leaned over to look at their own faces in the water.

These tiny islets enchanted Eyebright. With each one they passed she thought, "Oh, I hope ours is just like that!" never reflecting that these were rather play islands than real ones, and that Genevieve was the only member of the family likely to be comfortable in such limited space as they afforded. She had the deck and the river to herself for nearly an hour before any of the passengers appeared; when they did, she remembered, with a blush, that her hair was still unbrushed, and ran back to the cabin, when the stewardess made it tidy, and gave her a basin of fresh water for her face and hands. She came back just in time to meet papa, who was astonished at the color in her cheek, and the appetite she displayed at breakfast, which was served in a stuffy cabin smelling of kerosene oil and bed-clothes, and calculated to discourage any appetite not sharpened by early morning air.

Little did Eyebright care for the stuffy cabin. She found the boat and all its appointments delightful; and when, after breakfast, the old captain took her down to the engine-room and showed her the machinery, she fairly skipped with pleasure. It was a sort of noisy fairy-land to her imagination; all those wonderful cogs and wheels, and shining rods and shafts, moving and working together so smoothly and so powerfully. She was sorry enough when at eleven o'clock they left the boat, and landed at a small hamlet, which seemed to have no name as yet, perhaps because it was so very young. Eyebright asked a boy what they called the town, but all he said in reply was, "'T aint a teown"—and something about a "Teownship," which she did n't at all understand.

Here they had some dinner, and Mr. Bright hired a wagon to take them "'cross country" to Scrapplehead, which was the village nearest to "Causy Island," as Eyebright now learned that their future home was called. "Cosy," papa pronounced it. The name pleased her greatly, and she said to herself, for perhaps the five hundredth time, "I *know* it is going to be nice."

It was twenty-two miles from the nameless village to Scrapplehead, but it took all the afternoon to make the journey, for the roads were rough and hilly, and fast going was impossible. Eyebright did not care how slowly they went. Every step of the way was interesting to her, full of fresh sights and sounds and smells. She had never seen such woods as those which they passed through. They looked as if they might have been planted about the time of the Deluge, so dense and massive were their growths. Many of the trees were old and of immense size. Some very large ones had fallen, and their trunks were thickly crusted with fungi and long hair-like tresses of gray moss. Here and there were cushions of green moss, so rich and luxuriant as to be the softest sitting-places imaginable. Eyebright longed to get out and roll on them; the moss seemed at least a yard deep. Once they passed an oddly shaped broad track by the road-side, which the driver told them was the foot-mark of a bear. This was exciting, and a little farther on, at the fording of a shallow brook, he showed them where a deer had stopped to drink the night before, and left the impression of his slender hoofs in the wet clay. It was as interesting as a story to be there, so near the haunts of these wild creatures. Then, leaving the woods, they would come to wide vistas of country, with pine-clad hills and slopes and beautiful gleaming lakes. And twice from the top of an ascent they caught the outlines of a bold mountain range. A delicious air blew down from these mountains, cool, crystal clear, and spiced with the balsamic smell of hem-

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locks and firs and a hundred lovely wood-odors beside.

"Oh, is n't Maine beautiful!" cried Eyebright, in a rapture. She felt a sort of resentment against Wealthy for having called it a "God-forsaken" place. "But Wealthy did n't know. She never was here," was her final conclusion. "If she ever had been here she could n't have been so silly."

It was too dark to see much of Scrapplehead when at last they got there. It was a small place, nestled in an angle of the hills. The misty gray ocean lay beyond. Its voice came to their ears as they descended the last steep pitch, a hushed low voice with a droning tone, as though it were sleepy-time with the great sea. There was no tavern in the village, and they applied at several houses before finding any one willing to accommodate them. By this time, Eyebright was very tired, and could hardly keep from crying as they drove away from the third place.

"What shall we do if nobody will take us in?" she asked papa, dolefully. "Shall we have to sit in the wagon all night?"

"Guess 't wont come to that," said the cheery driver. "Downs 'll take you. I 'll bet a cookie he will." When they came to "Downs's" he jumped out and ran in. "They 're real clever folks," he told Mrs. Downs, "and the little gal is so tired it 's a pity to see."

So Mrs. Downs consented to lodge them, and their troubles were over for that day. Half blind with sleep and fatigue, Eyebright ate her bread and milk, fried eggs and doughnuts, fell asleep while she undressed, gave her head a knock against the bed-post, laughed, hurried into bed, and in three minutes was lost in dreamless slumber. The wind blew softly up the bay, the waves sang their droning lullaby, a half-grown moon came out, twinkled, and flashed in the flashing water, and sent one long beam in to peep at the little sleeper in the bed. The new life was begun, and begun pleasantly.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

By L. C. R.

SAID the boy to the brook that was rippling away,
"Oh, little brook, pretty brook, will you not stay?
Oh, stay with me! play with me, all the day long!
And sing in my ears your sweet murmuring song."

Said the brook to the boy, as it hurried away,
"Is it just for my music you ask me to stay?
I was silent until from the hill-side I gushed,
Should I pause for an instant my song would be hushed."

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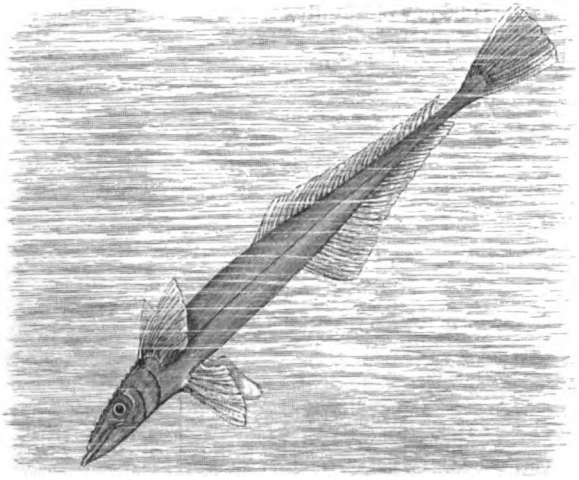
A FISH THAT CATCHES FISH FOR ITS MASTER.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THERE are animals and birds, of various kinds, which will go hunting or fishing for their masters. Dogs, as we all know, are often absolutely necessary to hunters, and some of them will both kill the game and bring it in. Falcons used to be employed to kill birds for the ladies and gentlemen of the Middle Ages; cheetahs, or hunting leopards, are used in the East, to hunt game for their owners; and, in China, the fishermen often employ tame cormorants—large water-birds—to catch fish for them.

But although fish are the greatest fishers in the world,—for nearly every finny inhabitant of the water is glad of a chance to catch some smaller finny inhabitant of the same water,—and although fish are more active and expert at fishing than any other living creatures, there are few of us who have ever heard of fish being employed to catch other fish for their masters.



THE REVÉ.

We do not mean those poor little minnows, who, very much against their will, are used for bait, nor the fish that are employed by the Japanese to decoy other fish—of the same kind—into traps. We mean a fish that will swim out from a boat, and actually catch other fish for the men in the boat. And there really is such a very obliging creature. It is called the Revé, and is found about the West Indies and in the Gulf of Mexico.

The Revé is a slim, active fish, with a great deal of fin and tail to a comparatively small amount of body. It is not very large, a specimen brought to New York measuring only eighteen inches in length. But it is probable that those used for fishing are often much larger. It is a smooth fish, without scales, and any one examining it will soon perceive that it has two striking peculiarities. One of these is its "up-side-down" appearance. It looks, when swimming, as if it had turned over on its back, and it is from this appearance that it gets its name, for "Revé," in Spanish, means "reversed."

The other peculiarity is found on the top of the Revé's head. In the second picture, where the fish is curled around so that we get a full view of its back, you can see a curious oval spot, furnished with little rib-like elevations. This part of the fish is a very powerful "sucker," and it is this which enables it to catch and hold other fish. Most of us know how a round piece of wet leather can be pressed close to a brick, so as to exclude the air, and how the brick can then be raised by a string attached to this leathern sucker, which cannot easily be pulled from the brick. Well, the sucker on the head of the Revé acts very much in the same way. When he wishes to catch a fish, he swims toward it,—and as he is very swift and adroit, it is hard for any fish to get away from him,—and placing his head under his victim, he presses the oval sucker firmly against it. This adheres so tightly that the other fish finds it impossible to release itself.

How the Revé manages to eat a fish, that is fastened to the top of his head, we do not know; but as his lower jaw is longer than his upper one, it is probable that this peculiar formation may enable him to reach up and take a bite.

We now understand how the Revé fishes for himself, but it remains to explain how he fishes for his master. In the first place, he probably gets a master by being caught in a trap, for if he were hooked, he would most likely be too much injured to be of service. In the West Indies, large wire boxes, four or five feet long, are often used as fish-traps. These are so made that a fish can swim into them, but cannot swim out; and when some bait is placed in one of these traps, it is sunk in a place where fish are plenty, and is generally left all night, with a buoy attached to it by a rope to mark its position. In the morning, it is hauled

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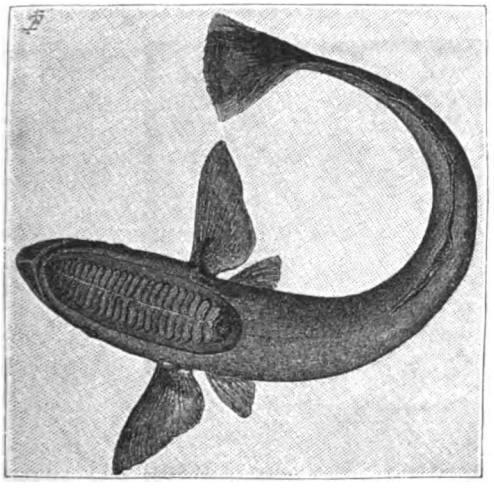
up by the rope, and the fish which it contains are perfectly unhurt and healthy.

In this way, we suppose, the Revé is caught,—and he probably goes into the trap to catch some



THE REVÉ'S SUCKER.

of the other fish that may be in there,—and when the fisherman, who now becomes his master, takes him out of the trap, he puts him carefully into a small tank of water, and when he goes out fishing for turtles, he takes his Revé with him. It might scarcely be worth the trouble to use Revés to catch ordinary fish, but a large turtle is quite a valuable prize, and worth taking a good deal of trouble to secure.

When the fisherman has gone out in his boat to some place where he thinks turtles are to be found, he takes his Revé out of the tank, and fastens one end of a long, strong cord around the fish just at the root of its tail, where it can be firmly secured without interfering with the Revé's power of swimming. He then drops his hunting-fish into the water, and, holding the line in his hand, sits and waits for what may happen next.

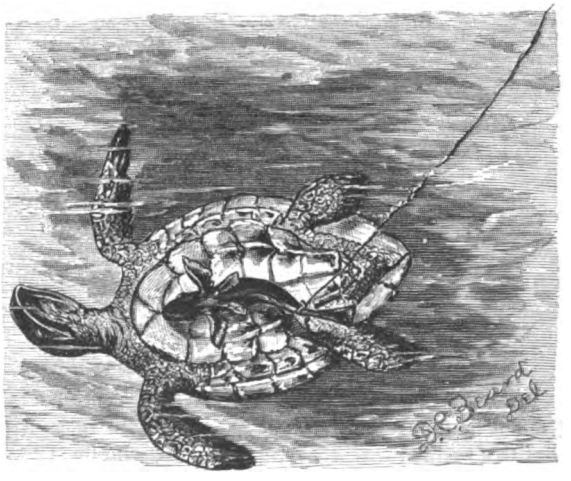
When the Revé finds himself in the water, he does not merely struggle and pull and try to get away. His first idea is to see if he can catch anything. He therefore swims about, not very far from the surface, and when he sees a turtle below him, down he goes, and in a moment he claps his sucker against the under-shell of the turtle, and fastens himself so tightly there, that no matter what the big, hard-shelled creature may do, he finds it impossible to get away from the Revé.

The fisherman, when he feels the struggling and jerking at the end of his line, knows that his hunting-fish has made a capture, and so hauls both him and the turtle into the boat, where, by a dexterous twist, the Revé is detached from the shell to which he is clinging, and is ready to go out after another turtle.

Sometimes, the fisherman rows or sails about until he sees a turtle floating on the surface of the sea. Then he goes as close to him as he can get without frightening him, and throws the Revé as far as he can toward the turtle. The fish, in most cases, immediately perceives its prey, and swims directly toward it, and in this way the fisherman makes sure that his Revé will lose no time in hunting for other fish. Two or three Revés are often taken out in a tank or tub, so as to provide for emergencies.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Columbus," says that, when the Spaniards discovered the West Indies, they were very much interested in this manner of sending fish to catch other fish. They once saw some native fishermen catch an enormous turtle in this way, and were told that even sharks were sometimes captured by the aid of these sucker-headed fish.

There is another sucker-fish, called the Remora, to which the ancients ascribed far greater powers than any our Revé can boast. They asserted that a Remora, which is not a large fish, could stop any ship simply by fastening itself to the bottom of it, and holding back as hard as it could. This is a tough story, but the ancients were hardy people and could swallow stories with which we



THE REVÉ CATCHES A TURTLE.

would have nothing to do. The Revé stories, however, are quite true, and the only question about them which is at all puzzling is this: What does such a small fish expect to do with a great, hard-shelled, flopping turtle?

But that is the Revé's business, not ours.

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THE ROYAL BONBON.

BY NORA PERRY.

FRANÇOIS CHALLENGES THE BARBER.

WHAT, a story of a French bonbon? Yes, a French bonbon; but I might as well say at once that this bonbon was a boy, a real boy, who lived many years ago in France. His name was François Rude. François, like its English form, Frank or Francis, has a pleasant sound, but Rude is harsh and odd. And you wonder, perhaps, whether the boy who bore it was anything like his name? You shall see.

At the time when I introduce him to you he is nine years old,—a bright-eyed, thoughtful-faced boy, with a sturdy look of independence about him, from the bright eyes and the resolute mouth to the well-built shoulders. Usually this resolute mouth had a very pleasant expression; just such an expression as you all have seen about the mouths of persons who are never troubled with little fears and little vanities, and are perhaps, for this very reason, always ready to help weaker people. But on the day when I first introduce him to you, the pleasant expression is for the moment extinguished, lost in a big frown, which ties the open, broad

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forehead into a hard knot; and the lips are drawn down into a very unsmiling curve to match the frown.

It is a charming May morning, a little after sunrise; but François is so occupied with his thoughts and a very difficult task that he has undertaken, that he sees nothing of the beauty of the day. And what is it that he is doing? What is it that he has undertaken? He is grinding something at a very big grindstone. What in the world can it be? Is it a knife? And why should this little fellow of nine years be up and dressed and out all alone in this old French court-yard so early in the morning grinding his knife? It is not a knife at all. It is—it is—a sword! Yes, a sword, —a small sword, of perfect workmanship, which belongs to François himself; for François belongs to a military regiment, a real regiment called the Royal Bonbons, and part of the National Guard.

In the beginning of the French Revolution, the National Guard was formed by the citizens of Paris, to protect the interests of all order-loving people against the wild, lawless rabble which sprang up at once when the king's government faltered, and the king himself showed that he was not strong enough for the crisis. And as the troubles increased the National Guards increased in numbers, and were to be found in all the great cities of France. Dijon, which is about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, was one of these cities where the Guards flourished, and here the "Royal Bonbon" sprang into existence. By order of the government itself, the infant regiment was organized for "the manly and patriotic education," according to a certain distinguished writer, "of the youth of Dijon." François' father, being a member of the National Guard, at once enrolled his little son in the young regiment of the Royal Bonbons.

These boys thoroughly enjoyed their importance as a government organization, and also everything connected with their military duty, from the imposing uniform with its blue coat and bright buttons, the three-cornered cocked hat, white breeches and black gaiters, to drill in the public square.

Not the least portion of the boys' enjoyment is the Sunday march at noon to the fine old church of St. Michael, where they listen, not to a sermon, but to a member of the Common Council who talks to his youthful hearers about their duties and their responsibilities in these perilous times. After this talk the young regiment of boys kneel each upon one knee, raise their hands to their three-cornered hats, while a roll of drums peals forth, and the councilor who has been talking to them pronounces a layman's benediction.

It was not by any means a cause for wonder, was it, that with all this parade the boys should feel very dignified, and of as much importance as the grown-up members of the National Guard itself?

You can understand, then, something of François' state of mind on this morning that I present him to you in the old inn court-yard, when I tell you that, on the evening before, he was made the subject of ridicule and jest. He had arrived at the inn with his father from Dijon, a distance of nine old-French leagues,—about twenty-seven miles. The inn was the principal place of public entertainment at the village of Saint-Seine-sur-Vingeanne, and, as they drove up, there were a good many people lounging about. Amongst them was a barber, a gay fellow, always on the lookout for fun. The moment he caught sight of our little Royal Bonbon he began to laugh.

"Ah, what great general is this! Why does not the whole town hasten to pay respect to such an imposing personage!" With mocking remarks like this, the barber followed François about the court-yard, finally capping the climax by inquiring, with a great show of curiosity, what were the uses of the huge weapon he bore,—meaning, of course, the tiny sword.

This cruel ridicule was too much for François, who had been accustomed to having the uniform of the Royal Bonbons treated with unvarying respect. So, as was the foolish custom in those days with older gentlemen who felt their dignity offended, the boy soldier turned upon his persecutor and challenged him to fight a duel.

The barber, with many mock-heroic remarks, at once accepted, highly amused,—it was all great fun to him. François was a mere baby in his eyes, and he did not understand that what was amusement to a man, François could take as a mortal insult.

The queer duel was appointed for the next morning, and while the boy lay awake anxiously thinking about it, the barber went home and forgot the whole thing.

The great point of anxiety with the proud young François is his sword. This country barber has presumed to ridicule the sword of a Royal Bonbon! He, as a Royal Bonbon soldier, must show him of what a Bonbon's sword is capable; and this is why we find him up before anybody is stirring, in the court-yard sharpening his weapon.

The grindstone is much too big for him, but he prefers to turn it himself, even though it is very hard work, rather than endure the presence of a helper, for he wishes to keep this part of the business a secret, so that he may astonish his adversary later with the deadly power of his weapon. So with all his might he turns the stone until it whirls round, and then grinds away until it stops.

While he is doing this, his father sees him through the window. He understands at once

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what François is about, and, thinking it a very good joke, he sends off for the adversary and the seconds. When the barber comes at this bidding, he commences again with the same mocking jests, to all of which François' father listens, without any idea of his son's real depth of feeling. At last, however, François gets very angry, finding that the barber had only been making fun of him when he accepted his challenge, and bursts forth into such indignant protest, as to open their eyes to the fact that they have gone too far in their jests. A formal apology is then tendered him, but François rejects it with indignation.

"No, no!" he cries, drawing up his little figure, and regarding the barber with scorn. "You have insulted not only me but the Royal Bonbons. It is n't for play that the government has made us soldiers. It is n't for older people's amusement that the government gave us our uniform with the sword that you laugh at. It was to teach us to be brave, and to know how, some time, to fight for our country. But there is one thing that no one of the Royal Bonbons was ever taught to do, and that is, to insult boys younger and weaker than themselves, and then——"

But here François' voice ceases, and his eyes begin to fill. He will not stay for his enemy to laugh at the coming tears, so he turns away, the more resolutely as a voice cries out to him:

"Come back, come back, my boy!"

It is the barber's voice, and François would not go back for a kingdom.

"Ah," he says to himself, as he goes out of the court-yard, "he thinks he can mock at me again; but he will find himself mistaken."

But the barber has no intention of mocking at him again. When François spoke with such dignity and spirit, this gay jester received a very different impression from what François supposed, as he would have found if he had come back at the call. But, perhaps, if he could hear what is being said of him as he leaves the court-yard, he would be better pleased than at anything that might be addressed to himself; for, as his little cocked hat disappears, the barber, turning to François' father, says earnestly, and with all the levity gone out of his voice:

"That is a fine, brave lad of yours, citizen; and some day, I am sure, you will be proud of him. I am very sorry I wounded his feelings so deeply, but I was stupid. I shall know better next time."

François' father, pleased at this praise, yet at the same time rather troubled about his son, hastens as soon as he can from the court-yard, thinking to find the boy and comfort him, no doubt. But François is nowhere to be seen. Where has he hidden himself?

The proud boy is not hiding. Sore and indignant at the treatment he has received, he sets out for home; and alone, without a penny or anything to eat, he walks all those twenty-seven miles to Dijon. Of course there is some temper in this, but it is not a bad temper; and it is so mixed with the spirit of self-respect and real dignity that a harder father than François' would forgive him.

Let us see now, if you will, what afterward became of this plucky little Bonbon, who carried his regiment's honor on his nine-year-old shoulders.

In very little more than a year after this, his beloved regiment was disbanded in the changes of the times. The disappointment of François was great; but his indignation was greater. What! disarm such loyal soldiers who had done their duty so faithfully! But his indignation was of no use, even though he refused to give up his musket and that precious sword, and hid them for a time. The end of the Royal Bonbons had come.

When, only a few months afterward, his father, who was an iron-worker or ironmonger, put him to his trade, it seemed to François that all the brightness had gone out of his life. But one day it happened that he took a walk which led him past the public school of Fine Art. It was prize-day at the school, when every one is permitted to enter as a visitor; and so François entered with the rest.

That visit was the turning-point in his career. It determined him to become a student, if possible. His father had introduced a new kind of stove from Germany at his manufactory and was making money by it, so he did not relish his son's notion of forsaking a profitable trade for anything so uncertain as art, and therefore François met with decided opposition. He overcame this so far, however, as to be permitted to enter the art school if he would promise to devote any skill he might acquire to the decoration and improvement of the *prussiennes*,—the new German stoves. Under this arrangement he entered the academy for two hours daily, all the rest of the day working for his father.

This showed his determined spirit. But he had something more than a determined spirit. He had a great genius, which developed so rapidly that his father was induced to release him from his promise of working at the iron trade, and allowed him to become an artist. One thing, however, is very certain: that the determined spirit carried him over all difficulties, rebuffs and delays, and enabled him to become in due time the greatest sculptor that France had ever known. He lived to justify all the prophecies and praise of him, but to the end he kept the same stanch, loyal heart that had animated the Royal Bonbon, and none of the grandeur could for a single moment turn his head.

Mr. Hamerton, the English artist and author, writes at length of François Rude in his recent

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book of "Modern Frenchmen," and he shows his appreciation of Rude's simple, steadfast courage when he says: "Rude is interesting as a strong and original character, even for those who take no interest in Art. He seems almost out of place in modern times with his antique simplicity and independence. In an age when men struggle frantically for the means of luxury, and use their utmost ingenuity to advance in the world's estimation by plotting for the praise of coteries and newspapers, Rude concerned himself neither about wealth nor about notoriety, but was content to do the best work he could to preserve his own dignity, and leave the rest to fortune."

The result of all this was a later recognition of his greatness than might have come if he had "pushed his way," as we say. But his fame has gone forward, steadily mounting until, only the other day,—twenty-three years after the death of François,—the French government, as a tribute to his memory, called one of the rooms in the Louvre by his name.

When you are so happy as to go to Paris, you must pay a visit to the Louvre and ask for the *Salle Rude*, and therein you will see several of François Rude's masterpieces. Among them are the "Fisher-boy playing with the Tortoise," and the "Mercury fastening his Talaria."

TWO LITTLE TRAVELERS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

The first of these true histories is about Annie Percival, a very dear and lovely child, whose journey interested many other children, and is still remembered with gratitude by those whom she visited on a far-off island.

Annie was six when she sailed away to Fayal with her mother, grandmamma, and "little Aunt Ruth," as she called the young aunty who was still a school-girl. Very cunning was Annie's outfit, and her little trunk was a pretty as well as a curious sight, for everything was so small and complete it looked as if a doll was setting off for Europe. Such a wee dressing-case, with bits of combs and brushes for the curly head; such a cozy scarlet wrapper for the small woman to wear in her berth, with slippers to match when she trotted from state-room to state-room; such piles of tiny garments laid nicely in, and the owner's initials on the outside of the trunk; not to mention the key on a ribbon in her pocket as grown-up as you please.

I think the sight of that earnest, sunshiny face must have been very pleasant to all on board, no matter how sea-sick they might be, and the sound of the cheery little voice as sweet as the chirp of a bird, especially when she sung the funny song about the "Owl and the pussy cat, in the pea-green boat," for she had charming ways, and was always making quaint, wise or loving remarks.

Well, "they sailed and they sailed," and came at last to Fayal, where everything was so new and strange that Annie's big brown eyes could hardly spare time to sleep, so busy were they looking about. The donkeys amused her very much, so did the queer language and ways of the Portuguese people round her, especially the very droll names given to the hens of a young friend. The biddies seemed to speak the same dialect as at home, but evidently they understood Spanish also, and knew their own names, so it was fun to go and call Rio, Pico, Cappy, Clarissa, Whorpie, and poor Simonene whose breast-bone grew out so that she could not eat and had to be killed.

But the thing which made the deepest impression on Annie was a visit to a charity school at the old convent of San Antonio. It was kept by some kind ladies, and twenty-five girls were taught and cared for in the big bare place, that looked rather gloomy and forlorn to people from happy Boston, where charitable institutions are on a noble scale, as everybody knows.

Annie watched all that went on with intelligent interest, and when they were shown into the playroom she was much amazed and afflicted to find that the children had nothing to play with but a heap of rags, out of which they made queer dolls with raveled twine for hair, faces rudely drawn on the cloth, and funny boots on the shapeless legs. No other toys appeared, but the girls sat on the floor of the great stone room,—for there was no furniture,—playing contentedly with their poor dolls, and smiling and nodding at "the little Americana," who gravely regarded this sad spectacle, wondering how they could get on without china and waxen babies, tea sets, and pretty chairs and tables to keep house with.

The girls thought that she envied them their

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dolls, and presently one came shyly up to offer two of their best, leaving the teacher to explain in English their wish to be polite to their distinguished guest. Like the little gentlewoman she was, Annie graciously accepted the ugly bits of rag with answering nods and smiles, and carried them away with her as carefully as if they were of great beauty and value.

But when she was at home she expressed much concern and distress at the destitute condition of the children. Nothing but rags to play with seemed a peculiarly touching state of poverty to her childish mind, and being a generous creature she yearned to give of her abundance to "all the poor orphans who did n't have any nice dollies." She had several pets of her own, but not enough to go round even if she sacrificed them, so kind grandmamma, who had been doing things of this sort all her life, relieved the child's perplexity by promising to send twenty-five fine dolls to Fayal as soon as the party returned to Boston, where these necessaries of child-life are cheap and plenty.

Thus comforted, Annie felt that she could enjoy her dear Horta and Chica Pico Fatiera, particular darlings rechristened since her arrival. A bundle of gay bits of silk, cloth and flannel and a present of money for books, were sent out to the convent by the ladies. A treat of little cheeses for the girls to eat with their dry bread was added, much to Annie's satisfaction, and helped to keep alive her interest in the school of San Antonio.

After many pleasant adventures during the six months spent in the city, our party came sailing home again all the better for the trip, and Annie so full of tales to tell that it was a never-failing source of amusement to hear her hold forth to her younger brother in her pretty way "splaining and 'scribing all about it."

Grandmamma's promise was faithfully kept, and Annie brooded blissfully over the twenty-five dolls till they were dressed, packed and sent away to Fayal. A letter of thanks soon came back from the teacher, telling how surprised and delighted the girls were, and how they talked of Annie as if she were a sort of fairy princess who in return for two poor rag-babies sent a miraculous shower of splendid china ladies with gay gowns and smiling faces.

This childish charity was made memorable to all who knew of it by the fact that three months after she came home from that happy voyage Annie took the one from which there is no return. For this journey there was needed no preparation but a little white gown, a coverlet of flowers, and the casket where the treasure of many hearts was tenderly laid away. All alone, but not afraid, little Annie crossed the unknown sea that rolls between our world and the Islands of the Blest, to be welcomed there, I am sure, by spirits as innocent as her own, leaving behind her a very precious memory of her budding virtues and the relics of a short, sweet life.

Every one mourned for her, and all her small treasures were so carefully kept that they still exist. Poor Horta, in the pincushion arm-chair, seems waiting patiently for the little mamma to come again; the two rag-dolls lie side by side in grandma's scrap-book, since there is now no happy voice to wake them into life; and far away in the convent of San Antonio the orphans carefully keep their pretty gifts in memory of the sweet giver. To them she is a saint now, not a fairy princess; for when they heard of her death they asked if they might pray for the soul of the dear little American, and the teacher said, "Pray rather for the poor mother who has lost so much." So the grateful orphans prayed and the mother was comforted, for now another little daughter lies in her arms and kisses away the lonely pain at her heart.

The second small traveler I want to tell about lived in the same city as the first, and her name was Maggie Woods. Her father was an Englishman who came to America to try his fortune, but did not find it; for when Maggie was three months old, the great Chicago fire destroyed their home; soon after, the mother died; then the father was drowned, and Maggie was left all alone in a strange country.

She had a good aunt in England, however, who took great pains to discover the child after the death of the parents, and sent for her to come home and be cared for. It was no easy matter to get a five-years' child across the Atlantic, for the aunt could not come to fetch her, and no one whom she knew was going over. But Maggie had found friends in Chicago; the American consul at Manchester was interested in the case, and every one was glad to help the forlorn baby, who was too young to understand the pathos of her story.

After letters had gone to and fro, it was decided to send the child to England in charge of the captain of a steamer, trusting to the kindness of all fellow-travelers to help her on her way.

The friends in Chicago bestirred themselves to get her ready, and then it was that Annie's mother found that she could do something which would have delighted her darling, had she been here to know of it. Laid tenderly away were many small garments belonging to the other little pilgrim, whose journeying was so soon ended; and from among all these precious things Mrs. Percival carefully chose a comfortable outfit for that cold March voyage.

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When all was ready, Maggie's small effects were packed in a light basket, so that she could carry it herself if need be. A card briefly telling the story was fastened on the corner, and a similar paper recommending her to the protection of all kind people was sewed to the bosom of her frock. Then, not in the least realizing what lay before her, the child was consigned to the conductor of the train to be forwarded to persons in New York who would see her safely on board the steamer.

I should dearly like to have seen the little maid and the big basket as they set out on that long trip as tranquilly as if for a day's visit; and it is a comfort to know that before the train started the persons who took her there had interested a motherly lady in the young traveler, who promised to watch over her while their ways were the same.

All went well, and Maggie was safely delivered to the New York friends, who forwarded her to the steamer, well supplied with toys and comforts for the voyage, and placed in charge of captain and stewardess. She sailed on the third of March, and on the twelfth landed at Liverpool after a pleasant trip, during which she was the pet of all on board.

The aunt welcomed her joyfully, and the same day the child reached her new home, the Commercial Inn, Compstall, after a journey of over four thousand miles. The consul and owners of the steamer wanted to see the adventurous young lady who had come so far alone, and neighbors and strangers made quite a lion of her, for all kindly hearts were interested, and the protective charity which had guided and guarded her in two hemispheres and across the wide sea, made all men fathers, all women mothers to the little one till she was safe.

So ends the journey of my second small traveler, and when I think of her safe and happy in a good home, I always fancy that (if such things may be) in the land which is lovelier than even beautiful old England, Maggie's mother watches over little Annie.

HOW A COMET STRUCK THE EARTH.

By Edward C. Kemble.

It was a very small comet, and just the merest corner of the earth—but I must tell you the whole story.

About the year 1839 we went to live on the banks of Rock River in the beautiful state of Illinois. There were my father, my elder brother and myself, and our dwelling was a little log cabin in the edge of the forest; our fare, pork and prairie-chickens, principally. We were emigrants, you must know,—pioneers from the shores of the Hudson to the then "far West."

Our log house had been built in the summer, and the "shakes," or split shingles, had been put on the roof when green. They were long, thin strips of oak, and the sun had warped their edges and made them spring up. Between the openings thus left, my brother and I, lying next the roof, could watch the moon and the stars at night. We thought it fun when, in the dry autumn nights, a shake would suddenly spring up and send the slight nail that fastened it far into the air, to come jingling back on the roof. But we paid for this fun when winter came with its terrible storms, and through these openings the snow sifted down into our faces all night long, spreading over our bed and burying our clothing out of sight. Before morning, our covering would be soaked through, and we had to slide, shivering, out upon the snow-heaped floor and hurry down the ladder, holding in our arms the clothes we had pulled out of the drift.

Yes, and I fancy I can hear now—just as we used to hear then, lying awake, and listening with bated breath—the howling wolves that had been driven by hunger from the prairie and had gathered in packs within the edge of the timber. The pauses of the storm were filled with their wild deprecatory cries. And the owls—"hoot-owls" we called them—answered each other all night in the forest with their muffled call, "Hoo-hoo-hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-hoo!"

But what have owls, wolves and snow-storms to do with the comet? Well, I am coming to that.

During the early part of that winter, the first newspaper was printed in the little town near which we lived. It was called the "Star." My brother wrote some ambitious verses—chanting the praises of this "Star of our country! Star of our banner! Bright Star of glory that shineth afar!"—which were printed in the first number, and accordingly he was chosen from among the youth of the town to be the printer's imp of the "Star" office.

How I admired, with just a flavor of envy, his

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sudden elevation! I used to peep in at the windows, for I was too shy to enter by the door, and would watch the inking of the "forms" with the hand-roller of those days. And I actually came to think my brother's good looks were improved by the smutch of ink he habitually wore over his eye or on his nose!

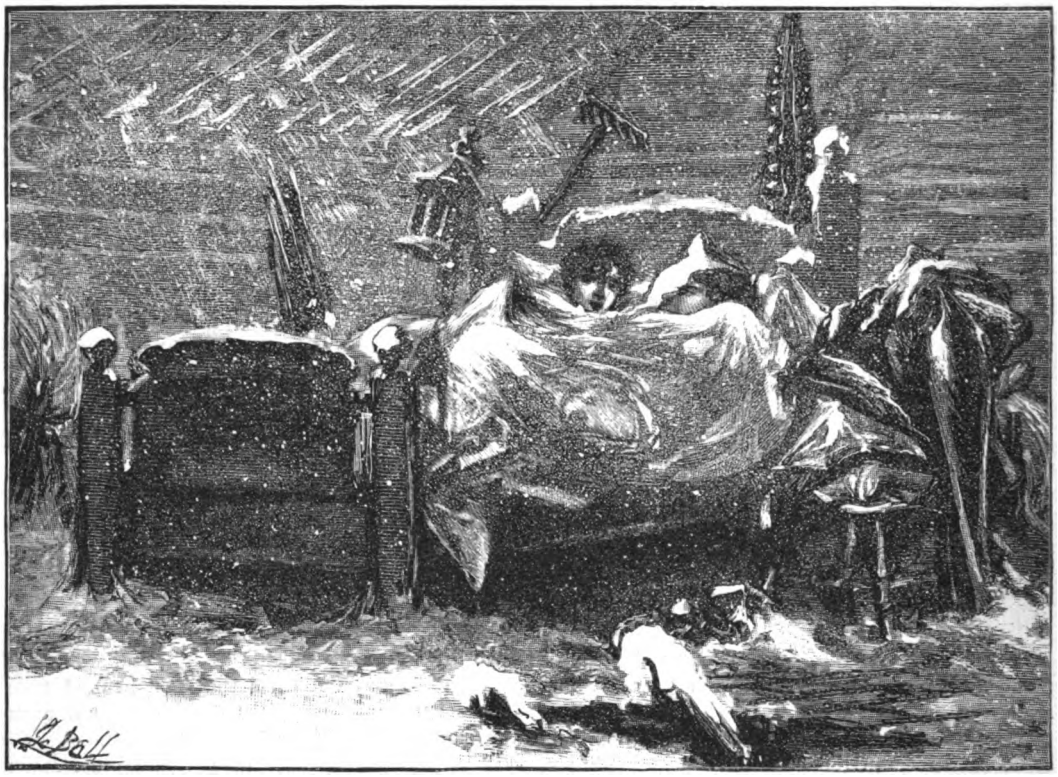
Well, it was here, hovering about the "Star" office, helping occasionally to wash the forms,—after I had grown bold enough to go in,—and lending a hand to pick up the type, clear away the "pi" and "sweep out," that I had my first dreams of the life awaiting me in the busy world. True, there was no fountain of inspiration that flowed for me there, unless it was the ink-fountain of the old Washington press, but my visions were shaped by an object hanging against one of the case-stands; and that was—the foot of an old boot!

This thing had a dreadful name, which I shall not give you here; it was, in fact, the last resting-place of broken and battered types that were destined to be melted at the type foundry.

One day, exploring that dark abyss in the "Star" office, I found a lot of types that were only slightly defaced; and then came to me the lucky thought that I could beg these, and pick up enough more like them to set up by and by a printing office of my own.

No prairie sun-flower ever grew so quickly as that idea, and soon I walked with my head among the stars. It happened, too, just about this time, that everybody was expecting a shower of meteors, or "falling stars" as they then were called; and although I did not see them, I was constantly thinking about them, and the "Star," and trying to work out in my mind a plan for starting my printing office, and, at length,—how the thought thrilled me,—publishing a paper all my own! How should I print it? What name should I give it? My spare hours were spent in trying to find answers to these questions. And all the time that tantalizing old "Star" was coming out as regularly as any heavenly body in its course. My paper must have a name taken in some way from the sky; but what should it be?

Meanwhile, no stamp collector ever worked more diligently in gathering varieties than I in getting together the type for my enterprise. The proprietor of the "Star" gave me the contents of the old boot, and I searched daily the sweepings of the



"THE SNOW SIFTED IN ALL NIGHT LONG."

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office to add to my stock. I did "chores" for a friendly carpenter, borrowed his tools, and finally took him into my confidence. I made a type-case by boring in a thick plank as many holes as there are letters in the alphabet, with extra holes for numerals, "spaces," "quads," "points," double letters, etc. I made a press by nailing to the end of a well-seasoned strip of two-inch oak a piece of hard wood a foot square and an inch thick. The strip of oak was two feet and a half long, and the hard-wood piece formed an upright, the strip, smoothly planed and leveled, making the bed of the press. A "cleat," nailed along the upright on its inner face, furnished a fulcrum, and a stick four or five feet long was the lever.

You will see presently how this home-made press was worked.

"Give me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world!" I had a fulcrum and a lever, and with them I hoped to lift into existence a new body of celestial name.

But I was like a young bear,—my troubles were all ahead of me. When I began to set up my battered type, I brought about me a very hornet's nest of discouragements. Still I held bravely on. My jack-knife was constantly on duty straightening up the sides, or mending the faces of the crooked and perverse little letters. When "sorts" or particular kinds of letters failed me, I had to reconstruct them entirely, always so far mindful of my "p's" and "q's" as to turn those letters upside down when I was short of "d's" and "b's." I made capital "F's" with "E's," just chopping off the lower limbs; and a "Q" learned to cry "O" after I had cut away its tongue. The severest strain, however, was to make two "V's" stand for "W." Imagine the editorial of a paper opening with the quotation: "VVhen, in the course of human events, it becomes," etc.!

Through these and many similar difficulties I led my little columns of broken English, until they stood at last in battle array on the bed of my press, which had been made true with the aid of a spirit-level. Four hard-wood strips formed the "chase," or frame, in which the columns were "locked up" to complete the "form." I had two pages of two columns each, the size of the page being three inches and a-half by five inches. I inked the type with printer's ink, applied by a ball made of buck-skin stuffed with cotton. I laid one of my little dampened sheets of printing paper on the inked surface, then a square of woolen cloth, then a piece of hard-wood board ten inches square, planed smooth and true, and then, on top of that, another block half the size. Now came the supreme moment. I grasped the lever, fitted it beneath the fulcrum, and swung myself over the other end! I seemed to sit astride the handle of the Great Dipper, in this the proudest moment of my boy life! I tell you, there is no satisfaction like that which comes from hard-earned success.

Now was fulfilled my hope to bring upon earth, by means of my fulcrum and lever, a visitant of heavenly title. The stars, including my own village "Star," might "hide their diminished heads!" For I stood that moment holding in my hand the first impression of "The Comet."

Thus was ushered in, as we solemnly say of the Fourth of July and other great events, the first boys' newspaper printed in the "Far West." It made a stir where I lived, and struck with astonishment all the boys of the village.

This "comet" struck the earth about sixty-five miles west of Chicago, but I am compelled to admit that it exercised no disturbing influence on the old planet. It made an impression of one kind, however. Patience, contrivance, and confidence were not left without reward. "The Comet" made me head boy in our debating club, and president of our first juvenile temperance society.

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THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

Once there were two little mothers, and each of them had a doll-child. The mothers were very kind to their children. They made nice clothes for them, and always kept them neat and clean.

One afternoon, they thought they would give the dolls a tea-party. So they took out their children's best dresses, and looked them over, to see if they were good enough for the party. While they were doing this, the dolls sat on the floor, back to back, and waited until their mothers were ready to put their clothes on. They looked as if they were in a great hurry to be dressed. The little mothers found that some stockings must be mended for their children, and so one of them held a skein of yarn, while the other one wound it into a ball.

The dolls' tea-party was a very nice one. There was real tea with cream and sugar, and there were cakes and preserves. The mothers had a dear little tea-pot, and tiny tea-cups, with plates and dishes just to match them, and whenever one of the dollies wanted a sip of tea, its mother let it drink out of her cup.

They all enjoyed themselves very much, but, after tea was over, the dolls had a quarrel about something. They looked cross at each other, and would not speak. This made the little mothers very sorry, and they talked to their children and told them how grieved they were to see them behave in that way.

Soon after this, the two dollies were taken sick with the measles, and had

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to be put to bed. Their little mothers gave them medicine, and were just as kind to them as if they never had been bad at all. When the dollies had taken their medicine, they began to feel better, and then their little mothers thought it would be a good thing to take them out-of-doors, and let them have a little fresh air. So each one of the mothers took up her dolly and carried it out into the garden. It was quite a warm day, and the dollies did not have to be dressed up. They looked very happy while their mothers were carrying them up and down the garden-paths, and in about ten minutes the dollies entirely recovered from the measles.

When they came back into the house, it was nearly dark, and before long they all went to bed, the dollies sleeping in their mothers' arms. The little mothers were very glad to get some rest, for they had gone through a very great deal with their children, that afternoon, and so they soon shut their eyes and went to sleep. But the dollies kept their eyes wide open all night. They did not sleep a single wink. Perhaps they were thinking how glad they were to have such nice little mothers who were always so kind and good to them, and who cured them so very soon of the measles.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHAT bed, though made up only about once a year, is "picked over" dozens of times, and, though really delightful, is hardly fit to sleep on?

"Oh, Mr. Jack, it 's a strawber——"

You all know—do you? Dear, dear, what wonderfully bright young folks one does find in June, especially in this part of the world!

Do periodicals of large circulation go to the Arctic zone, I wonder. Probably they do,—but it is sad in this melting weather to think of a little tot all wrapped in furs sitting on frozen water reading ST. NICHOLAS, and cutting the leaves with an icicle! How much pleasanter to picture chubby-legged little ones among roses, green grass, green cherries, and all that summery sort of thing—one dear little chick reading the stories, another dear little chick looking over the other's shoulder at the pictures, and poking the other affectionately to make that dear little him or her "hurry up," and still another dear little thing trying to pull the precious magazine away from the other two dear little things.

Now, children, fall into line, and hear about

NAMES OF FINGERS.

UP with your hands, my dears! Now, spread out the fingers, and I 'll tell you the names given to them in old times.

First comes "Thumb."

"But that is n't a finger!" you say.

Well, but, perhaps that is why they called it "Thumb."

Then come "Toucher" or "Foreman," "Longman," "Leechman," and "Littleman."

It 's plain enough how Toucher, Longman, and Littleman came by their names, but Leechman got his in this roundabout way:

It appears that, in the misty past, folks believed that a nerve ran straight from the third finger to the heart. Likewise, they thought that this finger felt the effects of poison more quickly and delicately than any of the other fingers. Thirdly, and lastly, they made a point of stirring up their physic with it!

So, you see, this finger had a great deal to do with sickness, and getting well, and physic, and such matters, and as they called the man who physicked them—the doctor—a "leech," it saved trouble to give the same name to the physic-finger and call it "Leechman."

That is why,—at least so I 'm told. But, if any of you know any better "whys," send them to your Jack, and he 'll take it kindly of you.

A FLOATING MELON-PATCH.

DURING late Spring, in Cashmere, a man will choose, on the shore of a lake or river, some tangly bit of reeds, sedges and other thick-growing stuff, carefully cut it from its roots, cover it with timber and soil, and launch it into deep water, taking care to moor it safely.

On this float he will plant melons and cucumbers, and, by the time they are ripe,—all the boys in the neighborhood will have learned to swim.

According to this way of putting it, you may say that melon-raising can't be a very paying business in Cashmere. But Jack does n't know about that. There are all sorts of profit in this world and feeding small boys is one of them.

BEGGARS THAT RIDE.

IN San Antonio, a queer-looking old town in Texas, the streets are narrow, winding, unpaved, and lined with low, thick-walled stone houses, having earthen floors and flat roofs. On some of the roofs bright flowers and feathery grasses wave.

Along the narrow streets ride beggars mounted on shaggy little donkeys, and looking all around for somebody to give them alms. These fellows are great brawny Mexicans, with fiery black eyes which have a guilty look in them and are very quick to catch sight of money. If you toss a coin to one of these beggars,—nothing less than a five-cent piece will do,—he is sure to catch it in his hat, and from there it will be slipped into some pocket of his ragged clothes. Then he will grin, touch his replaced hat, and ride staidly on.

His home, which probably is in the outskirts of the town, is called a "*jacal*," and is built with upright posts, stray boards, bits of cloth, and all sorts of materials, and thatched with straw. It contains but little furniture, yet shelters heaps of sweet-potatoes, garlic, and red-peppers.

WHY GOOSEBERRY?

CAN any of my beloved ones say why a certain hairy, greenish, brownish, red fruit is called a *goose*berry? Certainly not because geese are fond of it, and most certainly not because it looks in the least like a goose.

And can any of you tell me why a well-known delightful red berry, which a little girl's composition at school described as looking very like an emery-bag, is called a strawberry? It is not of much

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consequence, and I should be sorry to tear you away from your delightful geographies and grammars to look into the berry question; but, may be, some of you know already.

GRAN'THER GREENWAY'S FIRST STEAM-BOILER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When I was a child, my parents lived on a farm in northern New York. We had no newspapers; the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress were all our library, and toys and picture-books were seldom seen.

One autumn, Uncle Eben from Massachusetts came to pay us a visit, and in the long evenings he told me many things about the great world that lay beyond our homestead, and I was filled with a desire to see and know more about it. But what interested me most was what he said about the wonders of steam; that already it ran mills and factories, and by and by it would drive ships and draw wagons at a rate of speed then unknown.

However, he could tell me very little about the way this new power was applied; and I only learned that steam is the vapor which rises from heated water, and that, to be made a force or power, it must be shut up.

During the winter, I had little time or chance to find out about steam; after school came the chores, and at eight o'clock I was glad to get to bed. But in the longer days of spring my wits began to work, and I made up my mind to find out something about the wonderful power that was to change the world.

I put water into an old oil-can until it was half full, soldered the top on, and pounded the spout flat.

"Now," said I, "here is water shut up in a boiler. I 'll see what it will do."

Next morning, I was awake with the birds, and soon had a blazing wood-fire in the kitchen and the kettle hanging on the crane. Then I set my can on one of the logs, where the flames would curl under the bottom and about its sides, and sat down on a cricket to see what the steam would do.

The hard maple-wood burned with a strong flame, and filled the room with a pleasant odor. The tea-kettle sang, and strange mutterings began in the oil-can. I looked at it with wide-open eyes. The noise went on. Presently,—

"Bang!" went something, with a noise like a cannon, and I found myself on my back upon the brick floor, with hot ashes and burning coals on my body and legs.

The oil-can was found, twisted and torn all out of shape, in the meadow, an eighth of a mile away. It had gone up the wide chimney and over the orchard. I was so badly burned that I did not get the whipping my father promised me, when he snatched me up from the floor; but I have never forgotten the power there is in a wreath of mist, and from that day I never rested until I had a perfect steam-engine of my own.

Truly yours,
GRAN'THER GREENWAY.

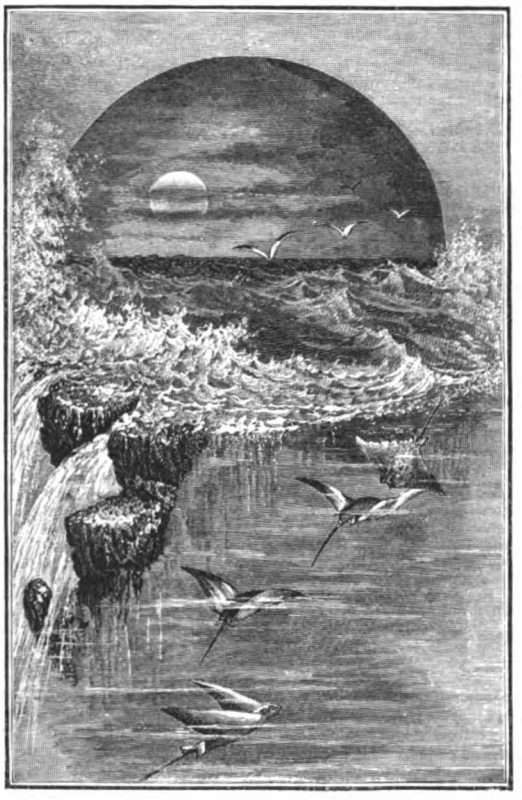
A STYLISH PAIR OF TRAVELERS.

A LONG time ago, in Spain, there lived an Indian Cat, who took a journey in great state, escorted with high pomp and ceremony by a company of finely dressed attendants, and carried in a gorgeous gilded litter, a kind of bed which was the most fashionable thing to travel in at that period. Any one seeing the glittering procession must have thought it was a prince going by. In another litter in the same party was a wonderful Parrot, who could talk Spanish like a native.

I suppose there never were two animals who traveled in such style, before nor since; but these were very distinguished individuals. They had been members of an Imperial household, and the pets and dear friends of the Emperor himself, helping him, by their queer tricks and games, to pass away many of his long and weary hours.

Those pleasant play-times came to an end, however, and the Emperor was laid away to rest. Then his two pets were wanted by his daughters, who lived a long way off, and it was to go to them that this pair of travelers went on their journey.

The Emperor was Charles the Fifth, a wonderful man, and the ruler of many countries, and—but I 'm rather afraid we are getting into history, so let 's break off and talk about



"COW-NOSED SKATES."

THE NECROMANTIC LEAF.

SEVERAL messages have come from discoverers of the secret of the Magic Leaf in my April budget. One was from H. W., and, as he is "in the highest class at school," it no doubt was easy for him to solve the mystery. Willie I. Mason, also, sends word; but he must be sadly overcome and muddled by the force of the revelation, for he thinks the magic spell is "only the name of the artist or of the engraver!"

Mary Fairlamb and her two sisters, as well as Berta Johnson, Nellie C. Emerson, Anna R. Warner, and Edith French, also solved the important mystery,—and owned up, too.

FISH THAT FLY IN THE WATER.

THIS time it is n't a water-walking chicken, but a cow-nosed skate your Jack has to show you,—a fish which actually flies in the water instead of merely swimming.

The creature has a blunt nose, and a long, pointed tail, and his wide three-cornered fins flap up and down when he moves, making exactly the motion of the wings of a flying bird. The picture has one skate flying downward, and three going upward, in the water, while a few sea-gulls are flapping about in the air overhead.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

Fall River, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The boys and girls who read in the April ST. NICHOLAS about the Tithing-man who used to preserve order, on Sundays, among the "Little Puritans," will be surprised to know that the tradition concerning this officer and his power over little folk continued to affect the children in New England country villages quite down to within the memory of some not very old people. I remember that, in my childhood, the older girls used to say, when we little ones were noisy on the way to "meeting," or, indeed, anywhere on Sundays, "Take care! take care! the *Tidy*-man will be after you! If he catches you making a noise on Sunday, he 'll *take you up!*" By which they meant that he would arrest us.

And this "*Tidy-man*" threat was a remnant of the old fear of the *Tithing-man* as you see him in the ST. NICHOLAS April frontispiece, the word having become thus changed after the office had ceased to exist. M. B. C. S.

Richmond, Ind.

I LIVE on the left bank of the Whitewater River.

Pa and Ma and I go hunting geological specimens in nice weather in summer and autumn.

Pa found a trilobite and a crinoid: sometimes we find a crinoid, but not often.

I find plenty of ryhnchonella sulcata and silurian brachiopods.

I am nine years old. BERTIE FREEMAN.

Meadville, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell the boys and girls of an adventure of mine. While visiting a cousin of mine I tried to ride her very skittish pony. I got on his back and rode bravely at first for quite a way, and then turned around to go back. The house was on the corner of two streets. And I wanted to go one road and the horse the other. My habit was very long, and the pony quite small, so I had to hold the skirt in one hand and the whip and reins in the other.

All the family was standing at the door, watching me, so, thinking I would show off, I whipped up the pony. He went all right till he came to the very corner, and there he gave a short turn and whisked me off into the middle of the road. I got up in time to see the last flirt of his tail as he frisked into the barn. As I limped indoors I was crying for my bruises and laughing for the fun of my mishap, by turns. No bones had been broken, fortunately; but I have not ridden that horse since.

I do not think I should have been thrown if I had not had my habit to hold.—Your constant reader, GERTRUDE B. DOUGLAS.

A PALINDROME is a word, verse, or sentence which can be spelled and read the same backward as forward. Here is a collection, some old ones, and some new ones, sent by a correspondent signing herself "Missis Ada Sissim",—a name which is a palindrome in itself.

1. Asa evil saw: deified was live Asa. 2. Madam aha! 'tis level, sit; Aha, madam! 3. Draw ere noon? Oh Allah! O no one reward! 4. Left in Opordo, no drop on it fel. 5. I did not sob, O! Boston, did I? 6. Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns.

Champaign, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please print a little story and a queer one, too, about our cat and two little bantam chickens.

The cat had a little kitten which we called Dick. We had two little bantam chickens sent us, one black and one white. Not having any hen-mother, we put them in the box where the cat and kitten slept.

At first, the cat did not seem to know what was expected of her, and did not like the new inmates of her box very well: but, being a very good motherly cat, she soon adopted the chickens, proving ever after a good mother to them.

Whenever night came, it was amusing to see the chickens follow after her and coax her to come to bed with them. Sometimes she did not seem inclined to go to bed so early, but they would follow after her and cry so pitifully that she would soon go to bed with them and stay until after dark; but then she would slip out quietly and leave them alone. One little chicken would cuddle up under her chin, and the other between her fore paws, and there they would sit and chirp as contentedly as could be.

After a while, I am sorry to say, the white chicken died; but the black one and the kitten grew up together and were great playmates. One day, while they were playing together, the kitten hurt the chick, so that it died, and the poor cat seemed to mourn its loss as much as if it had been one of her own kittens. When we moved, we took the cat with us, and she went away, and we never saw her again. This is my first time. MINNIE RENICK.

HERE are some verses which came from Topeka, Kansas, and describe the doings of boys there. The Topeka kind of boy does not seem to differ much from the other kinds.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

At every corner, when one sees
A group of boys upon their knees
Upon the pavement; when complain
Long-suff'ring mothers, of the strain
And wear on youthful pantaloons;
When mornings, evenings, even noons
In mystic words the youngsters talk,—
As "Vent your roundings,"—"Take your knock,"
And "Knuckle taw," and "Dubs you take;"—
When chalk-marked circles decorate
The parlor carpet;—then 'tis plain
That marble time has come again.

When paper-cuttings strew the floor,
And paste bedaubs the parlor door,
And paste is all the pantry o'er,
And down the jacket's front is more;
When rags are called for, far and near,
And Bridget's dish-cloths disappear;
When boyish thoughts are much on high,
And boyish eyes are toward the sky;
When wind is held, on every hand,
A blessed boon, we understand,—
It surely would not take a sage
To tell us,—kites are all the rage.

When boys are off upon the green,
The house so quiet and so clean,
And distant shouts upon the wind
Come floating through the open blind;
When only rarely comes a crash,—
Some window-pane has gone to smash,
And now and then a bruised head,
Or limb, must needs be comforted;
With joy the weary mother sees
A little rest from patching knees;
And all right thankfully exclaim
That ball is now the fav'rite game

Princeton, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed I send a true story, entitled, "All from one Egg," which I trust will find its way into your pages. However doubtful it may seem, I can only repeat that it is strictly true. I have taken your magazine for four years.—Yours truly, G. F. W.

ALL FROM ONE EGG.

When I was young, the facts recorded below occurred. I lived with my parents on a farm. I had two brothers,—Harry, the youngest, aged six years, and Will, aged eight years, and a sister, Nell, aged two years. My father's farm contained 380 acres: it was a stock farm, situated on the rolling prairies of Illinois, six (6) miles from Bloomington. We had one hired hand, Tone, a Frenchman, who amused us by his stories. He fled from France at the age of twenty years, so as not to go into the army.

We had a great many chickens, and we all enjoyed hunting the eggs. On bringing the eggs to the house one day, my mother gave me one, saying that I could do as I pleased with it. So, after some thought, I concluded to take it to the barn and put it under a hen that was setting, which I immediately did. On waiting three weeks, I was rewarded by becoming the owner of a small young chicken. This I raised carefully, and in time sold it and also its eggs which I had saved. With the money thus raised I bought a duck and a turkey; these I raised with care also, watching their growth from

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day to day. On the following Thanksgiving I sold the duck, and on Christmas the turkey.

With the money thus earned I purchased a small pig, which I put in with papa's. In one (1) year I sold this at the weight of 450 pounds, and for thirty (30) dollars, paying father $10 for work and feed, making thereby a clear profit of twenty (20) dollars. With this I bought a three (3) year old cow of father. In the fall I sold it for a fair price, and after paying father for pasture and feed, I bought a young colt, and had some money saved. At last I sold the horse and bought myself a pony, and had $100 saved. And now, dear readers, to those who doubt I can but say, try it yourself. It is a fact that from an egg, in time, I secured a pony and $100.

N. E. W. S.—See Shakspeare's play of Richard III., Act i., Scene 1.

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I delivered a lecture last month in my museum. The subject was Geology. I delivered my lecture twice in one day. Only two persons came in the morning. I was very much surprised. The lecture was free, and I had expected a crowd.

In the evening, three came; because I gave notice that besides the lecture on Geology I should play some tricks. I had a magic lantern for the evening, but the lamp went out. My papa wrote a notice which I put on the door. It read: "The grand magic lantern exhibition is postponed on account of the indisposition of the wick of the lamp."

I am nine years old.—Your friend, TEDDY H. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a bit of news for you, all the way from China, and about a wonderful thing that has just happened there.

John Chinaman has started a new magazine in his own language! And, more marvelous still, John Chinaman's new magazine is just for the boys and girls only,—not at all for grown-ups,—and it is full of pictures and stories such as boys and girls love!

Before the starting of this new periodical there was not printed in all Southern or Eastern Asia one single "Juvenile" magazine or paper,—not even a story book, nor yet a primer with pictures and story lessons. The boys and girls had been taught by the very same methods used with their fathers and grandfathers, and, after toiling through the almost ceaseless round of "*kok, kuk, kak*," as the Siamese have it, they were expected to find all the enjoyment they could wish for in just the same old books over which their fathers and grandfathers had drowsed and dreamed.

Now, however, strange to say, John Chinaman has waked up with a start, and has made up his mind that his boys and girls ought to have something to read besides their moldy old classics. Perhaps, some stray copy of an American picture magazine for young people had found its way into his home. If so, it not only convinced him of the needs of his youngsters, but also actually nerved him to try to get up something like it himself. Any way, it is extraordinary that, after long centuries in which he seemed to have stopped trying to make things better, he should turn about and avail himself of one of the latest "modern improvements."

The new magazine has sixteen pages every month, and is published at Shanghae. Word already comes that "it promises to prove a grand success!"

Of course it will be a grand success! Who ever heard of boys or girls who did not love pictures and stories, especially in a magazine all their own? Imagine the joy of those Ah Suts and Ah Mois and all the rest of the long-haired young Celestials! How their eyes must dance! And well may they be glad, for it is a grand and happy event in Chinese history,—this birth of a monthly illustrated magazine in Chinese for boys and girls.—Yours truly, F. R. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At a family party, a few days ago, some of the children amused themselves in giving and guessing original riddles, and this was given by the youngest of the party, and I consider it very good. Can I not see it in ST. NICHOLAS?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Small and useful am I,
In the pocket I am kept;
Many people they have lost me,
Many over me have wept.

Answer: Handkerchief.

A CORRESPONDENT living in Connecticut kindly sends us the following "boy's composition," on

THE USE OF TABLE-FORKS.

Few of us realize how many generations it has taken to give us the common implements in daily use. The ancients knew nothing about table-forks. Even Lucullus, the Roman epicure, was not acquainted with the luxury. A two-branched instrument has been found in Herculaneum, but it could never have been used on the table.

The word fork occurs only once or twice in the Bible. In the Pentateuch, "flesh forks" are spoken of as used to take meat out of the pot, and forks are named among the riches of Solomon's Temple. In one place, the Latin version of the Bible has the word *furca* which the English Bible renders "spoon."

The first mention made in history of the use of forks was at the table of John the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and he had only two. Slices of bread were formerly piled around the carver's dish, and, when he cut off a piece of meat he took it on the point of his knife, and put it on the bread, which was then served to the guests. At some lordly or regal tables the carver had a gold or silver skewer which he stuck into the joint and held in his left hand, but, usually, a haunch of venison or mutton had a piece of cloth, or paper wrapped around the leg, and the carver took hold of this while he was cutting. Our custom of putting a paper frill around the shank comes from this ancient practice.

Only pointed knives were used, such as could be stuck into meat after it was cut from the joint. Round-topped knives are still almost unknown in some parts of France. Before the Revolution there, it was customary for a French gentleman to send his servant with his knife, fork and spoon, to the house where he was invited to dine. If he had no servant he carried them himself.

Table-forks were first introduced into England during the reign of James I. They were derived from the Italians, as is shown by a curious book entitled "Coryat's Crudities," published in 1611, which says: "The Italians do alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. Whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any other at meale, should touch the dish of meate with his fingers, he will give occasion of offense unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners. These forkes are made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but these are only used by gentlemen. I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only in Germany but in England since I came home; but I have been quipped here for that use of my forke."

In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your forke carving traveller" is spoken of with contempt. Ben Jonson also makes one of his personages say:

"The use of forks
Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
To the sparing of napkins." THOMAS THORNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me where is the Basin placed,—"The Gift of Three Little Sisters." ANITA B. WELD.

The Basin is mentioned by Susan Coolidge, in a poem printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January of the present year, and here is what she now says, in answer to Anita's question:

"The Old Stone Basin is in Boston, on a little open space, not a great way from the Fitchburg Railroad Station."

PROFESSOR JORDAN thus corrects a slight error which crept into his "Story of a Stone," published in the February number:

Irvington, Ind.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a matter of little importance, but—to be exactly accurate—the town of Grand Chûte, mentioned in my "Story of a Stone" in the February ST. NICHOLAS, is in Wisconsin, and not in Michigan, as the types have made me say. It is on Fox River in Outagamie County, and thus Oconto County and Menomonee River are north of it.—Very respectfully yours,

D. S. JORDAN.

One of the earliest friends of ST. NICHOLAS sends us the following interesting items for our boys and girls:

Geneva, Switzerland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a story to tell that may be of interest to your readers. The guide-books say that the best establishment for musical boxes is Bremond's, at Geneva; in fact, it is said to be the largest in the world. And, while I was in Geneva, on a recent visit to Europe, I strolled along the beautiful *Quai* du Mont Blanc (they pronounce it *kee*) and over the wonderful stone bridge which spans the blue and arrowy Rhone, and went into Bremond's warerooms. The shelves were lined with musical boxes of all kinds and sorts and sizes. On a table stood two elegant and perfect little peacocks, about as large as pigeons, but with perfect plumage and most magnificent tails. The attendant wound them up and set them down upon the counter, when they began to strut about and spread their tails in a way I am sure that would have excited the envy of the real bird could he have seen these ingenious counterfeits.

The next thing we saw was still more wonderful. A nightingale in a gilded cage began to move his head from side to side and to sing with great eagerness and very great sweetness. Scarcely had he stopped when a canary, as natural as life, perched in a cluster of flowers, also began singing; and then a bird of paradise, life size, sitting on a perch above, arched its beautiful neck, and also sang its song; and the curious thing about it all was, not only was the song of each bird peculiar and very distinct, but when one struck up the others ceased to sing. We were next shown musical decanters (it is to be hoped they were intended for water only) in which the music only sounded when they were held in the hand, and ceased when they

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were set down. These were very different from the musical chairs which only began to play when I sat down in them and ceased when I got up.

There was scarcely any end of wonders. There were musical cannon, something after the style of a Gatling gun, which shot out cigars at intervals, while the music was going on; ladies' work-boxes that began to play as soon as they were opened; musical albums like the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, when the pie was opened the birds began to sing. There was a musical saw-mill with water-wheels and a saw in motion, and a bright running stream of water (at least something which looked like water), accompanied by better music than any real saw-mill I ever heard, though a saw-mill, with its great wheel and the plash of its water over the dam, and the rapid motion of its saw, and its musical sound and the slow movement of the log on its carriage was a never-ending source of delight to me in my boyish days. There were also Swiss chalets, with music issuing from them as though a fairy dance were going on within, and churches in which great organs were heard, and great orchestrions that imitated an entire band.

But the girls would hardly forgive me if I should forget to tell of the elegantly dressed doll, carried in a sedan chair by two gorgeously dressed footmen, to the sound of gentle music. The lady turned her head from side to side in a very proud and haughty way, and fanned herself, moving her fan in time with the music.

All this may be called "music made easy," though, to judge from the prices, some of the instruments were not easily made, and must have required a great deal of mechanical ingenuity and skill to bring them to such perfection.

But I can tell of but one more beautiful piece of mechanism, and this I saw at another shop. A tiny humming-bird, scarcely larger than a bee, sat on the top of an elegant gold casket, when the lid had flown open, and sang in the most charming way. R. S.

Haliburton: The year 1818 is the date when the first steam-vessel, the "Savannah," crossed the Atlantic Ocean. She was not a "propeller," as you suppose; that is, she was not driven by a screw at the stern, but by side-wheels and sails. The screw-propeller was not brought into use until nearly thirty years after this. The "Savannah" was built in New York, and she made the trip from that city to Liverpool in twenty-six days. Regular voyages of steam-vessels across the Atlantic were not begun until the year 1838, when the "Sirius" and "Great Western" made their first crossing.

SUMMER IS COMING.

'T is the last day of May, and the spring-time is fleeting,
And summer will come at the dawn of the day;
The June days are coming with beauty and sunshine,
And winds sweetly scented with newly-mown hay.
The moments are fleeting, the moments are flying,
Impatient I wait for the red morning light;
For full well I know that the spring-time is dying,
And summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

Bright June, with her foliage and fairy-like blossoms,
The month when the roses are all in full bloom,
When velvety bees sip the dew from the clover,
And fresh morning-glories are open till noon,
When lily-bells droop by the swift-flowing river,
And late violets grow by the stream, silver-bright;
Oh, June! All the night I will watch at my window,
For summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

My heart bounds with joy when I think of the summer,
When birds are so merry with rapturous glee,
When meadows are white with the sweet, starry daisies,
And pearly shells shine 'neath the waves of the sea.
The moments are flying, the moments are speeding,
How fast the hours go in their wonderful flight!
Ah, there is a star in the blue heavens gleaming,
And summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

Grace T., Age, 12.

"JUST YOU DARE!"

(Sent by a young contributor.)

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A TITLE of nobility,—the name, in England, of a large joint of beef. 2. Unaccompanied by others. 3. To cook after a certain method. 4. An attack. 5. Resembling a netting or net-work. B.

GARDEN PUZZLE.

IN each of the following sentences, find the name of a garden flower or plant enigmatically expressed:

1. A dairy utensil, and a long breath. 2. A tree, and a light Rhenish wine. 3. A color. 4. A boy's name, and the instrument with which the Declaration of Independence was signed. 5. A contemptuous name for a servant, and a Latin conjunction. 6. A confection, and a tussock. 7. A sweet singer of the feathered tribe, and an instrument disliked by horses. 8. A number, and a part of the face. 9. A vegetable, to be in debt, and near to. 10. Large collections of birds or animals. 11. One, five, and an interrogative word. 12. A harbor, a tree, and a kind of varnish. 13. Crack, break, and an ancient Egyptian city.

DAS MAEDCHEN.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

IN each of the following sentences find concealed a word of which a definition is given in the same sentence. Arrange the words in order as they come, and they will form a word-square.

CONCEALED WORDS AND DEFINITIONS: With tenderest pathos, Caroline read the simple tale of the origin of that boy's name.

2. Shall I clasp a defiled hand, a traitor's fingers? Never! Sooner would I dig all my life with a humble implement of toil.

3. I hung my cap on a perch frequented by that fowl.

4. Either Bildad or Esther may abstain to-day from customary attendance upon divine worship, for they are sick.

5. I shall have to hire new men, if I am to make over my house in time for use this summer.

In the center of the word-square formed with the words concealed in the above sentences, there is a diamond, the letters and words of which are concealed, in proper order, in the following sentences, each sentence also containing a definition of the letter or word concealed in it:

CONCEALED DIAMOND: 1. Baby Lucy cannot tell a vowel from a consonant.

2. I gave Philip a dozen pounds of hair with which to stuff some furniture.

3. Sam sold to Alec a ponderous bird of large dimensions.

4. In which would you prefer to fish,—a river in Scotland or a river in France?

5. Corinne thinks she has one consonant too many in her name. CYRIL DEANE.

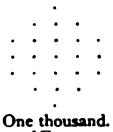
A PAIR OF DIAMONDS.

THE following "Diamonds" are to be placed one above the other:

UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In metempsychosis. 2. A kind of wagon. 3. The first half of an article of food very popular among some classes of Germans. 4. A snare. 5. In indeterminate.

LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In plucky. 2. A sphere. 3. A German word signifying "vegetable." 4. A small cake. 5. In tatterdemalion. ISOLA.

TWO DOUBLE OCTAGONAL WORD-PUZZLES.



I. READING ACROSS: 1. One thousand. 2. Right and proper. 3. Natives of a northern country of Europe. 4. A tribe of ancient Britons, whose queen headed a revolt against the Romans. 5. Small lakes 6. Was seated. 7. The end of evil. Reading down, beginning with the left-hand column: 1. Indistinct. 2. Visages. 3. Rock or stone. 4. A dogma. 5. A familiar title for any little girl.

II. Reading across: 1. The first of May. 2. An old-time abbreviation, used in contempt, and generally applied in addressing a citizen. 3. Became less. 4. An inclosed space in which feats of strength and skill are displayed. 5. A promontory of Ireland, jutting into the Irish Sea. 6. Prepared bark. 7. A fourth of July. Reading down, beginning with the left-hand column: 1. A maker of little jokes. 2. A measure of weight. 3. A portion of the earth's crust. 4. The end of a piece of wood made ready for a mortise. 5. A small truck used in coal-mines. FERAMORZ.

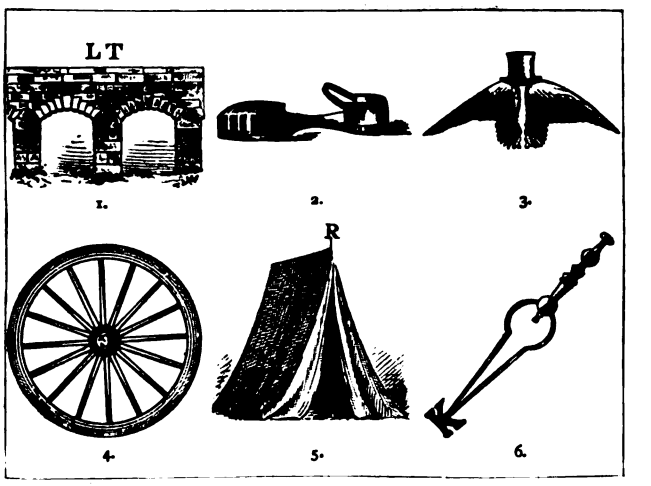
DIAMOND CONCEALED IN A WORD-SQUARE.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. A Spartan slave. 2. To run away without permission. 3. A person who holds another in fond esteem. 4. Uncovers. 5. Short and to the point.

CONCEALED DIAMOND: 1. In palace and hovel. 2. To cut off. 3. A fond admirer. 4. To confine. 5. In Rome and Greece.

CYRIL DEANE.

GEOGRAPHICAL PICTURE-ANAGRAMS.



EACH of the six pictures represents the name of a city,—one of the cities is in Europe, the others are in North America. Find a descriptive expression that will bring in correctly, and with few words, what each engraving pictures or suggests, much as though each picture were a rebus. Then transpose the letters of the words of the expression, in such a way as to spell the name of a city. Thus, picture No. 3 may be described by the expression "Hat on Wings," and the letters of the three words of this expression, when correctly transposed, spell "Washington," the name of the national capital of the United States. B.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

MY first is in letter, but not in word;
My second in owl, but not in bird.
My third is in new, but not in old;
My fourth is in daring and also in bold.
My fifth is in low but not in high.
My sixth is in pudding, but not in pie.
My whole is a city of wide renown,
Which dear Mother Goose has called a town.

BELLE W. B.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE AND WORD-SQUARES.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE: My whole is a strong affirmation, and is composed of twelve letters. I. My 1, 2, 3, is a patient animal. II. My 4, 5, 6, is a woman's name. III. My 7, 8, 9, is a gnawing animal. IV. My 10, 11, 12, is a Greek word,—the name of an old tragic play.

WORD-SQUARES. Upon each of the four portions of my whole, build the following word-squares: I. 1. A patient animal. 2. Behold. 3. Determined in character. II. 1. The close of day. 2. The advance-guard of an army. 3. Finis. III. 1. A gnawing animal. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. A pleasant drink. IV. 1. A Greek word—the name of an old tragic play 2. A spelled number. 3. Fresh, or not before brought to light. V. E.

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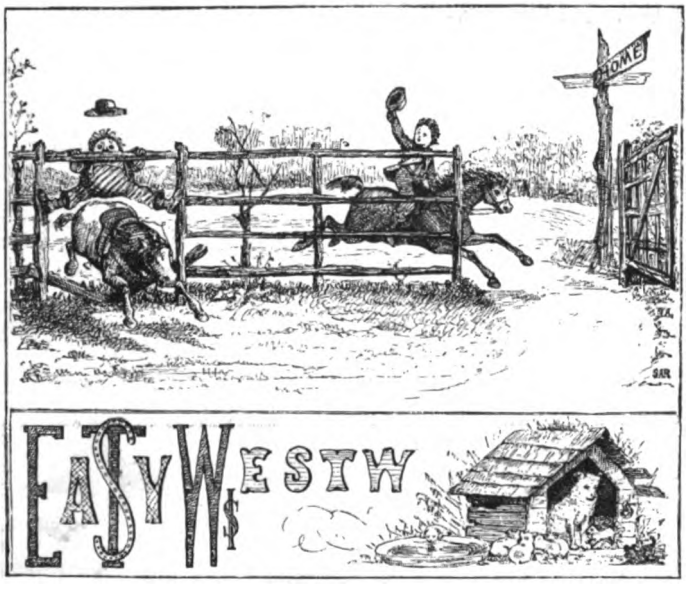
PROVERB REBUS.



The answer is exemplified in the upper part of the picture; the rebus must be read off from the lower part. S. A. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

In the following sentences, each dash represents a separate word, but when two dashes occur together, they represent two words which are spelled with the letters of the foundation-word of their sentence. No letter of the foundation-word is used more than once in each new arrangement, but all its letters are used in each new arrangement.

The problem is to find for each sentence a different word, as foundation-word, and with it to fill one of the single blanks: the letters of this word must then be transposed, in such a way as to fill the remaining blank, or pair of blanks, each blank or pair of blanks being filled with a different re-arrangement of the letters. Each completed sentence must make sense.

1. The —— road is not always the —— ——.

2. The lad remained ——, and, working always for the interest of his employer, he not only—— through the whole term of his apprenticeship, but at last became a partner in the firm.

3. His enemy, thinking him really dead, cried out, "He —— —— in the grasp of his last foe!" Then he placed the hero on his —— to have him carried off. But, in an unguarded moment, —— —— from it, plunged into a thicket, —— —— horse out and rode unharmed away.

4. I hope such wilted slips will not be allowed to —— the use of —— ——.

5. Did he take the —— road, —— —— one I pointed out?

6. "O, —— —— of Greece!" cried the leader. "Behold the vast host of our Persian —— before us!" B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

Easy Syncopations.—1. Carmel, camel. 2. Cart, cat. 3. Morose, moose. 4. Crow, cow. 5. Crook, cook. 6. Struck, stuck.

Riddle.—Coal. Fire. Flame. Ashes.

Buried Heroes.—1. Leonidas. 2. Hermann. 3. Pompey. 4. Boadicea. 5. Tell. 6. Spartacus. 7. Achilles. 8. Putnam. 9. Nelson. 10. Marion. 11. Hannibal. 12. David.

Latin Diamond.—1. D. 2. NOn. 3. DoMus. 4. NUm. 5. S.

Rebus.—Nothing ventured nothing won.

Literary Double Acrostic.—1. Mad. 2. Idler. 3. Lady. 4. Toad. 5. One. 6. Nun.—Milton; Dryden.

Zoölogical Diamond.—1. Q. 2. PUp. 3. QuAil. 4. PIg. 5. L.

Very Easy Anagrams.—1. Lonely 2. Little 3. Wisdom. 4. Elbows. 5. Bed-time. 6. Holidays.

Easy Rebuses.—1. Handel 2. Von Weber. 3. Meissonnier.

Word Syncopations.—1. W-inn-ing, wing. 2. W-ink-ing, wing. 3. W-ill-ing, wing. 4. W-ant-on, won. 5. T-roll-op, top. 6. Tr-ash-y, try.

Pictorial Anagram.—"April showers bring May flowers."

Hour-Glass Puzzle.—1. ChArs. 2. APe. 3. P. 4. ALe. 5. LeEks. Centrals: Apple. Diagonals: 1. Capes. 2. Sepal.

Easy Reversals.—1. Daw, wad. 2. Hoop, pooh. 3. Dial, laid. 4. Garb, brag. 5. Bats, stab. 6. War, raw. 7. Lee, eel. 8. Yap, pay. 9. Reward, drawer. 10. Yam, May. 11. Yah, hay. 12. Way, yaw.

Cross-Word Enigma.—New York.

Very Simple Diamond.—1. T. 2. CAt. 3. TaMed. 4. TEa. 5. D. —— Charade.—Flap-Jack.

Reversible Numerical Enigma.—Tenable.

Flower Transpositions.—1. So rich, orchis. 2. Thistle, the list. 3. Rose, ores. 4. Get in an, gentian. 5. Violet, olivet. 6. Illy, lily. 7. If such a, fuchsia. 8. Ah there, heather. 9. Spy an, pansy, 10. Daisy, day is. 11. Laurel, allure. 12. A call, calla.

Sextuple Word-Cross.—Full perpendicular: Tomahawk. Full horizontal: Pitapat. Top Limb: Tom. Bottom Limb: Hawk. Left arm: Pit. Right arm: Pat.

Progressive Numerical Enigma.—Improbable.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number were received, before April 20, from Mabel K. Jenks and her brother—"S. M. J."—Dycie Warden—Bessie and her Cousin—Maxwell W. Turner—Edward Roome—each of whom answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers were received also from "Short and Fat"—L Stoddard—Maggie J. Gemmill—"B. P."—Mary Shipman—Willie Gray—Grace J. Thayer—Bessie Taylor—Mary L. Otis—Annie Beynes—Helen Pearson—Addie and Celia Fisher—Netta Van Antwerp—S. Blanch Benjamin—Carrie T. Granger—Daisy B. Hodgsdon—Robert P. King—Lucy V. Mackrill—Fanny W. Carruth—Daisy P.—Ned R. Holmes—Nellie C. Emerson—J. F. Hubbards, Jnr. and C. K. Frink—Grace Wood—Bertie Elliman—"The Blanke Family"—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Warwick M. Ogelsby—Gertie B.—Bessie S. Hosmer—Audley N. Patrick and Benton S. Patrick—Julia Palmer—Violet and Lorle—Clarence Young—Cardine G. Blodget—"The Nells, and Julia"—Edith French—Jennie Young—Bessie Babbitt—Bella Wehn—Annie, Maria, and Reta S McIlvaine—Theodore W. Siddall—J. A. Singer—Arthur S. Walcott—Anna and Emily Nichols—Fannie M. Mayer—Mary Glass—Mattie Olmsted—Lizzie Cornell—"Ruth"—"Tulpehocken"—A. T. Delaney—Kitty C. Atwater—Samuel Wells, Jnr.—Florence S. Waite—Maude Libby, and Harry—Bessie H. Hard—Lottie P. Pitkin—Nellie Conant—"His Sisters and his Cousins and his Aunts"—Julia Lathers—Morris Furk—Jennie Mondschein—Charley Willes—"X. Y. Z."—J. Howard Mecke, Jnr.—Belle Wilson Brown—Alice W. Clark—Edith Wilkinson—Wm. W. Mills—DeWitt C. Weld, Jnr.—Mollie V. Potter—Carrie and Annie—George Mitchell and Karl H. Hanssler—Nellie Thompson—Emma Maxwell and Blanche Harris—Ethel D. Woodward—Atwood Hunt—Amy E. Smith—J. D. Pittman—Bertha, Alice and Willie Potts—Mary Glass—Lewis Crull—Eddie F. Worcester—F. W. Foster—Will E. Nichols—Hattie E. Beckwell—Sadie Duffield and Constance Grand Pierre—Virginia A. Molony—Lulu O. Mather—Charles N. Cogswell—Ida Cohn—Warren Wolfersberger—Lizzie T. Brock—Mary E. Pinkham—Bessie C. Barney—Right Respectible Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.—"Non pose piccolo"—Fred A. Ogden—Ella Boyd—Charles L. Brownell—"J. S. L."—"Little Buttercup"—"Duma"—"Baby"—M. Fannie De Count—L. Farrington—Lillie Burling—Jacobita Montgomery—Alice Moody—"Winnie"—Florrie Wilcox—Mary Josephine Hull and Lottie A. Foster—Theo. E. Mitchill—Chas. F. Chase—Maude Badlam—Bessie T. London—John Z. Miller—"Little Dorrit"—John V. L. Pierson—Oliver B. Judson—Louise Ingalls—"Prebo"—"St. 1860 X and Mr. P. W."—Katharine Lynwood—Florence L. Turrill—"Mary"—David A. Center—Edward Vultee—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—"Narcissus"—O. C. Turner—Eugene, of London, England—Kate Sampson—Grace A. Greene—Bessie Hotchkiss, Tommy Hotchkiss, and Fanny Arnot—Bessie and Constance Myer—Fanny Densmore—Emily Putman and Mabel Gordon.

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"THE VOICE WAS SO NEAR THAT DRU SPRANG TO HER FEET."

[See page 562.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. JULY, 1879. No. 9.

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DRU'S RED SEA.

BY MRS. MARY A. PARSONS.

"LIZIBUTH!" rang out from the low brown house. Dru was not mean enough to run and hide, though she knew that, as her sister was not there, her own name would be the next one called, surely enough.

"Drusilla!" came, directly, in a lower and assured tone, that showed the mother had seen her younger daughter, where she stood sulkily expectant, kicking with her bare feet the chips that strewed the ground by the chopping-block; for no child in the neighborhood of Dru's house, thirty years ago, thought of wearing shoes in the summer-time, excepting to go to "meeting" or "down to town."

Really, Dru was cross at being called in from play to take care of the baby, as she supposed. The fact was, she had thought the baby very charming while it was a new thing, when one could fancy it floating in through the window, while everybody was asleep, clad in delicate white robes that looked in the moonlight like fleecy clouds. But when it not only stayed and made itself perfectly at home,—nay, expected the whole house to wait on it; moreover, when, if it did n't get instantly whatever it wanted, it screamed so that "you could n't hear yourself think,"—why then, though Dru would n't have gone to the length of calling it "a little plague," or "a bother," lest it should go floating out again never to return, she did go so far as to say, one very trying day, that "if babies were angels, she did n't see why they did n't act a little more like 'em."

"Be a little lady now," said the pale, careworn mother, gently. "I want to talk with you, for I 'm in trouble."

Ah! Dru was so sorry she had looked cross, since, after all, it was n't drudgery she had been called in for, but to be consulted as if she had been grown up! Instead of saying what she felt, though, she acted it. Slipping past her mother she ran to the cradle where the crying baby lay, and, catching him up, walked around with him, saying, in explanation:

"So I can hear you better, mother!"

Mrs. Ide took down a letter from the top of the clock-case. Letters were not put into envelopes then as now, but were folded skillfully and sealed with wax or wafers.

"You see, father had to send off this letter, with money in it, right away. He 's been bothered to death to get it, or they 'd 'a' taken the house-place from him. He had to go to the meadows to-day, and told me to be sure and give this to the baker to take to the post-office. Either the baker 's not been along, or else he came while I was down to the spring rinsin' the clothes, and went 'thout my hearing him. You see, Lizibuth 's gone off blueberryin', has n't she?"

"Yes," answered Dru in a muffled voice, for the baby's face lay against hers and he was now fast asleep.

"Here, I 'll take the baby," said Mrs. Ide, for she wanted Dru's whole attention to what she was about to say.

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"Do you s'pose you could go down to town and carry this letter safely?"

"Oh, mother! I 'd try," answered Dru, with that look of hers which made her mother say, sometimes, "She 's a faithful creatur', if she sets out to be, and that 's a fact."

While her mother was laying the sleeping baby in his cradle again, Dru wondered, but dared not ask, whether she was to "dress up," lest her mother should think her too silly to be trusted; but she came near dancing—indeed there was one little hop—when her mother brought out her meetin' clothes,—stout shoes, tucked pantalets, white skirt with knitted oak-leaf edging round the bottom, checked muslin dress, and, yes! it really was ——

"My best bonnet!" came out in a voice meant to be calm, but with a little ripple of laughter in it, which two-year-old Johnny caught up and echoed so lustily that he had to be set out among his mud-pies again, for fear of waking baby. Of course, he toddled back again at once to see what was going on.

The bonnet was of pink satin, trimmed with ribbon and with a bunch of feathery-leaved flowers high up on one side. Aunt Sarah had given it to her a year ago, and Dru regarded it still as the "very han'somest bonnet anywhere 'round these parts."

Mrs. Ide did not think stockings were needful, as the pantalets came to the tops of the shoes, and the weather was warm.

Dru, holding the letter tightly clasped in her right hand, walked by the few houses in the neighborhood with very short steps and extreme complacency. Then came a long stretch of woods and bare hot hills, with only Deacon Jones's house for more than a mile.

For the first time, Dru realized the distance, and that the shoes cramped her active little feet. Arguing that in case she met anybody the satin bonnet would keep her dignity safe, she sat down on a clean stone by the roadside, and, still holding the letter tightly, she quickly untied and took off the offending shoes.

Then she played they were alive, though it was hardly play with her, big child as she was, for she said, when "Lizibuth" laughed at her once:

"It seems to me that everythin' 's got just as much sense 's I have, only we can't hear 'em talk among themselves."

So now, holding one shoe in each hand, she beat them together, saying:

"You 've pinched my feet like ev'rything! 'n' I 'm goin' to give you a good whippin'!"

Then she made a noise like crying, to add to the effect; but, suddenly, she stopped, held one shoe above the other, and said, in a creaky voice like a squeaking shoe:

"You gump, to cry! don't you see the beating shakes the dust off? there 's a providence in 't, I do believe."

"Hullo, sissy!"

The voice was so near that Dru sprang to her feet in terror, dropping one shoe in her effort to clasp the letter more firmly. This action was not lost on the speaker, whose bloodshot eyes, as he stared sleepily from the bushes, showed the child that she had waked up what we call a "tramp," but what she would have called an "old trav'ler"; not that this one was old,—the name was given because most stragglers were so.

"What 've you got there, sissy? Some money for me?"

"Yes," answered Dru, with dry lips, not daring to lie even to him. "But not for you."

She knew this was saucy, and she feared the man would beat or even kill her for it, or to get possession of the money; so, without stopping to pick up the dropped shoe, she started to run.

Hearing the man spring from the bushes and give chase, poor Dru uttered a wild scream of terror and flew like the wind toward the town.

"I wont hurt ye, sissy! Come back and get your shoe!" called the man, in a wheedling tone; but finding she only fled the faster, he yelled with an oath:

"Stop! or I 'll shoot ye!"

Dru never doubted he would keep his word, though she had seen no gun in his hand, so she darted into the birches that lined one side of the road, and sprang for the old stone wall that stood back of them.

Climbing this wall too hastily, she not only dropped the other shoe, but also loosened the stones so that a dozen or more fell with a loud crash, and, directly after, the man heard a splash and a cry.

Squeezing through the thick growth of underbrush, he easily found the gap in the wall. Crossing this, he passed cautiously down a steep bank, for his eyes, dazzled by the mid-day sun, did not at once become used to the dim light of the deep woods where he found himself.

Presently, he saw at his feet a dark pool of water, its surface a little ruffled as if a stone might have rolled in, but no sign of the child.

As he stooped to pick up a stick to try the depth of the pool, he heard the sound of a horse galloping along the road in the direction whence Dru had come.

The girl had screamed—she might have been heard! Worse, she might have fallen into the water stunned by one of the larger stones, and as

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this thought flashed across his mind, he reasoned that his own safety lay in flight; so he quickly plunged into the thick forest and was out of sight in a moment.

Where, all this time, was poor little Dru? She had indeed fallen into the water; but, though she knew directly it was only Stillbrook, and that it was not deep enough to drown her, still, finding herself helplessly sliding in, her first thought was that the precious letter would be wet, and this dread had made her cry out. But she held the letter high over her head, and the splash only sprinkled the outside; and as soon as she struck bottom, she had presence of mind enough to dart under the edge of the bridge across which the road lay.

Here she recovered breath sufficiently to "reckon damages." The letter was not hurt,—so far, good. Next, the pink bonnet had received the addition, for a minute, of a ragged veil of water-drops. As for pantalets and white muslin dress, they could be washed, and Dru did n't give them a thought. Had she not felt that life and property were in danger, her very soul would have been torn at the ruin of her bonnet. And how any modern little girl with half a dozen hats to the season would have laughed at her, to be sure!

She did feel a lump rising in her throat, as she saw the feathery leaves hanging limp—"like a hen's tail in the rain," she thought,—but the money; how was that to be taken safely to town? She dared not venture back lest the man had only pretended to run away, nor did she dare climb up into the road, for the same reason. Could she go under the bridge? The water was not deep, not up to her knees; but the bridge was dark and low. She would have to crawl through with the help of only one hand, while in the other she held the letter.

Dru shuddered.

"If there 's snakes there overhead, I should be awful scared."

Then she remembered the path made through the Red Sea, and pondered:

"I don't see why my father's house aint of just as much consequence to him and his folks, as the Israelites' things were to them. I 'm agoin' to pray for this brook to dry up so that I can get through."

No sooner said than done; though, mind you, Dru did n't say anything aloud,—the man might be listening, just as she was.

She shut her eyes tight, and clasped both hands over the letter, and prayed:

"Oh Lord! make the dark and dreadful brook as dry as the Israelites found the Red Sea, 'cause my father's house would be sold if I could n't get the money in this letter into the post-office to-day. Amen."

Dru hurried the last part, finding herself beginning to cry; but she opened her eyes a little bit at a time, dreading, while she hoped, to see an immediate answer. But no! the brook flowed on as calmly as ever, and as deep.

Dru's first feeling was relief, her next, disappointment, and, it must be confessed, a sense of injury, as if she had not been as well worth notice as the ancient Jews had been.

Then, with a swelling heart and defiant face, she thought:

'I 'm agoin' through, anyhow!"

Peeping cautiously around to learn if the "old trav'ler" were in sight, she crept out from behind the big stone where she had hidden, and began her tedious journey under the bridge.

It was wet, surely, but the water was warm, for the current set from the farther side where the sun was shining. No snakes appeared to terrify, or be terrified by the odd-enough sight of a limp pink bonnet and dirty white dress bobbing up and down in that place.

Dru's feet were not tender, and she made very good progress. As she neared the end of the bridge, she heard a hurried trampling, and her heart stood still for a moment, but it was only cows hastening down from the hot pasture to drink.

As they dipped their noses, taking in long deep draughts without breathing, Dru thankfully murmured:

"I 'm glad my prayer was n't answered. I could get through, and the cows were so dry."

When she suddenly appeared before them, however, it was their turn to draw back, afraid, but Dru said softly:

"Poor Mooly! co-boss! co-boss! co-boss!"

Reassured, they bent down their heads to drink again.

As for Dru, she gave one eager look backward, as she quitted the protecting bridge,—one long look across the pasture toward Deacon Jones's, and, finding the coast apparently clear, she ran again, feeling that the dreadful man was behind, yet knowing he was not.

She was breathless when she knocked at the Deacon's door, and to his wondering question, "What little drownded rat is this?" she could only gasp out:

"Dru—silla—Jane—Ide!"

Then she held up the letter, and burst out crying.

"Come here, mother!" cried the alarmed deacon.

Presently kind Mrs. Jones had changed Dru's

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wet clothing for dry wraps, had made her drink a bowl of ginger tea, so hot it almost choked her, and given her to eat no less than six seed-cakes. By that time, the deacon brought the "shay" to the front door, to take the important letter to the office himself. Afterward, he carried Dru home in state.

When her mother had heard the story, and looked in her little girl's face for any sign of fever or other hurt from the trial she had gone through, and found nothing wrong, she kissed Dru and called her "her faithful child."

Talking it over that night, Dru said to her mother, gayly:

"I guess God thinks it 's no use to be answerin' all the funny prayers some folks make."

"Why, I reckon He answered yours," said her mother. "It was better for you to help yourself. Of course, He helped you some, too, for you say you felt afraid at first, and then you were n't."

"Then I reckon He thought the Israelites were a babyish set, mother."

"Well," said Mrs. Ide, "may be we had n't ought to say so, 'specially o' Moses 'n' Aaron; but, mostly, they did act childish, seems to me."

"And we are to ask Him to help us whatever way He 's a mind to?"

"Certainly we are, dear."

NID-NODDING.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

NID-NID-NODDING in the sun,
Poppy-buds hang over one by one;
All the garden-alleys glow with heat;
Slow and languid are the little feet,
Glad to linger in the door-way cool,
Home at noon from school.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Where the lazy little brooklets run
Through the meadow, swings an idle bird,
Chirps the faintest carol ever heard,
Twittering through the tinkle of the rill,—
Then the nest is still.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Droop the heavy grasses every one,
Kissing down the drowsy laddie's eye;—
Croons a locust from the field close by;—
Lost in dells of dream-land, cool and deep,
He is fast asleep.

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DORY-FISHING.

By Frank H. Converse.

ITH perhaps an exception in favor of the capricious canoe, there is no species of craft which can glide from beneath its unaccustomed occupant with more startling ease than a fisherman's dory.

This characteristic, with the fact that it is light, sharp, narrow, and flat-bottomed, suggests to the average landsman, that a dory is not a very safe craft. Yet the question of safety depends largely upon the man having the management. If skillfully handled, a dory will ride out a gale in mid-ocean with comparative ease, when a ship's long-boat would probably be swamped.

The important point under such circumstances is to keep the little craft, as the sailors say, "head on to the sea"; which means that the bow must continually be presented to the on-coming wave. Thus managed, the dory, from its extreme buoyancy, dances like a cork on the summit of terrible wave-crests, which would break over and fill a heavier boat.

But if the heart of the rower fails, or worse still, if his thole-pin gives way, or his oar breaks, then is he in danger, indeed. The dory, swinging broadside to the sea, is rolled over in an instant, and becomes the sport of the waves, while its occupant finds himself struggling in the ocean.

The three methods most in vogue among fishermen for taking cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, are these,—"hand-lining," "trawling," and "dory-fishing." The two former have been often described. It is sufficient for me to say that in "hand-lining," all hands fish from the vessel's deck, while in "trawling," a line sometimes a mile in length, to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached, is sunk to the proper depth, and visited once or twice in the twenty-four hours if the weather permits—so that the fish may be taken off and the hooks rebaited.

But in "dory-fishing," a dory is allotted to each of the crew, in which, unless the weather be exceptionally bad, he must launch out into the deep, there to remain until he catches his boat full, or is warned by the gathering darkness to return.

Though, as to that, it is seldom or never really light for any length of time on the Banks. Here, indeed, is the birthplace of gloomier, denser, and more generally unpleasant fogs than can be found anywhere else in the known world. But catching thousands upon thousands of fine cod-fish seems an ample equivalent for not catching even a glimpse of the sun for weeks at a time, and, doubtless, the world looks all the brighter when one again reaches a region of clear atmosphere and sunny skies.

But despite the many unpleasant and dangerous surroundings of such a trip, almost every one returns several pounds heavier, and several degrees healthier. Hard-worked collegians, and even puny boy-students, often ship from Cape Ann or Gloucester in the spring, with this sole object in view.

For an example of the work, and the fun of a dory-fisher, let me show you how young Bates (who is soon to enter Harvard) is enjoying himself as one of the crew of the "Betsy," now at anchor on "Casey's Bank," somewhere in the latitude of Cape Sable. The trim little eighty-ton schooner, with seventy-five fathoms of cable out ahead, is plunging and rolling in a manner which to a landsman would seem frightful. It is young Bates's morning watch on deck. He was dressing fish until eleven o'clock the night previous, after a hard day's fishing in a choppy sea. Every bone in his body aches; every finger on his hands is sore and stiff. He is fairly overcome with desire for sleep, and I regret to add, is proportionately cross. But, for that matter, so are the entire crew, whom with a sort of wretched gratification, he rouses from slumber precisely at four o'clock A. M., in obedience to the cook's summons to breakfast.

With far more favorable surroundings, breakfast at four A. M. would be to many a hollow mockery; yet young Bates has a fine appetite. Neither the discomfort of a red-hot cooking-stove just behind him, nor the tendency of everything movable to rush frantically down the table at spasmodic intervals, can prevent him from enjoying with a keen relish the homely fare which once he would have thought uneatable. After breakfast, donning his oil clothes, he goes on deck. A drizzly fog as uncomfortable, and nearly as impenetrable, as a wet woolen blanket, clings to everything. As the "Betsy" laboriously climbs the mountainous green seas, to sink into succeeding valleys of watery space, the slippery deck becomes alternately a steep upward incline or a dizzy descent.

Five weeks ago, young Bates would have thought it madness to launch out into such a tumult of waters in a frail dory.

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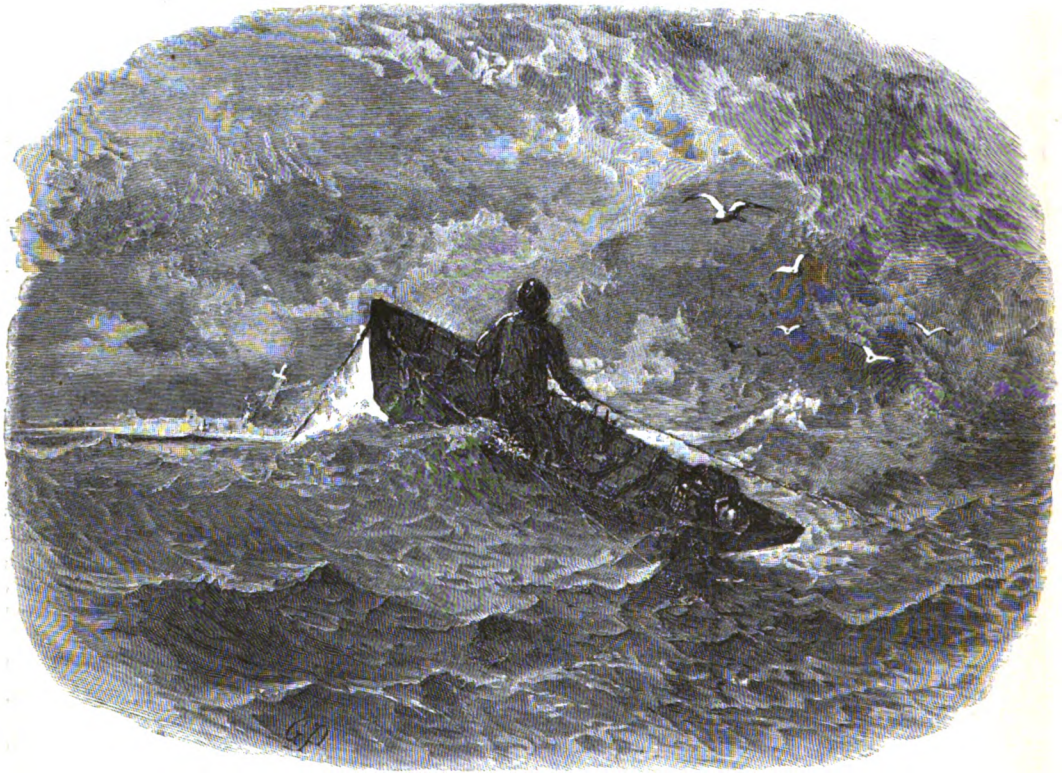
But now, he performs the act as quite a matter of course. With bait-bucket, lines and water-jug in their proper places, he pulls leisurely to windward. The "Betsy," and the little fleet of dories fast scattering in different directions, are swallowed up in the fog, and he is alone on the deep. But despite the gray loneliness of the clinging vapor and sullen sea, there is an exhilaration in the very ease with which he sends his light craft forward, even while it is being upborne on the rising surface of a vast wave. Then, too, there is a strange sense of awe which he can never entirely overcome, as he is carried with startling swiftness down a long-reaching slope, where for a breathless second he seems to be engulfed in a terrible chasm walled in by threatening seas.

Here he can think of the past, and, if he will, dream of the future. Among other things, he remembers with what a strange thrill he had seen a large Cunard steamer emerge from the fog a day or two previously, and pass within about a stone's throw of his boat.

But now to business, for he is nearly a mile distant from the "Betsy." Shipping his oars he drops his twenty-five pound anchor overboard, giving it about sixty fathoms of scope, that his dory may rise easily on the vast seas, without bringing too sudden a strain upon the anchor, in which case he would get adrift.



"THE VEIL OF FOG WAS SUDDENLY LIFTED."

Then, baiting his lines, each of which is provided with a pair of hooks and a heavy sinker, he throws one over either side of the dory. Standing erect with his feet firmly braced and a line over each forefinger, he awaits his first bite. For one cannot fish sitting down; he must learn to keep his feet while the little cockle-shell of a boat is riding the vast surges, and apparently trying continually to pitch him overboard.

A dull tug is felt on one line, and, dropping the other, he pulls hand over hand a fathom at a time, until with about as many regular motions of his arms as there are fathoms of water on the shoal, he hauls a pair of cod over the side. By the time his hooks are rebaited, the other line needs his attention, and thus he alternates between the two, till he has fish enough for a load, or a gun fired from the vessel's deck by the skipper (who, with the cook, remains on board and fishes over

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the rail) summons him to dinner. Occasionally, he catches a worthless haddock, or perchance an ugly skate, with its half-human face. Sometimes it is a cod the size of a very small boy, or a huge black pollock, to secure which he has to use a gaff.

But his dory is now as deep as it will safely swim, and, hauling up his anchor with infinite pains, he pulls back to the schooner. Throwing the painter to the "skipper," young Bates, standing upright, has the harassing duties of counting his fish as he pitches them one by one on board, and keeping his boat from being stove under the schooner's counter, as she descends on a receding wave.

After dinner he is ready to start out again, but the afternoon efforts may not prove very successful, and he may have to change his ground several times before he finds fish in abundance. Once, while he was anchored and busily fishing, he witnessed a singular phenomenon. He had for some time been conscious of a far-off but continuous sound, as that of a muffled thunder-peal, coming to his ears above the constant wash and surge of the waves. While he was striving to account therefor, the atmosphere about him grew strangely luminous, and an unaccustomed sense of warmth was in the air. While he thus wondered, the veil of fog was suddenly lifted from the face of the deep, as though by magic, and overhead appeared a circular patch of blue sky. And lo! as he gazed, a long island, on whose white shores were strewn the timbers of many a wrecked ship, seemed to rise, as it were, from the sea, perhaps a mile distant. Yet, even while he dimly discerned a few buildings and a flag-staff, the gray mists suddenly shut down with marvelous swiftness, blotting out every vestige of the vision, and leaving him to wonder whether he had seen all this or dreamed it. But when he drew one of his lines which had lain idly upon the bottom, what do you think he found upon the unbaited hook? What, but a china doll's head! They told him when he came on board and showed his strange token from the deep, that he had looked upon Sable Island, where unforeseen currents and quicksands unite with fog and tempest to lure many a noble ship to destruction. And one old man said that the bottom of the sea in this vicinity was strewn with untold wealth, and that the doll's head so singularly brought to the surface was, without doubt, from some wrecked vessel.

But the catching of fish is as nothing in young Bates's estimation compared with the wearisome toil of dressing and salting them down in the hold. Sometimes, the crew work at this most disagreeable task until midnight.

But every voyage has its end, and when young Bates presented himself at the office in the city I hardly knew him, so brown and stout had he grown. Yet I hardly think he will care to make a second trip to the Banks, even though he should become, as he expresses it, "thinner than a dollar bill." In spite of its curious experiences and its various beneficial effects, I do not think it likely that dory-fishing will ever become as popular an amusement as the milder forms of fishing, in which we can so easily indulge from a boat on some smooth inland water, from the banks of a stream, or even from the end of a wharf.

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THE SYLVAN PARTY.

BY ALICE H. HARRINGTON.

ONE moonlight night in balmy June,
The animals, forsaking
Their various haunts in wood and field,
Met for a merry-making.

The frogs, with trombones and bassoons,
Came trooping from the sedges;

The lizard peeped from out his den
To see what was the matter.

The band struck up a lively tune,
The dancers took their places;
The solemn crow led out the mink,
Who aired her youthful graces.

The whip-poor-will and nightingale
Brought cornets from the hedges.

The night-hawks came with fifes and drums
And swelled the cheerful clatter;

The simpering squirrel swung the toad,
And looked so very winning;
The 'coon and woodchuck joined their paws,
And in a waltz went spinning.

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The 'possum danced a Highland fling,
The fun grew fast and furious;
The rabbit cut a pigeon's wing
That really was quite curious.

The bull-frog sang a bass solo—
Although his cold was frightful;
The weasel, who stood by entranced,
Pronounced the song delightful.

The fox and owl, beneath a tree,
Of art and science twaddled;
While up and down the promenade
The goose and turtle waddled.

At last the sun began to rise,
And Brindle homeward wended
Her way right through the festive scene,
And so the party ended.

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GREEN COVERS AND BROWN.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

WHEN I was a very small boy, I was rummaging one day in a closet in my mother's house, and came upon a little book with bright green covers. I thought that must be a treasure indeed; for there were not many books in the house, of any kind, and there were none at all that would be specially attractive to a child. This seemed to be just about the right size for a little boy, and its cover was certainly very pretty.

Speaking of covers, I learned better than to judge of a book from its outside, by a severe lesson which came a few years later. A lady visiting at our house asked me what school I attended, who was the teacher, and what were my studies. In answer to the last question I mentioned, among other things, philosophy. "What philosophy do you study?" said she. Now it happened that the particular book which I used had been covered with brown paper to keep it neat, and this, of course, concealed the title, for which I had never troubled myself to look. So I gave the lady the only description in my power, by answering,

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"Brown-covered." The family were greatly amused at my simplicity, and I have not yet heard the last of my new science of Brown-covered Philosophy.

Well, to go back to the little green book. If I had been attracted by the outside, what was my delight on opening to the title-page. It seemed to me that no subject could be so romantic for a book as "The Deserted Village," and no name so beautiful for an author as Oliver Goldsmith.

I sat down on the floor, and turned over the leaves, but was disappointed. It was poetry! I had an idea that poetry was always very difficult to understand, and I took it for granted that it would be great folly for a little boy to attempt it. So I did not even try to read a single line, but promised myself that when I grew up, and was learned enough to understand poetry, I would read that little green book.

I did not know then, what I have learned since, that some of the finest poetry we have is among the simplest things in the language, most easily comprehended and longest remembered. This very poem is a case in point.

I had grown up, and had read it a great many times in other editions, when one day, as I was sitting in my office, the little green-covered copy came to my mind. I wrote home to have the old house searched for it, but it could not be found. Then I wrote to a sister who had moved to a far Western State, and to my great joy she found it among the things she had carried to her new home, and sent it to me.

When it arrived, my first glance inside of it was at the bottom of the title-page, and lo! the little book had been printed and published in that very office, five years before I was born, and by the gentleman who had occupied before me the chair in which I was sitting.

The little green covers are sadly faded, and the leaves are yellow with time; but it is the most highly prized of any volume on my shelf of poetry. Time cannot dim the beauty of the poem, and the memory of its author will be forever green. He was born about three years before Washington, and has been dead almost a century; but the number of his readers has never diminished. He was very much laughed at and ridiculed for his personal oddities, and his life was unhappy and unsatisfactory; but he did a great deal to make other people happy. He would give away his money, his dinner, or his clothes, whenever he saw anybody in distress, and he wrote some of the most enjoyable books that ever were printed. One reason why I like him is because he did n't write long, tedious things, that you have to sit up ever so many nights to read through, and forget the beginning before you reach the end.

If you open your geography at the map of Ireland, and put the point of your pencil exactly in the center of that island, it will not be far from the scene of "The Deserted Village," which I hope you will all read without waiting to grow up first. The poem calls the village "Auburn," but its true name was "Lissoy;" and it was the place where the poet lived in childhood.

LITTLE ELSIE.

Now, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—O?

As deep her eyes
As purple skies;
Of softest velvet is her chin;
And I 've been told,
Her heart is gold,
By some one who 's been peeping in.

So, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—O?

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A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT BOY HAS DONE, BOY MAY DO.

THERE was one place that I wished, particularly, to visit before I left, and that was what the people in Nassau called the Coral-reef. There were lots of coral-reefs, all about the islands, but this one was easily visited, and for this reason, I suppose, was chosen as a representative of its class. I had been there before, and had seen all the wonders of the reef through a water-glass,—which is a wooden box, with a pane of glass at one end and open at the other. You hold the glass end of this box just under the water, and put your face to the open end, and then you can see down under the water, exactly as if you were looking through the air. And on this coral-reef, where the water was not more than twelve or fourteen feet deep, there were lots of beautiful things to see. It was like a submarine garden. There was coral in every form and shape, and of different colors; there were sea-feathers, which stood up like waving purple-trees, most of them a foot or two high, but some a good deal higher; there were sea-fans, purple and yellow, that spread themselves up from the curious bits of coral-rock on the bottom, and there were ever so many other things that grew like bushes and vines, and of all sorts of colors. Among all these you could see the fishes swimming about, as if they were in a great aquarium. Some of these fishes were very large, with handsome black bands across their backs, but the prettiest were some little fellows, no bigger than sardines, that swam in among the branches of the sea-feathers and fans. They were colored bright blue, and yellow, and red; some of them with two or three colors apiece. Rectus called them "humming-fishes." They did remind me of humming-birds, although they did n't hum.

When I came here before, I was with a party of ladies and gentlemen. We went in a large sail-boat, and took several divers with us, to go down and bring up to us the curious things that we would select, as we looked through the water-glass. There was n't anything peculiar about these divers. They wore linen breeches, for diving dresses, and were the same kind of fellows as those who dived for pennies at the town.

Now, what I wanted to do, was to go to the coral-reef and dive down and get something for myself. It would be worth while to take home a sea-fan or something of that kind, and say you brought it up from the bottom of the sea yourself. Any one could get things that the divers had brought up. To be sure, the sea was n't very deep here, but it had a bottom, all the same. I was not so good a swimmer as these darkeys, who ducked and dived as if they had been born in the water, but I could swim better than most fellows, and was particularly good at diving. So I determined, if I could get a chance, to go down after some of those things on the coral-reef.

I could n't try this, before, because there were too many people along, but Rectus, who thought the idea was splendid, although he did n't intend to dive himself, agreed to hire a sail-boat with me, and go off to the reef, with only the darkey captain.

We started as early as we could get off, on the morning after we had been at Fort Charlotte. The captain of the yacht—they give themselves and their sail-boats big titles here—was a tall colored man, named Chris, and he took two big darkey boys with him, although we told him we did n't want any divers. But I suppose he thought we might change our minds. I did n't tell him *I* was going to dive. He might not have been willing to go, in that case.

We had a nice sail up the harbor, between the large island on which the town stands, and the smaller ones that separate the harbor from the ocean. After sailing about five miles we turned out to sea between two islands, and pretty soon were anchored over the reef.

"Now then, boss," said Captain Chris, "don't ye want these here boys to do some divin' for ye?"

"I told you I would n't want them," said I. "I 'm going to dive, myself."

"*You* dive, boss!" cried all three of the darkeys at once, and the two boys began to laugh.

"Ye can't do that, boss," said the captain. "Ef ye aint used to this here kind o' divin', ye can't do nothin' at all, under this water. Ye better let the boys go fur ye."

"No," said I, "I 'm going myself," and I began to take off my clothes.

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The colored fellows did n't like it much, for it seemed like taking their business away from them; but they could n't help it, and so they just sat and waited to see how things would turn out.

"You 'd better take a look through the glass, before you dive," said Rectus, "and choose what you 're going to get."

"I 'm not going to be particular," I replied. "I shall get whatever I can."

"The tide 's pretty strong," said the captain. "You 've got to calkelate fur that."

I was obliged for this information, which was generous on his part, considering the circumstances, and I dived from the bow, as far out as I could jump. Down I went, but I did n't reach the bottom, at all. My legs grazed against some branches and things, but the tide had me back to the boat in no time, and I came up near the stern which I seized, and got on board.

Both the colored boys were grinning, and the captain said:

"Ye can't dive that-a way, boss. You 'll never git to the bottom, at all, that-a way. Ye must go right down, ef ye go at all."

I knew that, but I must admit I did n't care much to go all the way down when I made the first dive. Just as I jumped, I thought of the hard sharp things at the bottom, and I guess I was a little too careful not to dive into them.

But now I made a second dive, and I went down beautifully. I made a grab at the first thing my hand touched. It was a purple knob of coral. But it stuck tight to its mother-rock, and I was ready to go up before it was ready to come loose, and so I went up without it.

"'T aint easy to git them things," said the captain, and the two boys said:

"No indeed, boss, ye cahn't git them things dat-a way."

I did n't say anything, but in a few minutes I made another dive. I determined to look around a little, this time, and seize something that I could break off or pull up. I found that I could n't stay under water, like the darkeys could. That required practice, and perhaps more fishy lungs.

Down I went, and I came right down on a small sea-fan, which I grabbed instantly. That ought to give way, easily. But as I seized it I brought down my right foot into the middle of a big round sponge. I started, as if I had had an electric shock. The thing seemed colder and wetter than the water; it was slimy and sticky and horrid. I did not see what it was, and it felt as if some great sucker-fish, with a cold woolly mouth, was trying to swallow my foot. I let go of everything, and came right up, and drew myself, puffing and blowing, on board the boat.

How Captain Chris laughed! He had been watching me through the water-glass, and saw what had scared me.

"Why, boss!" said he, "sponges don't eat people! That was nice and sof' to tread on. A sight better than cuttin' yer foot on a piece o' coral."

That was all very well, but I 'm sure Captain Chris jumped the first time he ever put his bare foot into a sponge under water.

"I s'pose ye 're goin' to gib it up now, boss," said the captain.

"No, I 'm not," I answered. "I have n't brought up anything yet. I 'm going down again."

"You 'd better not," said Rectus. "Three times is all that anybody ever tries to do anything. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. One, two, three. You 're not expected to try four times. And, besides, you 're tired."

"I 'll be rested in a minute," said I, "and then I 'll try once more. I 'm all right. You need n't worry."

But Rectus did worry. I must have looked frightened when I came up, and I believe he had caught the scare. Boys will do that. The captain tried to keep me from going in again, but I knew it was all nonsense to be frightened. I was going to bring up something from the bottom, if it was only a pebble.

So, after resting a little while, and getting my breath again, down I went. I was in for anything now, and the moment I reached the bottom I swept my arm around and seized the first thing I touched. It was a pretty big thing, for it was a sea-feather over five feet high,—a regular tree. I gave a jerk at it, but it held fast. I wished, most earnestly, that I had taken hold of something smaller, but I did n't like to let go. I might get nothing else. I gave another jerk, but it was of no use. I felt that I could n't hold my breath much longer, and must go up. I clutched the stem of the thing with both hands; I braced my feet against the bottom; I gave a tremendous tug and push, and up I came to the top, sea-feather and all!

With both my hands full I could n't do much swimming, and the tide carried me astern of the boat before I knew it.

Rectus was the first to shout to me.

"Drop it, and strike out!" he yelled; but I did n't drop it. I took it in one hand and swam with the other. But the tide was strong and I did n't make any headway. Indeed, I floated further away from the boat.

Directly, I heard a splash, and in a moment afterward, it seemed, the two darkey divers were swimming up to me.

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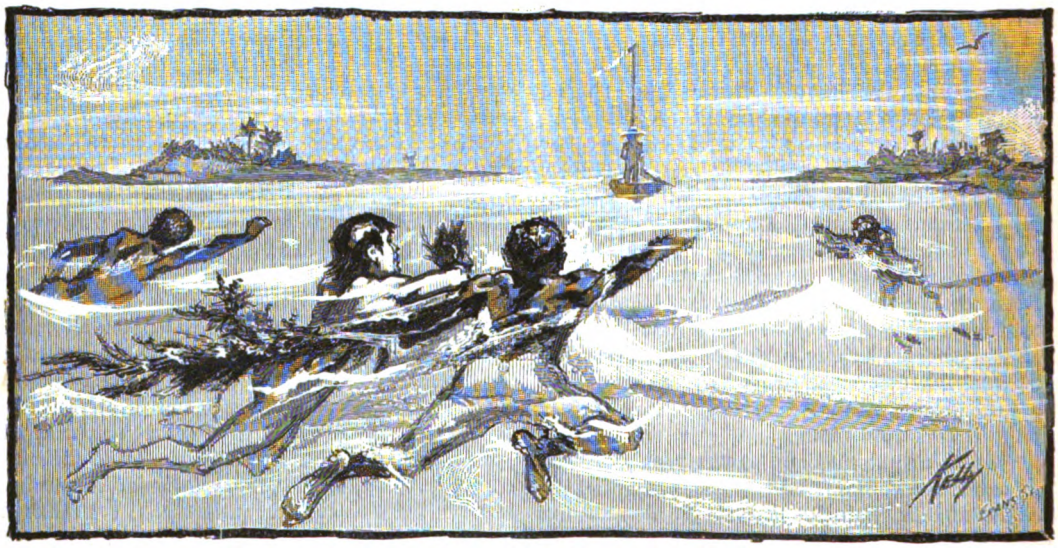
"Drop dat," said one of them, "an' we 'll take ye in."

"No I wont," I spluttered, still striking out with my legs and one arm. "Take hold of this, and we can all go in together."

I thought that if one of them would help me with the sea-feather, which seemed awfully heavy, two of us could certainly swim to the boat with four legs and two arms between us.

But neither of them would do it. They wanted me to drop my prize, and then they 'd take hold of me and take me in. We were disputing and puffing, and floating further and further away, when up came Captain Chris, swimming like a shark. He had jerked off his clothes and jumped in when he saw what was going on. He just put one hand under my right arm, in which I held the sea-feather, and then we struck out together for the boat. It was like getting a tow from a tug-boat. We were alongside in no time. Captain Chris was the strongest and best swimmer I ever saw.



"WE STRUCK OUT TOGETHER FOR THE BOAT."

Rectus was leaning over, ready to help, and he caught me by the arm as I reached up for the side of the boat.

"No," said I, "take this," and he seized the sea-feather and pulled it in. Then the captain gave me a hoist, and I clambered on board.

The captain had some towels under the little forward deck, and I gave myself a good rub down and dressed. Then I went to look at my prize. No wonder it was heavy. It had a young rock, a foot long, fast to its root.

"You sp'iled one o' de puttiest things in that garden down there," said the captain. "I allus anchored near that tall feather, and all de vis'tors used to talk about it. I did n't think you 'd bring it up when I seed you grab it. But you must 'a' give a powerful heave to come up with all that stone."

"I don't think you ought to have tried to do that," said Rectus, who looked as if he had n't enjoyed himself. "I did n't know you were so obstinate."

"Well," said I, "the truth of the matter is that I am a fool, sometimes, and I might as well admit it. But now let 's see what we 've got on this stone."

There was a lot of curious things on the piece of rock which had come up with the sea-feather. There were small shells, of different shapes and colors, with the living creatures inside of them, and there were mosses, and sea-weed, and little sponges, and small sea-plants, tipped with red and yellow, and more things of the kind than I can remember. It was the handsomest and most interesting piece of coral-rock that I had seen yet.

As for the big purple sea-feather, it was a whopper, but too big for me to do anything with it. When we got home, Rectus showed it around to the Chippertons, and some of the people at the hotel, and told them that I dived down and brought it up, myself, but I could n't take it away with me, for it was much too long to go in my trunk. So I gave it next day to Captain Chris to sell, if he chose, but I believe he took it back and planted it again in the submarine garden, so that his passengers could see how tall a sea-feather could grow, when it tried. I chipped off a piece

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of the rock, however, to carry home as a memento. I was told that the things growing on it—I picked off all the shells—would make the clothes in my trunk smell badly, but I thought I 'd risk it.

"After all," said Rectus, that night, "what was the good of it? That little piece of stone don't amount to anything, and you might have been drowned."

"I don't think I could have been drowned," said I, "for I should have dropped the old thing, and floated, if I had felt myself giving out. But the good of it was this: It showed me what a disagreeable sort of place a sea-garden is, when you go down into it, to pick things."

"Which you wont do again, in a hurry, I reckon," said Rectus.

"You 're right there, my boy," I answered.

The next day, the Chippertons and ourselves took a two-horse barouche, and rode to the "caves," some six or seven miles from the town. We had a long walk through the pine-apple fields before we came to the biggest cave, and found it was n't very much of a cave, after all, though there was a sort of a room, on one side, which looked like a church, with altar, pillars and arches. There was a little hole, on one side of this room about three feet wide, which led, our negro guide said, to a great cave, which ran along about a mile, until it reached the sea. There was no knowing what skeletons, and treasures, and old half-decayed boxes of coins, hidden by pirates, and swords with jewels in the handles, and loose jewels, and silver-plate, and other things we might have found in that cave, if we had only had a lantern or some candles to light us while we were wandering about in it. But we had no candles or lantern, and so did not become a pirate's heirs. It was Corny who was most anxious to go in. She had read about Blackbeard and the other pirates who used to live on this island, and she felt sure that some of their treasures were to be found in that cave. If she had thought of it, she would have brought a candle.

The only treasures we got were some long things, like thin ropes, which hung from the roof to the floor of the cave we were in. This cave was n't dark, because nearly all of one side of it was open. These ropes were roots or young trunks from banyan-trees, growing on the ground above, and which came through the cracks in the rocks, and stretched themselves down so as to root in the floor of the cave, and make a lot of underground trunks for the tree above. The banyan-tree is the most enterprising trunk-maker I ever heard of.

We pulled down a lot of these banyan-ropes, some of them more than twenty feet long, to take away as curiosities. Corny thought it would be splendid to have a jumping-rope made of a banyan-root, or rather trunklet. The banyans here are called wild fig-trees, which they really are, wherever they grow. There is a big one, not far from the town, which stands by itself, and has a lot of trunks coming down from the branches. It would take the conceit out of a hurricane, I think, if it tried to blow down a banyan-tree.

The next day was Sunday, and our party went to a negro church to hear a preacher, who was quite celebrated as a colored orator. He preached a good sensible sermon, although he did n't meddle much with grammar. The people were poorly dressed, and some of the deacons were barefooted, but they were all very clean and neat, and they appeared to be just as religious as if they had all ridden in carriages to some Fifth Avenue church in New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAKE UP MR. CHIPPERTON.

ABOUT nine oclock, on Monday morning, the "Tigris" came in. When we boarded her, which we did almost as soon as the stairs had been put down her side, we found that she would make a shorter stay than usual, and would go out that evening, at high tide. So there was no time to lose. After the letters had been delivered at the hotel and we had read ours, we sent our trunks on board and went around to finish up Nassau. We rowed over to Hog Island, opposite the town, to see, once more, the surf roll up against the high, jagged rocks; we ran down among the negro cottages and the negro cabins to get some fruit for the trip; and we rushed about to bid good-bye to some of our old friends—Poquadilla among them. Corny went with us, this time. Every darkey knew we were going away, and it was amazing to see how many of them came to bid us good-bye, and ask for some coppers.

After supper we went on board the steamer, and about ten o'clock she cast loose, and as she slowly moved away, we heard the old familiar words:

"Give us a small dive, boss!"

They came from a crowd of darkey boys on the wharf. But although the moon was shining brightly, we did n't think they could see coppers on the bottom that night. They might have found a shilling or a half-dollar, but we did n't try them.

There were a couple of English officers on board, from the barracks, and we thought that they were going to take a trip to the United States; but the purser told us that they had no idea of doing that themselves, but were trying to prevent one of the "red-coats," as the common soldiers were generally called, from leaving the island. He

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had been missed at the barracks, and it was supposed that he was stowed away somewhere on the vessel. The steamer had delayed starting for half an hour, so that search might be made for the deserter, but she could n't wait any longer if she wanted to get over the bar that night, and so the lieutenants, or sergeants, or whatever they were, had to go along and come back in the pilot-boat.

When we got outside we lay to, with the pilot-boat alongside of us, and the hold of the vessel was ransacked for the deserter. Corny openly declared that she hoped they would n't find him, and I 'm sure I had a pretty strong feeling that way myself. But they did find him. He was pulled out from behind some barrels in a dark place in the hold and hurried up on deck. We saw him as he was forced over the side of the vessel and almost dropped into the pilot-boat, which was rising and falling on the waves by the side of the ship. Then the officers scrambled down the side and jumped into the boat. The line was cast off, the negro oarsmen began to pull away, and the poor red-coat took his doleful journey back to Nassau. He must have felt pretty badly about it. I have no doubt that when he hid himself down there in that dark hold, just before the vessel started, he thought he had made a pretty sure thing of it, and that it would not be long before he would be a free man, and could go where he pleased and do what he pleased in the wide United States. But the case was very different now. I suppose it was wrong, of course, for him to desert, and probably he was a mean sort of a fellow to do it; but we were all very sorry to see him taken away. Corny thought that he was very likely a good man who had been imposed upon, and that, therefore, it was right to try to run away. It was quite natural for a girl to think that.

The moment the pilot-boat left us, the "Tigris" started off in good earnest and went steaming along on her course. And it was not long before we started off, also in good earnest, for our berths. We were a tired set.

The trip back was not so pleasant as our other little voyage, when we were coming to the Bahamas. The next day was cloudy, and the sea was rough and choppy. The air was mild enough for us to be on deck, but there was a high wind which made it uncomfortable. Rectus thought he could keep on his wide straw hat; but he soon found out his mistake and had to get out his Scotch cap, which made him look like a very different fellow.

There were not very many passengers on board, as it was scarcely time for the majority of people to leave Nassau. They generally stay until April, I think. Besides our party of five, there were several gentlemen and ladies from the hotel; and as we knew them all tolerably well, we had a much more sociable time than when we came over. Still, for my part, I should have preferred fair weather, bright skies, and plenty of nautiluses and flying-fish.

The "yellow-legged" party remained at Nassau. I was a little sorry for this, too, as I liked the men pretty well, now that I knew them better. They certainly were good walkers.

Toward noon the wind began to blow harder and the waves ran very high. The "Tigris" rolled from side to side as if she would go over, and some of the ladies were a good deal frightened; but she always came up again, all right, no matter how far over she dipped, and so in time they got used to it. I proved to Mrs. Chipperton that it would be impossible for the vessel to upset, as the great weight of ballast, freight, machinery, etc., in the lower part of her would always bring her deck up again, even if she rolled entirely over on her side, which, sometimes, she seemed as if she was going to do, but she always changed her mind just as we thought the thing was going to happen. The first mate told me that the reason we rolled so was because we had been obliged to take in all sail, and that the mainsail had steadied the vessel very much before the wind got so high. This was all very well, but I did n't care much to know why the thing was. There are some people who think a thing 's all right if they can only tell you the reason for it.

Before dark we had to go below, for the captain said he did n't want any of us to roll overboard, and, besides, the spray from the high waves made the deck very wet and unpleasant. None of us liked it below. There was no place to sit but in the long saloon, where the dining-tables were, and after supper we all sat there and read. Mr. Chipperton had a lot of novels, and we each took one. But it was n't much fun. I could n't get interested in my story,—at least, not in the beginning of it. I think that people who want to use up time when they are traveling ought to take what Rectus called a "begun novel" along with them. He had got on pretty well in his book while he was in Nassau, and so just took it up now and went right along.

The lamps swung so far backward and forward above the table that we thought they would certainly spill the oil over us in one of their wild pitches; the settees by the table slid under us as the ship rolled, so that there was no comfort, and any one who tried to walk from one place to another had to hang on to whatever he could get hold of, or be tumbled up against the tables or the wall. Some folks got sea-sick and went to bed, but we tried to stick it out as long as we could.

The storm grew worse and worse. Sometimes, a

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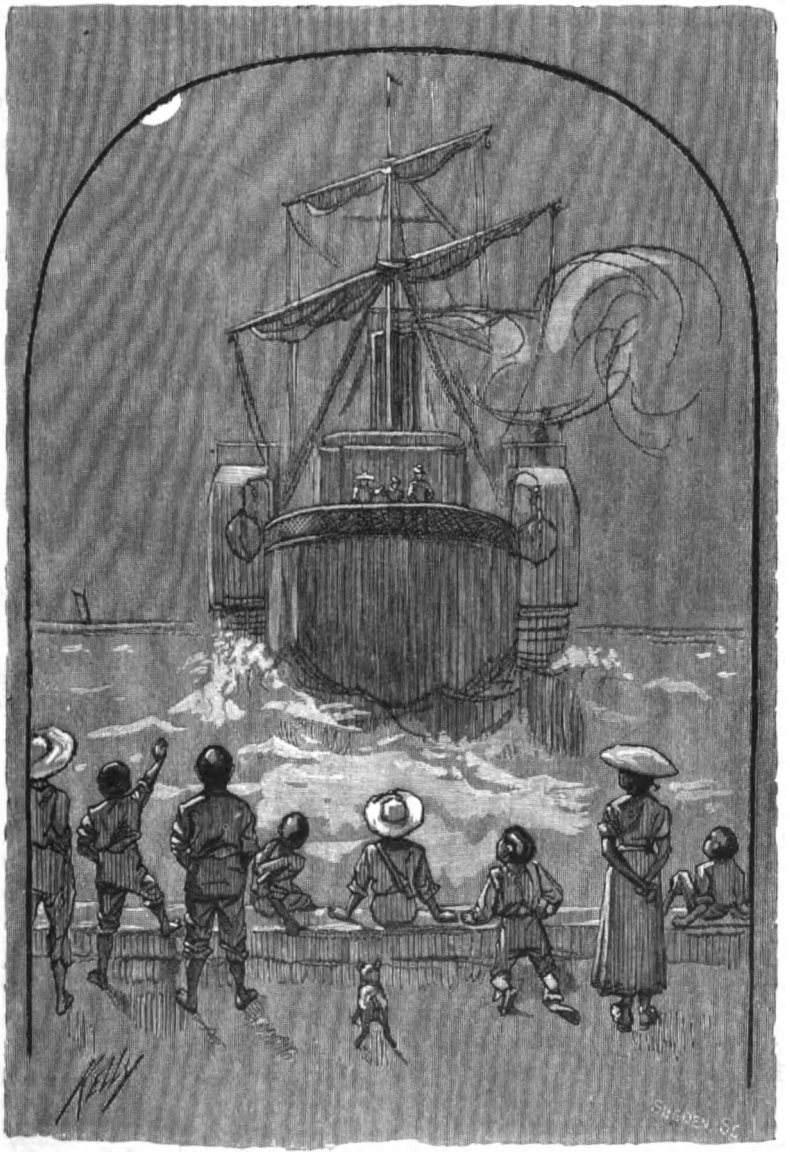
big wave would strike the side of the steamer, just behind us, with a tremendous shock. The ladies were always sure she had "struck something" when this happened; but when they found it was only water that she had struck, they were better satisfied. At last, things grew to be so bad that we thought we should have to go to bed and spend the night holding on to the handles at the back of our berths, when, all of a sudden, there was a great change. The rolling stopped, and the vessel seemed to be steaming along almost on an even keel. She pitched somewhat forward and aft,—that is, her bow and her stern went up and down by turns,—but we did n't mind that, as it was so very much better than the wild rolling that had been kept up so long.



GOOD-BYE TO NASSAU.

"I wonder what this means?" said Mr. Chipperton, actually standing up without holding on to anything. "Can they have got into a current of smooth water?"

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I did n't think this was possible, but I did n't stop to make any conjectures about it. Rectus and I ran up on the forward deck to see how this agreeable change had come about. The moment we got outside we found the wind blowing fearfully and the waves dashing as high as ever, but they were not plunging against our sides. We carefully worked our way along to the pilot-house and looked in. The captain was inside, and when he saw us he opened the door and came out. He was going to his own room, just back of the pilot-house, and he told us to come with him.

He looked tired and wet, and he told us that the storm had grown so bad that he did n't think it would be right to keep on our course any longer. We were going to the north-west, and the storm was coming from the north-east, and the waves and the wind dashed fair against the side of the vessel, making her roll and careen so that it began to be unsafe. So he had put her around with her head to the wind, and now she took the storm on her bow, where she could stand it a great deal better. He put all this in a good deal of sea-language, but I tell it as I got the sense of it.

"Did you think she would go over, captain?" asked Rectus.

"Oh no!" said he, "but something might have been carried away."

He was a very pleasant man and talked a good deal to us.

"It 's all very well to lie to, this way," he went on, "for the comfort and safety of the passengers and the ship, but I don't like it, for we 're not keeping on to our port, which is what I want to be doing."

"THE SHIP WAS ON FIRE!"

"Are we stopping here?" I asked.

"Pretty much," said the captain. "All that the engines are working for, is just to keep her head to the wind."

I felt the greatest respect for the captain. Instead of telling us why the ship rolled, he just stopped her rolling. I liked that way of doing things. And I was sure that every one on board that I had talked to would be glad to have the

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vessel lie to, and make herself comfortable until the storm was over.

We did not stay very long with the captain, for he wanted to take a nap, and when we went out, we stood a little while by the railing to see the storm. The wind nearly took our heads off, and the waves dashed right up over the bow of the ship so that if any one had been out there, I suppose they would have been soaked in a few minutes, if not knocked down. But we saw two men at the wheel, in the pilot-house, steadily holding her head to the wind, and we felt that it was all right. So we ran below and reported, and then we all went to bed.

Although there was not much of the rolling that had been so unpleasant before, the vessel pitched and tossed enough to make our berths, especially mine, which was the upper one, rather shaky places to rest in; and I did not sleep very soundly. Sometime in the night, I was awakened by a sound of heavy and rapid footfalls on the deck above my head. I lay and listened for a moment, and felt glad that the deck was steady enough for them to walk on. There soon seemed to be a good deal more running, and as they began to drag things about, I thought that it would be a good idea to get up and find out what was going on. If it was anything extraordinary, I wanted to see it. Of course, I woke up Rectus, and we put on our clothes. There was now a good deal of noise on deck.

"Perhaps we have run into some vessel and sunk her," said Rectus, opening the door, with his coat over his arm. He was in an awful hurry to see.

"Hold up here!" I said. "Don't you go on deck in this storm without an overcoat. If there has been a collision you can't do any good, and you need n't hurry so. Button up warm."

We both did that, and then we went up on deck. There was no one aft, just then, but we could see in the moonlight, which was pretty strong, although the sky was cloudy, that there was quite a crowd of men forward. We made our way in that direction as fast as we could, in the face of the wind, and when we reached the deck, just in front of the pilot-house, we looked down to the big hatchway where the freight and baggage were lowered down into the hold, and there we saw what was the matter.

The ship was on fire!

The hatchway was not open, but smoke was coming up thick and fast all around it. A half-dozen men were around a donkey-engine that stood a little forward of the hatch, and others were pulling at hose. The captain was rushing here and there giving orders. I did not hear anything he said. No one said anything to us. Rectus asked one of the men something as he ran past him, but the man did not stop to answer.

But there was no need to ask any questions.

"'KEEP PERFECTLY COOL,' SAID MR. CHIPPERTON."

There was the smoke coming up, thicker and blacker, from the edges of the hatch.

"Come!" said I, clutching Rectus by the arm. "Let 's wake them up."

"Don't you think they can put it out?" he asked as we ran back.

"Can't tell," I answered. "But we must get ready,—that 's what we 've got to do."

I am sure I did not know how we were to get ready, or what we were to do, but my main idea was that no time was to be lost in doing something. The first thing was to awaken our friends.

We found the steward in the saloon. There was only one lamp burning there, and the place looked dismal, but there was light enough to see that he was very pale.

"Don't you intend to wake up the people?" I said to him.

"What 's the good?" he said. "They 'll put it out."

"They may, and they may n't," I answered, "and it wont hurt the passengers to be awake."

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With this I hurried to the Chippertons' state-room—they had a double room in the center of the vessel—and knocked loudly on the door. I saw the steward going to other doors, knocking at some and opening others and speaking to the people inside.

Mr. Chipperton jumped right up and opened the door. When he saw Rectus and me standing there, he must have seen in our faces that something was the matter, for he instantly asked:

"What is it? A wreck?"

I told him of the fire, and said that it might not be much, but that we thought we 'd better waken him.

"That 's right!" he said; "we 'll be with you directly. Keep perfectly cool. Remain just where you are. You 'll see us all in five minutes," and he shut the door.

But I did not intend to stand there. A good many men were already rushing from their rooms and hurrying up the steep stairs that led from the rear of the saloon to the deck, and I could hear ladies calling out from their rooms as if they were hurrying to get ready to come out. The stewardess, a tall colored woman, was just going to one of these ladies, who had her head out of the door. I told Rectus to run up on deck, see how things were going on, and then to come back to the Chippertons' door. Then I ran to our room, jerked the cork life-preservers from under the pillows and came out into the saloon with them. This seemed to frighten several persons who saw me as I came from our room, and they rushed back for their life-preservers, generally getting into the wrong room, I think. I did not want to help to make a fuss and confusion, but I thought it would be a good deal better for us to get the life-preservers now than to wait. If we did n't need them no harm would be done. Some one had turned up several of the lamps in the saloon so that we could see better. But no one stopped to look much. Everybody, ladies and all—there were not many of these—hurried on deck. The Chippertons were the last to make their appearance. Just as their door opened Rectus ran up to me.

"It 's worse than ever!" he said.

"Here!" said I, "take this life-preserver! Have you life-preservers in your room?" I asked, quickly of Mr. Chipperton.

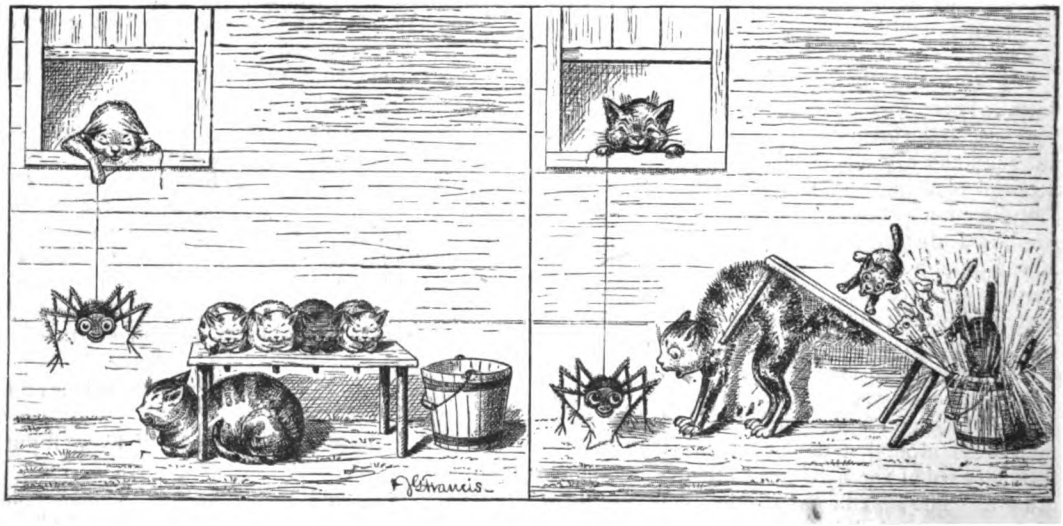
"All right," said he, "we have them on. Keep all together and come on deck,—and remember to be perfectly cool."

He went ahead with Mrs. Chipperton, and Rectus and I followed, one on each side of Corny. Neither she nor her mother had yet spoken to us; but while we were going up the stairs, Corny turned to me, as I came up behind her, and said:

"Is it a real fire?"

"Oh yes," I answered; "but they may put it out."

(To be continued.)



SOME FUN WITH A TOY SPIDER.

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A TALK ABOUT ROYAL CHILDREN.

By E. B. T.

All the old kings and queens mentioned in your history-lessons were children once, you know. Well, it is about their childish days that I intend to tell you; and not only about the kings and queens themselves, but also about some little princes and princesses who never ascended the throne, but who played around its steps.

Let us begin with England, for I know you would like to hear about children who spoke the same language as ourselves. If you are ever in Westminster Abbey, London, near the chapel of Edward the Confessor, you will see a little tomb marked:

"Catherine,
Beloved Daughter of Henry III. and his
Queen Eleanor."

She was both deaf and dumb, yet it is said that she was so gentle and affectionate that the king, her father, grieved sorely when, at the early age of three years, a lingering sickness carried her to the tomb; and we read in the ancient records that the king caused a silver image of his beloved little daughter to be made, doubtless to have always before his eyes, at least a semblance of that precious gift which had been taken away.

Long before this, in the twelfth century, William, the son of Henry I. of England,—a troublesome boy if the hints of history are to be believed,—had married a little girl of twelve summers,—a foolish young couple, we may be sure, for the groom was only seventeen. He did not live long; for a few years afterward he and a hundred and forty young men were drowned off the French coast near Harfleur. History does not say that he was mourned by the English people, but a very old picture shows us King Henry bewailing his loss in a very pitiful manner. It is said, indeed, that the stricken father never was seen to smile again.

Edward I. had two lovely children, John and Henry, whom he was compelled to leave behind him in England on going with his wife, the devoted Eleanora of Castile, to join the Crusade in 1269. When the princess was urged to remain with her children, she replied in words that deserve to be remembered:

"Nothing ought to part those whom God has joined, and the way to heaven is as short from Syria as from England, or my native Spain."

When Edward and Eleanora, on their return from Syria, arrived at Sicily, the first tidings that greeted them were that Prince John, their heir, and a child whose talents were unequaled for his years, was dead. Scarcely had the bereaved parents recovered from this shock, when a messenger announced the death of their second son, Prince Henry; and a third messenger brought at the same time the news of the death of the aged King, Henry III.

On hearing of the death of his father, Edward gave way to a torrent of grief far surpassing that which he had shown for his sons; and on the astonished courtiers asking him how it was that he bore the loss of both his sons with such calm resignation, and abandoned himself to grief at the death of an aged man, Edward answered:

"The loss of infants may be repaired by the same God who gave them; but when a man has lost a good father, it is not in the course of nature for God to send him another."

The celebrated hero, Edward, the Black Prince, was such a lovely infant that the portrait of Queen Philippa, his mother, and her princely boy, were often painted to represent the Virgin and Child.

The story of the beautiful little Isabella of Valois, who became the mistress of a royal home at the age of eight, is beautifully told in a recent number of this magazine. So I need not repeat it here, but will only add that the child, though of queenly bearing for so young a creature, played with her dolls, and in many ways enjoyed herself as a child should, after she was really Queen of England!

When Henry V. heard of the birth of his son, the unfortunate Henry VI., he eagerly demanded where the boy was born, and, having been answered, "At Windsor," he made, with a sad countenance the following prophecy:

"I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
Shall small time reign and much get;
But Henry of Windsor long shall reign, and lose all of it,
But as God will, so be it."

And the prophecy came to pass; for Henry VI. seemed to be unhappy and unfortunate even in his babyhood. He held his first parliament in London at the tender age of eight months. In order to reach the parliament in proper season, he was obliged to journey from Windsor to London on a Sunday; but upon being carried toward his mother's carriage, he shrieked, he cried, he sprang, and would be carried no farther; "wherefore, they bore him again to the inn at Staines, and there he abode the Sunday all day." Evidently, the infant monarch did not approve of traveling on that par-

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ticular Sunday. The famous Earl of Warwick was the baby-king's guardian. When the parliament was opened he held him in his arms, and the royal infant, gently placing one of his tiny hands upon the scepter, did not seem to know whether that emblem of sovereignty was meant to be treated with respect or as a plaything.

Doubtless, you all are acquainted with the sad story of the "Princes in the Tower"; but if you are not, look in the ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1874, and you will be able not only to read their history much better than I can tell it to you, but you can also see the engraving of the beautiful picture by Delaroche in which the two boys are shown, prisoners in the dreadful Tower.

The learned Erasmus visited the children of Henry VII. at their palace of Shene or Richmond, and gave the following description of them:

"Thomas More paid me a visit when I was Mountjoy's guest, and took me for recreation a walk to a neighboring country palace, where the royal children were abiding, Prince Arthur excepted, who had finished his education. The princely children were assembled in the hall. In the midst stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old; he bore in his countenance a look of high rank, and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. By his right hand stood the Princess Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterward Queen of Scotland. At the other side was the Princess

KING HENRY I. BEWAILING HIS SON.
(FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

Mary, a little one of four years, engaged in her sports, whilst Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." The Princess Margaret united the crowns of England and Scotland in the person of her great-grandson, James I. of England. The boy Henry, of whom such a pleasing picture is given, afterward became the tyrant Henry VIII.

Did you ever think of the great Queen Elizabeth as a little girl? Poor little child! she did not lead a happy life; for her father did not love her, and she never knew a mother's care. You may imagine how ill she was used when I tell you that her governess was obliged to beg for clothing for her. When she was four years old she assisted at the christening of her infant brother, afterward Edward VI., and on his second birthday she presented him with a cambric shirt of her own making.

There was another princess, named Elizabeth, whose years were few but full of sorrow. She was a daughter of King Charles I. of England, and, after his decapitation, was shut up with her little brother in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight.

The princess was exceedingly beautiful, and seldom was a child seen with such grace and dignity. In her mind she resembled her grandfather, Henry IV. of France, and her intelligence was a subject of astonishment to her father, who often consulted her. The royal children's rooms at Carisbrooke were gloomy and dreary, but they found kind hearts in the custodian of the castle and his good wife.

As though to make the scene of their imprisonment still more sad, the first night of their arrival a sentinel called to the princess as she looked out, and unfeelingly told her that the little Gothic window which she saw opposite to her was where her father had tried to escape, but was prevented by its smallness. This brought a flood of tears from the little princess, who seemed inconsolable for the fate of her father. The next day, the children went to the little Gothic window, and there they interlaced their hands between the bars and stood for a long time thinking of their father.

The princess begged that the door of the room where her father had been confined might be opened. Its walls brought new tears, and sad memories of the humiliation which the king had endured. By the help of her brother, the princess turned her father's room into an oratory, and placed her precious Bible there. In summer, they brought flowers to decorate the place.

One quiet evening, they heard some sailors at sea singing, as was their habit, "God save the king!"

"Listen," said the princess, "there are still some who love our father;" and, happy for one moment, she embraced her brother.

As they were taking their usual walk upon the ramparts one morning, a wedding procession passed; the young girls were dancing, and had bouquets in their hands; but when they saw the royal children they stopped and threw them their flowers, out of respect and kind feeling. The princess in gratitude leaned down, and, loosening

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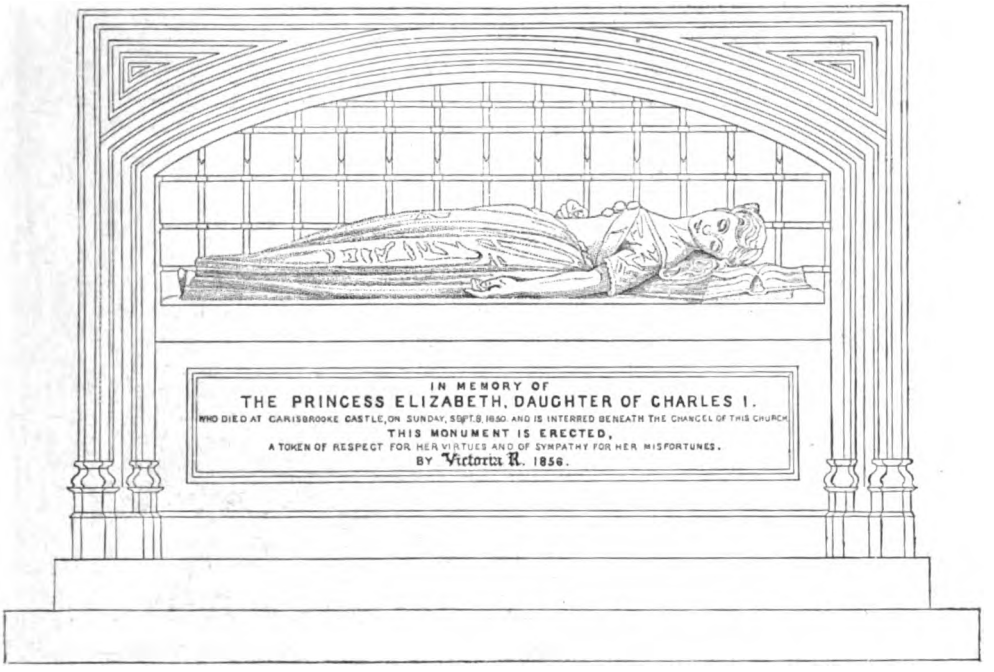
a little cross from her neck, dropped it into the hand of the bride.

Another time, a funeral procession passed by, and the princess, seeing them weeping, said:



MONUMENT TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

"Oh do not weep; to rest in God is only happiness."

She grew weaker and weaker every day, but as long as she was able she taught her little brother each day out of her Bible and some old Latin books which had been given to her. One Sunday morning, the 8th September, 1650, as the warden's wife entered the room, according to custom, with a bowl of milk for the princess, she found her, as she supposed, sleeping, but it proved to be the sleep of death. She lay there white and calm, with her head leaning on her dearly beloved Bible. From her hand had fallen a paper containing an account of her last interview with her father. The paper was headed with these words:

"That which the king said to me the last time I had the happiness of seeing him"—that was on the night before his execution.

After describing the reception of herself and brother, she wrote:

"The king said: 'But perhaps, my darling, you will forget that which I am going to tell you.' And with that he shed abundant tears. I assured him I would write all his words.

"'My child,' said he, 'you must not grieve for me; my death is glorious; I die for the laws, and religion.' He assured me he pardoned all his enemies, and wished us also to pardon them. He sent many messages to my mother that his love for her would always be the same. Again, he told us we must not weep for him; that he died a martyr, in full assurance that the throne would some day be given back to his sons, and that then he would be more happy than if he had lived. He then took my little brother Gloucester on his knees and said to him: 'Listen to me, my dear boy; they are going to cut off your father's head, and may be they may wish afterward to make you king, but do not forget that which I am going to tell you,—*not to let them make you king*.' The child sighed deeply and replied that he would rather be torn in pieces, which answer greatly pleased the king."

Here the story of the farewell broke off, for death had stopped the hand of the young princess. The body was put in a leaden coffin with this inscription:

"ELIZABETH,
SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LAST KING CHARLES,
DIED 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1650,"

and placed in the church of St. Thomas, near the altar. The initials "E. S." (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the place, which for a long time was forgotten. Queen Victoria recently ordered the old church to be torn down, and Prince Albert laid the

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CHARLES I. AND HIS FAMILY IN THE ROYAL BARGE.

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corner-stone of a new one in which the remains of the little princess were deposited and where a monument was set up to her memory. This monument represents her as she lay in the sleep of death, and was furnished by the queen herself.

The little Duke of Gloucester, after the death of his sister, refused all nourishment; and Cromwell, fearing he would die in prison, set him at liberty. He rejoined his mother in France, but everywhere the sad memories of his father and sister haunted him, and even the joys of the restoration of his brother to the English throne did not soothe his grief. He became more and more mournful, and died at the age of twenty in the palace of Whitehall. I wish I had space to tell you of the noble and generous Henry, Prince of Wales; of Charles I., fondly called by his parents "Babie Charles;" of his girl-wife Henrietta Maria, spoken of in the story, "A Greyhound's Warning," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877; of the little Duchess of Burgundy, who married a grandson of Louis XIV. of France when she was only thirteen years old and could neither read nor write, and of a host of other royal children; but as I have not, I hope that you, dear readers, have derived some pleasure from hearing a little about boys and girls who, though they were princes and princesses, were not very different from other children after all.

COMPANY TO SUPPER.

By Frances Lee.

THERE was not a living being in the house but Delia, Lottie and me, excepting the cat who was snoozing away by the kitchen stove.

The rest had all gone to Falltown to some kind of a meeting. There was always something going on somewhere for the grown folks, and I suppose there was never a child in the world who hated to be left alone worse than I did. So this time they let me have Delia and Lottie come to stay with me.

We were upstairs braiding palm-leaf hats,—girls were brought up to work in that town,—when suddenly the front-door-bell rang.

Now, the front-door-bell was not rung more than once in three months, and it was so rough and rusty it would only tinkle. Almost everybody came through the side yard to the double-leaved doors that always stood open into the little square south entry with the sun shining in.

So, if the bell rang, it could n't be one of the neighbors. It must be a good deal of a stranger, and I was as afraid of strangers as I was of dogs.

"Let 's pretend we did n't hear it," said Delia.

"Seems as if I heard something, but may be it was the cat knocking down a milk-pan," said I.

But it was of no use. There came another tinkle, as though a sheep with a bell around his neck had bitten off a mouthful of tough grass.

"I thought I heard a wagon stop a long time ago," said Lottie. "Yes, there is one tied out there," she added, skirmishing to the upper hall window. "You will have to go, Totty."

"No, you need n't. Pretend we were braiding so fast we could n't hear a thing," said Delia, who would go out of her way to tell a story, any time.

"Oh, I 'll *have* to go! I don't dare to not," said I, casting aside my braiding in despair.

Then I pattered down the short mahogany-stained flight of stairs, the bell ringing for the third time, and tugged away at the great door-key.

How it did hate to turn in the rusted lock! And when it turned at last with a complaining shriek, how the brass door-knob refused to move! Then a strong hand from outside took hold, the bolts gave way, the door flew open in a twinkling, and there stood two men. One was a very tall man, and one was a middling-sized man, and they had whiskers and hats and linen coats.

"Good afternoon," said they, making bows. "Is nobody at home but you?"

"No, ma'am; no, sir; the folks are all gone to Falltown," said I, hoping with all my might they would keep right on to Falltown, too. But then my sense of hospitality set in, and I added: "They 'll be coming home soon. Will you walk in?"

"Thank you," said the middling-sized man. "May we put our horses in the barn first?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes, sir," said I, glad to be rid of them for so long. Then I ran upstairs to the girls.

"They are going to stay; they are putting up their horses. I guess they 've come to see Amy. She has a great many gentlemen friends," said I, proudly; minded to pick up what crumbs of comfort I could.

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"Then I shall go right straight home," said Delia, tying up her straws. "And, Lottie, you 've got to go with me, because you are my company."

"O, don't go!" I cried, in an agony of bashful terror at the thought of being left to face the strangers alone.

"Will you give me your beads if I stay?" demanded Delia.

My beads were six in number, made of white glass with square sides. They were strung on a red thread, and, when they were not a finger-ring, I kept them in an isinglass box along with the only tooth I had yet shed, a Sabbath-school card marked "five mills," a piece of blue clay, the head of a doll, and a horse-chestnut. It went to my heart to lose these beads, but anything was better than losing the girls, so I was just going to say that Delia could have them, when Lottie spoke up.

"Are n't you ashamed, Delia, to try to get away Totty's beads?" said she. "I 'll stay with you, Totty, till the folks come, any way."

I looked at her gratefully.

"Do you want a bite of my liquorice?" said I, plunging to the bottom of my pocket and bringing up a small piece wrapped in a bit of newspaper.

"I don't care," said she, holding out her hand. "Where shall I bite to?"

"Bite to there," said I, marking off a space with my finger-nail. "And Delia may have a taste, too," I continued, willing to heap a few coals of fire on her head. But Delia was not very sensitive, and, accordingly, she helped herself to a generous mouthful, and did n't seem to feel scorched a bit.

"Let 's go down-stairs and be there when they come in from untackling," said she, just as though she had n't thought of going home.

"Well," said I, bundling up my hat and straws.

So, when the tall man and the middling-sized man came in, there we sat in a row on the high, red, wooden chairs, with our feet dangling, and each with a half-braided hat in her hands. The gentlemen paused a moment, as though a little surprised at such an appearance, and as though they expected some sort of introduction or salutation. A faint impression floated over my mind at the same time that something of the kind would be proper. But what could I do? Was I to say: "This is Lottie, and this is Delia?" or "Miss Pitt and Miss Lutton?" And if I knew what to call the girls, I was not sure about the gentlemen's names. One I knew to be a Mr. Bowers, an old school friend of my sister, and the other might be—I was not certain—a Mr. Linden, whom I had seen once.

So as I did not know exactly what to do, I did nothing, which was perhaps the best way, but sat and braided and felt ashamed; and the young men looked over the books on the baize-covered side-table and tried to talk with us. Finally they took pity on us as well as on themselves, and went out for a walk up Deer Hill, and then Delia made up her mind she would go home, any way.

"Come, Lottie," said she with authority; "you are my company."

"Oh! Lottie said she would stay till the folks come," I cried. "Delia, you shall have my beads and all my piece of liquorice if you 'll let her stay."

"Of course I 'm not going to go and leave you alone, Totty. I said I would n't. Delia can go if she wants to," said Lottie, heartily. I feel grateful to her now for it.

So Delia went off "mad." But as for that, she usually went away in that condition.

After that, Lottie and I sat in the double doorway watching the shadows of the elm-tree creep over the yard, and the swallows flashing up and down, and the clouds changing to crimson and gold as the sun sank lower and lower toward the purple hills,—watching and listening.

"There they are!" I cried joyfully at last, at the sound of carriage wheels on the long hill.

It came slow and faint for a while, then quickened into a fast rattle at the bottom of the hill. Then we heard the rumble of wheels and sharp strike of heels on the little wooden bridge. Then the sounds died away.

"Coming up the short hill. They 'll be here in just two minutes," said I.

And sure enough in a minute we heard the wheels nearer and sharper, and in another minute Uncle Lacy's pudding-and-milk horse and round-topped chaise trotted by.

"Oh! Pa will come next," said I.

But no! Next came a pair of ink-black horses, driven rapidly by an elegantly dressed gentleman.

"That is Squire Palmer. He lives in Squakeag, and he always wears gloves," said I. "Pa 'll be the next one. Hark! I hear him now."

But I was mistaken, for then came Deacon Davis and his wife, riding behind a bony horse in a high green wagon, and looking like two bags of meal.

Then some travelers drove along. A man and a woman, with two little children sitting on stools in front, and two more behind on two more stools. They looked like pins on a pin-cushion, they were stuck in so thick.

After that was Captain Ingraham, chucking the reins and saying "Cadep!" to his old sorrel horse. He was going the other way, though.

At last, when it seemed as though everybody in town had gone by, we heard another welcome rattle and clatter.

"That is our folks! It must be! There is nobody left," I said, with a great sense of relief. But it was n't; and it was n't anybody. Or if it

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was, he stopped at one of the three houses between us and the top of the hill.

The young men had come in long before. I heard them trying to amuse themselves by declamations and discussions; and now the stars had begun to flicker out one by one, and the bats to fly through the soft summer twilight. So I lighted one of the candles in the best brass candlestick, and carried it into the sitting-room.

"I guess they 'll be in before long," said I, in bashful apology.

"I should think they had been long now," retorted the tall man.

I smiled a grim little smile, and went out feeling as though I had committed one of the seven deadly sins against the grammar and dictionary.

"Two wagons more have come down the hill and not gone by. They are ghost wagons," called Lottie from the door-step.

"O Lottie! You don't think anything has happened, do you?" I cried.

"No, there could n't," said she, confidently. "And if there had, somebody would come and tell us. It was about as dark as this, though, that time Deacon Davis's horse got scared at Captain Ingraham's bars, and turned around so sharp he broke the thill right smack off," she continued.

"I know it," I answered, looking wistfully at the lights twinkling out here and there in the houses where there was a mother at home.

"You remember how Deacon Davis got tipped over that other time, coming down Mr. Potter's hill, don't you?" continued Lottie. "Uncle Lacy was going by him,—Pa says it is dreadful careless to go by going down hill,—and so Deacon Davis turned out and the rein got caught, and when he tried to turn the old horse back she did n't go back, but kept turning out and turning out till the wagon tipped over, and broke Mrs. Deacon Davis's arm. Aunt Patty went over and got supper, and washed up the dishes, and she said the knives were just as black as anybody's, for all Mrs. Davis is such an awfully particular woman."

"Lottie," said I, dismally, "do you suppose my mother's arm is broken and our wagon is tipped over?"

"Why, no! Your horse is n't skittery, is he? Perhaps your folks have gone somewhere to stay all night."

"Then I 'd ought to get supper for the company," said I, feeling as though the weight of the whole universe was pressing down upon me.

"Well, I 'll help you," said Lottie, cheerfully.

Oh yes! I could be cheerful if it was her house and her company and I was helping her. Though I always did despise setting tables. It is just the same thing right over and over, and you know all the time that it is n't going to stay. But it had to be done. So I spread the cloth.

It was n't clean—the table-cloth was n't; but I thought I could cover the marks of Sebastian's gravy and the molasses I dropped on it at breakfast, with the plates. There was some cold tea in the tea-pot, and, while Lottie put it on the stove to heat, I rummaged in the safe for the supper.

"I almost know Ma would have honey if she was here," said I, coming out with a bowl of cider-apple-sauce, "and white bread, like enough."

"Yes," said Lottie; "my mother always does for company. They will expect it, I guess. But you don't know where your Ma keeps it, do you?"

"No, not exactly; perhaps I could find it; but she said the supper was all in the safe," said I, conscientiously, bringing out a plate of rye bread and half of a currant pie. "I guess it is ready now, and I s'pose I 've got to call them, but I 'd pretty near rather go up Deer Hill in the dark all alone," I continued, after running out and in, and up and down, a dozen times.

So I went to the sitting-room door and said, faintly, "Supper 's ready." Then it occurred to me that, probably, Amy would have said, "Will you walk out to tea?" and I wished I could drop through the floor into the potato-cellar.

But they walked out just as readily as though I had asked them to. And then what was I to do? I had hardly ever eaten a meal in my life until somebody had asked a blessing; and, in my uncertainty as to what it would be proper to say, I just looked wishfully at Mr. Bowers, who was studying to be a minister, and he went on with it just as though I had spoken.

So it was all right so far, and I began to pour the tea. But where were the tea-spoons? And when I had slipped from my chair and brought them, behold, the sugar-bowl had been forgotten!

The company did n't seem to care, though, and appeared to relish the rye bread and half a currant pie, too. I suppose they were pretty hungry, for it seemed they had n't had any dinner. So they ate and ate; and before they had finished eating, there was a sound of wheels and hoofs, and my father said, "Whoa!" right at the very door, without our having heard them coming at all.

They came in—my sisters and mother and father—all in a burst out of the darkness, filling the house with hospitality and cheer. They had been to Deacon Wright's to tea. They said they told me they should go there, but I don't believe to this day that they ever said a word about it.

My sisters were, of course, very much mortified at everything I had done and at everything I had n't done: they always were.

"Totty, why *did n't* you ask them into the par-

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or instead of the sitting-room?" they said; "and why *did n't* you do this?" "And why *did* you do that?" I even felt, at last, that somehow I was to blame for their staying to Deacon Wright's to tea. Why, bless them, *I* did n't want them to stay.

But the worst of it was Delia's stories. The girls all knew she would tell them, and so did her mother. People will, though, get a little stain of prejudice from a story-teller, especially as such folks are apt to catch at a person's weak side, and start by taking a few grains of truth.

"Totty did n't know a thing what to do," said she. "I and Lottie did it all. Totty teased me and teased me to stay, so I did, and I had to get the supper; make the biscuits and all. I had to visit with the company, too,—I and Lottie; we sang for them pieces they picked out for us in the music-book,—hard pieces. We sang duets when there was duets for two, and when there was a duet for one I sang that alone."

Lottie said she should n't care. Nobody would believe a word Delia said. But Delia's mother did, I know; for she told Aunt Patty afterward that Totty was a good girl enough at her books, but she did n't know how to take hold of work, and she would never set the river on fire. Aunt Patty told me of it one day when she thought I needed putting down.

And perhaps Delia's mother was right; for, sure enough, I never have set any river on fire.

BLOSSOM-BOY OF TOKIO.

By Wm. Elliot Griffis.

"HAPPY OLD GRANDMA."

THE flowers were just coming into bloom when a Japanese family in Tokio was made very happy, one May morning, eleven years ago. Their house stood on the slope of a hill within sight of the flukes of the tail of the great bronze fish on top of the castle towers. Mr. Ishido, papa and proprietor, was unusually happy.

Neighbors were calling every few minutes to congratulate him, and if you had noticed, you would have seen that each little girl or lady carried a present carefully tied up with a pretty kind of cord made of red and white paper.

What did all this mean? Simply this: that Ishido San (Mr. Stone-lamp) was rejoicing in a son. The female neighbors had come to congratulate Mrs. Ishido, and bring the baby a present. A rich friend of Mrs. Ishido had actually sent a silk robe embroidered with the pine-tree, stork, and tortoise, the emblems of long life; by which the giver meant to express the hope that baby would live to be an old man.

"I wonder what they will name him," said one old lady to another.

"Oh, that 's settled," said the other. "All the peach and cherry trees are in blossom. So he shall be named after the spring and blossoms, Harukichi" (the Blossom-boy).

"LITTLE PLUM-TREE."

So, when Blossom-boy was thirty days old, he was dressed in his new robes, and taken to the temple to receive his name. Mother and father, aunts and cousins, with the nurse-maid, made up a gay procession. Even happy old grandma, who had to take her walking-stick with her, was tempted out by the fine weather. Oba San, as they called her, had wrinkles on her forehead, but none in her heart. She loved to smile, and though much bent in her back, was very happy over her new grandchild.

"ON HIS NURSE'S BACK."

Although it was June, and not winter, yet the snow-showers fell, but not from the skies. The falling white petals of the cherry-blossoms filled the air and strewed the ground. At the temple, the smooth-pated old

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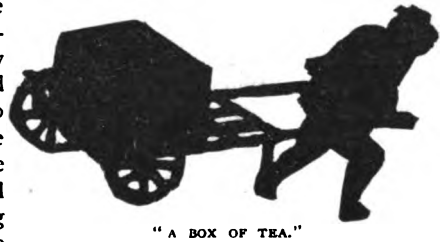
priest, after asking grandma what the child should be called, and receiving her answer, announced the name "Harukichi."

"A GENTLEMAN FANNING HIMSELF."

This was engraved on a small brass plate, with the name of his father and mother, and the number of the house and name of the street in which they lived. The brass plate was carefully slipped into a pretty bag made of red cloth, and hung to his belt, which he was to wear while a baby, and until he became a big boy. Should he get lost, any one, by opening the bag and reading the plate, could return him to his parents.



"A BOX OF TEA."

Harukichi never lived or slept in a cradle. They don't have such a thing in Japan; but he was carried on his nurse's back, or on his mother's or sister's. Even quite small children carry on their backs their baby brothers and sisters, who are tucked in under the outside coats; and a stranger

"THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE."

is apt at first to think there are a great many two-headed children. They look so at a distance.

Blossom-boy soon learned to slip down off nurse's back, and run around at play. He was a chubby little fellow, as round as a dumpling, and looked enough like a Japanese doll to be its cousin. His head was shaved just like a doll's, with "bangs," and rings, and locks, with a tiny cue or top-knot. Japanese dolls are painted blue on the head to show the shaved places. His skin was as soft as a peach, and of a color like *café-au-lait*. His eyes were black and snappy. His cheeks were as rosy as a plum-blossom.

His clothes were just made to play in. Not a button or strap anywhere about them, nor a pin to stick him! His robe was one thin loose garment in summer. In winter, he put on several padded and soft coats, like wrappers. All his clothing was fastened on with a belt round the waist. His socks were funny little bags, or mittens, made of thick muslin. The big toe (which Harukichi called his "foot-thumb") had a little place by itself, just like the finger of a glove. His shoes were made of straw. They were flat sandals bound on by a strap, or bit of rice-twine, over his instep. Every one in Japan takes off his shoes and leaves them outside, on the door-step, when he enters the house. Inside, the floors are covered with matting two inches thick. The doors and partitions slide in grooves, and do not hang on hinges. All the windows are of paper. In the yard at the side of Harukichi's house were many curious flowers, and a pond full of gold-fish two feet long. Harukichi used to feed these gold and silver carp with cracknels made of rice-flour.

It was a great day in Blossom-boy's life when his father came home one evening and said to him:

"To-morrow is a *matsuri* (holiday), and I am going to take you walking with me along the *O Dori* to see the sights. Then we shall take a row down the river, and see the 'fire-flowers'" (fire-works).

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Harukichi, and that night he dreamed of the stars blossoming on the earth, and the sky blooming with flowers.

"THE ONE-HORSE SHAY."

It was a warm day, and, as they went out of the house, they met a gentleman fanning himself. He used an *ogi* (a fan which opens and shuts), as

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Japanese gentlemen usually do, for the Japanese ladies use the *uchiwa* (the flat fan).

Next they passed a young girl named Little Plum-tree, who was carrying a box of boiled rice and fish to her father for his lunch. Mr. Ishido knew them both, so he stopped a moment and bowed, saying, "*Ohio!*" (You are early, or good morning!)

"A JAPANESE FARMER."

Everything Blossom-boy saw interested him, and he put many questions to his father.

"THE POLICEMAN."

"O Totsu San, what is that man drawing on the little cart?" said he.

"That is a box of tea; he is carrying it to be fired," said O Totsu (papa).

"What does that mean, father?"

"Well," said O Totsu, "the tea is now packed only in a thin box pasted over with paper. He has sold it to a merchant who lives in a country very far off, on the other side of the Sea of Great Peace (Pacific Ocean). In order to keep the tea from spoiling it must be fired, or heated hot, in an iron pan. Then it must be repacked in sheet-lead and the box covered with matting, and the name of the steamship pasted on it."

Next they met an old man with bent back, leaning on a staff, with all the hair gone from his head. His wife, like himself, was "lobster-backed" (as the Japanese say), but her gray hair was neatly rolled into the style of married women, which has no "bangs" or front lock as with young girls, or the puff at the lower part of the back of the head like the head-dress of unmarried women.

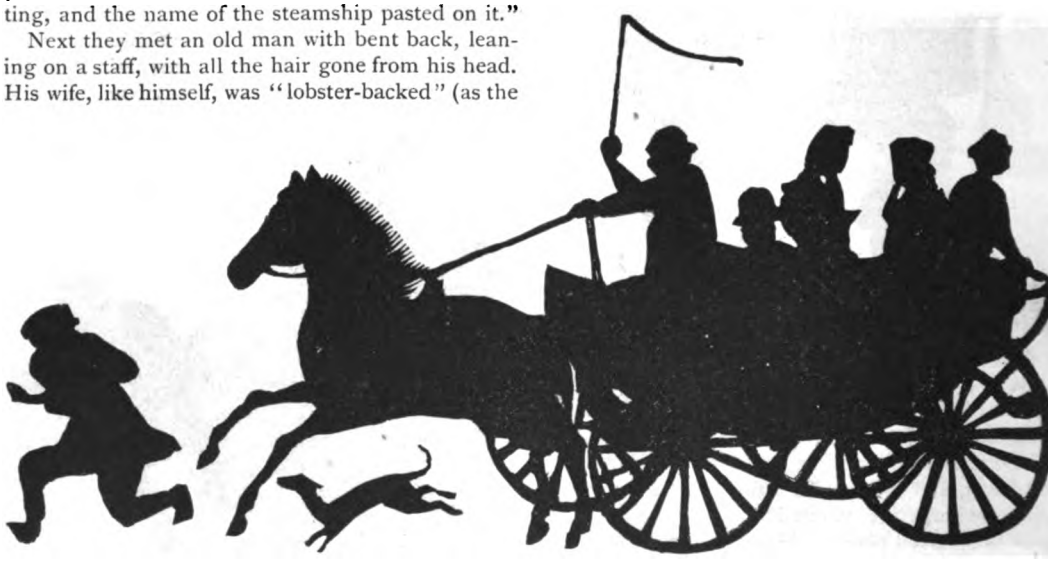
"*Abunai! abunai!*" (Look out! look out!) shouted a big strong man as he rushed forward, pulling a little carriage in which sat a woman. The "one-horse shay," which was a one-man *sha*, was run not by steam power, nor by horse power, but by man power.

"THE SINGING-GIRL."

"*Jin-riki-sha! jin-riki-sha!*" cried Harukichi, as it dashed by. The man was inside the shafts, and being strong-legged and having good lungs, he went as fast as a horse; running easily four miles in an hour and without stopping.

As they passed through the streets of Tokio they saw hundreds of these little carriages, and men waiting near them for a job. The price of a ride was two *tempos* (two cents) a mile.

O Totsu and Harukichi had now turned into that part of the main street named Ginza (Silver Mint), so called because a long time ago there was a mint in it, where they stamped the flat silver coins as square as a brick, called *bu*, *ichi bu ni bu*, etc. Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, is always lively, and full of people both day and night. They looked into the toy shops, and O Totsu bought Blossom-boy a top. They visited a store where only things



"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN THE BA-SHA."

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made of straw were kept. There were hats, cloaks, rain-coats, shoes, leggings, boxes, ropes, twine, matting, ships' sails, dolls and colored toys such as birds, animals, etc., all made of straw. Here O Totsu bought a toy tiger for Harukichi. There were several farmers who bought cloaks and leggings. A Japanese farmer at work looks just like a man of straw.

"THE BLIND MAN."

"Who is that man carrying a club, with a round hat on like a basin?" said Harukichi.

"Oh, he 's a policeman; he 's as proud as a *tengu* (mountain imp with long nose.) See his lips stand out."

"THE STREET PEDDLER."

Then they stopped for a moment to listen to a singing-girl who was playing on a three-stringed banjo. She had on a wide girdle tied in a big bow behind, with knots and tail. She sang a song about "spring," and "cherry blossoms" and "the flourishing reign of the Mikado." When, after the song, she put out her hand for money, little Harukichi dropped in it three or four small copper coins, each of which had a square hole in the center.

As they were going along, Harukichi saw, some distance off, a great cuttle-fish, made of paper, dangling in the air in front of a shop.

"THE DANCING-GIRL AND HER SERVANT."

"O Totsu, what is that? It 's a *tako* (cuttle-fish), is n't it?"

"Yes," said O Totsu, laughing. "It is a *tako* (kite) and I 'll buy you one."

So by a pun on the word *tako*, which means either kite or cuttle-fish, a cuttle-fish served as a sign for the shops where paper-kites were for sale. When they had selected a huge square beauty, they heard a noise in the street, and so rushed out to see what could be coming.

"AMA-ZAKÉ!"

Somebody was shouting out "*Hai! hai! hai!*" far back, from the very middle of the street, which was crowded with people. Every one stepped aside to make way. A *betto* or ostler appeared running with all his might on his legs, and moving his fists out and elbows behind him, very red in the face, and the top-knot on his head tossed back until it had slipped off his crown. He shouted out to all, pushed men and women aside, and if a baby or child was playing in the street, he stooped and lifted it aside.

"THE SERVANT FROM THE RESTAURANT."

"O Totsu, look at the *ba-sha* (horse-wagon), and the *To-jin* (Chinese) riding in it."

On rattled the *ba-sha*, full of American people. There were two ladies and gentlemen and a boy riding behind. A Japanese driver with bare head—for the Japanese don't wear hats—sat in front, using the whip freely and shouting more than was necessary. What amused Harukichi most was to see a spotted carriage-dog running beside the horse under his body. He also wondered at the hats and clothes and curious eyes and hair of the

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"THE WRITING-LESSON."

strange people. He had called them "China-men," because all foreigners were Chinese to the people of Japan, just as many of our American people do not know the difference between Japanese and Chinese.

"You must not call them *To-jin* (Chinese), my little *doji* (boy), but America-*jin*. They are from the country of the flowery flag, across the Sea of Great Peace."

By this time, they had crossed the *Nihon Bashi*, or Bridge of Japan. From this they could see *Fuji yama*, the castle towers, and the great fish-market. On huge trays lay hundreds of sharks, eels, gar-fish, pike, bonito, mackerel, and the crimson *tai*. There were cuttle-fishes three feet long, and crabs four feet long, for sale. Many men were mincing fish to make fish-sausage and sauces. They leaned on the railing a long while looking over the wide canal, and at the boats shooting past or unloading fish, salt, sugar, or tea at the white clay fire-proof houses that lined the canal. While thus looking, holding his father's hand and too busy watching a man catching eels to hear the sound of a whistle, Harukichi felt himself jostled. As he turned round he saw a blind man, who said, "*Gomen nasai.*" (Please grant your honorable pardon.) The blind men, called *ama*, go about with a long cane to poke their way around. They blow a whistle to tell people to keep out of their way, or help them over dangerous places. All of them have round-shaven heads.

They sauntered on toward *Yanagi-Cho* (Willow street). Once, O Totsu stopped, and bought a cup of *ama-zaké*, a sweetened drink made from rice. The fellow who sold it was a merry chap, who carried two huge three-legged red tubs, slung from a pole across his shoulder. He shouted "*Ama-zaké! ama-zaké!*" His wide hat, called a "roof," was festooned and stuck over with straw and flowers. It being a warm day, he had fixed his oiled paper umbrella into the handle of one of the tubs. In his pocket was rolled up an advertisement praising the virtues of the sweet drink. This he unrolled occasionally.

Soon they reached the Seido Canal, one of the many that pass through Tokio. Then they stood on the new bridge of "Ten Thousand Reigns of Mikados," and looked down to see the sharp-prowed "house-boats," full of picnic parties which the oarmen were sculling down to the Sumida River. O Totsu hired one of the smaller boats near the landing, and also a strong fellow as the sculler. About dark they shot into the Sumida, and drifted slowly down the tide, while they unpacked their supper of rice, fish and eggs.

"THE READING-MASTER."

The *matsuri*, or the "opening of the Sumida," took place once a year, and thousands of boats, filled with ten thousand merry people, shot

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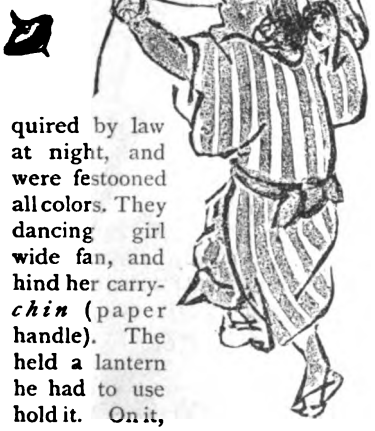
hither and thither over the gleaming water. The river glittered with ten thousand colored lanterns. The people on many of the larger boats sent up rockets and fire-balls which exploded far up in the air. The largest were shot straight up into the air, out of heavy wooden cannons hooped with bamboo; and the sky was streaked with red and yellow flame. Fiery dragons chased each other among the stars, cats ran after mice, a rabbit stood on his hind legs with ears up, and a cuttle-fish spread out its cuppy arms. When the fun was over, they left the boats lower down the river, and landing, took a *jin-riki-sha* and rode homeward. Harukichi, though very tired, was not sleepy, and enjoyed seeing the long avenue *O Dori* lighted up with thousands of paper lanterns. Every one in Japan is required by law to carry a light at night, and the tea-houses were festooned with them in all colors. They went past the dancing girl with her huge wide fan, and her servant behind her carrying the *cho-chin* (paper lantern with a handle). The street peddler held a lantern so large that he had to use both hands to hold it. On it, he advertised in large letters his very odd assortment of wares, which he carried in a box strapped over his shoulders.

"BALANCING THE SPINNING TOP ON A STRING."



"TOSSING THE SPINNING TOP."

They saw a servant from a restaurant carrying out to a feast, in a house near by, a nest of lacquered boxes full of fried eels, baked fish, prawn salad, omelets, and eggs, with several kinds of pickles and sauces. The dessert consisted of sponge cake, candied walnuts, and sugar jelly. He balanced the load on his shoulders. At last, they reached home, and while O Totsu and Oka (mamma) were having a talk together, Harukichi crept quietly under his mosquito net and lay down. Very soon, he was fast asleep.

Harukichi slept a little later than usual next morning, but he was up and had his rice-and-tea-breakfast in time to be at school without being late. Let us take a peep into the *sho gakko* or primary school.

Almost the first thing which Harukichi and all other Japanese boys learn, is how to write the Japanese alphabet, which has forty-seven letters in it. These are not a, b, c, d, but *i*, *ro*, *ha*, *ni*, *he*, *ho*, etc. *I-nu* means dog, *ne-ko*, cat, *u-chi*, house, *te*, hand, *to*, ten, etc.

The writing-master makes a stool of his knees and heels, for the people do not use chairs. The matting-covered floors are as clean as a chair. On the little table at his left, is his ink-stone, on which he rubs his "India" ink with a little water from the water-holder. He likes two peacock's feathers instead of flowers. Squatting before his reading-desk he calls off, from the open book, the letters or words to be written. He holds his fan ready to rap for order, to cool his face, or to beckon the scholars to be ready to recite.

"SPINNING THE TOP SIDEWISE."

"WHIPPING A TOP."

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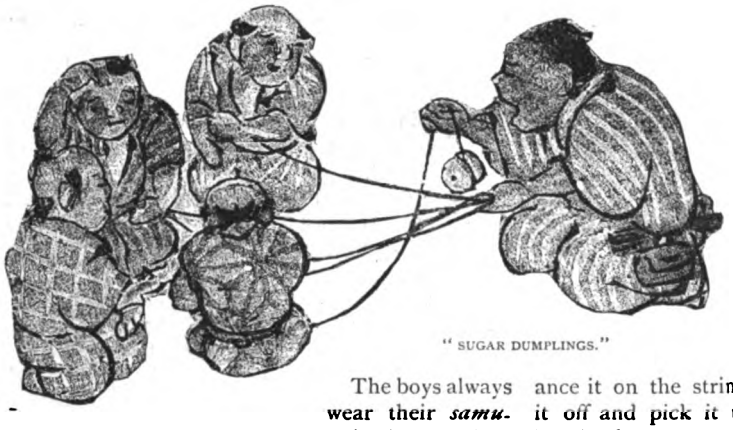


"SUGAR DUMPLINGS."

The boys always wear their *samurai* dress when at school. They hold their brush-pen straight in their fingers. When they can write and read the *i-ro-ha* (ABC), they begin to study Chinese, as we study Latin and Greek in college. They first learn the sounds, and how to pronounce every word in the book, before they study the meaning or translate it.

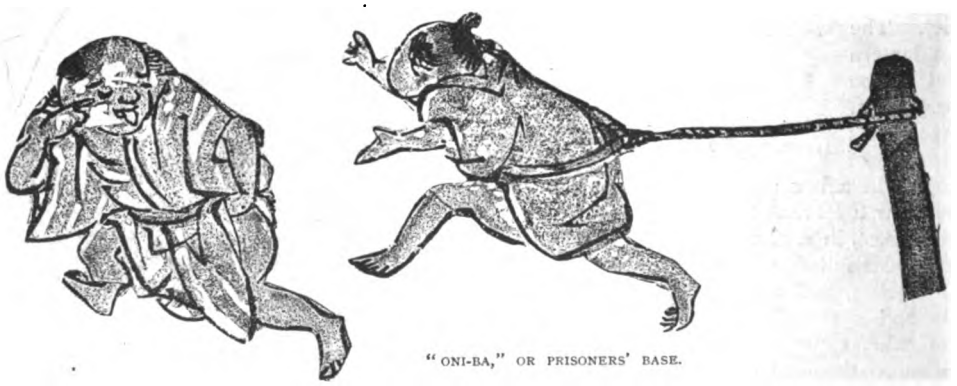
"THE SINGING TOP."

Then the reading-master takes them. From him they learn the meaning of the sentences in the classics. It is a little tiresome to sit so long in school, and the boys often think of their tops and kites, but they are taught good manners also, and, as it is not considered polite for boys to yawn or be restless, even in school, they feel obliged to keep very still.

By and by, the porter clicks a wooden clapper very loudly, and it is noon. Then, Harukichi hurries off, hanging up his blackened copy-book to dry. At home he takes off his school-clothes, keeping on only one summer robe; then he goes to play. He has to practice a good while with his top before he can do all the tricks which he sees the bigger boys do. The top is made of wood, with an iron band around the edge, and a steel plug running through it like a spindle. When he can balance it on the string while it is spinning, or toss it off and pick it up again, or spin it sidewise, he is happy, and capers as if wild.

Other kinds of Japanese tops are the whipping-top, and a clumsy sort which hums or sings. This is set going by turning it between the hands. When tired of his tops, Harukichi gets out his stilts made of stout bamboo cane, and goes tramping about. One of the favorite games which the boys play, is to take four threads and tie one of them to some *dango* (sugar dumplings). Then all the threads are laid together, each boy pulls one, and whoever pulls the right thread gets the sweetmeat.

"ON STILTS."



"ONI-BA," OR PRISONERS' BASE.

Next door to Harukichi lived his favorite playmate, a little fellow named Joji. Most of their

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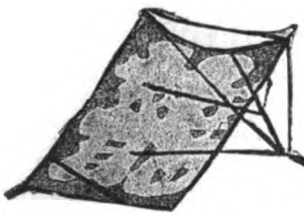
games they played out-of-doors. Just between the two houses was a post; with this they played "*oni-ba*" (prisoners' base). One boy tied himself by his girdle to the post, and was the *oni* or imp, who tried to clutch any one who wandered too near. To pull down the eyelid, or put out the tongue, was supposed to make the *oni* very angry. When tired of this game, the two boys played blind-man's-buff.

One day, a stout old aunty who liked Harukichi, made him a present of a little kite, cut in the shape of a baby boy. It was made of paper pasted on bamboo, and painted until it looked just like a chubby boy with arms stretched out. Harukichi soon learned to fly it, using only a thread. When just over the houses, it looked like a baby dancing in the air.

But when he wanted to raise a big kite, four feet square, which had no bobs, and could go up almost into the clouds, and pull out a basketful of heavy cord almost as thick as a rope, he asked a big boy (who was large enough to wear a cue or top-knot) to fly it for him. In a high wind, little boys have often been pulled over fences, and along a rough field, or have had to let go, so hard was the strain of the big kite. This stout fellow, Kingo, taught him how to raise the kite, which was covered over with Chinese letters. He also showed him the way to make and to send a paper messenger up along the string to the kite. This messenger was a bundle of hundreds of little bits of red and white paper. The wind blew it along up the string. When near the top, a jerk of the cord opened the bundle, and scattered in the air a red and white shower which fell fluttering and whirling to the ground like snow.



THE OLD AUNTY AND THE KITE.

"BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF."

When Harukichi comes into the house all tired after the play, he first takes off his sandals, and goes in by the side door; for O Tama, the ruddy buxom servant-girl, is scrubbing the porch clean. She uses no soap, but with hot water and a straw scrubber and cloth, and good hard scrubbing, she makes the fine veined wood of the portico shine. When she is at work, she ties up her

"FLYING THE BIG KITE."

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long loose sleeves with a cord round over her shoulders.

In the house, Harukichi puts away his kite, and then mother is ready to welcome her Blossom-boy with a bit of sugar-jelly. She hands it to him with two short ivory rods called *hashi* (chop-sticks) which are used in the place of spoons or forks.

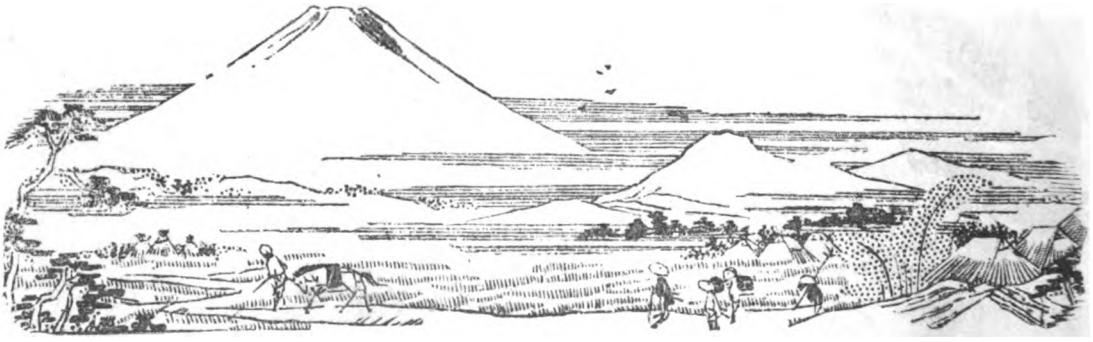
"HANDING THE SUGAR-JELLY."

"THE SERVANT-GIRL, SCRUBBING."

No wonder the mother loves her Blossom-boy, for he always obeys her, never answering her back, nor pouting, nor saying *nazé* (why)? Politeness, even among children, is the rule in Japan; and rare is the ill-tempered or disobedient child in the Mikado's empire. Not all my readers perhaps will believe this statement, but I was acquainted with too many Harukichis and Sataros and Jojis and Amés and Kinzos in Japan, to be mistaken.

Harukichi is industrious, too, and is learning rapidly even in a school that must seem a very curious one to our young people. You may be surprised to hear that he hopes to travel to America some day, and let his hair grow like that of American boys. But many Japanese young men have already visited this country,—indeed, a number of them are now being educated in some of our schools and colleges,—and once here, the Japanese always prefer to dress like the Americans, in which they differ again from their old neighbors the Chinese, who persist in wearing their native costumes wherever they go.

Sometime we may call and see Blossom-boy again, and take another walk in Tokio with him before he leaves Japan.



A VIEW IN JAPAN.

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A POOR LITTLE MOTHER.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

ONCE a little lady dressed in black and red
Tucked her little children safely in their bed.
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly singing breezes and the sunshine made them glad.

Off flew the little mother through the pleasant summer air;
She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
A grassy glade, a hill-top, and then a field of clover
This little dame in black and red went flying gayly over.

But in a pretty garden where grew a red, red rose,
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose;
As soft as fairy velvet, and oh, so red and sweet
Were the fragrant leaves around her and underneath her feet.

Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
The red, red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay.
She drowsily came creeping from out sweet rose-leaf land,
And stood a moment thinking on the merry maiden's hand.

The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of glee,
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called she:
"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, and your children will burn!"
Off flew that little mother in terror wild and dread
Across the hill and grassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal in breathless fear she stooped,—
There lay her little children all snugly tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound, and sleeping, with the green leaf overhead!

THE CHILD AND THE IMAGE.

(Suggested by an Actual Incident.)

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A LITTLE girl was taken by her parents to visit an ancient cathedral. While the parents were admiring some fine old traceries about the door, they were startled by a piercing cry from their child, who shrank from the portal with signs of terror, and hid her face in the mother's skirt.

"What is the matter?" cried both parents at once.

"Oh, the ugly man up there!" gasped the girl. "Oh, mother, he has horrible horns and teeth. I 'm afraid of him." And the little one shuddered.

The father's eye caught in a moment the figure which had so terrified his little daughter. On one side of the portal was a sculptured mediæval figure with horns and pitchfork, and large tusks; a fiendish grin of malicious delight was on his face as he trampled men and women down into a monster's mouth yawning at his feet. The father half smiled at his child's dismay, and said:

"Do not fear, my darling. It cannot hurt you; it is only stone; we wont look at it any more, but go into the church." And he took her hand.

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"Oh, no, no!" cried the child, still cowering, and again clasping her mother. "He 's inside the church; I know he is. Let 's run away!"

"He 's not inside," said the father; "there are beautiful forms within. Don't be afraid."

"SHE HID HER FACE IN HER MOTHER'S SKIRT."

"But why do they put him there?" asked the girl, peeping out at the figure from the folds of her mother's dress.

"They placed him there when the church was built, hundreds of years ago."

"Who did?"

"The men who built the church."

"They must have been very naughty men, and I don't love them at all," said the child.

The parents were now laughing heartily, and the girl, reassured by their merriment, looked up again at the figure.

"Is it funny?" she said.

"No," said the father; "but it is funny that you should be frightened at such an old image, which can only make grown-up people smile, or look at it as a curiosity."

"What is a curiosity?" said the child.

"Something queer,—not like what you see every day."

The child was still puzzled.

"Did children put it there for grown-up people to laugh at?" she inquired.

"Well, my little one, you see, the whole world was something like a child once. Can you understand that?"

"Not a bit," sighed the girl.

"I mean that, a long time ago, people, even after they were grown-up, used to be frightened at big black clouds, and lightning, and at the dark, just as you were frightened by that stone."

"I am not afraid of the dark," said the child.

"No; because your mother and I, and all your friends, were never afraid of it; nor of clouds and thunder. But when the world was a child, as I told you, it had not found out what darkness is, and what the clouds are made of. Then they thought that the cloud and thunder and the dark, and everything ugly, and everything they were afraid of,—snakes and tigers and cruel men,—must have been made by a bad deity—not the same that made the blue sky and the roses. Now, that ugly figure there is that bad deity."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the child, "I 'm afraid of him! Where does that bad one live?"

"He does n't live at all. There is n't any bad deity. They thought so, but they were mistaken,—just as you were mistaken in thinking that stone could hurt you."

"But why did they not take it down when they found they were mistaken?"

"Why, when they found that the clouds and darkness and snakes and tigers were not made by

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any bad power, they still thought there must be one, because there were so many bad men and women. When people killed each other, and did other wicked things, they thought there must be a big wicked creature who made them do it, in order that he might get them after they were dead, and treat them cruelly. So they kept him up there to make people believe how ugly it was to be wicked and cruel, and what a horrible monster would get them."

"But did n't it frighten good people? How could people play with their dolls and eat cake if they thought there was a bad one with horns and great teeth to eat everybody he could?"

"Well, yes, it did frighten good people, till they rose above it."

"Father, what *do* you mean by *rose above it?*"

"Oh, dear little questioner, we must really go on now, and talk about all this at another time. I mean that they rose above it by finding that there was not really any such monster, just as you rose above your fear when we told you the figure could not hurt you."

The three entered the cathedral. The parents pointed out to their child a beautiful statue of the Madonna, but the child said, softly:

"Mother, if that ugly one with horns were alive, I could never play with my dolly. I would hide her."

"Don't think of that any more, little daughter," said the mother; "look at that beautiful babe with light around its head, on the gay-colored window."

The child gazed, but was silent; the cloud had not lifted. Presently, they passed up a winding stair-way, and stepped forth upon a parapet beneath the clear morning sky. Then the mother saw that her darling's eyes were full of tears. She pressed the child to her breast, and soothed her, and pointed her to the brilliant city.

Soon after, the child, grasped by her father's hand, was suffered to look over the parapet's edge, and, after gazing for a minute, she uttered another cry,—this time a cry of delight.

"Mother, mother, only see! here, just below us on the wall, is a nest and four dear little birds, and there is an egg, too, quite sky-blue! What a cozy place they have; it 's just made for a nest."

The mother hastened to look, and, even while the two were gazing on the little family, the mother-bird came, and the father, and there were happy twitterings. The child's delight was great. But the mother's eye had observed something else, and she said:

"Why, my darling, that place you think so cozy for a nest is exactly on top of the head of the ugly image that troubled you so! See, his horns keep it from falling. The mother-bird is n't frightened, but nestles on them!"

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the little one. "The bad man does n't look ugly from here; his head holds up the birds'-nest."

"That," said the father, "may show just what I meant when I told you that people rose above it. You are now above it. When you looked up to it, it was frightful; when you look down on it, you can see something sweet and loving going on over it, and even held up by it. And some day, when you have grown larger, you will love to remember to-day, and how you came to look down on the demon the first day you ever saw him."

"Come, father and mother!" cried the happy child. "The little boys and girls down-stairs may be frightened; let us go and stand in the church-door, and tell them not to look at the demon there, where he 's horrid, but to come up here and see, over his horns, the sky-blue egg, and the mother-bird feeding its young."

The tears had disappeared from the child's eyes, but they stood bright in those of the parents.

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BLOWN AWAY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"AH! A SPECK,—A BLACK DOT ON THE HORIZON!" [SEE PAGE 603.]

THERE were three of them,—Kitty, Mary, and little Tommy,—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great South-Western Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black River flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the north; and on clear days, the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the South-Western here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three children lived in the little dépôt quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles, in any direction.

At times the children thought it rather lonely. There was nothing in particular to be done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while, a freight-car would be left on the side track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital play-house. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning, they were wakened by a curious

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humming sound out-of-doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music-box, with the children inside. After breakfast, the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and be lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight-car on the side track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat, and they all went out to the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a grand promenade to walk on.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car, they went on with their play and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

"Why, it 's moving! Somebody 's pushing it," said Mary.

"They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out."

"I did n't hear the whistle," said Tommy. "I guess something is pushing the car."

The girls leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.

"Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away."

"No, no," said Kitty. "We must stay here till the brakeman comes round. I did n't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There is n't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"Oh, it 's the wind! It 's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake-wheel was on top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to rattle and roar as if dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment, Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared hard at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled on and on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight-car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last, the beds were made, the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play-house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once, the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps, they could not hear in all this din. May be, they were inside the car, out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen! She wondered if there had not been a mistake? Perhaps, the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

"The car! The children!"

The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away before the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the dépôt to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same instant, his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was now no means of sending word in advance of the

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runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

"Help is coming, mother. Here 's a train bound east."

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last, it reached the platform and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River Road and not intended to go in the direction in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped, the station-master ran to the engineer and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off, and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous! Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

Three children lost, blown away in an empty car. Some one said, "Yes, go at once. We can wait here till the engine returns." The conductor said he must telegraph for instructions; but some one said, "The wires are down," and the people only cried out the more, "Let the engine go!" so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

"Hold on, marm," said a brakeman. "I 'll cast her off. You jump aboard, if you want to go too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum."

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and the station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding. The station-master did not feel very happy. He had half intended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack," said the engineer to the fireman. "It 's no use to get excited, for we 're in for a long race."

"It 's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water and come to a stand-still on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and then the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out ahead over the line. How the engine shook and roared! The little finger of the steam-gauge trembled and rose higher and higher as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and, behind, the rails spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep up this pace we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon, where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It 's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already!

"Oh, don't stop!" cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There were three children inside."

"Oh, marm, I 'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down-grade all the way, but the up-grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and did n't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.

"Good-bye! I 'll put up the pipe.—Heaven help ye!—the up-grade ——"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot ahead on and on out over the open prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

Ah! What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

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"Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two-mile siding."

How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way! Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them.

"It 's ten minutes back. Running slow on main-line,—road—clear——"

"Thank Heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

Ah! A speck,—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car,—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I."

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it 's all right. Come! We 're more than thirty miles from home, and it wont do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jack.

RATTLE-TE-BANG.

By Mary Sparkes Wheeler.

Did you see our new company training to-day?
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"What is the name of your company, pray?"
'T is Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
There were Peter, and Eddie, and Harry, and Ben,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,
And we marched up and down like an army of men,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

We wore gilt paper buttons, and epaulets, too,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
On our hats we had streamers of red, white, and blue,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
Little Peter was captain, he marched in the van,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
And I was the drummer-boy, with a tin pan,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

Such music you never did hear in your life!
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang;
For Ben had a bugle, and Harry a fife,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
And as I was beating my little tin drum,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,
There came a cross man, who looked ugly and grum,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

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Said he: "What a nuisance this terrible noise!"
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"Away with your clatter, you rude, naughty boys!
With your 'Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang!'"
Said Ben: "He 's mistaken, he never would do
For Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang;
For all are good-natured, and mannerly too,
Who train in our Rattle-te-Bang."

Said Peter: "I 'm captain. March on, never mind!
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang."
Then a gentleman hailed us so cheery and kind,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"What little musicians are these in the street,"—
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang,—
"With uniforms looking so gay and so neat?"
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Come in, little men!" and he opened the door,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"Now Rub-a-dub-dub, give us just one tune more."
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"And now, little soldiers, 't is my turn to treat,"—
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang—
Then he brought us some apples and candies to eat,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

"Now was n't that jolly?" said brave little Ben.
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
"'Pears to me there 's a wonderful diff'rence in men."
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.
Said Harry, whose little eyes sparkled with joy,
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang:
"Surely that man was made of a good-natured boy!"
Jolly-cum-Rattle-te-Bang.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

CAUSEY ISLAND.

WHEN Eyebright awoke next morning, she ran straight to the window, with the hope that she might see Causey Island. But the window did not look toward the sea. Only a barn, a bit of winding road, and a green hill with a rocky top, were to be seen; and she dropped the paper shade with a sense of disappointment.

Dressing herself as fast as she could, she ran down-stairs. Mrs. Downs, who was frying fish in the kitchen, pointed with a spoon in answer to her question, and said:

"It 's up that way the island is, but 't aint much to look at. It 's too fur for you to see the house."

Eyebright did n't particularly care about seeing the house. She was satisfied with seeing the island. There it lay, long and green, raised high out of the blue sea like a wall, with the water washing its stony shore. There seemed to be a good many trees and bushes on top, and altogether she thought it a beautiful place, and one where a little girl might be happy to live.

"You aint the folks that 's coming to live up to the island, be you?" said Mrs. Downs. "Do tell if you are? We heard there was some one. There

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haint been nobody there for quite a spell back, not since the Lotts went away last year. Job Lott, he farmed it for a while; but Miss Lott's father, he was took sick over to Machias, and they moved up to look after him, and nobody 's been there since, unless the boys for blue-berries. I guess your Pa 'll find plenty to do to get things straightened out, and so will the rest of you."

"There is n't any 'rest' but me."

"Do tell now. Haint you any Ma?"

"No," said Eyebright," sadly. "Mother died last November."

"You poor little thing!" cried kind Mrs. Downs; "and haint you got no brothers and sisters either?"

"No; not any at all."

"Why, you 'll be lonesome, I 'm afraid, up to the island. You never lived in such a sort of a place before, did you?"

"Oh no; we always lived in Tunxet. But I don't believe I shall be lonesome. It looks real pretty from here. Why is it called Cosy Island, Mrs. Downs?"

"Well, I 'm sure I don't know. Folks always called it that. I never thought to ask nobody. Perhaps he 'll know when he comes in."

"He" was Mr. Downs, but he knew no more than his wife about the name of the island. Mr. Bright, however, was better informed. He told them that the name in the first place, was "Causeway," from the natural path, uncovered at each low tide, which connected it with the shore, and that this had gradually been changed to "Causey," because it was easier to pronounce. Eyebright was rather disappointed at this explanation.

"I thought it was 'Cosy,'" she said, "because the island was cozy."

Mr. Downs gave a great laugh at this, but Papa patted her head kindly, and said:

"We 'll see if we can't make it so, Eyebright."

The tide would not serve for crossing the causeway till the afternoon, but Mr. Downs offered to put them over in his boat without waiting for that. It was arranged that they should come back for the night, and Mrs. Downs packed some bread and cheese and doughnuts in a basket to serve them as dinner. Eyebright took the basket on her arm, and ran down to the shore in high spirits. It was a lovely day. The sea was as blue as the sky, and, as the boat pushed off, little ripples from the incoming tide struck the pebbly beach, with swift flashes of white, like gleaming teeth, and a gay little splash, so like a laugh that Eyebright laughed, too, and showed her teeth.

"What are you smiling at?" asked her father.

"I don't know," she answered, in a tone of dreamy enjoyment. "I like it here, Papa."

Near as the island looked, it took quite a long time to reach it, though Mr. Downs pulled strongly and steadily. It was very interesting as each stroke took them nearer and nearer, and showed more and more distinctly what their future home was like. The trees, which at first had seemed a solid green mass, became distinct shapes of pines, hemlocks and sumachs. A little farther, and openings appeared between them, through which open spaces on top could be seen, bushes, a field, and yes, actually! a little brown patch, which was a house. There it was, and Eyebright held Genevieve up that she might see it, too.

"That 's our house, my child," she whispered. "Are n't you glad? But, my! don't it look small?"

It was small, smaller even than it looked, as they found, when, after saying good-bye to Mr. Downs, and getting directions for crossing the "Causey," they climbed the steep path which led to the top and came out close to the house. Mr. Bright gave a low whistle as he looked at it, and Eyebright opened her eyes wide.

"It 's a comfort that we 're not a large family, is n't it?" she said, quaintly. "I 'm almost glad now that Wealthy did n't come, Papa. Would n't she say it was little? Littler than Miss Fitch's school-house, I do believe."

The front door was fastened only by a large cobweb, left by some industrious spider of last year, so it was easy to make their way in. There was no entrance-hall. The door opened directly into a square kitchen, from which opened two smaller rooms. One had shelves round it, and seemed to be a sort of pantry or milk-room. As they went into the other, a trickling sound met their ears, and they saw a slender stream of clear spring water running into a stone sink. The sink never seemed to get any fuller, but the water ran on and on, and there was no way to stop it, as Eyebright found after a little examination.

"Is n't that splendid?" she cried. "It just runs all the time, and we sha'n't have to pump or anything. I do like that so much!" Then, as if the sound made her thirsty, she held her head under the spout, and took a good long drink.

"Do taste it. It 's the best water that ever was," she declared.

This spring-water, always at hand, was the only luxury which the little house afforded. All the rest was bare and plain as could be. Upstairs were two small chambers, but they were more like chicken-coops than bedrooms; for the walls, made of laths not yet plastered, were full of cracks and peep-holes, and the staircase which led to them resembled a ladder more than was desirable. There was plenty of sunshine everywhere, for there were no blinds, and the sweet yellow light made a cheer-

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fulness in the place, forlorn as it was. Eyebright did not think it forlorn. She enjoyed it very much as though it had been a new doll's-house, and danced about gleefully, planning where this should go, and that; how Papa's desk should have a corner by one window, and her little chair by the other, and the big mahogany table, which Wealthy had persuaded them to bring, by the wall. She showed a good deal of cleverness and sense in their arrangement, and Papa was well content that things should be as she liked.

"We must have the upstairs rooms plastered, I suppose," he said. "That 'll require some time, I 'm afraid. Plaster takes so long to dry. We must arrange to wait at Mr. Downs's for a week or two, Eyebright."

He sighed as he spoke, and sat down on the door-step, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, looking tired and discouraged.

"Oh, must we?" cried Eyebright, her face falling. "That wont be nice a bit. Papa! I 've got an idea. Don't plaster the walls. Let me fix them. I 'll make them real nice, just as nice as can be, if you will, and then we sha'n't have to wait at all."

"Why, what can you do with them? How do you mean?" demanded her father.

"Oh, Papa, it 's a secret. I 'd rather not tell you. I 'd rather have it a surprise,—may n't I?"

Papa demurred, but Eyebright coaxed and urged, and at last he said:

"Well, I don't care about it one way or the other. Try your idea if you like, Eyebright. It will amuse you, perhaps, and anything will do for the summer. We can plaster in the fall."

"I don't believe you 'll want to," remarked Eyebright, shaking her head mysteriously. "My way is much prettier than plaster. Just you wait and see, Papa. I 'm sure you 'll like it."

But Papa seemed down-hearted, and it was not easy to make him smile. To tell the truth, the look of the farm was rather discouraging. He kicked the earth over with his foot, and said the soil was poor and everything seemed run down. But Eyebright would not give in to this view at all. It was a lovely place, she insisted, and she ran about discovering new beauties and advantages every moment. Now it was a thicket of wild roses just budding into leaf. Next a patch of winter-green, with white starry blossoms and red berries. Then, peeping over the bank, she called Papa's attention to a strip of pebbly beach on the side of the island next the sea.

"Here 's where we can take baths," she said. "Why, I declare, here 's a path down to it. I guess the people who used to live here made it; don't you? Oh, do come and see the beach, Papa!"

It was a rough little path which led to the beach, and overgrown with weeds; but they made their way down without much trouble, and Eyebright trampled the pebbles under foot with great satisfaction.

"Is n't it splendid!" she cried. "See that great stone close to the bank, Papa. We can go behind there to dress and undress. It 's a real nice place. I 'm going to call it 'The Dressing-room.' How wide the sea is on this side! And what is that long point of land, Papa?"

DECORATING THE WALLS.

For the island lay within a broad curving bay. One end of the curve projected only a little way, but toward the north a long cape-like tongue of land, with a bold, hilly outline, ran out to sea, and made a striking feature in the landscape.

"Those are the Guinness Hills," said Mr. Bright. "Canada begins just the other side of them. Do you see those specks of white on the point? That is Malachi, and in the summer there is a steamboat once a week from there to Portland. We can see it pass in clear weather, Mr. Downs says."

"That will be nice," said Eyebright, comfortably. "I 'm glad we 've got a beach of our own, Papa; are n't you? Now I want to look about some more."

To the left of the house the ground rose in a low knoll, whose top was covered with sassafras bushes.

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This was the source of the spring whose water ran into the back kitchen. They came upon it presently, and could trace the line of spouts, each made of a small tree-trunk, halved and hollowed out, which led it from the hill to the house. Following these along, Eyebright made the discovery of a cubby,—a veritable cubby,—left by some child in a choice and hidden corner formed by three overlapping moose-wood bushes. The furniture, except for a table made of three shingles, consisted entirely of corn-cobs; but it was a desirable cubby for all that, and would be a pleasant out-door parlor for Genevieve on hot days, Eyebright thought. It made the island seem much more home-like to know that other children had lived there and played plays under the trees; and, cheered by this idea, she became so merry, that gradually Papa brightened, too, and began to make plans for his farming operations with more heart than he had hitherto shown, deciding where to plant corn and where potatoes, and where their little vegetable garden would better be.

"I suppose it 's no use to try for fruit," he said; "the climate is too cold."

"Not too cold for blue-berries," Eyebright replied. "There are lots of them, Mrs. Downs says, and lots of cranberries, and Mr. Downs's brother has got an apple-tree."

"An apple-tree! Dear! dear! Think of getting to a place where people have only one apple-tree," muttered Mr. Bright.

By the time that they had made the circuit of the island it was twelve o'clock. This was dinner-time, Eyebright declared, and she produced the lunch-basket. Mrs. Downs's bread had yellow specks of saleratus in it, and was very different from Wealthy's delicious loaves; but they were too hungry to criticise, though Eyebright shook her head over it, and thought with satisfaction of the big parcel of yeast-powder which she and Wealthy had packed up. She knew exactly where it was, in the corner of a certain yellow box, and that reminded her to ask Papa when the boxes would be likely to come.

"They are due at this moment," he replied. "I suppose we may look for them at any time now. Mr. Downs says there have been head winds for this week past, and I presume that has kept the sloop back. Perhaps she may come to-day."

"I do hope she will. I want dreadfully to begin and fix the house. Does n't it seem a great while since we left Tunxet, Papa? I can't believe that it is only three days, so much has happened."

The tide had been going out since eleven o'clock, and by four, when they were ready to cross, the causeway was uncovered. It was a wide pathway of sand, not flat and even all the way, but high in some places and low in others, with shells and pebbles shining here and there on its surface. It was like a beach, except for being narrower, and having water on both sides of it, instead of on only one. The sand was still wet enough to make good hard footing, and Eyebright skipped gayly over it, declaring that she felt just like the children of Israel in the middle of the Red Sea.

"It is so strange to think that, just a little while ago, this was all water," she said; "and just a little while longer, and it will be all water again. It is the most interesting thing we 've got on our island, I think, Papa; but it makes me feel a little afraid, too."

"There 's nothing to be afraid of if you 're only careful not to come here except when the tide is going out," said her father. "Now remember this, Eyebright,—you must never try to cross when the tide is rising, even if the sand looks perfectly dry and the water seems a good way off. The sea comes in very fast up here on these northern shores, and if you made a misstep and sprained your ankle, or had an accident of any kind, you might be drowned before any one could come to your help. Remember, my child."

"Yes, Papa, I will," said Eyebright, looking rather nervously at the water. It was slipping farther away every moment, and seemed the most harmless thing in the world; but Papa's words made her feel as if it were a dangerous and deceitful creature which could not be trusted.

It was over a mile from the causeway to the village, though at first sight the distance looked much less. Plodding along the sandy shore was slow work, so that they did not reach the village till nearly six. A smell of frying met them as they entered the door. Mrs. Downs, wishing to do them honor, was making blue-berry flap-jacks for tea. Did any of you ever eat blue-berry flap-jacks? I imagine not, unless you have summered on the coast of Maine. They are a kind of greasy pan-cake, in which blue-berries are stirred till the cakes are about the color of a blue-bag. They are served swimming in melted butter and sugar, and in any other place or air would be certain indigestion, if not sudden death, to any person partaking of them. But, somehow, in that place and that air they are not only harmless but seem quite delicious as well. Eyebright thought so. She ate a great many flap-jacks, thought them extremely nice, and slept like a top afterward, with never a bad dream to mar her rest.

A big gray sail at the wharf was the glad sight that met their eyes when they came down next morning. The sloop had come in during the night, with all Mr. Bright's goods on board. He had hoped that it might be possible to land them

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on the island, but the captain said it was out of the question; he could n't get near enough, for one thing, and if he could, he would n't; for how were heavy things like them to be dumped on a shelvin' bank like that, he 'd like to know? So the goods were landed on the dock at Scrapplehead, and Mr. Downs undertook to find an ox-team to draw them across the causeway at low tide.

Getting oxen was not an easy matter at that season of the year, but Mr. Downs, who had taken a fancy to his lodgers, bestirred himself, and at last found some one willing to let his yoke go in consideration of a dollar and a quarter. So, at exact low tide, the great cart, piled with boxes and barrels, creaked slowly across the sandy bar, Mr. Downs driving, and Papa walking behind with Eyebright, who was more than ever reminded of the crossing of the Red Sea. It took much lugging and straining and "gee"-ing and "haw"-ing to get the load up the steep bank on the other side; but all arrived safely at last in front of the house. There the cart was unloaded as fast as possible, a few things set in-doors, the rest left outside, and, getting into the cart, they all drove back across the causeway. It was harder work than when they came, for the tide was rising, and the sand had grown soft and yielding. One great swirling wave ran up and curled round the oxen's hoofs just as they reached firm ground, but, though Eyebright gave a little scream, and Mr. Downs frowned and said, "By gosh!" no harm was done, and the momentary fright only made pleasanter their drive to Scrapplehead, which they reached just as the sun sank for the night into a great soft-looking bed of purple and crimson clouds.

This was their last night with the Downs family. Early next morning they started for the island in Mr. Downs's boat, taking with them their last bundles, and bags, and Mrs. Downs, who had kindly offered to give them a day's help. Very helpful it proved, for there was everything to do.

Mr. Bright, like all men, wanted to do everything at once, and Eyebright was too inexperienced to know what should come first and what second; so Mrs. Downs's good sense and advice were of great value. Under her directions the bedrooms were swept and cleaned, and the bedsteads put together, first of all, for, as she said, "You 've got to sleep, anyhow, and if you don't do it comfortable you 'll be sick, and that would never do." Next, while Eyebright swept the kitchen, she and Mr. Bright got the stove into place, set the pipe, and lighted a fire, after which Mrs. Downs scoured the pantry shelves, and unpacked china and tins.

"There," she said, surveying the result with great satisfaction. "That begins to look folksy. What 's sewed up in that old comforter? A rocking-cheer. Let 's have it out!"

So the rocking-chair was unsewed, and Papa's desk and the big table were unpacked; and as each familiar article came to view, Eyebright felt as though an old friend were restored to her. She patted the arm of her own little chair, and put the plaided cover from the old sitting-room over the table, with a sense of cheer and comfort. She and Papa and Mrs. Downs dined on bread and cheese in the intervals of work, and by five o'clock they were very fairly in order, and Mrs. Downs made ready to go back to her own family. Eyebright walked with her as far as the causeway, and parted with a hearty kiss. Mrs. Downs seemed like a second Wealthy, almost, she had been so kind and thoughtful all that busy day.

Papa was sitting in the rocking-chair, by the stove, when she went back. She stopped to kiss him as she passed, and proceeded to set the table and get supper. Mrs. Downs had started them with a supply of bread, butter and milk; but the tea and sugar came out of one of the Tunxet boxes, and so did the tumbler of currant-jam, opened in honor of the occasion. Wealthy had made it, and it seemed to taste of the pleasant old times. Eyebright did not care to think much about Wealthy just then. The tide was drawing over the causeway, cutting them off from everybody else in the world. She felt lonely and the least bit afraid, in spite of Papa's being there; and only keeping very busy till bed-time saved her from homesickness, which she felt would be a bad beginning, indeed, for that first evening in the new home.

Next morning was fair. All the days had been good so far, which was fortunate, for a half-settled house is a dismal place enough in rainy weather. Eyebright opened her eyes, and after one bewildered stare began to laugh, for through the slats of her "coop," she could distinctly see Papa, half-dressed, and brushing his hair in his, on the other side of the entry. This was not to be endured, so after breakfast, while he went to the village for some provisions, she set to work with great energy on her plan for reforming the bedroom walls. This was to cover them with "picture papers." There was an abundance of material for the purpose at hand, for her mother had taken one of the best weekly illustrated papers for several years; and as she saved all the back numbers, a large pile had collected, which Wealthy had carefully packed. These Eyebright sorted over, setting aside all the pictures of cows, and statesmen, and steamboats, and railroad trains for Papa's room, and keeping the kittens, and dogs, and boys, and girls, and babies for her own. She fastened the papers to the laths with tacks, and the

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ceilings were so low that she was able to do all but the very top row herself. That she was forced to leave for Papa. So hard did she work that the whole of his room was done before he appeared, climbing the path, with a big bundle under one arm, a basket in his hand, and looking very warm and tired.

"It 's a hard pull up the shore," he said, wiping his forehead. "I shall have to get a boat whether I can afford it or not, I 'm afraid. It 'll be worse when hot weather comes, and there 'll always be the need of going over to the village for something or other."

"A boat," cried Eyebright, clapping her hands. "Oh, Papa, that would be splendid. I can learn to row it my own self, can't I? It 'll be as nice as a carriage of our own,—nicer, for we sha'n't have to catch the horse, or feed him either. Now, Papa, let me carry the basket, and oh, do come quick. I want to show you how beautifully I have done your bedroom."

Papa liked the bedroom very much. He was glad to be saved the expense and delay of plastering, only he said he was afraid he should always be late to breakfast, because he should want to lie in bed and study his picture-gallery, which joke delighted Eyebright highly.

It was several days before she had time to attend to her own papering, for there was a great deal else to do,—boxes to unpack, places to settle, and outside work to begin. Mr. Bright hired a man for one week to plow and plant and split wood. After that, he thought he could keep things in running order by himself. He had been brought up on a farm, but years of disuse had made him stiff and awkward at such labor, and he found the work harder than he had expected. Eyebright was glad to see the big wood-pile grow. It had a cozy look to her, and gradually the house was beginning to look cozy too. The kitchen, with its strip of carpet and easy-chairs and desk, made quite a comfortable sitting-room. Eyebright kept a glass of wild-roses or buttercups or white daisies always on the table. She set up a garden of her own, too, after a while, and raised some balsams and "Johnny-jump-ups" from seeds which Mr. Downs gave her, and some golden-brown coreopsis. As for the housekeeping, it fared better than

"MY! WHAT A BIG DOLL!" (SEE PAGE 611.)

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could have been expected with only a little girl of thirteen to look after things. Once a week, a woman came from the village for the day (and half a dollar), did the washing and part of the ironing, roasted a joint of meat if there was one to roast, made a batch of pies, perhaps, or a pan of gingerbread, and scoured the pots and pans and the kitchen floor. This lightened the work for the next seven days, and left Eyebright only vegetables and little things to cook, and the ordinary cleaning, bed-making, and dusting to do, which she managed very well on the whole, though sometimes she got extremely tired, and wished for Wealthy's strong hands to help her. Milk and butter came from Mr. Downs's every other day, and Papa was very good and considerate about his food, and quite contented with a dinner of potatoes or mush if nothing better was to be had, so the little housekeeper did not have any heavy burden on her mind as far as he was concerned.

The boat proved a great comfort when it came, which was not till more than a month after their settlement on Causey Island. Eyebright took regular rowing-lessons and practiced diligently, so that after a few weeks she became really expert, and Papa could trust her to go alone as far as the village, when the weather was fair and the sea smooth. These rows to and fro were the greatest treats and refreshments after house-work. Sometimes it happened that her errands kept her till sunset, and she floated home on the incoming tide, just dipping the oars gently in now and then, and carried along by the current and a "singing" wind, which followed close behind and pushed the boat on its way. These were Eyebright's real "play" times. She kept a story going about a princess and a boat, and some water-fairies and a water-prince, and whenever the chance came for a solitary row, she "acted" it by herself in the old pleasant way, always wishing that Bessie or some other girl could be along to play it with her. Another girl,—some one to share work and fun, waking and sleeping, with her,—that was all which was wanted, she thought, to make Causey Island as pleasant as Tunxet.

But in spite of hard days and rainy days, and days when she felt like idling and could n't, occasional discomforts, the need of doing without things, and a lonely fit now and then, that summer was on the whole a happy one to Eyebright. Islands have their drawbacks, but they have their advantages as well. Going about in a boat is one of these. For, "only think," she told her father one morning, "if we had gone anywhere else,—that was n't an island, I mean,—we never should have had a boat, and I should n't know how to row. We should just be walking about on the road like anybody else. I should n't like that a bit now, should you, Papa?"

Chapter VIII.

SHUT UP IN THE OVEN.

You will probably think that it was a dish of pork-and-beans, or an Indian pudding of the good, old-fashioned kind which was shut up in the Oven. Not at all. You are quite mistaken. The thing shut up in the Oven was Eyebright herself! And the Oven was quite different to anything you are thinking of,—cold, not hot; wet, not dry; with a door made of green sea-water instead of black iron. This sounds like a conundrum, and as that is hardly fair, I will proceed to unriddle it at once and tell you all about it.

The Oven was a sort of cave or grotto in the cliffs, four miles from Scrapplehead, but rather less than three from the causeway. Its real name was "The Devil's Oven." Country-people, and Maine country-people above all others, are very fond of calling all sorts of strange and striking places after the devil. If Eyebright had ever heard the whole name, perhaps she might not have ventured to go there alone as she did, in which case I should have no adventure to write about. But people usually spoke of it for shortness' sake as "The Oven," and she had no idea that Satan had anything to do with the place, nor for that matter, have I.

It was from Mrs. Downs that she first heard about the Oven. Mrs. Downs had been there once, years before. It was a "natteral curosity," she said, with all sorts of strange sea-creatures growing in pools, and the rocks were red and quite beautiful. It was n't a dangerous place, either, and here Mr. Downs confirmed her. You could n't get in after half-tide, but anybody could stay in for a week in ordinary weather, and not be drowned. There were plenty of places a-top of the cave where you could sit and keep dry even at high water, though it would be "sort of poky," too. Eyebright's imagination was fired by this description, and she besought Papa to take her there at once. He promised that he would "some day," but the day seemed long in coming, as holidays always do to busy people; and June passed and July, and still the Oven was unvisited, though Eyebright did not forget her wish to go.

August came at last,—the delicious north-of-Maine August, with hot brilliant noons, and cool balmy nights, so different from the murky, steamy August of everywhere else,—and was half over, when one afternoon Papa came in with a piece of news.

"What should you say, Eyebright, if I should go off for the whole day to-morrow?" he asked.

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"Why, Papa Bright, what do you mean? You can't! There is n't anywhere to go to."

"There 's Malachi."

"Oh, Papa, not in our little boat!"

"No, in a schooner belonging to Mr. Downs's brother. It has just put in with a load of lumber, and the captain has offered me a passage if I like to go. He expects to get back to-morrow evening about nine o'clock. Should you be lonesome, do you think, Eyebright, if I went?"

"Not a bit," cried Eyebright, delighted at the idea of Papa's having a sail. "I 'll do something or other that is pleasant. Perhaps I 'll go and stay all day with Mrs. Downs. Anyhow, I 'll not be lonely. I 'm glad the captain asked you to go, Papa. It 'll be nice, I think."

But next morning, when she had given Papa his early breakfast, watched him across the causeway, and seen the sails of the schooner diminish into two white specks in the distance, she was not sure that it was nice. She sang at her dish-washing and clattered her cups and spoons, to make as much noise as possible; but for all she could do, the house felt silent and empty, and she missed Papa very much. Her plan had been to go to the village as soon as her work was done and make Mrs. Downs a visit, but later another idea popped into her mind. She would go to the Oven instead.

"I know about where it is," she thought. "If I keep close to the shore I can't miss it, anyway. Mr. Downs said it was n't more than two miles and three-quarters from the causeway. Two miles and three-quarters is n't a very long walk. It wont be half-tide till after ten. I can get there by a little after nine if I start at once. That 'll give me an hour to see the cave, and when I come back I 'll go down to the village and stay to dinner with Mrs. Downs. I 'll take some bread and butter, though, because one does get so hungry up here if you take the least little walk. What a good idea it is to do this! I am glad Papa went to Malachi, after all."

Her preparations were soon made, and in ten minutes she was speeding across the causeway, which was safe walking still, though the tide had turned, her pocket full of bread and butter, and Genevieve in her arms. She had hesitated whether or not to take Genevieve, but it seemed too sad to leave her all alone on the island, so it ended in her going too, in her best bonnet and a little blanket shawl. The morning was most beautiful, dewy and fresh, and the path along the shore was scented with freshly cut hay from inland fields, and with spicy bayberry and sweet fern. A belated wild-rose shone here and there in the hedges, pale and pink. Tangles of curly, green-brown fringe lay over the clustering Virgin's Bower. The blue lapping waves, as they rose and fell, were full of sea-weeds of a lovely red-brown tint, and a frolicsome wind played over the surface of the sea and seemed to be whispering something funny to it, for the water trembled in the sun and dimpled as if with sudden laughter.

The way, as a general thing, lay close by the shore, winding over the tops of low cliffs covered with dry yellow grasses. Now and then it dipped down to strips of shingle beach, or skirted little coves with boundaries of bushes and brambles edging the sand. Miles are not easy to reckon when people are following the ins and outs of an irregular coast. Half a dozen times Eyebright clambered to the water's edge and peeped round the shoulder of a great rock, thinking that she must have got to the cave at last. Yet nothing met her eyes but more rocks, and surf, and fissures brown with rust and barnacles. At last, she came on a group of children, playing in the sand, and stopped to ask the way of them.

There were two thin, brown little girls in pink-and-gray gingham frocks, and pink-and-gray striped stockings appearing over the tops of high, laced boots. They were exactly the same size, and made Eyebright think of grasshoppers, they were so wiry and active, and sprang about so nimbly. Then there were three rosy, hearty-looking country children, and a pair of little boys, with sharp, delicately cut faces, who seemed to be brothers, for they looked like each other and quite unlike the rest. All seven were digging holes in the sand with sticks and shovels, and were as much absorbed in their work as a party of diligent beavers. When Eyebright appeared, with Genevieve in her arms, they stopped digging and looked at her curiously.

"Do you know how far the Oven is from here?" asked Eyebright.

"No," and "What 's the Oven?" answered the children, and one of the gray-and-pink little girls added: "My, what a big doll!" Eyebright scarcely heeded these answers, she was so delighted to see some children after her long fast from childhood.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"A fort," replied one of the boys.

"Now, Fweddy, you said you 'd call it a castle," put in one of the girls.

"Well, castles are just the same things as forts. My mother said so."

"Is that your mother sitting there?" asked Eyebright, catching a glimpse of a woman and a baby under a tree not far off.

"Oh, dear, no! That 's Mrs. Waurigan. She 's Jenny's mother, you know, and 'Mandy's and Peter Paul Rubens's. She 's not our mother at

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all. My mother's name is Mrs. Brown, and my papa is Dr. Azariah P. Brown. We live in New York City. Did you ever see New York City?"

"No, never. I wish I had," said Eyebright.

"It 's a real nice place," went on the pink-and-gray midge. "You 'd better make haste and come and see it quick, 'cause it 's de-te-rotting every day; my papa said so. Don't you think Dr. Azariah P. Brown is a beau-tiful name? I do. When I 'm mallied and have a little boy, I 'm going to name him Dr. Azariah P. Brown, because it 's the beautifulest name in the world."

"She 's 'gaged already," said the other little sister. "She 's 'gaged to Willy Prentiss. And she 's got a 'gagement wing; only, she turns the stone round inside, so 's to make people b'lieve it 's a plain gold wing, and she 's mallied already. Is n't that cheating? It 's just as bad as telling a weal story."

"No, it is n't either!" cried the other, twirling a small gilt ring round on a brown finger, and revealing a gem made, apparently, of second-rate sealing-wax, and about the color of a lobster's claw. "No, it is n't cheating, not one bit; 'cause sometimes the wing gets turned round all by itself, and then people can see that it is n't plain gold. And Nelly 's 'gaged, too, just as much as I am, only she has n't got any wing, because Harry Sin——"

"Now, Lotty!" screamed Nelly, flinging herself upon her, "you mus' n't tell the name."

"So your name is Lotty, is it?" said Eyebright, who had abandoned Genevieve to the embraces of Jenny, and was digging in the sand with the rest.

"No, it is n't. My really name is Charlotte P., only Mamma calls me Lotty. I don't like it much. It 's such a short name, just Lotty. Look here; you did n't ever see me till to-day, so it can't make much difference to you, so wont you please call me Charlotte P.? I 'd like it so much if you would."

Eyebright hastened to assure Charlotte P. of her willingness to grant this slight favor.

"Are these little boys your brothers, Lot—— Charlotte P., I mean?" she asked.

"Oh no!" cried Nelly. "Our bwother is lots and lots bigger than they are. That 's Sinclair and Fweddy. They aint no 'lation at all, 'cept that they live next door."

"Their mamma 's a widow," interposed Charlotte P. "She plays on the piano, and a real handsome gentleman comes to see her 'most every day. That 's what being a widow means."

"Look here what I 've found!" shouted Sinclair, who had gone farther down the beach. "I guess it 's a shrimp. And if I had a match I 'd make a fire and cook it, for I read in a book once that shrimps are delicious."

"Let me see him! Let me see him!" clamored the little ones. Then, in a tone of disgust: "Oh my! aint he horrid-looking and little. He is n't any bigger than the head of a pin."

"That 's not true," asserted Sinclair; "he 's bigger than the head of my mamma's shawl-pin, and that 's ever so big."

"I don't believe he 's good a bit," declared Lotty.

"Then you sha'n't have any of him when he 's cooked," said Sinclair. "I 've got a jelly-fish, too. He 's in a hole with a little water in it, but he can't get out. I mean to eat him, too. Are jelly-fish good?" to Eyebright.

"I don't believe they are," she replied. "I never heard of anybody's eating them."

"I like fishes," went on Sinclair. "My mamma says she guesses I 've got a taste for nat-nat-ural history. When I grow up I mean to read all the books about animals."

"And what do you like?" asked Eyebright of the other little boy, who had not spoken yet, and whose fair baby face had an odd, almost satirical, expression.

"Fried hominy," was the unexpected reply, uttered in a sharp, distinct voice. The children shouted and Eyebright laughed, but Freddy only smiled faintly in a condescending way. And now Eyebright remembered that she was on her road to the cave,—a fact quite forgotten for a moment,—and she jumped up and said she must go.

"Perhaps Mrs. Waurigan will know where the Oven is," she added.

"I guess so," replied Lotty; "because she does know about a great many, many things. Good-bye!—do come again to-morrow, and bring Dolly, wont you?" and she gave Genevieve one kiss and Eyebright another. "You 're pretty big to play with dolls, I think. But then"—meditatively—she 's a pretty big doll, too."

Mrs. Waurigan was knitting a blue-yarn stocking. She could tell Eyebright nothing about the Oven.

"I know it 's not a great way off," she said. "But I 've never been there. It can't be over a mile, if it 's so much as that; that I 'm sure of. Have you walked up all the way from Scrapplehead? I want to know? It 's a long way for you to come."

"Not so far as New York City," said Eyebright, laughing. "Those little girls tell me they come from there."

"Yes; the twins and Sinclair and Freddy all come from New York. Their mother, Miss' Brown, who is a real nice lady, was up here last year. She took a desprit fancy to the place, and when the children had scarlet fever in the spring, and Lotty was so sick that the doctor did n't think she 'd ever get over it, she just packed their trunk and sent

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them right off here, just as soon as they was fit to travel. She said all she asked was that I 'd feed 'em and do for 'em just as I do for my own; and you would n't believe how much they 've improved since they came. They look peaked enough still, but, for all that, nobody 'd think that they were the same children."

"And did the little boys come with them?"

"Yes. They 're neighbors, Miss' Brown wrote, and their mother wanted to go to the Springs, or somewhere, so she asked might n't they come, too. At first, I thought I could n't hardly manage with so many, but they have n't been a bit of trouble. Jest set them anywheres down on the shore, and they 'll dig all day and be as happy as clams. The only bad things is boots. Miss' Brown, she sent seven pairs apiece in the trunk, and, you would hardly believe it, they 're on the sixth pair already. Rocks is dreadful hard on leather, and so is sand. But I guess their Ma wont care so 's they go back strong and healthy."

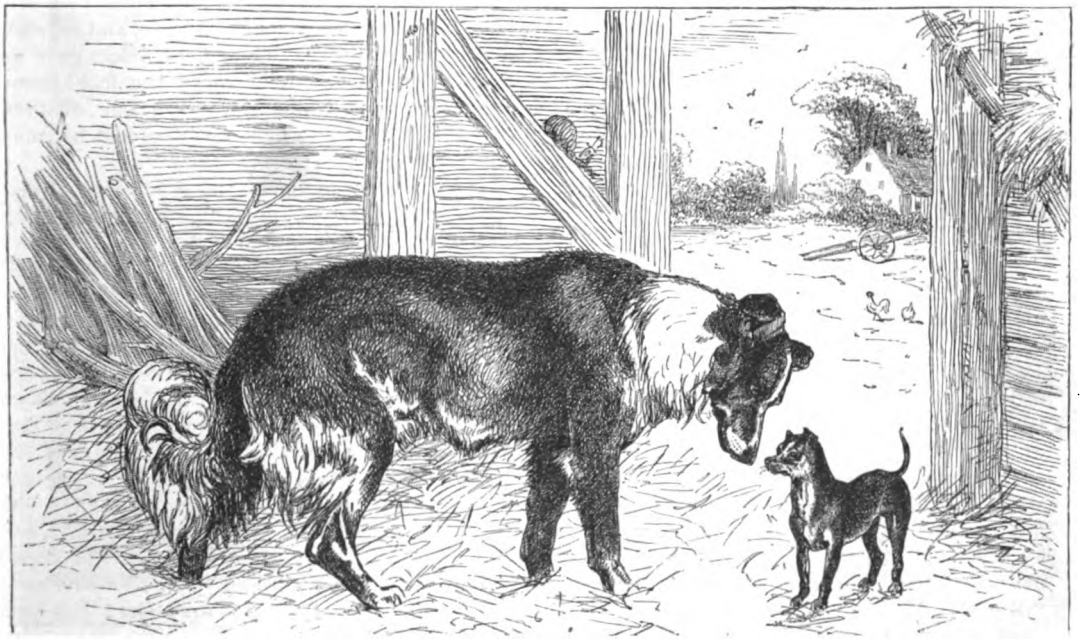
"I 'm sure she wont," said Eyebright. "Now I must be going, or I sha'n't be able to get into the cave when I find it."

"You 'd better come in and get a bite of something to eat as you come back," said Mrs. Wauregan. "That 's the house just across that pasture. 'T aint but a step out of your way."

"Oh, thank you. How kind you are!" replied Eyebright. Then she said good-bye and hurried on, thinking to herself,—"Maine is full of good people, I do believe. I wish Wealthy could come up here and see how nice they are."

It seemed more than a mile to the Oven, but she made the distance longer than it was by continually going down to the water's edge to make sure that she was not passing the cave without knowing it. It was almost by accident that in the end she lighted upon it. Strolling a little out of her way to pick a particularly blue harebell which had caught her eye, she suddenly found herself on the edge of a hollow chasm, and, peeping over, perceived that it must be the place she was in search of. Scrambling down from her perch, which was about half-way up one side, she found herself in a deep recess, overhung by a large rock, which formed a low arch-way across its front. The floor ran back for a long distance, rising gradually, in irregular terraces, till it met the roof; and here and there along these terraces were basin-like holes full of gleaming water, which must be the pools Mrs. Downs had talked about.

(To be continued.)



DISCUSSING THE MUZZLE QUESTION.

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A WONDERFUL CHILD.

By Hattie S. Russell

I 've read somewhere about a girl
  Whose cheeks are rosy red,
While golden tresses, curl on curl,
  Bedeck her pretty head.
Her eyes, I 'm told, are bright and blue,
  Her smile is kind and sweet;
The errands she is asked to do
  Are done with willing feet.

'T is said that when she goes to school
  She 's just the sweetest lass!
So quick to mind the slightest rule,
  And prompt in every class.

To girls and boys she 's never rude
  When all are at their play;
Her "conduct"—be it understood—
  Is "perfect" every day.

Where lives this child, I cannot say,
  Nor who her parents are,
Although for many a weary day
  I 've sought her near and far.
If you should ever see her smile,
  As o'er the world you rove,
Just hold her little hand a while,
  And give her my best love.

"HAY-FOOT! STRAW-FOOT!"

Many boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march; but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the war of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling and training among the militia-men all over the country, especially in the larger cities and towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York City, much of the drilling of newly enlisted men was done in what is now City Hall Park, in front of a tavern which stood where the *Sun* newspaper building is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country, and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard and bear as much fatigue as any soldier in a regular army; but they walked as they pleased, and had no ideas about such things as "keeping step." It is even said that there were fellows among them who did not know their right foot from their left, and who were therefore continually getting themselves and their companions into disorder by mixing up their legs,—that is, moving out their right leg when the officer who was drilling them called out "Left," and the other leg when he called out "Right." If they could have put both legs forward at once, it is probable that they would sometimes have done so.

To make these men understand exactly which leg was meant when the officer gave his orders, a curious plan was devised. Around the right leg of each man, just below the knee, was tied a wisp of hay, while a wisp of straw was tied around his left leg. Now, these country fellows knew very well the difference between hay and straw, and so, when they were ranged in line and the officer gave the word to march, and called out, "Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot," each one of them understood exactly which was the foot he must put forward.

It sometimes happened, however, that a man would be so busy observing his companions,—and perhaps making fun, at the same time, of their attempts to walk like soldiers,—that he would forget his own business, and put forward his "straw-foot," when "hay-foot" was called for.

It must have been very funny to see these raw recruits—here a country ostler in high boots and striped shirt; there a farmer in his shirt-sleeves and broad straw hat; then, perhaps, a village doctor or school-master, with his high beaver hat and his spectacles, with a tall boy near by in cap and short jacket—all marching side by side, with hands down by their sides, thumbs turned out, eyes fixed on the officer as he stepped backward before them, and all keeping time to the monotonous call of "Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot!"

The regular soldiers who may have been drill-

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ing at the same time probably smiled, if they did not dare to laugh, at these queer-looking men, any of them chanced to come to town to see their sons or brothers drill, doubtless thought the affair

"HAY-FOOT! STRAW-FOOT!"

with their hay and straw bound legs; but the mothers and fathers and sisters of the recruits, if a fine military display, and that Jeremiah or Caleb would be a general yet, if the war lasted long enough.

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"GLORIES."

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

JULIA was set to put Baby's shoes and stockings on; but he was a big baby and she a little girl; he pulled away from her and ran, laughing gleefully, out on the porch. There his laughing changed to screaming exclamations of delight.

"See de glories! Dudy, see de glories!"

He cackled and clapped his hands, and jumped about in a way best known to babies,—a prudent way, which leaves one foot on the floor while the other is in the air.

"Dudy, come!" he kept on calling.

No wonder Baby laughed and clapped his hands, and capered about! The whole side of the porch was covered with morning-glories,—blue, white, pink, purple. There seemed to be thousands of the bright things, and how wide-awake they looked! He gathered two armfuls of them at once, and sprinkled the floor with the brightness. Then he made a sudden discovery.

THE FAIRIES THEMSELVES.

"Itty pairsols! itty pairsols!" he screamed in ecstasy.

"Yes," said sister Julia, joining in the play. "Here's a blue parasol for dolly Belle; and a white one for Gertrude Elsie; and a pretty pink one for Mittie Mattie."

SOLDIERS.

When they were tired playing parasols, which was in about a quarter of a minute, Julia made a discovery: the morning-glory blossoms were elfin horns,—bugles and trumpets and cornets of a fairy musical band, to be used at a grand Fourth of July celebration.

Then she pinched out and bit out little pieces for doors, and stood the blossoms up for fairy tents and pavilions, and showed Baby the chimney-holes

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where the smoke came out when the elves brewed nectar, and boiled busy-bee tongues and made

DECORATING BABY'S HANDS.

mosquito mince-meat. What a beautiful encampment the bright blossoms did make, to be sure, all arranged in stars and circles and heart-shapes! But pretty soon, Baby blew a great breath, and then Julia said a terrible hurricane had swept away the tents.

The next thing was to stick little green twigs through the chimney-holes of the overturned tents, and lo! there were the fairies themselves, in fashionable dresses,—blue, with white overskirt, and pink with purple ruffles. When the skirts began to lose their starch and to droop, fresh "glories" were put on the heads of twigs from the big apple-tree, and who was there to dispute Miss Julia's words when she announced the wonderful result,—a brigade of valiant soldiers in gorgeous regimentals?

After that, fairy-robes and soldier-hats were devoted to decorative art. Baby's face and hands and feet were painted. Then Miriam's United States History was brought out; and the faces of all the presidents were colored purple, excepting those that were colored green, with the cups of the "glories;" the White House was made blue; Independence Hall was about to have a red coat when the breakfast bell rang.

As soon as he heard that joyful tinkle, "Baby" dropped the "glories" and the book, and cried that he must have his shoes and stockings put on for "bekfus," and then sister Julia suddenly re-

PAINTING THE PRESIDENTS.

membered that she had forgotten all about such things as shoes and stockings. The "glories," the tents, the soldiers, the fairies, the bugles and the trumpets had entirely covered them up in her little mind.

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CATCHING THE CAT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE mice had met in council;
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crape on every hat.
They were desperate—something must be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said:
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly, by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first mouse
That died a natural death,
And he 'd undertake to poison the cat,
If they 'd let him prepare that mouse.
"There 's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
He waited until there was silence
All along the pantry shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"*I* will catch the cat myself!"

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play;
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature! I suppose;
But as she stoops to catch *me*,
I shall catch *her*, by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A gray-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her then?"
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well,
I think if you 'll all excuse me,
'T would be wiser not to tell!

"We all have our inspirations—"
This produced a general smirk—
"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they 'll work.
I ask you then, to trust me;
You need have no farther fears—
Consider our enemy done for!"
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she 's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously.
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But *I* shall wait and see!"
And sure enough she was coming—
The mice all scampered away
Except the noble champion,
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith, of course they had—
They were all of them noble souls,
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes,
Until some time in the evening;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gayly about!

There was dreadful consternation,
Till some one at last said, "Oh,
He 's not had time to do it,
Let us not prejudge him so!"
"I believe in him, of course I do,"
Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged;
The demand for crape goes on;
They feel they 'd be happier if they knew
Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—
It is very short you see;
So no one, of course, will skip it,
For fear of offending me.
It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But—if you are mice—you 'd better think twice,
Before you catch the cat.

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HOW TO MAKE A HAMMOCK.

By Charles L. Norton.

"'T IS N'T so very hard," said Netty, "if you do only two or three rows a day and have Tommy or somebody to help wind the twine and pull the knots tight. It hurts your fingers after a while. Tommy says girls' fingers are no account, anyway; but Mamma tells him he 'll think differently in a few years. We made all of it between us last winter. You see, I and Tommy and Mamma went down to Quissnocket in the summer and staid in Mrs. Clegg's house. Mr. Clegg, he 's a sort of fisherman-farmer, 'specially fisherman, and has a sloop, and boats, and nets, and lots of things, and Bill Clegg helps him. He 's been whaling, Bill has, and he 's real nice. One day, Tommy and I found him mending a net, and it was fun, and he showed us the stitch. Tommy was awful stupid about it, but I learned right away. Then Bill said that if Tommy would make two needles and two mesh-sticks, so we could each have one, he would show us how to make a hammock all our own selves, if we wanted to.

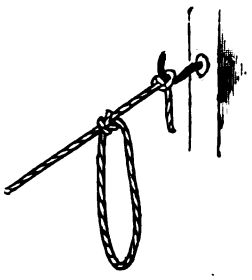

FIG. 1.

"So I drew a pattern of the needle and Tommy took the measure of a mesh-stick. Bill said we must have hard wood for the needles, so we hunted about and found a thin piece that Tommy said would do. Tommy 's a first-rate whittler, and he made two needles.* It wasn't very easy, but I helped.

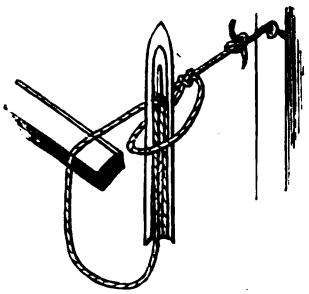

FIG. 2.

"The mesh-sticks were not so hard, because they were soft. I mean, because we made them from soft wood, although hard wood might be better. My own mesh-stick makes a mesh a little less than two inches square. That 's a good size for a hammock. The beveled edge helps to keep the meshes even.

"Pretty soon there came a north-easter, when we could n't play out-doors, and Mr. Clegg and Bill were at work in the shop where they mend their boats and nets and things, and Bill said it was a good time. So he gave us what he called a 'hank'—I should have called it a skein—of nice white twine, and Tommy and I wound it off into two balls, one for each of us. Then we had to thread our needles. We fastened the end of the twine round the 'tine' and passed it down one side of the needle, through the notch of the 'heel' up the other side, round the tine again, and so on until the needle was nearly as full as it could hold."

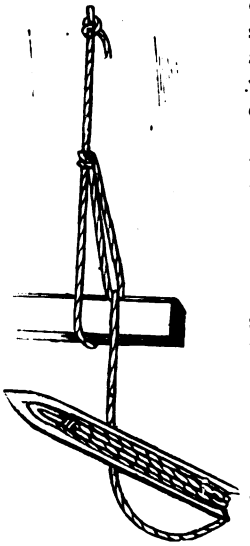

FIG. 3.

"Wait a minute, Netty," said I. "Please show me just how to do it all. I would like ever so much to know."

"So I will. I 'll make you a doll's hammock," said Netty, "and then you will know just how to make a big one."

Netty forthwith threaded her needle, fastened the end of the twine to a hook in the wall which she and Tommy used for the purpose (anything firm will do), and tied a loop in it. Then she laid the twine over the mesh-stick, passed the needle up through the loop (Fig. 2) and pulled it tight, so that the end of the loop rested on the bevel of the stick (Fig. 3).

"Now look," she said. "I hold the stick in my left hand, with my thumb on the twine and the needle in my right hand. With a quick motion I throw a 'bight' of the twine so that it lies across my left wrist and over the loop (Fig. 4). Then I push the point of the needle up between the loop and the twine to the left of the loop (through the opening as shown in Fig. 4), pull needle and all through, and bring the knot into shape. Now I 'haul taut' with my right hand (in the direction of the dotted lines), and the knot is tied."

As Netty pulled, loop B tightened around the two parts of loop A, and loop A, in turn, tightened around the part that passes through it. There was danger that loop B would slip down beyond loop A,

* See tail-piece,——"Tools and Materials." Eight to ten inches is a convenient length for the needle. The mesh-stick is about the same length, and it will make a mesh just twice its own size. That is, a stick one inch square will make a two-inch mesh.

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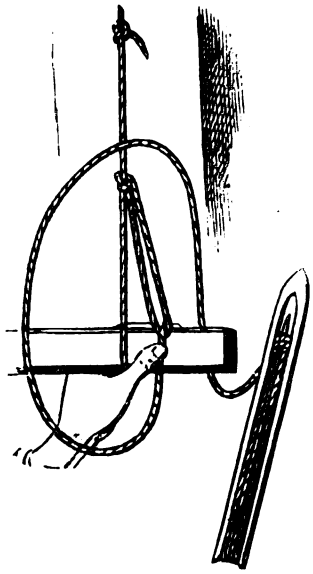

FIG. 4.

in which case the mesh would not be firm. My teacher said that practice made it easy to avoid this.

"Now," continued Netty, "I slip out the mesh-stick, and take the same stitch through the second loop; and so on and on, until I have made twice as many meshes as my hammock is to be wide. Five will be enough for this little hammock, I think.—There! Now I 've made ten meshes, not counting the first loop." And she held out the work to me.

Netty had by this time made a string of loops or meshes, which looked like this (Fig. 6).

Then she took the end from the hook, untied the first loop, because it was not the right size, and spread the meshes open on the table (Fig. 7). Next she passed a cord through the upper row, tied the ends together, hung it over the hook, and proceeded to finish the rest of the rows. The stitch was just the same as before. She did with mesh E (Fig. 7) just what she did with the original loop, but she did not slip the mesh off the stick as at first. Instead, she went on knotting through D, C, and so on, until there were five new meshes on the stick, their knots lying side by side along the bevel.

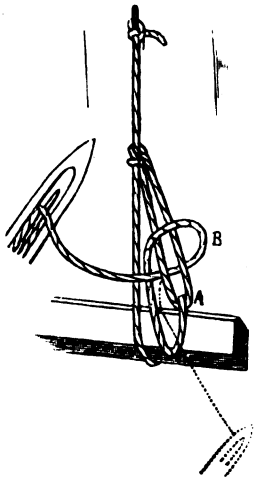

FIG. 5.

In working a large hammock, she told me it is easiest to make ten or a dozen meshes before slipping them off from the stick. When one row was finished, she slipped them off, turned the work over, and went back, knotting the new meshes through those last made, until she had the five rows completed, twenty-five meshes in all.

"There," said she, "that finishes the hammock part. Now I 'll show you about the 'guys,'—the long strings, you know, at the ends. They 're just nothing at all but big meshes. The easiest way to make them even is to wind the twine a certain number of times around the mesh-stick instead of only once, as in the small meshes, and then knot through the next mesh as usual."

When Netty had finished the row of guys, she cut the twine about an inch from the last knot, gathered the guys together, hung them over the hook, and removed the cord that passed through the first row of meshes.

"Now," she said, taking the end that had been on the hook, and the end of the twine that was on the needle, "I 'll show you how to tie two ends together when you break your twine or begin with a fresh needleful: Form the horizontal loop, with the end from the hook in your left hand, place the other end behind the loop, hold it there with thumb and finger, then pass the needle over and under, as in Fig. 8. Then pull them tight and cut off the ends. Mamma says this is nothing but a weaver's knot, but Bill calls it a 'becket-hitch,' and Tommy and I like that best."

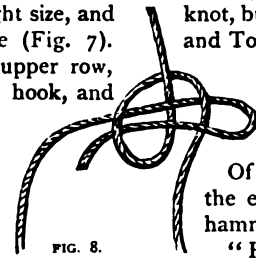

FIG. 8.

Netty finished the other row of guys, and then spread the whole affair out on the table (Fig. 9).

FIG. 6.

Of course, it was a simple matter to gather the ends together, and there was the little hammock all complete.

"How large do you make a big hammock?" I asked; "how many meshes, I mean?"

"Sixty wide and sixty long for a two-inch mesh," answered Netty. "If you have smaller meshes you must make more of them, or you 'll find your hammock too narrow."

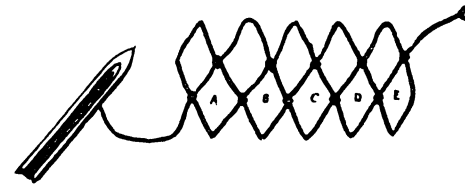

FIG. 7.

"And how long ought the guys to be?"

"Oh, as long as you like. Half a yard, or a yard, more or less."

"What are those rings or eyelets [Fig. 10] in the ends of the large hammock?"

"Those are not rings; they 're thimbles," said

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Netty, correcting me, and bringing a pair like those among the "tools and materials."

"You can get them of any size in brass or galvanized iron, or you can have brass ones nickel-plated if you like. It is not necessary to use them; but if you do, you must "serve" the eyes of the hammock. To do this, stretch the guys of each end to their full length, lay them alongside each other evenly, and gather together tightly. Then wind them with the cord as firmly and evenly as possible, until you have wound rather more than the circumference of the thimble; double the rope thus made, slip in the thimble, and wind the whole together a little below the thimble,—far enough to be quite secure,—cut your twine, and tie-in the ends. Two persons are needed to do this nicely."

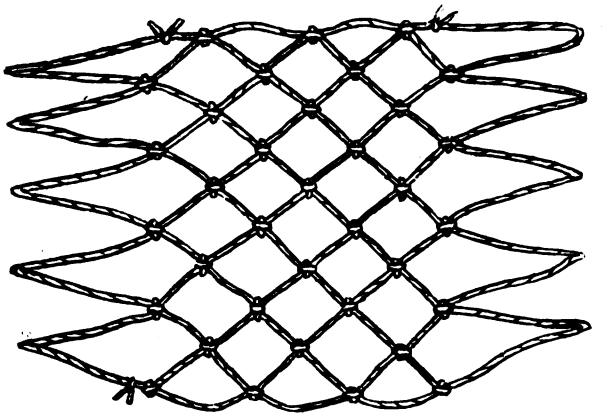


FIG. 9.

"How many hanks does it take to make a large hammock?" I asked.

"Somewhere between two and three," said Netty. "You must get three. Tommy and I went into a store, the other day, where they had twine of all kinds, and beautiful needles ready-made, and thimbles, and everything except mesh-sticks. Of course you can use any kind of cord you like, but white soft-laid cotton is about the best. Fifteen or twenty-thread seine-twine is a good size for general use, we 've found."

"Now tell me how much the materials cost, and how long it takes to make a full-sized hammock."

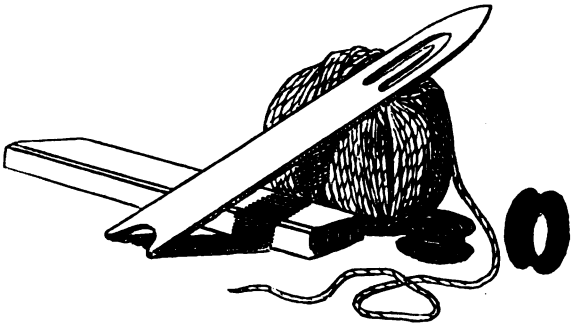
Netty had to consult Mamma before she could be certain. Between them they made out that the hanks cost 25 to 35 cents each, according to weight, the needles, 15 cents, and galvanized thimbles 10 cents a pair. Brass thimbles and steel needles cost a little more. As to the time, they were not altogether sure, but thought that half an hour a day would finish a hammock in about a month.

"The twine will be sure to chafe your fingers if you don't wear gloves, or manage to take a turn round the needle when you pull the knots tight, and you would do well to make a little hammock for practice before you begin the big one."

FIG. 10.

These were Netty's farewell words. The next day I went down town and bought my materials, and I finished a beautiful hammock in just about one month. I am bound to say that it is rather hard work for most girls, but it is the very thing for boys, and they can make all sorts of fishing-nets with the same stitch, only changing the size of the mesh-stick, according to the size of the fish they wish to catch.

Since my talk with Miss Netty, my friend Tom has privately assured me that she did not do much of the really hard work; "but," said he, magnanimously, "she did all that could be expected of a girl, and helped lots, and read to me while I was at work, so I had a good time, anyhow."



TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

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FOURTH OF JULY MARCH,

SECONDO.

By WM. K. BASSFORD. Op. 78. No. 3.

Tempo di Marcia. Con Spirito.

ff *f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *p* *f* *ff*

Hail Columbia.

pp *p* *cresc.*

Ott. bassa.

piu f *sf*

ff *f*

p *pp* *ppp*

Ott. bassa

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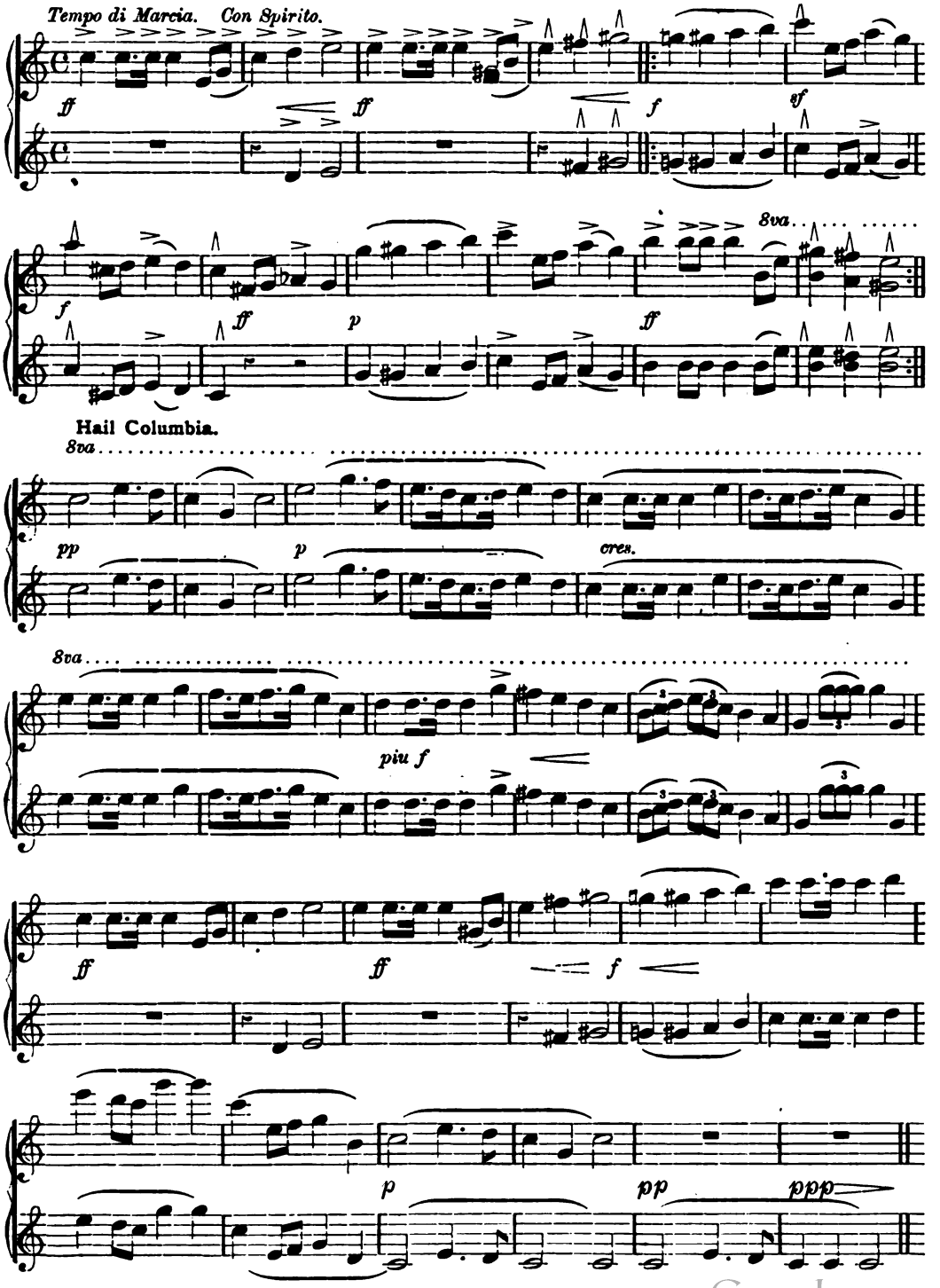
FOR FOUR LITTLE HANDS.

PRIMO.



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HOW HAROLD CAME TO TELL HIMSELF A STORY.

HAROLD did not know how to read, so, you may be sure he was not thinking about what was in the book before him. After he had eaten his supper, he went upstairs to ask his papa to tell him a story. Papa was in the parlor talking to a gentleman, so that, when Harold ran into the library and shut the door behind him, he found nobody there.

Now, the door was big and heavy, and Harold was too little to turn the great handle and open it again. He tugged for a while, and then he stood still to think, a few tears in his eyes. His first thought was:

"I need not cry. Mamma says it is of no use to do that. If I cry, Papa will not tell me a story, and I want one about two frogs."

He looked through the key-hole, but saw nothing; so he put his mouth to it and called: "Hallo! Papa!" Then he called, "Mamma!" and "Katy!" But nobody heard him.

Then he climbed up to the table, and turned over the leaves of all the books he could reach. "What funny books!" he said. "Not any pictures in them! What can they tell about? If I could read, may be they would tell me why Papa does not come upstairs!"

Harold's eyes were all wet again, and he had to wipe them. But soon a happy thought came to him, and he said:

"I will tell myself a story! Papa told it to me one night, and I will tell it to myself again:

"A boy was so big that he could lift a little boy upon his back. But he was cross. He had to carry a heavy load of beets to market in a wheel-barrow. But he was so cross that he could not make the wheel-barrow go straight, then it ran against stones and the beets fell out. Carts came along, and a pig ran in where the beets were and ate some. That made the big boy mad. When the wheel of the barrow broke, he was so cross that he could not mend it, and when he asked a man to do it, the man said: 'No, I will not do anything at all for a cross boy!' So he had to do it himself. Then he ran against a man and hurt him, and when he got to market he tipped over a basket of eggs.

"And the market-man said that the big boy was too cross to work, and that he could not pay him any more money.

"So the big boy had to go away.

"But a little boy came and helped the man pick up the eggs, and took the beets out of the wheel-barrow and put them in a big box, and he

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was not a bit cross. So the market-man said: 'Little boy, you are of much more use than a big, cross boy, and you can work for me, and take home lots of pennies to your mamma, and ——'"

But, just as Harold got to that part of the story, the door opened, and there was his papa! Papa was so glad to find his little boy happy, and not fretting, that he told him a story about ten frogs instead of two.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THERE 'S no time for long introductory remarks in July, my dears; and the reason why is all out-of-doors, on "hill and field and vale and river," as somebody says. Well, my advice to you is: Keep there as much as ever you can (out-of-doors, I mean), and drink in the sweet air and bright sunshine to your hearts' content,—and *their* content, for that matter—for I believe that air and sunshine like to be breathed and enjoyed, as the Heavenly Father intends them to be.

Now, my stanch little Americans, unfurl your flags on the Fourth, and be as patriotic at heart as ever you can be,—but don't burn your little hands and faces; and, above all, don't forget that true patriots always honor the bravery of the foes they have beaten.

Now, my beloved, you shall hear something about

A CITY CARRIED ON CAMEL-BACK.

THE whole city of Cairo in Egypt was carried to its place on the backs of camels. Not in one parcel, of course, but bit by bit. Every piece of stone for building, and all the wood and other things for the same purpose, all the fuel, all the furniture, all the food—all Cairo, in fact, came in camel-loads!

This was in the year 969. Now there is a steam railroad running into the city from the great seaport of Alexandria; and horses also are in use, though only for pleasure carriages, I 'm told.

THE ROBIN THAT RANG A BELL.

Elmira, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I am reminded by your remarks in April, about the Campanéro or Bell-bird, of the following actual facts:

Our little boy, Johnny, took it into his head one day to set a tea-bell on top of the wood-house, fixing it with a spiral spring, and attaching it to a slender wooden frame of his own make.

To one end of the spring Johnny tied a cord, long enough to reach the ground. By pulling this cord he could ring the bell, and so call the family to meals. But it was not long before he tired of doing this. One bright summer morning, when Grandpa went out to the barn at five o'clock, he was much surprised to hear Johnny's bell ringing. Looking quickly about the yard, he saw a big Robin Red-Breast pulling away at the cord. I suppose Robin thought it would be just the thing to weave into the new nest he was building. When first the bell rang, Robin dropped the cord, peeped about a moment as if astonished, and then, not to be discouraged, tried a second time. Again the bell rang, and again Robin dropped the cord: but, still unwilling to give up, he tried once more to fly away with the string. The bell rang louder than ever this time, so Robin gave up trying and flew away.

Grandpa then cut some yarn into bits, and put them near the bell-cord, and, though no one saw Robin do it, there 's no doubt that he took them, for in a few days they were gone, and the nest in the maple beside the gate was ready for his little wife.—Yours truly,

V. E. D.

A WASP-NEST ON FIRE.

A WASP-NEST set itself afire, one summer, in Caraccas, and, as the nest was built in a closet under the roof of a house, it almost set the house afire, also! This was due, I 'm told, partly to the heat of the weather, and partly to the yet greater heat produced by the materials of which the paper-like walls of the nest were made.

So, take warning, all wise boys and girls, and don't let wasps build nests under the roofs of your homes and play-houses; don't keep your homes and play-houses in Caraccas—whatever or wherever that may be—during very warm weather; and "don't let fiery tempers make themselves at home beneath the roof of your hearts"—as Deacon Green might say, if he were by, only I feel sure that he is away somewhere in the shade trying to keep cool and quiet.

Now let 's turn to a little scrap pleasant to think of just now:

WINTER IN MINNESOTA.

"THIRTY degrees below zero! The windows are curtained with rime. Icicles hang on the beards of the men at work out-of-doors, and horses wear shining coats of frosted silver mail."

KUCHOO!

THERE is a plant—a distant cousin of mine, related to all of us Arums—that grows in the southern parts of England and almost everywhere in India. The people are very fond of it,—as food, I mean. The roots are crushed and steeped, to get from them a kind of powder which the English country-folk call "Portland sago," and the Indian natives name "kuchoo," as if it made them sneeze with delight just to think about it.

BONNETS WITH LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

I AM asked to inform you, my hearers, that soon after the invention of the lightning-rod, the ladies of Paris, France, thought it fashionable, as well as safe, to wear a bonnet ornamented at the very top with a thread of bright metal. To this was attached a little silver chain which reached down the back over the dress and touched the ground. It was believed that the lightning would be caught by the metallic thread, and would then be so polite as to run along the chain down into the earth without harming the wearer of the bonnet.

At about the same time, too, umbrellas made of silk were fitted with wires and chains in a similar

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fashion,—so that the holders might enjoy cozy walks during thunder-storms, I suppose, without getting scared.

I do wonder if the lightning really cared a bit for all their patent arrangements.

A QUEER PLAYMATE.

Carson City, Nevada.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My sisters have gone to Virginia, and I feel real lonesome. I have been trying to tame a wild-cat. She will eat out of my hand, but will not come into the house; and when I lay a piece of meat on the ground, she picks it up with her paw and puts it into her mouth.—Yours truly, ANNIE LEAH.

FAITHFUL KAMICHI.

YOUR Jack feels proud to introduce to you the Chaja or Faithful Kamichi. Here is his portrait, my youngsters.

The Kamichi has a fine crest of feathers arranged in a circle at the back of his head, and he stands up straight and sturdy, as though he had work to do and meant to do it.

He is very easily tamed and taught, and proves himself a good friend to man by being a wise and faithful servant. His home is chiefly in Brazil and Paraguay, where men trust him with the entire charge of their flocks of poultry throughout the day. He leads the fowls to the fields and feeding-places in the early morning, and at night brings them back in safety to their roosts. Whenever one of the many birds of prey, or perhaps some stealthy four-footed creature, comes near his flock, he instantly spreads out his broad wings, which are armed with strong, sharp spurs, and at once sends the enemy flying. There is n't the hint of skulking anywhere in him, and he never lords it over the poultry, or other birds weaker than himself, but is always the bold, brave, devoted champion of those who are given to him to be cared for and defended.

FAITHFUL KAMICHI.

LUKEWARM BOILING WATER.

NOW, my bonny cooks! answer me this: Did you know that there are parts of the world where boiling water is not "boiling-hot"?

Well, there are such places, as some men of science once found out, to their sorrow.

They were roving among the Chilian Cordilleras,—which are lofty mountains in the west of South America,—looking for specimens botanical, geological, ornithological, icthyological, entomological, zoölogical, and so on. One day, after a long morning tramp, they felt hungrier than usual, and set one of their number to boil some fresh vegetables for dinner while they finished exploring the neighborhood.

The wise man built a fire, and hung the pot of water and vegetables over the blaze. In a surprisingly short time, the water began to bubble and hiss, and a few minutes later the man called his companions, who ran up, delighted that dinner was ready so soon, and quickly fell to eating. All at once, the hungry men turned frowning on their cook, asking him:

"What in the world made you call us before the things were done?"

"Well," said he, amazed and ashamed, "I am sure they boiled long enough. Suppose you try to boil them yourselves?"

Then they put back the untouched vegetables into the pot, hung it over the fire, and, standing in a ring, watched it anxiously. As soon as the water had boiled a good while for the second time, they took out the things and again began to eat them.

But still the vegetables were not half cooked!

At last one of these wise men called to mind that water needs less heat to make it boil on a high mountain, where the air is very light or rare, than when the boiling takes place near the level of the sea! So that, although there was heat enough to boil the water, there was not enough to cook the vegetables in the water, and the wise men had to fry them in a pan.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

SEVERAL readers of the illustrated article about the Kitchen-garden, in the April number, ask where they can obtain the book containing the music-notes, songs and instructions, for carrying on a school on the plan described. Miss Huntington herself publishes the book, which is finely printed, illustrated and bound. Her address is 125 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is an example in algebra which I cannot work, although, of course, I can see what the answer is. Will you please get some of your readers to work it and let me know through the "Letter-Box"?—Yours truly, H. C. HOWLAND.

PROBLEM.

Given $x^2 + y = 7$, and $y^2 + x = 11$;—to find the value of $x + y$.

SKIPPIO.—The letters S. P. Q. R. on the standards of the ancient Romans were the initials of the words "Senatus Populus-Que Romanus," which mean "The Senate and the People of Rome."

Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like you to answer a question which puzzles me. Why does the ticking of a clock vary in sound? Sometimes it is quite loud, and then it is so low I scarcely can hear it at all. I am quite sure it has nothing to do with my hearing, for I am not deaf in the least.—Your devoted reader, OLLIE GODFREY.

Some of the teeth of the wheels are not so well oiled as others and so they make louder ticks; and some teeth are just a little larger or smaller than others, or are differently shaped, and this, too, would make the sounds vary. If the adjustment of the wheels upon their axles happens to bring them the least bit out of line, the noises will be unequal. When everything but the clock is quiet, even the faint ticks seem loud, and so it may be at times that surrounding noises which we do not separate from the general hum, or to which we are so used that we do not mark them, drown some part of the sound of the ticks.

Pittsfield, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went up to Potter's Mountain last summer; from it was a view I shall never forget. The hil s stretched below us in great waves, and far down in a beautiful valley lay the lakes Onota and Pontuonc, looking like diamond isles upon an emerald sea. The little country towns scattered over the mountains, with their white church spires standing out against the dark foliage, gave the scene a picturesque appearance, and the setting sun burst from behind the mountain-tops, flooding the earth and sky with flashes of red and purple and golden light which slowly died away.

M. A. K. (12 years).

A LIVE DOLL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is many a little girl who has a doll with such a natural head and face, such beautiful real hair, such complete suits of clothes, and such perfect little gloves, shoes and bonnets, that it seems as if but one thing is wanting to make that doll perfect, and that is that it should be alive. How delighted most girls would be if their dolls were alive, and could walk about and talk! I mean, of course, those dolls which look like real little girls or little ladies.

Well, I know of such a doll as this. She is not nearly so large as many dolls; her head is no bigger than a man's fist, and she is but a little taller than the seat of a dining-room chair; one of her tiny hands will go through a large finger-ring, and she has dear little feet about two inches long. And yet she is alive, and can walk about and talk and play! It need not be supposed she is a little baby, for she is fifteen years old, and has long hair, which is done up beautifully, just like a grown lady's hair, and she will never be any bigger. She weighs only five pounds, and that is only about half as heavy as most very young babies. I saw a little girl, thirteen months old, pick up this tiny creature and hold her in her lap. So it is easy to imagine how small and light she is.

This live doll is a little Mexican dwarf, named Lucia Zarate. She has been on exhibition in New York and other cities, and some of the boys and girls who read this may have seen her. She is different from most dwarfs, not only in being a great deal smaller, but in being so well formed. Her head is no larger in proportion than the heads of ordinary people, or of dolls, whereas a dwarf generally has a large head on a small body. A little fellow, called General Mite, who is shown with Lucia, has a head much too big for his body. He is larger, every way, than she is, and he looks like a child dressed up as a man. But Lucia is a perfect little woman, or, rather, a perfect little live doll. She has a Mexican countenance, with dark complexion and

THE LIVE DOLL.

large nose, and her black eyes look out from under heavy eyelids, but she is very bright and lively, and has a very high temper, which she sometimes shows. She has very handsome clothes, with long trains to some of her dresses, and she walks about as if she knows she is better dressed than most of the ladies who are looking at her.

When this little creature was born, she was only nine inches long, and she used to sleep in a large overshoe! Think of such a tiny human being as that, which could kick and cry, just like other babies! I wonder how many of the ST. NICHOLAS girls would like to have such a live doll, who would walk and talk and eat and drink and go to sleep just like anybody else, and yet could sleep in a doll's bed and wear doll-clothes, and be carried about and held in the lap as easily as a common doll, that is not alive? P. F.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mary who had a kitten and a dog. One day another little girl came to see her. After a while they commenced to play "tea-party," and they wanted the kitten to play with them; but she could not be found, so they got along without her. After a while, however, the little girl went to go home, but when she lifted her muff out jumped the kitten.

The next day Mary went up to her room to get her hat. She could not find the band-box; but pretty soon it came walking along the shelf, and from it came spits and growls. When it got near Mary, it suddenly jumped on to the floor, and away ran the cat chased by the dog, for both of these animals had been in the band-box. They both ran helter-skelter into and around the yard at full speed. Suddenly the cat disappeared in a large pail of water, and as soon as the dog reached the pail in he went, too, and then the water appeared like the sea in a storm. Mary, when she saw this, ran down the path and soon had the dripping culprits before the fire.—Yours truly,

A. G.

TO W. I. S. AND OTHERS: In the number of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875, you will find full instructions, with diagrams, telling "How to make a boat."

E. F. T.—Since the year 1860, Nice has been a part of France; but it used to be in Italy, and the name "Lombardy" is commonly given—though not with strict correctness—to all that part of Italy which lies northward of Tuscany. At the present day, however, there is no tract of country in Italy which bears officially the name of "Lombardy."

Ottumwa, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the south-eastern part of Iowa, on the Des Moines River. One night in March our brick school-house was burned. I went to see it smouldering away in its ashes, all but the outer walls. After a few weeks they came and took the walls down and piled up the brick.

We go to school in the upper part of the Town Hall now, with the Fire Department on the story below us making a good deal of racket. So we feel safe, as the noise proves they are awake.

From your constant reader, F. G. J.

Utrecht, Holland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am a little Dutch girl, I take ST. NICHOLAS and love it. I came across a pretty verse by Coppée, called "The Magyar." I made an English prose version of it; perhaps the American boys and girls will like it, so I send it you, hoping you will be kind enough to print it in the "Letter-Box."—I am, your loving reader, CLARA CATHARINE MAY TWISS. (Aged 12.)

Istwan Benko was a Hungarian magnate from the Steppes. He wore on his thumb a ring in which was set a turquoise that grew pale whenever the Turkish foe approached. Istwan was immensely rich, and spent his money madly. Once he gave a country ball, to which he invited all his poor neighbors. He appeared dressed in a beautiful mantle, embroidered with gold sequins, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds of great value. They were loosely fastened, so that they might fall off as he danced. Of course, people were ready enough to pick them up; all but one old man who sat apart, with his arms folded, wrapt in a woolen mantle with wide sleeves. His nose was hooked, his long moustaches were of a silvery white. He had not picked up anything. He was a Magyar.

Count Istwan Benko strode up to him and said: "Father, I would like to give you something; but see, I have not a single sequin or jewel left! Why would you not pick up anything?"

The old man answered: "I could not without stooping!"

ALL communications of any kind from the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS should be accompanied by the full names, ages and addresses of the writers, which will be held strictly private, if the writers so desire.

How many of the readers of the "Letter-Box" agree with "An Illinois Boy" in his notions of celebrating the "Fourth of July" with "more spirit"?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it is just shameful that the boys of America are getting so unpatriotic that they cannot celebrate the Fourth with more spirit.

When I woke up on the morning of the Fourth, last year, I expected to hear a great racket; but, instead of that, I did n't hear more than two or three fire-crackers.

My brother was up firing his cannon, so I got up and commenced to fire mine (for I try to celebrate). After breakfast my brother and I went up to grandpapa's orchard, where we found our two friends with their two brass cannons. Then commenced some lively firing. We fired all morning and half the afternoon. After supper we fired our cannons, and looked at the two or three solitary rockets that went up around the neighborhood.

Now, boys of the ST. NICHOLAS, and of Illinois especially, I write to you and ask *you* to remember this next Fourth that it is the day that made our glorious country (for glorious it is, in spite of all the newspapers say) free and independent, and, as it comes but once a year, I think it is shameful that you cannot celebrate it with spirit.

AN ILLINOIS BOY.

WHO can tell J. E. B. the name of the queer bird he writes about? It appears to be a polite creature, and to give good advice.

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know the name of a bird that I have heard singing a song. It is about the size of a sparrow and of a gray color. Some of them say, "Mr. Persevere," and some say only "Persevere." It came where father and I were at work. It stayed a little while and then went off.—Your constant reader,

J. E. B.

CAN any reader of the "Letter-Box" answer the following?

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one year and three months. Will you please tell me when England was discovered? I am 8 years old. ERNEST W. WOODWARD.

Clinton, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about my "children" which I take care of. First, I have four little chickens, then I have blackbirds, robins, brown thrush, and sparrows, besides a canary, and my dolls, of which I have twelve.

I have fixed a bath-tub for the birds to bathe in, and the blackbirds always take their turn first. Sometimes a robin gets in first, and if a blackbird sees him he scolds him till he flies away.

The song-thrush is a very beautiful singer, but is very shy, and we have never seen it bathe, but have seen it drink. We enjoy the thrush very much more than the blackbird, for, though the blackbird is very handsome, it is so bold, and it has no music in its voice.—Your little friend, ODA HOWE (age, 11 years).

Huntington, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl that has to do dishes every morning, and I make a great fuss about it sometimes, too. I hope every little girl that reads this will not make such a fuss about it. I have a little tea-set, which consists of six cups and saucers, a tea-pot, a milk-cup, a sugar-bowl, two drinking-cups, one tumbler, one knife and fork, and seven spoons. And, beside these, I have some tin dishes. And I have a little cupboard to keep them in. I am seven years old, and I printed this with my pen all by myself.

DAISY P. TRUDGE.

Rye, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about my pets. Well, I have two nanny goats, and a little dog that came to us about three weeks ago. We tried to find its owner but could not; so we kept him. The goats are very useful to me. (Mother does not think them useful. They eat the clothes on the lines, and horn up the rose-bushes.) I harness them and do all the errands. Every one is afraid of them, so I let them run about the place without a fear of their being stolen, but they are very gentle to me, for they know what 's good for themselves. I am your devoted reader, DAISY B.

H. H. A.—Many good answers have come to H. H. A.'s question printed in the May "Letter-Box." They all seem to agree that the warmth of the climate of France is due, at least in part, to the influence of the warm ocean current called the "Gulf Stream," and to winds that blow from the hot lands of Africa; and that the coldness of the climate about Newfoundland is due in great measure to chilling winds from the snowy wastes of northern British America, and to an Arctic current that sweeps past the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Following is a list of the names of those who sent answers. The names occur without regard to merit or the order in which the letters were received:

Charles L. S.—Jenny A. Seaman—A. P. C.—Maggie E. B.—Clara S.—Primm D. Noel—Maud Harvey—Julia Lathers—Horatio A. Warren—N. H. W.—Rosa—B. S. A.—May Walsh—Wm. H. Barnes—Bertie E. S.—Alice M. Downing—Cyrus F. Judson—G. G. Burnett—Lucille Andrews—M. E. B.—Pansy Murray—Arthur E.—Willie I. Pert—Mamie H.—Mamie B. French—Almira Briggs—Bessy Norton—Archie Freeman—L. G. Townsend—Arthur W. D.—Jennie Kimball—Charles Campbell—N. K.—Charles S. Emerson—Anita L. Smith—A. F. D.—Louis V. Fuller—Katie Sampson—Maude Sanderson—Eddie Churchman and others—Mary F. Carothers—S. M. D.—J. W. W.—Geo. M. Reese—Bertha Paul—Grace Hall—M. V. Wood—Clara Louise Smithe—S. M. C.—S. C. De Lamater—Medoren Green—Fred N. Kress—John S. Clute.

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YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

ABOUT MACARONI.

THE picture which I have drawn shows Yankee Doodle at about the moment when, riding on a pony,

"He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni."

It is about this expression, "Macaroni," I wish to write what I have found out by asking questions and reading in books.

In England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, most of the dandified things of that time—such as table-forks, etc.—came from Italy, and were called "macaroni," which is Italian, derived from a Greek word meaning "very dainty."

About the time of Oliver Cromwell, appeared a verse which some have thought was meant to make fun of him. The verse runs:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni."

But History says Cromwell came from Huntingdon; and I think he was not the kind of man to wear feathers and brag of them. He was stout, red-faced, and rather rough; not slim and foppish.

"YANKEE DOODLE."

In Sheridan's play, "The School for Scandal," are these lines:

"Sure, never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these, macaronis.
To give them this title, I 'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long."

Washington Irving tells us that, in the War of the Revolution, some Maryland regiments, who wore very gay uniforms, were known as "The Macaronis"; and he adds that "they showed their game spirit." So, it seems, they could fight well, besides dressing well.

Another author says: "A hundred years ago, the slang of a certain sort of fop was 'macaroni.' He was distinguished chiefly by the strange way in which he dressed his head; and he wore feathers in his hat."

This is all I have been able to find out about the word "Macaroni," used in the song "Yankee Doodle"; and it seems to mean something or somebody very dainty or finical, and to have very little to do with the food called "macaroni," although that also comes from Italy.

J. V. L.

THE FAIRIES' HAMMERS.

ONCE there were two little girls, and their names were Edith and Isabel Walters. Edith was seven years old, and Isabel was five. They were very good in some things, and very bad in others, but the worst one of all was screaming at the table. Their Papa invited a gentleman to supper one evening. So he came, of course, as everybody does when they are invited. So Papa talked and talked to Mr. Fields until supper was ready. Edith and Isabel did not know what Papa and Mr. Fields were talking about, although they sat on their Papa's lap. The supper-bell rang, and they went to supper. Before their Papa had sat down, they screamed:

"Papa! give me some reed-birds!"

"Wait a minute, children," said he. Then he turned to Mr. Fields, and said: "Mr. Fields, can I give you some reed-birds?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Oh, Mamma! I do wish you would help me to some pears," said Edith.

"But, Papa, I want some reed-birds. I wish you would give me some," cried Isabel.

"Do wait until I help your Mamma."

"Mr. Fields," began Mamma—"hush Edith—Mr. Fields, will you,—Isabel, do keep your spoon still,—Mr. Fields, will you have some pears?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Mamma, give me some milk; Mamma, give me some milk."

"Oh, do hush!" said Papa, "or I will send you away from the table."

"Mr. Fields, do you —— Anna, please take those children away from the table. We cannot talk, for they make such a noise."

"Oh, Mamma! oh, Mamma! Please don't! We will promise not to make a noise."

"Mr. Fields, do you remember the day that we were going up the hill, and we saw an old man?"

"Yes, I think I do," he said. "He was ——"

Isabel here interrupted him by throwing her spoon across the table.

Outside of the window-sill stood Queen Mab and her fairies.

"Did you ever see such children?" she said to one of the fairies by her side. "Let me see if I cannot think of something to cure them." So she turned to Pinky and said: "Pinky, can you think of anything to cure them?"

"I have just thought of something, and I think that it will cure them."

"What is it?"

"Why, to hammer them every time they are rude will cure them."

"Yes, I think so, too. Well, who will do it?"

"I will," said Pinky.

"And I will," said Blue.

"All right," said the queen.

So they flew in at the window, and Queen Mab and her other fairies flew away to fairy-land.

"Mr. Walters," began Mr. Fields.

"Papa, give me some reed-birds," said Edith.

"No more."

"Papa, my head hurts awfully."

"Mr. Walters, Mr. Cornell said ——"

"Oh, Papa, it is raining," said Isabel, as she threw a piece of bread at her Mamma. "Oh, my head!"

"Mr. Walters," again began Mr. Fields, "Mr. Cornell said the other day that you once had a dog. Had you?"

"Yes, I had; but he ran away."

"Did he?"

"Mamma, give me some more pears!" cried Isabel.

"Yes."

"Oh, my—my head hurts me so!"

"I am sorry," said Mamma.

"Mamma, can I have some coffee?" cried Edith.

"Yes, dear," said Mamma.

"Oh, my, but my head hurts!" said Edith, as she came crying up to her Mamma.

"I am very sorry that your head hurts so much, dear."

So the fairies kept on hammering for two or three days. At last, Edith and Isabel found out that, every time they were rude, they were hammered on the head; so, after a while, they stopped being so rude, and their heads did not hurt so much.

So, one night, Pinky and Blue brought a beautiful wax-doll, and it had a little note for Edith and Isabel, which had in it:

"This doll is for Edith and Isabel,—a present from Queen Mab."

So Edith and Isabel had a very nice time, indeed, with the doll. And in the note there was:

"If you again behave as you did at the table, the doll will disappear, and you will never see it again."

So Edith and Isabel thought that it would be just as well not to behave that way.

E. S.

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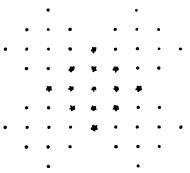
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

[Will every answerer of puzzles please mention, when sending the solutions, what will be his or her age next birthday? The information will be kept strictly private.]

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 5, 2, is an insect. My 8, 4, 6, is a domestic animal. My 9, 7, 3, is an important article for giving light. My 10, 12, 13, 11, is a kind of walking-stick. My whole contains thirteen letters, and is the name of a large body of water. E. W. C.

A ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent blocks, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times, once as a point of its own block, and once as a point of each of the neighboring blocks. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A bone. 3. A wild animal. 4. A Turkish title of dignity. 5. In arrears.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In terror. 2. A tool. 3. A bird, supposed to be of ill-omen. 4. An insect's home, and also that with which it catches its prey. 5. In union.

III. Central Diamond: 1. In fear. 2. A tree whose wood is tough. 3. Tree-gum. 4. Quick and bright intelligence. 5. In junction.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In credible. 2. An inclosed seat. 3. A part of a fortification. 4. A person fond of cracking little jokes. 5. In defensible.

V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In caution. 2. A great weight. 3. Marked down. 4. A snare. 5. In ended. ISOLA.

EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.

IN each of the following couplets, fill the first blank with a word which, after dropping its first letter, can be put into the second blank, and will then make sense as well as rhyme:

1. The fisherman, with line all ——,
   Still kept his patience as he ——.

2. At the first bite, the line he ——,
   And off the fish fell from the ——.

3. Pete drew a picture of a ——,
   And drew it, too, with pen and ——.

4. When sailing long in many ——,
   Wise shipmen use the juice of ——.

5. She glared on him in feeble ——,
   For he had stepped upon her ——.

6. The barber took his painted ——,
   And stuck thereon one raven ——. B.

HIDDEN REVERSED RIVERS.

IN each of the following sentences find the name of a river concealed, the letters of the name being placed so as to spell backward: 1. I got a glove-box for my birthday-present. 2. William Wallace bled for his country. 3. Last week I bought a new "Shakespeare" in one volume. 4. My uncle was once chased by an elephant. 5. Mother has gone to buy some linen. 6. Tell me what you saw at Toronto. DYCIE.

PROBLEM.

TAKE 1000 and 50; divide by 1; add 50; and the answer will be less than a cent.

HIDDEN FRENCH MOTTO.

THE motto is in four words, meaning "Do everything well or not at all." The four words are concealed in the following sentence:

"When you get out the Biennial Catalogue, please mail a copy to our friends at Capri, enclosing it in the wrapper which I now send to you." B.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A EUROPEAN city. 2. Fragrance. 3. Belonging to Rome. 4. A reflection, a solid portrait. 5. More than sound. B.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, and my sum equals 207. I am used to denote business appertaining to cities.

My 1 ÷ my 3 = one-fifth of my 5.
My 2 × my 4 = one-fifth of my 3.
My 5 × my 1 = 2000 × my 3. W. R. P.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A COIN used formerly in Southern Europe. 2. Custom. 3. The plural form of the name of a kind of prison, often seen in houses and in which one sometimes keeps a little friend. 4. A deputy. 5. Quick to be angered. UNCLE WILL.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

WITH the letters of the name of one of the plants represented in this picture, spell the names of the five others. J. P. B.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

```
    1
  1 2 3
1 2 3 4 5
  3 4 5
    5
```

1. My 1 is in indescribable. 2. My 1, 2, 3 is wicked. 3. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is the name of a foreign city, a fashionable resort. 4. My 3, 4, 5, is a cave. 5. My 5 is in indiscriminate. D.

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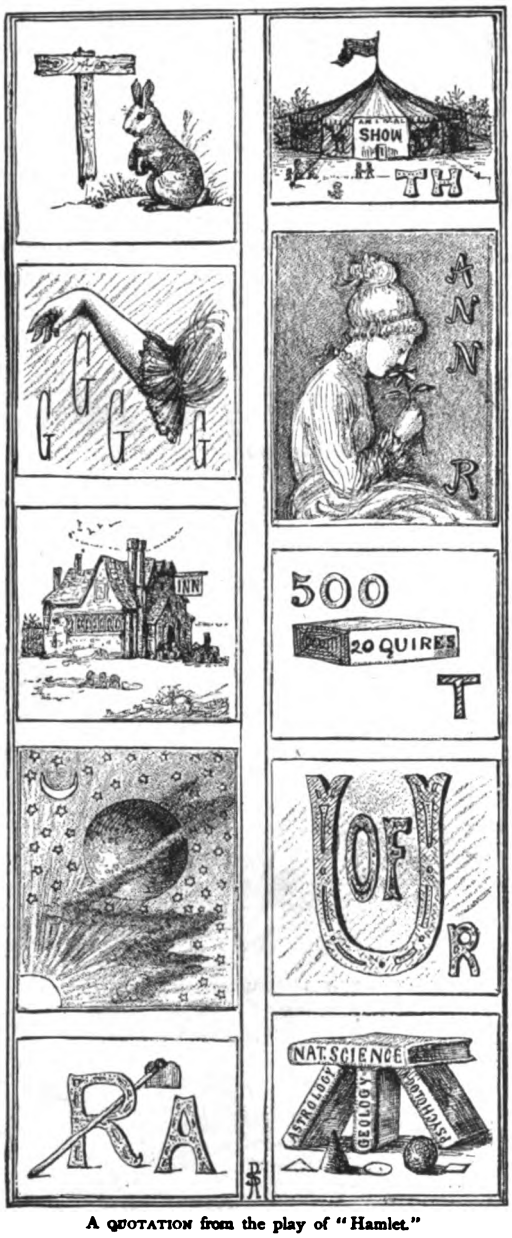
REBUS.



A QUOTATION from the play of "Hamlet."

VERY EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in loss, but not in gain;
My second in trouble, not in pain.
My third is in near, but not in far.
My whole is a vast and luminous star.

DROP-LETTER HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

— A — A — A —
— A — A —
— A —
—
— A —
— A — A —
— A — A — A —

Central perpendiculars: The name of one of the United States.

Horizontals: 1. The name of a tropical fruit, in its plural form. 2. A pleasant dish of uncooked vegetables. 3. A carpentering tool. 4. In liberty. 5. A deity of ancient times. 6. One who was hanged on a gallows he had prepared for another. 7. A territory of western Africa. H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

TAKE just half a dozen;
Add one-sixth of frozen,
And one-fifth of weave,
And you 'll have perceive.

LOUISE E. ANNA.

DROP-LETTER MOTTO.

THE motto is that of the English guild, or company, of Weavers.
W-A-E-R-T-W-T-T-U-T. ALICE LANIGAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Baron. 2. Alone. 3. Roast. 4. Onset. 5. Netty.

GARDEN PUZZLE.—1. Pansy. 2. Hollyhock. 3. Pink. 4. Jonquil. 5. Mignonette. 6. Candytuft. 7. Larkspur. 8. Tulip. 9. Peony. 10. Phlox. 11. Ivy. 12. Portulacca. 13. Snapdragon.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.—1. Oscar. 2. Spade. 3. Capon. 4. Adore. 5. Renew.

A PAIR OF DIAMONDS.—1. S. 2. VAn. 3. SaUer. 4 NEt. 5. R. 6. K. 7. ORb. 8. KrAut. 9. BUn 10. T.

HEXAGONAL PUZZLES.—

I.
M
F I T
D A N E S
I C E N I
M E R E S
S A T
L

II.
M
C I T
W A N E D
A R E N A
G A R O N
T A N
L

DIAMOND IN WORD-SQUARE.—1. Helot. 2. Elope. 3. Lover. 4. Opens. 5. Terse.

GEOGRAPHICAL PICTURE ANAGRAMS.—1. Charleston; I. T on arches. 2. Cologne; one clog. 3. Washington; hat on wings. 4. Wheeling; G in wheel. 5. Trenton; R on tent. 6. Kingston; K in tongs.——EASY CROSS-WORD.—London.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE AND WORD-SQUARES.—Asseveration. I. 1. Ass. 2 See. 3. Set. II. 1. Eve. 2. Van. 3. End. III. 1. Rat. 2. Ate. 3. Tea. IV. 1. Ion. 2. One. 3. New.

REBUS.—The longest way about is the shortest way home.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Broadest, best road. 2. Steady, stayed. 3. Is held, shield, he slid, led his. 4. Supersede, pure seeds. 5. Other, or the. 6. Ye men, enemy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Florence Wilcox—Cyrus F. Judson—"7, 5, 9"—Julia Lathers—Chas. A. Higgins—Maud A. Wilson—Lester Mapes—S. W. P.—Clarence H. Young—Alice Potts—P. T. O.—Bertha Potts—Bessie Taylor—E. D. H.—J. Mondschein—Eddie F. Worcester—May L. Shepard—N. T.—Mary L. Otis—Jennie Kimball—Alice C. Twitchell—Rob and Rosie Palmer—Henriette Bacharach—Bessie Hotchkiss and Tommy Hotchkiss—Fanny Arnot—Louise C. Jackson—Chas. H. Hull—Mary J. Hull—Collinsville—Rosie and Gracie Van Wagenen—Edith Wilkinson—Nellie C. Graham—Oriole—Robt. S. Swords, Jr.—C. A. Walker, Jr.—R. B. Salter—Rosa—Cassivelaunus—Lee Sturges—Birdie—Lewis Crull—Charles Campbell—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Edgar F. Jordan—Herbert James Tily—Jennie S. Ward—Sadie Duffield and Constance Grand Pierre—Bessie Boyce—Bessie Hard—Cornelia Golay—Daisy B. Hodgsdon and Topsy Hodgsdon—Annie A. Anthony—Arthur S. Walcott—Annie Wellington—Lulu Mather—Floy Crowell—Flavel S. Mines—Kenneth B. Emerson—Robert A. Gally—Bird Johnston—"Winnie"—Will E. Nichols—G. Schirmer—Courtenay H. Fenn—J. E. Brown—Florence L. Turrill—Alice Sutro—Helen B. Holmes—Reta S. McIlvaine—Henry W. Green—Vee Cornwell—Emma E. Brewster—Sally D. Swift—Frank Barker—Bessie C. Barney—"Mother Goose"—Lillie Burling—Josephine Farnum—Lula Kauffman—E. G. Seibels—Albert Thomas and Sheldon Emery—Louise Chapin Euen—Frank Bowman—"Hard and Tough"—"The Blanke Family"—Frances Hunter—Frank W. Foster—Alfred W. Stockwell—Bessie L. Reilly—"Malaga Grapes and Hard Crackers"—J. R. T.—Kate E. Earl—S. W. P.—F. L. P.—Belle W. Brown—Chas. F. Chase—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—B. B. and H.—Adele G. D.—Baby—Bessie and her cousin—"X. Y. Z."—Curtis and Victor Scott—Ellie and Corrie—Prebo—Ida Cohn—Bessie T. Loudon—Hattie Fox—Fanny Richmond—S. J. de la Hunt—Trask—Wm. Wirt Mills—Loyal Durand—The Three Wise Men of Gotham—Narcissus—Clover Leaf—Julie Senton—Kitty Atwater—A. Guyot Cameron—"Riddlers"—Frank P. Turner—Richard Stockton.

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There are more things in [illegible]
and earth, Horatio,
[illegible]
philosophy

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THE KAISERBLUMEN.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. AUGUST, 1879. NO. 10.

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THE KAISERBLUMEN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

HAVE you heard of the Kaiserblume,
O little children sweet,
That grows in the fields of Germany,
Light waving among the wheat?

'T is only a simple flower,
But were I to try all day,
Its grace and charm and beauty
I could n't begin to say.

By field and wood and road-side,
Delicate, hardy and bold,
It blossoms in wild profusion
In every color but gold.

The children love it dearly,
And with dancing feet they go
To seek it with song and laughter;
And all the people know

That the emperor's daughter loved it
Like any peasant maid;
And, when she died, her father,
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said:

"This flower my darling cherished,
Honored and crowned shall be;
Henceforth 't is the Kaiserblume,
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,
Tied in a gay cockade,
And the quaint and humble blossom
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,
One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air:

"O look at the Kaiserblumen
That grow in the grass so thick!
Let 's gather our arms full, Gretchen,
And take to the emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,
So blue and so white and red!"
So all they could carry they gathered,
And thought of the princess dead.

Then under the blazing sunshine
They trudged o'er the long white road,
That led to the kaiser's palace,
With their brightly nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city
They trod with their little feet,
As hot they grew and as tired
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

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And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy
With a weary travel stain,
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes,
Fell down in a golden rain.

And at last all the nodding blossoms
Their shining heads hung down,—
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,
"We 've almost reached the town!

"We 'll knock at the door of the palace,
And wont he be glad to see
All the princess's flowers we've brought him!
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he 'll be!"

So they plodded patiently onward,
And with hands so soft and small
They knocked at the palace portal,
And sweetly did cry and call:

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!
We 've brought some flowers for you,
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,
All rosy and white and blue!"

But nobody heeded or answered,
'Til at last a soldier grand
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,
With a gruff and stern command.

But "No!" cried the children, weeping;
Though trembling and sore afraid,
And clasping their faded flowers,
"We *must* come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence,
The echoing stair came down;
To know the king there was no need
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried: "O Kaiser,
We have brought your flowers so far!
And we are so tired and hungry!
See, Emperor, here they are!"

They held up their withered posies,
While into the Emperor's face
A beautiful light came stealing,
And he stooped with a stately grace;

Taking the ruined blossoms,
With gentle words and mild
He comforted with kindness
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory
That the little ones befell!
And when their heads are hoary,
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,
And dined with princes and kings,
In that far-off day of splendor
Filled full of marvelous things!

And home, when the sun was setting,
The happy twain were sent,
In a gleaming golden carriage
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision
Of Fairy-land it seemed;
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children
Eager to hear will be,
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm
The flowers of Germany.

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A MISSISSIPPI CHOWDER.

By Mary Norwest.

"I 'm just suffering for a chowder," said Mr. Larks.

"Are you? Well, I believe I could make a very passable chowder out of river fish," said Mrs. Larks.

"That would be a joke! Shade of a cod-fish, rebuke her!"

"I 'd like to try it, any way. Catch me some big salmon,—but a chowder can't be cooked in a house."

"No," said Mr. Larks. "We shall have to go on a picnic."

"Father," said Jenny, "you know you promised to take Dum and Dee the next time we went."

"Yes, I did ask your little cousins to go."

"And father," said Hugh, "Ralph and Frank never get a chance to go anywhere; and I think I ought to have some company as well as Jenny."

"I 've no objection. Let me see,—that will just fill the wagon. I shall want to stay two days. There is a deserted log-house down there. Brown slept in it last week. With a load of straw we could be quite comfortable, even if it rained."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Down to Deep Slough."

They all sat up an hour later than usual planning the frolic.

The Larks family are addicted to picnics. I say addicted, for some of their neighbors think it amounts to a vice. Old Mrs. Black is a very plain-spoken old lady who lives over the way, and she says "you never know what minute they 'll start the hull year round. They 're a-wild-flowerin', and a-fernin', and a-blackberryin', and a-autumn-leavin', and a-redhawin', and a white-sandin', and now goin' a-fishin' for two hull days. It does beat all!" And Mrs. Black pushes back her sun-bonnet, and gazes through her round, bowed spectacles in amazement.

The boys and girls came to stay all night, so as to be on time in the morning; for the plan was to start at day-break, and breakfast five miles away in the woods. The boys held deep consultations over fish-hooks and lines, while Jenny, and Dum and Dee, fluttered about Mrs. Larks, trying to help. These little girls had been very properly christened Mary and Martha. But there was only a year's difference in their ages, and they were now of exactly the same size. They dressed alike, and looked alike, and never had but one opinion on any subject. So their father took to calling them Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which was soon shortened to "Dum" and "Dee."

An old darkey, named Jacob, had been engaged to haul the luggage. He was to start the afternoon before they did. When he came with his wagon, Mr. Larks and the boys helped to stow away the baskets and tubs and buckets filled with bread and butter and pickles and jam, boiled ham, stuffed veal, fried chicken, potatoes, ice, eggs, frying-pan, and the great kettle to hold the promised chowder.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Larks to the old darkey who stood by, grinning, "I am afraid your old horse can't haul that load."

"Lor' bless ye, Mis' Larks, that aint no load fur Jane. Why, Jane is as peart a mare as ever you see."

"Poor thing; she hangs her head as if she was utterly discouraged."

"Jane 's jist in'olent! That 's all ails *her*. She can pull like a mule when she wants to. But Jane is in'olent, I can't deny."

"Well, drive on, Jacob," said Mr. Larks, "and don't camp till you come to the place I told you of, —the creek, the bridge, and the little red house on the hill."

"And make a fire, and have hot water ready for our coffee in the morning," said Mrs. Larks.

"Yes, ma'am, I 'll be thar, and Jane 'll be thar, and de kittle will be bilin', as shore as de sun goes round de world! Hi, dar! you Jane, wake yo'seff up,—*git* along."

Slowly old Jane woke up, gradually got her legs in motion, and the old wagon went creaking down the street.

Mrs. Larks thought she would never get those children quiet that night. For the joyous excitement kept the young eyes beaming, and the tongues wagging and laughter ringing. At last, Mr. Larks came upstairs and told them he wished they would go to sleep, so that they 'd all wake in time to hear a clock strike that he had borrowed for this occasion from a deaf gentleman. It only struck once in twenty-four hours, and that was at four o'clock in the morning. He hoped they would all hear it, for it was really very curious.

At last, the house is quiet. As the hours go by, the big busy town is quiet, too; only the bright young moon is awake and full of light. But it is n't a full-grown moon, so she don't stay up all night. Now the dark, still hour before dawn is slipping quietly away.

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Suddenly a great crash comes in the house,—a ring-a-rush-a-rattle-te-bang-er-rang-rang!—as if forty Chinese gongs had been walking in their sleep, and had fallen down-stairs together.

In a moment, all is confusion. Voices cry from every room:

"O, what is it?"

"Where is it?"

"Is it thunder?"

"Uncle! aunty! mother! we 're so scared!"

"Are you all awake?" called Mr. Larks; "it is the deaf man's clock!" Then he gave a great laugh.

"It 's a sell, boys!" cried Hugh. "Come on, girls."

There is a rush of white figures through the hall, a great scrimmage, and a general pillow-fight until the laughter is almost smothered. But Hugh somehow manages to turn the gas up to a full blaze, when the white figures scamper away in much confusion.

Everybody gets dressed in a minute,—even little Bob, who is only five years old.

"I never was up in the mixed of the night before," he said. "The girls want to go out to see the morning star."

"Indeed, we are not hungry, uncle!"

"No eat, no go," answered Mr. Larks, firmly.

So they meekly drank the cups of chocolate.

"Girls are just queer about eating," whispered Ralph to Hugh, over his second cup and an uncounted sandwich.

"O, girls are not like boys! Why, I can eat at any time. Can't you?"

But the horses and the great spring wagon are at the door. O, the flurry and the fun of starting! The boys select the back seat as desirable in offering a slight chance of being tipped out, as being behind the girls, whom they delight to teaze, and as farthest removed from "the powers that be."

After Mrs. Larks and Bobby and Mr. Larks are comfortably settled on the front seat, Mrs. Larks remembers that she has forgotten several things.

"Run, Maria, and get that pickled pork. O, yes, and the hard crackers; and, dear me, Hugh jump out and get that little box of medicines on the parlor-table; and, Maria, I 've forgotten that basket of tomatoes the man brought last night."

"Well, my dear, is there anything else you *could* forget. The number of things the female mind is capable of forgetting! Now, shall we go?—all right!—get up, Jack!"

Mr. Larks jerks his rein and chirrups, but the horses back and halt.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Larks. "A female would never forget to untie the horses!"

"What!" cried Mr. Larks, jumping out in confusion. "I believe I did forget that."

"Mr. Peterkin!" cried Jenny.

The shout of laughter that went up from the whole party woke old Mrs. Black, who thought, at first, it was a fire; but turned over and said, "It 's only them plaguey Larks!"

Away go the horses, clattering through the streets, down to the river,—the noble, the beautiful Mississippi! A deep glow of light mounts up the eastern sky. A delicate bloom spreads over the great flood, swelling, dimpling, flowing. Its movement is like life, and its murmur is like breath.

Out on the bridge they go. The swift water is rushing beneath them, the fresh wind blowing around them, and the morning light shining in their faces.

"O, uncle," said Dee, "I know I 'm going to have the best time I ever had in my life."

"Yes," said Dum, "I can feel it a-beginning now!"

When they leave the bridge the road winds along beneath great elms and sycamores; on their left the bluff rises wild and leafy, and on their right runs the shining river.

Gayly the horses toss their heads, and bend to their work. Lightly fall their hoofs, as if they knew what merry hearts are behind, on what a merry holiday.

Just as the party have settled into quietness, they see the creek, the bridge, and the little red house.

Down by the river rises the smoke of a fire, and old Jacob is swinging his hat in welcome. The young ones bubble over in a great cheer. The boys tumble out behind, and go roystering over the green. The wagon is stopped near the fire, and the girls scramble down over the wheels and go capering after the boys. Within five minutes they have all poked the fire, skipped stones on the water, swung on grape-vines, and are now peeping into the luncheon-baskets.

"I should think," said Mrs. Larks, "that we have brought forty youngsters in place of six."

"De kittle am a-bilin', ma'am," said Jacob.

"Beautifully! Now for breakfast!"

Her too-willing assistants would have had everything out of the wagon if she had not stopped them. Bobby came up from the creek, calling:

"Mamma, there is many little fishes down there, and they can hop on their little legs. I did catch a fish for you, mamma."

Then he opened his little hand, and a baby frog hopped out of it. This was "nuts" to the boys, and they rolled on the grass and laughed until they were tired.

And what a jolly breakfast that was! What a delectable fragrance rose from those coffee-cups, what a keen appetite everybody had, and what rollicking good humor shone in every face!

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"I think," said Mr. Larks, as he helped them all round for the third time, "that I never cut a whiter loaf, or a pinker, tenderer ham."

Jacob beamed with satisfaction, as he sat with his back against a tree, his oft-replenished plate before him.

"Come, boys, if you are ready, let us take the seine and go up the creek and get some minnows."

CATCHING THE SALMON. (SEE PAGE 639.)

Jenny wanted to go, too, but Dum and Dee were not adventurous, and preferred to stay and "help aunty," the merriest and busiest little maids in the world.

"Missus," said Jacob, "if ye got any scraps to throw out, give 'em to my old hoss, will ye?"

"Will she eat scraps?"

"Jist try her once't. You Jane, come heah!"

Jane came up knowingly, ate with a good relish, and nickered for more.

"Poor old horse, she must be hungry. Jacob, has she had any grain?"

"No 'm, but a boy up to your house gimme a right smart chunk o' hay for 'er."

"And you gave her no grain?"

"No 'm, I would n't dare to," said Jacob, with his eyes very big and solemn. "Spile her, shor, ma'am. She would n't never eat no scraps if ye give her grain."

"Now, Jacob, listen to me. Jane is going to have grain three times a day on this trip; give her a measure of oats now."

"I 'm bound to mind ye, missus; but she 'll be that sassy the' 'll be no livin' with her!"

The poor hungry horse thrust her nose greedily into the measure.

"See how she likes it!" cried Mrs. Larks.

"'Course, ma'am, that 's jist chicken to her. But pore folkses' hosses can't be so fearful pa'tic'lar 'bout what dey eats. It 's like a pore darkey spectin' fur to have spring chicken de hull year round, and, consequentially, he can't git it. And he wont wait long. He 'll done come down to pone and bacon powerfu' quick!"

"Jacob," answered Mrs. Larks, seriously, "what you say is true. But you and Jane shall both have spring chicken on this trip."

"'Bleeged to ye, ma'am. Jane aint too back'ard to eat, nather 'm I. And I better be hitchin' up. I 'll jist back round so we kin h'ist in them things."

In five minutes they all were upon the road again, with Jacob following slowly.

Often one, two, and sometimes three rows of islands extend along the banks of the Mississippi for miles. The streams running between the islands and the shore, like little rivers, are called sloughs, though the name belies them, for they are often deep and clear, and game fish abound in them. Pale green willows edge the shores, and droop over the water. Trumpet-vine and wild grapes grow in rank luxuriance. Great elms bow to each other from island to island, and reach their delicate draped arms across the streams. Where the woods are darkest, and the water deepest, the wagon stops. The bluff is cleft by a little ravine; on one side a perpendicular wall of rock, with a little stream at the base; on the other a green slope, where the old log-hut stands in the sunshine.

"Now, hurry up, boys, if you want any fish for dinner," said Mr. Larks.

Only boys can be as busy as those boys were, unhitching the horses, and getting out lines and bait.

"Lucky we got those minnows, father; but, girls, you may run away with mother, for you 'll talk and scare the fish," said Hugh.

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"No, we wont. Can't we fish, father?"

"Yes, my lassie, come. I 'll bait your hook."

Jenny watched him catch the little silvery minnow in the bucket, but as he put it on the hook, she gave a little sobbing sigh and turned away.

"O what a fisher you are!" said Frank. "How can you fish if you can't see a hook baited?"

"Now, boys," said Mr. Larks, "you leave these girls alone, or I 'll duck you. When you are as old as I am you will like tender-hearted girls a good deal better than hard-hearted ones."

The other little girls take lines also; but the mosquitoes bite Dee, and the mosquitoes bite Dum, and soon they lay their poles down and quietly slip away to "aunty," and enjoy themselves sweeping out the old house, and trot about gathering flowers. Jenny holds out bravely. Suddenly her cork goes bob, bob, bobbing out of sight.

"Steady, Jen, steady!"

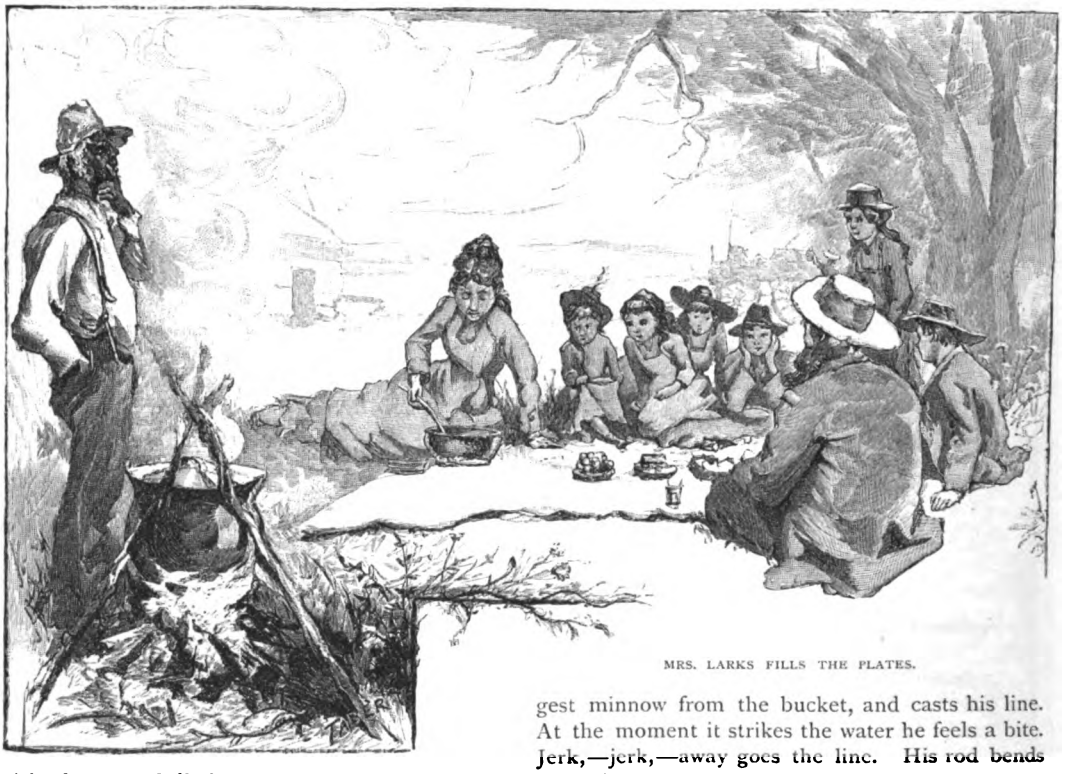
A wild, uncertain jerk, and the first catch lies floundering in the grass.

"A black bass! Hurrah for girls!" said Mr. Larks.

The boys hear the shout, but don't answer. Their masculine hearts are consumed with envy.

"Father," said Jenny, saucily, "I guess I wont fish any more. I 'll go, and give the boys a chance."

An hour goes by. Mr. Larks catches a couple of striped bass, and Frank a croppie, but Ralph and Hugh have not caught a single fish, and are greatly mortified. They determine to try their luck farther off, and wander away out of sight. They stop where the slough narrows and an old tree bends low and casts a deep shadow over the water. Hugh takes a larger hook, puts on his biggest minnow from the bucket, and casts his line. At the moment it strikes the water he feels a bite. Jerk,—jerk,—away goes the line. His rod bends violently.



MRS. LARKS FILLS THE PLATES.

"Hold on, Hugh, hold on! He 's a whopper. I saw him!" cries Ralph, sinking on his knees in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

The great fish is thrashing the water back and forth.

"Give him his head!" directed Ralph; "give him his head till he gets tired."

A few moments of breathless, eager anxiety, and they put their young wits to work to capture the prize.

"He 's growing tired now. You stand farther down and I 'll coax him up, and you grab him."

It is near the shore. Risking all, Hugh gives a jerk, but the fish is too heavy for his pole; still Ralph catches the line and drags the fish ashore; but with a great flounder it tears itself loose,—another and it will be back in the water. Can Hugh bear to lose it? No! He flings himself upon the fish and grovels in the wet sand. How it

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fights and struggles! It is a game fish, but it is a game boy! As fast as it wriggles out, Hugh wriggles down over it. His legs are in the water, sand is in his mouth, but he does not let go. Ralph is dodging around, wild to help.

"Double the line,—make a noose,—here, slip it under his gills."

The string tightens instantly, and they haul the prize safely up.

Away they start, dragging the fish, shouting wildly. All rush to meet them.

"Jeminently!" cried Mr. Larks; "a ten-pound salmon, or it may be twelve. Where did you get him? How did you land him?"

A loud and excited account of their exploit was received with great applause. The boys were soaked with mud and water. Their clothes were torn, their hands were bleeding, their faces were daubed with mud and sand. But pride and satisfaction shone in their countenances. They felt themselves to be heroes, and were so regarded by their admiring friends.

"Now, wont we have a chowder!" said Mrs. Larks. "But every one must help. Boys, go up to the house, and on the rafters you will find the old clothes you laughed at me for bringing." They went to work with right good will.

Jenny split the hard crackers and buttered them, Mr. Larks weepingly sliced the onion, Dum and Dee laid the cloth and set the table. Frank meekly brought sticks for the fire,—he had n't caught a big fish, poor boy! Mrs. Larks peeled the tomatoes, and cut thin slices of pork, while to Hugh and Ralph belonged the honor of superintending Jacob in preparing the great fish for the pot. Everything is ready, in go the layers, while they all stand around and watch the process with absorbed attention. Pork, fish, onion, tomato, pork, fish, etc., etc., until the kettle is full; then the crackers on top.

"Now, boys, fill up with water,—not too full,—put on the cover, draw up the coals, so! and we have nothing to do but—wait!"

The boys rolled on the grass and groaned with hunger. Mrs. Larks and the little girls sat on one of the blankets spread out on the ground. Mr. Larks lay on another, with his head resting luxuriously on a fat bolster.

"Was that good straw you got for us to sleep on, Jacob?" asked Mr. Larks.

"Jist as clean as a whistle, sir."

Now Mrs. Larks got up and took the cover off the pot, and looked and tasted.

"That has a powerfu' nourishin' smell," said Jacob.

"And it is done," said Mrs. Larks.

She filled the plates as they all gathered around the cloth spread on the grass.

Mr. Larks tasted.

"Now, I call that a good chowder."

He tasted again.

"I call it a first-rate chowder, a tip-top chowder. Ladies and gentlemen, hurrah for the first cook and the first lady in the land!"

They all waved their spoons and responded lustily, and then "fell to" upon the savory feast.

The sun had set when dinner was over, and they piled the logs high till the blaze leaped up cheerily, and then they sat around the fire and told stories of a good Indian, a cunning bear, and a brave stag that swam the Mississippi. Then the moon came sailing swiftly up through the dark trees, and they were tired. Each took a blanket and all went to the old log-house and lay down on the straw, piled deep and soft over the floor. They heard the faint, lonely cries of a bird, but the murmur of the great river and of the woods hushed them to sleep.

WHAT WAS IT?

I WATCHED a butterfly on the wing;
I saw him alight on a sunny spray.
His pinions quivered;
The blossoms shivered;
I know he whispered some startling thing.
But why so bold,
Or what he told,
While poising there on the sunny spray,
I 've never learned to this blessed day.

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THE BABY'S MORNING.

By Sarah E. Chester.

One morning, a little bird flew down from the clouds. He stopped to rest on the tip-top of a poplar-tree in a grove where there was nothing but poplars. All the leaves of the trees turned their white faces up to the sun; and the sun looked down and made them shine till the little bird laughed to see. He may have been trying if his voice were in tune for a song; but the notes rippled out of his mouth exactly like a bird laugh.

He cocked his head at the shining leaves; he bobbed them many a gallant bow; and he spread his pretty feathers for them to look at. Then he sang them a song,—such a song as they seldom had a chance to hear,—for, though many birds passed that way from the clouds and stopped over for rest and refreshment, paying for their lodging and the insects they ate, in singing, few travelers carried in their beaks such bonny songs as his.

The poplar leaves courtesied in the breeze and twinkled in the sunshine, and did their best to

"SHE COULD RUN AWAY, TOO."

charm him into staying; but he wanted to go down and say good-morning to the grasses and the flowers, and the blue water that made such pretty pictures of the sky where he had been. Beside, he had songs that he must carry to somebody.

So he left the poplar leaves; but wherever he went that morning there was something shining. It seemed as if all the world were turning up its face to be noticed by the sun. God had made a beautiful morning, and wherever the little bird went he sang to the morning.

He perched on the flowers that were not too frail to bear him, and he lingered long in the rose and lilac and snow-ball bushes. He skipped on the pickets of the fences, singing to them all. He was very friendly with the poor little butterflies that could never hope to reach the clouds, nor the trees, even, on their tiny, weak wings. And he chirped kindly to the crawling things.

One of them was a fat, black ant, a bite not to be despised for a bird's breakfast; but he did not snap it up. One of them was a long, brown worm, that would have made quite a meal by itself. It could not have been because he was the early bird that had breakfasted well on worms already, and it must have been because the meanest life seemed too precious to take this morning, that he left him wriggling in the dirt whose grains the sun was turning into sands of gold. Another of them was a gorgeous black and yellow caterpillar, too fuzzy to be very tempting to his bill at any time. And another of them was a lovely pink and white baby, working her way on hands and knees through the long grass, that was going to be shaven close tomorrow to make a velvet lawn.

They had left Hetty with the baby that morning when they all went off to town for Spring shopping; and Hetty was asleep.

She was a drowsy little colored girl who never succeeded in getting as much sleep as she wanted. They waked her too early in the morning. They kept her up too late at night. They would not let her take long naps in the day-time. Her eyelids were always heavy with the sleep she missed, and her mouth always yawning for it. She almost dropped asleep upon the kitchen stove if she lingered over it long; and the brightest days were her most miserable ones. The warmer the sunshine, the duller and drowsier her brain; and never a chance to run away to Dream-land for a moment, for these were the very days when the baby must be out for airings from morning till evening.

Hetty liked the shelter of the house best when the sun shone its brightest; so she would neither take the baby under a tree in the garden, nor draw her carriage up and down the avenue, where the trees locked arms over the path, and made a roof of leaves that only let the sunshine through the

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cracks. The baby scolded and cried for her carriage; but she had no big papa and mamma there

THROUGH THE CLOVER-TOPS.

to take her part, and the cook was down the alley with her friend the milkman.

So Hetty gathered toys together in the back parlor, made the room cool and dark—almost as nice as night itself,—and called the baby to come and play.

She stretched herself comfortably upon the carpet, and built a grand block tower for the baby. She was quite a long time making it tall and firm; but the baby knew that only one touch of her little finger would tumble it over into common blocks in a second; and she loved to see a tall tower go tumbling into blocks at her touch. But she did not toddle across the room to touch it, for she was busy crying for the morning God had made for her—and what were block towers that she should notice them when her heart was set on sunshine and flowers and the music of the birds?

Then Hetty built a long, long row of tents, and the baby knew she had only to blow a little breath for them all to go tipping over, one upon the other, till there should be nothing left but a pack of common cards strewn along the carpet. She loved to see the tents, that it took Hetty so much time to build, spoiled in a single second by only the breath of her lips. But the voices of the birds, and the smell of flowers blown in at the windows, were calling her to come out to the morning; and her tears fell because she could not hinder them; and she scolded cruel Hetty, who lay between her and the open door, and paid less and less attention to her.

But by and by when Hetty's head was very still upon her arm, and she called no longer, the baby grew tired of the sound of her own crying and ran across the room to make Hetty speak to her again. She climbed on her back and poked at her closed eyes. She tickled her neck and pulled her little tight black curls. She blew the tents over, and knocked the tower down with a great crash,—and because that did not move her, she knew it was really true that Hetty had run away to Dream-land, and that now there was no one to watch her; and that she could run away, too—just wherever she pleased.

She saw the open door; she heard the birds calling, and smelt the garden flowers; and when she got outside she saw the little leaves on the trees bowing to her politely, as they always did if she looked up.

She loved the morning that seemed to love her so much, and she ran out into it—going down the steps, in her hurry, with now and then a slide she had not planned for, and now and then a bump she had not planned for, either.

But the grass was soft and cool, and it comforted all her bruises when she once got rolling and creeping and tumbling about in it. And there were golden buttercups to pick; and there were clover tops to eat,—white when one grew tired of red, and red when one grew tired of white; and there were butterflies to watch and try to follow, and to see go flying, like wee birds, away above the clover when

"RISING ON SLOW WINGS ABOVE THE GRASS."

little hands came near. There were green and brown creatures of every size and shape hopping from clover to clover and from grass to grass.

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There were little threads of shining light coming down from the sky, and touching here a clover top and here a buttercup and here a daisy. They did not run away from her when she stole near to catch them, but nestled in her fingers—and yet when she opened her fingers to look at them they were never to be seen—which was a great and a sad puzzle to her.

There were flowers, there were butterflies, there were shining beetles; there were beaded and feathered grasses; there were the sunbeams—but, oh, above them all there were the birds that made the music for her!

For, in her little, ignorant mind (which had no teacher but love, and learned no lesson but that she was queen of all hearts—whether they beat in the bosoms of the flowers that grew, or in the breasts of the birds that journeyed back and forth from earth to heaven, or in the breasts of the people who lived always down upon the earth) she believed that every beautiful thing was beautiful just for her. The flowers blossomed, the grass grew green and tall, the butterflies were red and yellow, and knew how to flutter their pretty wings and fly away, the sunbeams glittered, and the birds sang their songs, just for her.

This was her morning, her very own, and the growing things and the live things knew it. She was the queen of the morning, and her crown was the golden top of her head that rose up out of the grass, and was all that any one could see of her as she sat deep in it. But what was it that by and by made the flowers she had held so fast slip out of her fingers; that made her forget there were butterflies and beetles to chase; that lifted her eyes far above the tallest grasses, and made her listen and listen as if there were no longer anything to see? The buttercups were as yellow as ever, the sunbeams as golden, the grass as green; but her heart was full of music—of music more wonderful than she had ever heard before.

What was it? Only the song of a bird! Only a bird's voice, rising so high, with notes wild and merry that made her wild and merry, too, till she clapped her hands and shouted and laughed; falling so low that its sadness made her sigh, and her little heart—which had never known sorrow of its own—knew the sorrow of the bird's song. Only a bird; and only that little brown bird on the lowest branch of the maple-tree.

Yes; she could see the music come rising and falling, laughing and sighing, out of his mouth. And she knew from the way he kept his eyes on hers, singing to her alone, that of all the birds he was her very own,—sent down to carry the best songs they had in the clouds to the little queen of the morning.

He saw her face turned up to the sun, like all the other lovely things he had met on his journeying; and he thought it the loveliest thing of all.

"SHE LIFTED HIM GENTLY."

But he did not dare venture nearer than that lowest branch of the maple-tree; although there were little hands beckoning him, and cooing tones coaxing him and grand preparations going on for his reception.

Many a time the baby spread her apron smooth over her knees; many a nest of buttercups and daisies she made for him in her lap; and whenever he stopped to rest between his songs she beckoned him down, calling:

"Tome birdy; tome pitty birdy, tome to baby!"

She was sure he loved her, and she did not know why he refused to come, unless he had naughty wings that would not bring him. So by and by she began to coax the wings:

"Tome itty wings, bring birdy down to me!"

"Shall I ketch 'im for you, baby?" said a voice through the pickets, and there stood Freddy Doane on the other side of the fence that separated his yard from the baby's—and in one hand he held a fish-pole and in the other a salt-cellar.

"I heard you frew the window," said Freddy. "You can ketch him if you put salt on his tail."

The baby watched Freddy lay the grains on the end of the pole and lift it up very carefully. But it would not reach half as far as the lowest branch of the maple-tree; and the bird's voice rang out in merry peals that seemed to be laughing hard at foolish Freddy.

"I 'd chase him if I had wings," said Freddy.

"Tome, itty wings!" said the baby.

"Come on down here," said Freddy, throwing a stone he had in his hand.

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He was never more surprised than when he saw it strike the wing he had aimed for, and never more frightened than when the merry song stopped suddenly, and two little feet lost their hold of the twig where they had clung, and a little wounded bird, with blood-stains on its breast, came fluttering, fluttering down.

He ran and hid from the cruel wrong he had not meant to do; but the baby did not run away. She was n't surprised, nor frightened. She only thought that the wings were tired of refusing her and that at last her bird was coming home to his nest in her apron.

She got it all ready for him once more; but he dropped into the deep grass under the maple-tree, and she was grieved because she thought she had lost him. But in a moment he came rising on slow wings above the grass, and she saw that he was only playing hide-and-seek with her.

So she laughed and shouted "I spy," and played the game as long as he liked it; blinding her eyes when he dropped under the grass to hide, and calling "I spy," whenever he came struggling up again.

But all the while she toddled nearer and nearer him, until she could have laid her hand on him if he had not hopped away. He wanted to play "tag" then, she saw; so she followed him wherever he led, touching him very gently with the tip of her finger once in a while, to show that she had caught him.

And at last the games were all over. He was ready for his nest. He stood quite still, panting and trembling under the touch of the little finger that stroked him lovingly.

"Toming home now, birdy?" said the baby, as once more she built him a nest of flowers in her lap.

She lifted him gently and laid him in; and she wondered what made his body throb so very, very hard and fast; and she wondered where he got those pretty red spots on his breast; and she wondered why he only opened his bill and chirped, chirped pitifully, when she begged him to sing her one of his beautiful songs.

The song he could not sing was in his eyes; and it was so very sad, that when he looked at the baby her own eyes dropped tears.

But when he hid his head under his wing, and lay a quiet little ball of feathers in the midst of the flowers, her heart was comforted; for she knew he had gone to sleep, and would sleep all weariness and sadness away.

She was so afraid of waking him that she would not move a finger; and by and by her stillness brought drowsiness, and her head drooped till it found a resting-place; and she in her nest of flowers, he in his, slept soundly, while all the world was wide awake and gay.

The baby's mamma woke her when she found her, but no one could wake the little bird; and yet the baby will never believe that she has heard the last of his wonderful music.

She thinks he has gone back to the clouds, where she some day shall follow, and where he will sing to her again on many a summer morning.

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THE AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.

By Emma D. Southwick.

CORRIDOR OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

I AM sure all young people enjoy visiting an aquarium. Here, in the United States, there are one or two good aquaria, yet none of them can compare with some of those in Europe. At Brighton, on the south coast of England, is an aquarium, more splendid and interesting than any other in the world. We take the cars from London, and ride for about two hours through the beautiful country, past farms and pretty villages with their red-tiled roofs, and gray old churches, and then we begin to pass the curious chalk hills, green and grassy on top, and white where the railroad cuts through them. Then comes a long, dark tunnel, and, as soon as it is passed, the train stops at the top of a high hill, where we can look down over the city to the sea beyond. A short ride down the steep streets, and then we come out on a broad street lined with hotels and dwelling-houses and splendid shops, all facing the open sea. We cross the road, and there are the fishing-boats and the curious houses on wheels, called "bathing machines." There are two long piers stretching out into the water, and there are thousands of people walking on the broad side-walk above the beach, or strolling on the sand and listening to the band playing on the pier. Here it is we find the famous aquarium. It is not a house, as in Berlin, or a great wooden barn, as at New York, but is really a great cellar below the level of the street. In the middle of the street is a handsome gate-way, and some broad steps leading down under ground. We pay our shilling at the gate, and pass down the steps under a wooden canopy, and between rows of plants all in bloom, and come to the Grand Pavilion or entrance hall.

This hall is built in the style of a Pompeiian house, the walls and columns of colored brick and terra cotta, and the roof of iron and glass. Here are books and papers and comfortable seats, and we can sit and read, or look at the glass tanks placed on pedestals round the room. Pretty and inviting as the room is, it is only the entrance to the long halls where the great tanks may be seen. A door on the right has an inviting sign: "To the Sea Lions." Hark! Is that the bark of a dog? It is Mr. Sea Lion calling for his dinner. We come to what seems like a rocky cave, with a great tank of water in the middle, and there on the bank sits a strange black monster. With the head of a dog and the flippers of a seal, and a most ungainly body, the big fellow sits on the wet stones watching a man with a basket of fish. The man holds up a fish, and Mr. Sea Lion takes it down at one swallow, and then barks loudly for more. Hullo! What 's that? The water ripples, and a small, black head comes up. It is Master Baby Sea Lion, a little fellow, and as eager for his dinner as his venerable papa. He scrambles awkwardly out of the water, and follows the man about for a fish.

Really we must move on, for there are other wonders to be seen. In another tank near by is still another sea-lion playing in the water, actually tossing a stick in the air, and catching it in his mouth like a boy playing ball. We look at the queer fellow, at his strange fun, and then go back to the entrance hall. Then, to the left, we enter the long corridors where the tanks may be seen. It is quite dark, for the place is under ground, and the only entrance for the light is through the tanks. We look through the glass walls on either side and see the fishes swimming in the full light. This arrangement is very convenient, as it enables us to see quite to the bottom of the green water; and we can look up and see the fish swimming overhead. Here is a large tank full of sea-water, and looking like a vast rocky cave under water. In it are great skates, strange flat fish lying on the pebbly bottom, or slowly roaming about among the stones. Great cod-fish sail past, and seem to stare through the glass, and wonder what we think of them.

Oh! Look up there. Is n't that very queer? It 's a duck. His little red legs hang down under the water and keep paddling quickly as Master Duck floats about on the surface. See him now! He 's looking down under water. A black head appears, and a pair of bright eyes look about on the fishes and oysters scattered over the bottom. Splash! and Master Guillemot (or Sea Diver)

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plunges under the water, and flies swiftly about among the fishes, while a trail of silvery bubbles stretches out behind him. Down he dives to the bottom, giving a big skate a friendly poke with his bill. Round and round he flies, the lazy cod-fish gliding out of his way, and then up he goes and sits lightly on the top of the water, while his little legs paddle merrily, as if he had enjoyed his swim beneath.

Here is a tank full of swift mackerel darting about and showing their sides, glistening with blue and silver. In another tank is a company of conger eels, strange, restless fellows, swimming around and around, as if they were trying to find the way out of their prison. Then here are herring and smelts and perch, and all manner of sea-fish, some familiar enough to American eyes, and others of strange shapes and stranger names, some good to eat, and some no one would think of touching.

Then we come to a handsome conservatory with walls of red rocks and a roof of glass. Here the band plays, and we may sit down and look at the masses of flowers and ferns, or watch a company of seals swimming round and round in a little pond, and all the while hear the music. Beyond are more tanks, on either side of the dark vaulted galleries, and in each is a different kind of fish; sharks, sturgeons, and many others. Here, in a room kept quite warm, are smaller tanks full of strange fish from the tropics, where the hot sun makes it summer all the year round. Here are beautiful sponges, and those strangest of strange fish, the sea-horses. They twist their curly tails round a bit of stick, and then sway to and fro in the water as if they felt quite at home.

How can we tell the tale of these hundreds of fishes? A mere list of them all would fill a small book and would make very dull reading. We could walk on and on for hours through the cool, dark corridors, and peer through the glass, and yet not see all the fishy wonders. Then we can go upstairs and come out on the flat roof of the aquarium. Here we find seats and arbors and beautiful flower-beds, and we sit a while and watch the carriages pass in endless procession, or look down on the beach where the great rollers are tumbling in, or look off over the wide, wide sea, so blue and beautiful. We may even have lunch

BEFORE THE TANKS.

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here and listen to the band, drink our coffee, and hear the roll of the surf at the same time.

I wonder if the fishes swimming in their tanks below know that the salt waves of their native home roll so nearly over their heads? Perhaps they can hear the boom of the surf, or the scream of the shingle as the waves run back? It must make them very home-sick.

Far away to the east we can see the white chalk cliffs and the grassy downs. Off on the horizon, ships and steamers creep along on their way to London, and nearer are the queer fishing-boats, with their red sails, and pretty pleasure-boats full of merry parties. We can hear the laughter of the children bathing in the surf; and all this, with the white houses of the town close behind us among the trees of the Park, so that it is really town and sea-side combined in the most charming manner.

By night, the aquarium is brilliantly lighted, without and within, and thousands of people stroll through the long, vaulted corridors, or sit in the conservatory and hear the music, or drink their coffee up here in the open air, with the moon silvering the crests of the breakers, and long lines of colored lamps shining on the piers and along the streets. There is a band on each pier, and the ringing call of the bugles floats over the water and mingles with the roll of the countless carriages, the endless boom of the great and wide sea, and the fun and laughter of the happy people.

Many poor families in London save up their pennies till they can buy excursion tickets to Brighton, and down they come by thousands and thousands to spend the day on the beaches, to see the aquarium, and sit here on the flat roof and smell the sweet breath of the salt sea, watch the gulls wheel about overhead, and see and hear all the charming sights and sounds of this most charming place. Many a child has seen an aquarium, and knows something of the finny prisoners in the tanks, yet, of all aquaria, this at Brighton is certainly the best and most delightful.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIFE-RAFT.

WHEN we came out on deck we saw, in a moment, that the fire was thought to be a serious affair. Men were actually at work at the boats, which hung from their davits on each side of the deck, not far from the stern. They were getting them ready to be lowered. I must confess that this seemed frightful to me. Was there really need of it?

I left our party and ran forward for a moment to see, for myself, how matters were going. People were hard at work. I could hear the pumps going, and there was a great deal of smoke, which was driven back by the wind. When I reached the pilot-house and looked down on the hatchway, I saw, not only smoke coming up, but every now and then a tongue of flame. The hatch was burning away at the edges. There must be a great fire under it, I thought.

Just then the captain came rushing up from below. I caught hold of him.

"Is there danger?" I said. "What 's to be done?"

He stopped for a moment.

"We must all save ourselves," he said, hurriedly. "I am going to the passengers. We can't save the ship. She 's all afire below." And then he ran on.

When I got back to our group, I told them what the captain had said, and we all instantly moved toward the boat nearest to us. Rectus told me to put on my life-preserver, and he helped me fasten it. I had forgotten that I had it under my arm. Most of the passengers were at our boat, but the captain took some of them over to the other side of the deck.

When our boat was ready there was a great scramble and rush for it. Most of the ladies were to get into this boat, and some of the officers held back the men who were crowding forward. Among the others held back were Rectus and I, and as Corny was between us she was pushed back, too. I do not know how the boat got to the water, nor when she started down. The vessel pitched and tossed; we could not see well, for the smoke came in thick puffs over us, and I did not know that the boat was really afloat until a wave lifted it up by the side of the vessel where we stood, and I heard Mr. Chipperton call for Corny. I could see him in the stern of the boat, which was full of people.

"Here she is!" I yelled.

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"Here I am, father!" cried Corny, and she ran from us to the railing.

"Lower her down," said Mr. Chipperton, from below. He did not seem flurried at all, but I saw that no time was to be lost, for a man was trying to cut or untie a rope which still held the boat to the steamer. Then she would be off. There was a light line on the deck near me—I had caught my foot in it, a minute before. It was strong enough to hold Corny. I got hold of one end of it and tied it around her, under her arms. She had a great shawl, as well as a life-preserver, tied around her and looked dreadfully bundled up.

She did not say a word, but let Rectus and me do as we chose, and we got her over the railing in no time. I braced myself against the seat that ran around the deck and lowered. Rectus leaned over and directed, holding on to the line as well. I felt strong enough to hold two of her, with the rope running over the rail. I let her go down pretty fast, for I was afraid the boat would be off; but directly Rectus called to me to stop.

"The boat is n't under her," he cried. "They 've pushed off. Haul up a little! A wave nearly took her just then!"

With that, we hauled her up a little, and almost at the same moment I saw the boat rising on a wave. By that time, it was an oar's length from the ship.

"They say they can't pull back," shouted Mr. Chipperton. "Don't let her down any further!"

"All right!" I roared back at him. "We 'll bring her in another boat," and I began to pull up with all my might.

Rectus took hold of the rope with me and we soon had Corny on deck. She ran to the stern and held out her arms to the boat.

"Oh, father!" she cried. "Wait for me!"

I saw Mr. Chipperton violently addressing the men in the boat, but they had put out their oars and were beginning to pull away. I knew they would not come back, especially as they knew, of course, that there were other boats on board. Then Mr. Chipperton stood up again, put his hands to his mouth and shouted back to us:

"Bring her—right after us. If we get—parted —meet—at Savannah!"

He was certainly one of the coolest men in the world. To think—at such a time—of appointing a place to meet! And yet it was a good idea. I believe he expected the men in his boat to row directly to the Florida coast where they would find quick dispatch to Savannah.

Poor Corny was disconsolate and cried bitterly. I think I heard her mother call back to her, but I am not sure about it. There was so much to see and hear. And yet I had been so busy with what I had had to do that I had seen comparatively little of what was going on around me.

One thing, however, I had noticed, and it impressed me deeply even at the time. There was none of the wailing and screaming and praying that I had supposed was always to be seen and heard at such dreadful times as this. People seemed to know that there were certain things that they had to do if they wanted to save themselves, and they went right to work and did them. And the principal thing was to get off that ship without any loss of time. Of course, it was not pleasant to be in a small boat pitching about on those great waves, but almost anywhere was a better place than a ship on fire. I heard a lady scream once or twice, but I don't think there was much of that sort of thing. However, there might have been more of it than I thought. I was driving away at my own business.

The moment I heard the last word from Mr. Chipperton I rushed to the other side of the deck, dragging Corny along with me. But the boat was gone from there.

I could see them pulling away some distance from the ship. It was easy to see things now, for the fire was blazing up in front. I think the vessel had been put around, for she rolled a good deal and the smoke was not coming back over us.

I untied the line from Corny, and stood for a moment looking about me. There seemed to be no one aft but us three. We had missed both boats. Mr. Chipperton had helped his wife into the boat and had expected to turn round and take Corny. No doubt, he had told the men to be perfectly cool and not to hurry. And while we were shouting to him and lowering Corny the other boat had put off.

There was a little crowd of men amidships, hard at work at something. We ran there. They were launching the life-raft. The captain was among them.

"Are there no more boats?" I shouted.

He turned his head.

"What! A girl left?" he cried. "No. The fire has cut off the other boats. We must all get on the raft. Stand by with the girl, and I 'll see you safe."

The life-raft was a big affair that Rectus and I had often examined. It had two long, air-tight cylinders, of iron, I suppose, kept apart by a wide frame-work. On this frame-work, between the cylinders, canvas was stretched, and on this the passengers were to sit. Of course, it would be impossible to sink a thing like this.

In a very short time the raft was lifted to the side of the vessel and pushed overboard. It was bound to come right side up. And as soon as it was

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afloat the men began to drop down on it. The captain had hold of a line that was fastened to it, and I think one of the mates had another line.

"Get down! Get down!" cried the captain to us.

I told Rectus to jump first, as the vessel rolled that way, and he landed all right, and stood up as well as he could to catch Corny. Over she went at the next roll with a good send from me, and I came right after her. I heard the captain shout:

"All hands aboard the raft!" and then, in a minute, he jumped himself. Some of the men pushed her off with a pole. It was almost like floating right on the surface of the water, but I felt it was perfectly safe. Nothing could make those great cylinders sink. We floated away from the ship, and we were all glad enough of it, for the air was getting hot. The whole front part of the vessel was blazing away like a house on fire. I don't remember whether the engines were still working or not, but at any rate we drifted astern and were soon at quite a little distance from the steamer.

A LAST VIEW OF RECTUS'S HAT.

It was safe enough, perhaps, on the raft, but it was not in the least comfortable. We were all crowded together, crouching on the canvas, and the water just swashed about us as if we were floating boards. We went up and down on the waves with a motion that would n't have been so bad had we not thought we might be shuffled off if a big wave turned us over a little too much. But there were lots of things to hold on to, and we all stuck close together. We three were in the middle. The captain told us to get there. There is no way of telling how glad I was that the captain was with us. I was well satisfied anyway to be with the party on the raft. I might have liked it better in a boat, but I think that most of the men in the boats were waiters, or stewards, or passengers—fellows who were in a hurry to get off. The officers and sailors who remained behind to do their best for the ship and the passengers, were the men on the raft; and these I felt we could trust. I think there were ten of them, besides the captain, making fourteen of us in all.

There we all sat, while the ship blazed and crackled away, before us. She drifted faster than we did, and so got farther and farther away from us. The fire lighted up the sea for a good distance and every time we rose on the top of a wave some of us looked about to see if we could see anything of the other boats. But we saw nothing of them. Once I caught sight of a black spot on a high wave at quite a distance, which I thought might be a boat, but no one else saw it, and it was gone in an instant. The captain said it made no real difference to us whether we saw the other boats or not; they could not help us. All the help we had to expect was from some passing ship which might see us, and pick us up. He was very encouraging, though, about this, for he said we were right in the track of vessels bound North, which all sought the Gulf Stream; and, besides, a burning ship at night would attract the attention of vessels at a great distance, and some of them would be sure to make for us.

"We 'll see a sail in the morning," said he; "make up your minds to that. All we 've got to do is to stick together on the raft, and we 're almost sure to be picked up."

I think he said things like this to give courage to us three, but I don't believe we needed it, particularly. Rectus was very quiet, but I think that if he could have kept himself dry he would have been pretty well satisfied to float until daylight, for he had full faith in the captain, and was sure we should be picked up. I was pretty much of the same mind, but poor Corny was in a sad way. It was no comfort to her to tell her that we should be picked up, unless she could be assured that the same ship would pick up her father and mother. But we could say nothing positive about this, of course, although we did all that we could, in a general way, to make her feel that everything would turn out all right. She sat wrapped up in her shawl, and seldom said a word. But her eyes were wandering all over the waves looking for a boat.

The ship was now quite a long way off, still burning, and lighting up the tops of the waves and the sky. Just before day-break her light suddenly went out.

"She 's gone down!" said the captain, and then he said no more for a long time. I felt very sorry

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for him. Even if he should be saved, he had lost his ship,—had seen it burn up and sink before his eyes. Such a thing must be pretty hard on a captain. Even I felt as if I had lost a friend. The old "Tigris" seemed so well known to us.

It was now more dismal than ever. It was darker; and although the burning ship could do us no good, we were sorry to have her leave us. Nobody said much, but we all began to feel pretty badly. Morning came slowly, and we were wet and cold, and getting stiff. Besides, we were all very thirsty, and I, for one, was hungry; but there was no good reason for that, for it was not yet breakfast-time. Fortunately, after a while, Corny went to sleep. We were very glad of it, though how she managed to sleep while the raft was rising and falling and sliding and sloshing from one wave to another, I can't tell. But she did n't have much holding on to do. We did that for her.

"RECTUS HELPED ME FASTEN THE LIFE-PRESERVER."

At last daylight came, and then we began to look about in good earnest. We saw a top-sail off on the horizon, but it was too far for our raft to be seen from it, and it might be coming our way or it might not. When we were down in the trough of the waves we could see nothing, and no one could have seen us. It was of no use to put up a signal, the captain said, until we saw a vessel near enough to see it.

We waited, and we waited, and waited, until it was well on in the morning, and still we saw no other sail. The one we had seen had disappeared entirely.

We all began to feel miserable now. We were weak and cold and wretched. There was n't a thing to eat or drink on the raft. The fire had given no time to get anything. Some of the men began to grumble. It would have been better, they said, to have started off as soon as they found out the fire, and have had time to put something to eat and drink on the raft. It was all wasted time to try to save the ship. It did no good after all. The captain said nothing to this. He knew that he had done his duty in trying to put out the fire, and he just kept his mouth shut, and looked out for a sail. There was one man with us—a red-faced, yellow-haired man—with a curly beard, and little gold rings in his ears. He looked more like a sailor than any other of the men, and Rectus and I always put him down for the sailor who had been longer at sea and knew more about ships and sailing than any other of the crew. But this man was the worst grumbler of the lot now, and we altered our opinion about him.

Corny woke up every now and then, but she soon went to sleep again, when she found there was no boat or sail in sight. At least, I thought she went to sleep, but she might have been thinking and crying. She was so crouched up that we could not see whether she was awake or not.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RUSSIAN BARK.

WE soon began to think the captain was mistaken in saying there would be lots of ships coming this way. But then we could n't see very far. Ships may have passed within a few miles of us, without our knowing anything about it. It was very different from being high up on a ship's deck, or in her rigging. Sometimes, though, we seemed high enough up, when we got on the top of a wave.

It was fully noon before we saw another sail. And when we saw this one for the second or third time (for we only caught a glimpse of it every now

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and then), a big man who had been sitting on the edge of the raft, and hardly ever saying a word, sung out:

"I believe that 's a Russian bark."

And after he had had two or three more sights at her he said:

"Yes, I know she is."

"That 's so," said the captain; "and she 's bearing down on us."

Now, how in the world they knew what sort of a ship that was, and which way it was sailing, I could n't tell for the life of me. To me it was a little squarish spot on the lower edge of the sky, and I have always thought that I could see well enough. But these sailors have eyes like spy-glasses.

Now, then, we were all alive, and began to get ready to put up a signal. Fortunately, the pole was on the raft,—I believe the captain had it fastened on, thinking we might want it,—and now all we had to do was to make a flag. We three got out our handkerchiefs, which were wet, but white enough yet, and the captain took out his. We tied them together by the corners, and made a long pennant of them. When we tied one end of this to the pole, it made quite a show. The wind soon dried it, after the pole was hoisted and held up, and then our flag fluttered finely.

The sun had now come out quite bright and warm, which was a good thing for us, for it dried us off, somewhat, and made us more comfortable. The wind had also gone down, a good deal. If it had not been for these two things I don't know how we could have stood it. But the waves were still very high.

Every time we saw the ship, she seemed to look bigger and bigger, and we knew that the captain was right, and that she was making for us. But she was a long time coming. Even after she got so near that we could plainly see her hull and masts and sails, she did not seem to be sailing directly toward us. Indeed, sometimes I thought she did n't notice us. She would go far off one way, and then off the other way.

"Oh, why don't she come right to us?" cried Corny, beating her hands on her knees. "She is n't as near now as she was half an hour ago."

This was the first time that Corny had let herself out in this way, but I don't wonder she did it. The captain explained that the ship could n't sail right to us, because the wind was not in the proper direction for that. She had to tack. If she had been a steamer, the case would have been different. We all sat and waited, and waved our flag.

She came nearer and nearer, and it was soon plain enough that she saw us. The captain told us that it was all right now—all we had to do was to keep up our courage, and we 'd soon be on board the bark. But when the men who were holding the pole let it down, he told them to put it up again. He wanted to make sure they should see us.

At last, the bark came so near that we could see the people on board, but still she went past us. This was the hardest to bear of all, for she seemed so near. But when she tacked and came back, she sailed right down to us. We could see her all the time now, whether we were up or down.

"She 'll take us this time," said the captain.

I supposed that when the ship came near us she would stop and lower a boat, but there seemed to be no intention of the kind. A group of men stood in her bow, and I saw that one of them held a round life-preserver in his hand,—it was one of the India rubber kind, filled with air, and to it a line was attached. When the ship was just opposite to us, this man shouted something which I did not hear, and threw the life-preserver. It fell close to the raft. I thought, indeed, it was coming right into the midst of us. The red-faced man with the gold ear-rings was nearest to it. He made a grab at it, and missed it. On went the ship, and on went the life-preserver, skipping and dancing over the waves. They let out lots of line, but still the life-preserver was towed away.

A regular howl went up from our raft. I thought some of the men would jump into the sea, and swim after the ship, which was now rapidly leaving us. We heard a shout from the vessel, but what it meant I did not know. On she went, and on, as if she was never coming back.

"She 'll come back," said the captain. "She 'll tack again."

But it was hard to believe him. I don't know whether he believed himself. Corny was wildly crying now, and Rectus was as white as a sheet. No one seemed to have any hope or self-control except the captain. Some of the men looked as if they did not care whether the ship ever came back or not.

"The sea is too high," said one of them. "She 'd swamp a boat, if she 'd put it out."

"Just you wait!" said the captain.

The bark sailed away so far that I shut my eyes. I could not look after her any more. Then, as we rose on the top of a wave, I heard a rumble of words among the men, and I looked out, and saw she was tacking. Before long, she was sailing straight back to us, and the most dreadful moments of my life were ended. I had really not believed that she would ever return to us.

Again she came plowing along before us, the same group in her bow; again the life-preserver was thrown, and this time the captain seized it.

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In a moment, the line was made fast to the raft. But there was no sudden tug. The men on the bark knew better than that. They let out some two or three hundred feet of line and lay to, with their sails fluttering in the wind.

Then they began to haul us in. I don't remember much more of what happened just about this time. It was all a daze of high black hull and tossing waves, and men overhead, and ropes coming down, and seeing Corny hauled up into the air. After a while I was hauled up, and Rectus went before me. I was told afterward that some of the stoutest men could scarcely help themselves, they were so cramped, and stiff, and had to be hoisted on board like sheep.

I know that when I put my feet on the deck, my knees were so stiff that I could not stand. Two women had Corny between them and were carrying her below. I was so delighted to see that there were women on board. Rectus and I were carried below, too, and three or four rough-looking fellows, who did n't speak a word that we could understand, set to work at us and took off our clothes, and rubbed us with warm stuff, and gave us some hot tea and gruel, and I don't know what else, and put us into hammocks, and stuffed blankets around us, and made me feel warmer, and happier, and more grateful and sleepy than I thought it was in me to feel. I expect Rectus felt the same. In about five minutes I was fast asleep.

I don't know how long it was before I woke up. When I opened my eyes I just lay and looked about me. I did not care for times and seasons. I knew I was all right. I wondered when they would come around again with gruel. I had an idea they lived on gruel in that ship, and I remembered that it was very good. After a while a man did come around, and he looked into my hammock. I think from his cap that he was an officer,—probably a doctor. When he saw that I was awake he said something to me. I had seen some Russian words in print, and the letters all seemed upside down, or lying sideways on the page. And that was about the way he spoke. But he went and got me a cup of tea, and some soup, and some bread, and I understood his food very well.

After a while our captain came around to my hammock. He looked a great deal better than when I saw him last, and said he had had a good sleep. He told me that Corny was all right, and was sleeping again, and that the mate's wife had her in charge. Rectus was in a hammock near me, and I could hear him snore, as if he were perfectly happy. The captain said that these Russian people were just as kind as they could be; that the master of the bark, who could speak English, had put his vessel under his—our captain's—command, and told him to cruise around wherever he chose in search of the two boats.

"And did you find them?" I asked.

"No," said he. "We have been on the search now for twenty-four hours, and can see nothing of them. But I feel quite sure they have been picked up. They could row, and they could get further into the course of vessels than we were. We 'll find them when we get ashore."

The captain was a hopeful man, but I could not feel as cheerfully as he spoke. All that I could say was: "Poor Corny!"

He did not answer me, but went away; and soon, in spite of all my doubts and fears, I fell asleep.

The next time I woke up, I got out of my hammock and found I was pretty much all right. My clothes had been dried and ironed, I reckon, and were lying on a chest all ready for me. While Rectus and I were dressing, for he got up at the same time that I did, our captain came to us, and brought me a little package of greenbacks.

"The master of the bark gave me these," said the captain, "and said they were pinned in your watch-pocket. He has had them dried and pressed out for you."

There it was, all the money belonging to Rectus and myself, which, according to old Mr. Colbert's advice, I had carefully pinned in the watch-pocket of my trowsers before leaving Nassau. I asked the captain if we should not pay something for our accommodations on this vessel, but he said we must not mention anything of the kind. The people on the ship would not listen to it. Even our watches seemed to have suffered no damage from the soaking they had had in our wet clothes.

As soon as we were ready we went up on deck, and there we saw Corny. She was sitting by herself near the stern, and looked like a different kind of a girl from what she had been two or three days before. She seemed several years older.

"Do you really think the other boats were picked up?" she said, the moment she saw us.

Poor thing! She began to cry as soon as she began to speak. Of course, we sat down and talked to her, and said everything we could think of to reassure her. And in about half an hour she began to be much more cheerful, and to look as if the world might have something satisfactory in it after all.

Our captain and the master of the bark now came to us. The Russian master was a pleasant man, and talked pretty good English. I think he was glad to see us, but what we said in the way of thanks embarrassed him a good deal. I suppose he had never done much at rescuing people.

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He and our captain both told us that they felt quite sure that the boats had either reached the Florida coast, or been picked up; for we had cruised very thoroughly over the course they must have taken. We were a little north of Cape Canavaral when the "Tigris" took fire.

About sundown that day, we reached the mouth of the Savannah river and went on board a tug to go up to the city while our bark would proceed on her voyage. There were fourteen grateful people who went down the side of that Russian bark to the little tug that we had signaled; and some of us, I know, were sorry we could not speak Russian, so we could tell our rescuers more plainly what we thought of them.

When we reached Savannah, we went directly to the hotel where Rectus and I had stopped on our former visit, and there we found ourselves the objects of great attention—I don't mean we three particularly, but the captain and all of us. We brought the news of the burning of the "Tigris," and so we immediately knew that nothing had been heard of the two boats. Corny was taken in charge by some of the ladies in the hotel,

"AGAIN THE LIFE-PRESERVER WAS THROWN."

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and Rectus and I told the story of the burning and the raft twenty or thirty times. The news created a great sensation, and was telegraphed to all parts of the country. The United States government sent a revenue cutter from Charleston and one from St. Augustine to cruise along the coast, and endeavor to find some traces of the survivors, if there were any.

But two days passed and no news came. We thought Corny would go crazy.

"I know they 're dead," she said. "If they were alive, anywhere, we 'd hear from them."

But we would not admit that, and tried, in every way, to prove that the people in the boats might have landed somewhere where they could not communicate with us, or might have been picked up by a vessel which had carried them to South America, or Europe, or some other distant place.

"Well, why don't we go look for them, then, if there 's any chance of their being on some desert island? It 's dreadful to sit here and wait, and wait, and do nothing."

Now I began to see the good of being rich. Rectus came to me, soon after Corny had been talking about going to look for her father and mother, and he said:

"Look here, Will,"—he had begun to call me "Will," of late, probably because Corny called me so—"I think it *is* too bad that we should just sit here and do nothing. I spoke to Mr. Parker about it and he says we can get a tug-boat, he thinks, and go out and do what looking we can. If it eases our minds he says there 's no objection to it. So I 'm going to telegraph to father to let me hire a tug-boat."

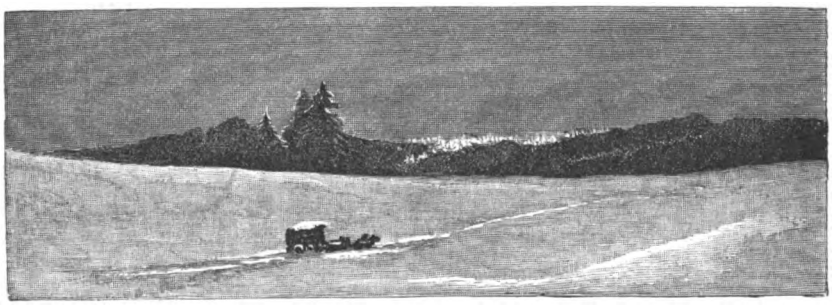
I thought this was a first-class idea, and we went to see Messrs. Parker and Darrell, who were merchants in the city, and the owners of the "Tigris." They had been very kind to us, and told us now that they did not suppose it would do any real good for us to go out in a tug-boat and search along the coast, but that if we thought it would help the poor girl to bear her trouble they were in favor of the plan. They were really afraid she would lose her reason if she did not do something.

Corny was now staying at Mr. Darrell's house. His wife, who was a tip-top lady, insisted that she should come there. When we went around to talk to Corny about making a search, she said that that was exactly what she wanted to do. If we would take her out to look for her father and mother, and we could n't find them after we had looked all we could, she would come back, and ask nothing more.

Then we determined to go. We had n't thought of taking Corny along, but Mr. Darrell and the others thought it would be best; and Mrs. Darrell said her own colored woman, named Celia, should go with her, and take care of her. I could not do anything but agree to things, but Rectus telegraphed to his father, and got authority to hire a tug; and Mr. Parker attended to the business himself; and the tug was to be ready early the next morning. We thought this was a long time to wait, but it could n't be helped.

I forgot to say that Rectus and I had telegraphed home to our parents as soon as we reached Savannah, and had answers back, which were very long ones for telegrams. We had also written home. But we did not say anything to Corny about all this. It would have broken her heart if she had thought about any one writing to his father and mother, and hearing from them.

(To be continued.)



AVOIDING THE HEATED TERM.

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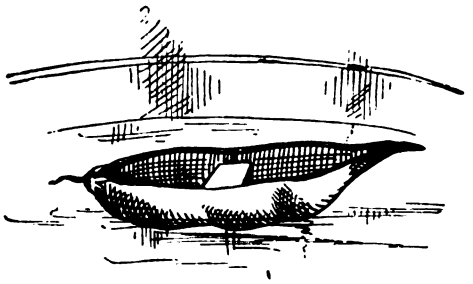
THE PEASE BOYS.

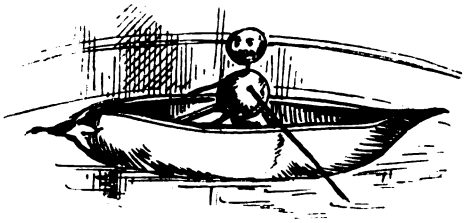
BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

SOME funny little fellows
Who like to be afloat,
Live in a very handy house
That turns into a boat.



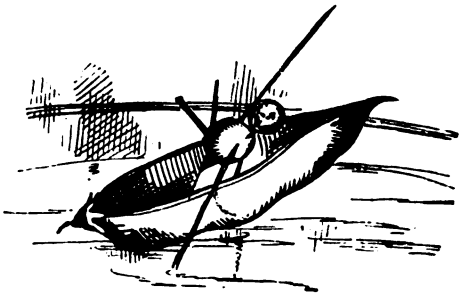
Our Johnny knows them well,
And every time he can
He helps them to go sailing
Upon the sea of Pan.

They are the stout young Pease boys,
And every little brother
Is just as like, our Johnny says,
As one pea to another.



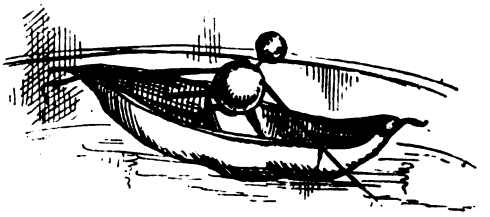
They are such jolly sailors,
And they row extremely well,
Though their oars are slim as broom-corns,
And their boat 's a frail green shell.

But once at least this morning,
The one most round and fat
He caught a crab while rowing,
And on his back fell flat.

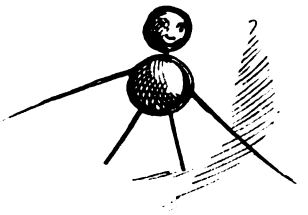


Another, somewhat wiser,
Although not quite so fleet,
Determined to be careful,
And sat astride the seat.

"A storm! a storm!" cried Johnny,
As one small craft upset,
But the little Pease boy swam ashore
And laughed at getting wet.



Roll home, you jolly Pease boys,
For here comes brisk Aunt Ann;
She 's going to sweep the kitchen,
And she wants to use the pan!



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THE GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

By W. H. Boardman.

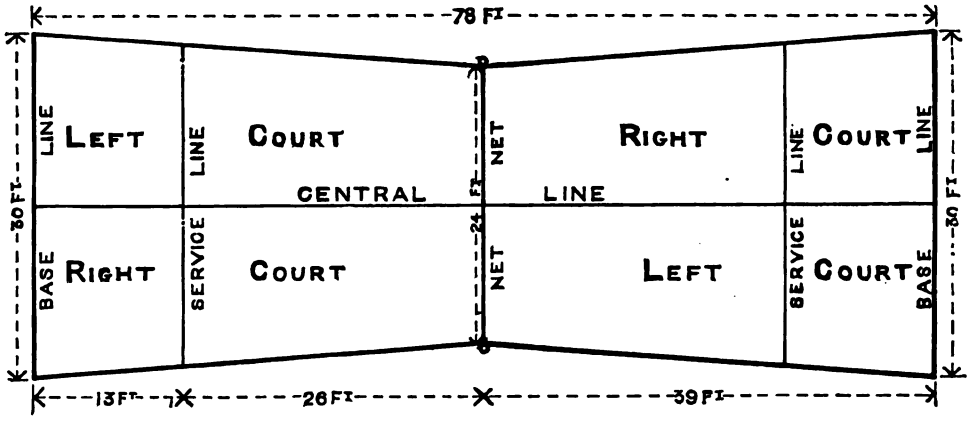

DIAGRAM OF A TENNIS GROUND.

THIS game, which is played at a season when the world appears at its best, combines a most perfect exercise for all the muscles, with a singular charm for girls as well as boys, for men and for women. Tennis is a very old game, for Galen—an old Greek medical gentleman—has written of it to the effect that it was in his time a healthy exercise and quite nice.

All of us, who enjoy playing ball games, would like to know who had wit enough to invent them. Herodotus thinks they were first played by the Lydians, in the reign of King Atyx, many years before Christ was born, in order to make the people forget their hunger at a time when they were suffering from a dreadful famine. The game does not seem to have that effect now.

Tennis, as it is now played in the tennis courts of England, France and Italy, was perfected and played, substantially as now, two or three hundred years ago. Swedenborg, who thinks that in the next world there are as many different sorts of heavens as there are different kinds of people, describes one heaven as having "various sports of men and boys, as running, hand-ball, tennis."

It has been called both the "King of Games" and the "Game of Kings." This last name was given it because it was a favorite amusement with princes and nobles, and both in England and France edicts were published forbidding the common people to play it. Henri II. is considered to have been the best tennis-player of all the French kings. Henri of Navarre rose at daylight, after the cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew, to continue a game of tennis. Henry VIII., of England, was passionately fond of it until he became too stout, and you may think it would have been better for him if he had kept up his interest in it and given less attention to matrimony. Edward Halle, the historian, who probably never went to a spelling-school, says of him: "The kynge thys tyme was moche entysed to playe at tennes and at dice, which appetite eertayn craftie persones about hym perceyuinge, brought in Frenchmen and Lombardes to make wagers with hym and so lost moch money; but when he perceyued their crafte, he eschuyd their compaignie,"—which was a very proper thing for him to do.

Tennis was originally, and still is, played in halls, or courts, built for the purpose at great cost; but the more modern game of lawn tennis, which is now rapidly becoming popular in this country, can be arranged for a comparatively small cost. Dealers will supply a very good set for fifteen dollars, which will furnish amusement for a club of ten or fifteen persons during several seasons. More expensive and much better sets can, of course, be had, and it may be said of this, as of most other out-of-door sports, that the enjoyment is somewhat in proportion to the excellence of the materials. The only materials absolutely necessary, however, to enable four persons to play an enjoyable game, are four racquets, an India rubber ball, and a cord suspended between two posts. These can be had, of very good quality, for but little more than half the cost of a "set."

The game needs, first of all, a smooth, level ground, which may be either hard-rolled earth, asphalt, or (probably best of all) well-rolled, closely

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cut turf. A set consists of four racquets, four India rubber balls, 2¼ inches in diameter, and 1½ ounces in weight, and a net attached to two posts, 24 feet apart, at a height of 5 feet from the ground at the posts, and sagging to a height of only 4 feet at the center. The best dimensions for the ground, according to the rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club, are 30 feet wide at the base lines (the end lines), 24 feet wide at the center, where it is spanned by the net, and 78 feet long. The ground is divided lengthwise by a central line, and on either side of this, as one stands facing the net, are the "right court" and the "left court." The courts are again divided by a "service line," drawn parallel to the base lines at a distance of 26 feet from the net. The ground may be longer than this, according as four, six, or eight players are engaged; but the service lines should always be at two-thirds of the distance from the net to the base lines. A ground may be easily and quickly measured and marked out with a 100 feet tape-line and some plaster-of-paris and water, or whitewash, or, indeed, almost any substance which will make a distinct line on the turf.

To play the game, sides are formed, each occupying its own side of the net, and the choice of courts may be determined by spinning a racquet in the air, while an opponent calls out "rough" or "smooth" before it falls to the ground with one of those faces uppermost. The side which loses the choice of courts may elect to begin as "hand-in" or "hand-out." Hand-in is the one who "serves" the ball, that is, begins the game (standing with one foot on either side of his base line) by serving (striking) the ball so that it shall pass over the net and come to the ground in the diagonally opposite court between the opponent's service line and the net. If he serves the ball into the wrong court, into the net, or into the diagonally opposite court but beyond the service line, he makes a "fault." Hand-in becomes hand-out (and his opponent becomes the server) when he serves the ball outside of court, or when he makes two successive faults, or when he fails to return the ball so that it shall fall into one of his opponent's courts. When hand-in makes a "good service" (serves the ball into the diagonally opposite court within the service line), the hand-out, who is guarding that court, attempts with his racquet to strike the ball as it bounds from the ground, so that it shall return over the net into either one of hand-in's courts. Hand-in, or his partner, may then strike the ball before it bounds (that is to say, "volley" it), or after it has bounded once, returning it again within hand-out's courts, and then hand-out has like privileges with it. The ball can thus be struck any number of times back and forth over the net, until one or the other fails to return it, or returns it so vigorously that it falls outside the opponent's courts, or allows the ball to touch any part of his clothes or person.

If it is hand-out, or his partner, who fails to make "good return," or if the service is volleyed, one point is scored for hand-in. Hand-in then again serves the ball (serving from his right and left courts alternately), and if he makes a good service, and makes good returns until hand-out finally fails to make a good return, another point is scored for hand-in, and he continues to serve and add to his score, until he fails.

When hand-in fails to make a good service, or a good return, or makes two successive faults, no point is scored, and one of his opponents becomes the server.

The side which first scores fifteen points, or "aces," wins the game. But, if both sides reach fourteen, the score is called "deuce." A new point, called "vantage," is then introduced, and either side in order to score game must win two points in succession, called "vantage" and "game."

It is important to remember that, when a ball drops on any line, it is considered to have dropped within the court aimed at and bounded by that line; and that it is a good service or a good return, although the ball may have touched the net or either of the posts in passing over them.

Let us now be spectators of a game. Since Tennis is traditionally played by princes, and we have but few princes in this country, let us choose players who are prominent among us—democrats and republicans that we are.

The Governor of South Carolina (in the upper left court) has naturally chosen a Boston Lady (in his right court) for his partner, and the Governor of North Carolina (in the opposite right court) is very glad to have the Lady from Philadelphia (in his left court) to assist him. The Governor of North Carolina, spinning his racquet in the air, now says to the Governor of South Carolina:

"What will you take?"

The Governor of South Carolina answers: "Rough," and, as the racquet falls to the ground with the brass-headed tack in sight, he makes his choice of courts with due regard to the direction of the sun and wind. The Governor of North Carolina chooses the first service, and, taking the ball, stands on the base line of his right court with his left shoulder turned toward the net, and asks the Boston Lady:

"Are you ready?"

She answers: "Ready," and he at once releases the ball from his left hand, and swinging his racquet at arm's length, drives the ball into the

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opponent's right court, making a good service. Being skillful, he strikes with his racquet slanted, which gives the ball a twist, or violent whirling motion, so that when it strikes the ground it will not bound in a straight line, but will shoot toward the right.

The Boston Lady is alert, and noticing the way the Governor held his racquet, has promptly placed herself, so that, when the ball comes twisting from the ground, her left side is toward it, and it passes in front of her within her reach. She catches it lightly on her racquet, and drives it far over into her opponent's left court, hoping that the Governor of North Carolina may not be agile enough to get before it. But he is there, and you will observe that, though he had to run a considerable distance in a very short time, yet he has judged the ball so well and started so promptly that he is standing still, firmly on both feet, when the ball arrives, and he drives it sharply over the head of his old friend, the Governor of South Carolina. The latter, with his racquet above his head, stops the ball and volleys it blindly back within reach of the Lady from Philadelphia. And now is the opportunity for this distinguished lady. She has been not at all excited or made nervous by the swift battle which has been going on about her; she never is excited. She has moved up quite near the net, and now, with great coolness and precision, she receives the ball fairly on her racquet, and drives it at the Governor opposite with such force that he can not prevent its touching his body, and the stroke is ended, scoring an ace for the server's side.

In learning to play Tennis, the first and all-important lesson is the manner of holding the racquet. Vicious habits are seldom corrected. Do not begin in the wrong way. In serving, grasp the racquet lightly, with the hand elongated so that the thumb will lie along the handle, and the handle will be a continuation of the arm, and with the face of the racquet neither parallel with, nor perpendicular to, the ground. When in this position, and swung horizontally, it will not strike the ball squarely, but will rake it, giving it a violent twist, which will make it bound sharply and unexpectedly, and tend to deceive and evade your opponent. This is called the "pure cut." When you have learned to make a good service with tolerable certainty, practice raking the ball on the right side and again on the left side (called respectively, the "over-hand twist" and the "under-hand twist"), and

A GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

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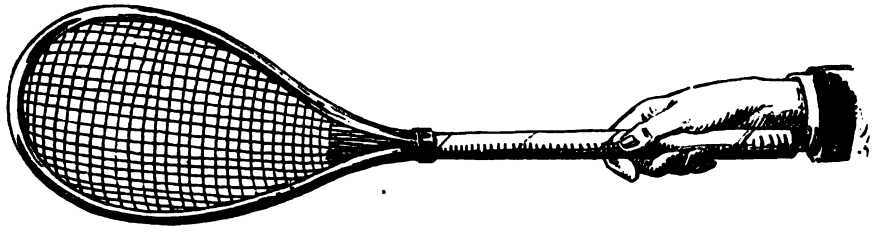
ce and remember the effect on the ball when it unds.

When the ball is being served or returned to you, promptly place yourself in a good position to receive it, and then wait for it coolly. Don't fidget.

Lastly, in playing this delightful game, remember that though sport is not a serious business, it is essentially an earnest one. It is not wise to dispute questions of fact with your opponent, or even discuss a construction of the rules farther than to state fairly your understanding of them. Take your defeats good-naturedly, and wear your honors lightly, but always do your level best.



THE RACQUET.

BECKY'S SURPRISE DAY.

By Helene J. Hicks.

THE bright morning sun-light, streaming in at the windows of a trim kitchen, fell upon the brown curls of a girl of ten, who was lifting a churn-dasher in a listless, discouraged manner, not because the churn was large and the dasher consequently heavy,—it was neither large nor heavy, and it was not the churn at all that brought the sorrowful look upon the pretty face, and caused the tears to make small rivulets down the rosy cheeks, and then to fall plump upon the churn-lid.

Trip, the lazy old dog, sprawled beside the stove, and old Tom, the big gray cat, in the window-seat sunning himself, knew of it, because they had been told all about it the day before, for nothing of joy or grief came into Becky Thorpe's life that was not at once confided to the safe keeping of Tom and Trip.

"There now, Becky, 't aint any use wastin' sighs and tears; when a thing can't be did, it can't, that 's plain 'nough. Massy knows I 'd like to 'a brought it about, but your ma took sick, and it could n't be did; now that was plain 'nough, 'pears to me."

The speaker, with her head in the huge brick oven, while delivering this speech, and ascertaining the exact heat, drew back quickly with an emphatic nod, and proceeded to fill the oven with the pies, cake and bread standing ready beside her.

"And 'nother thing, Becky. My old mother used to say as there was a bright spot on top of every trouble, small and great, if we 'd got the patience to turn it over so 's to see it; and it 's my 'pinion, Becky, that this little trouble of yourn will turn out to have a reg'lar streak of sunshine on top of it."

"I don't see where the sunshine can come from, Judy. This is my birthday, and I was to have had a party, and everybody was invited, and yesterday everybody had to be invited over again to—to stay —at home."

Numberless sobs finished Becky's speech, causing old Tom to purr louder, and Trip to bark sleepily.

"Lawful sakes, Becky! You 'll never see the bright side of this or any other airthly thing, from now till Kingdom-come, if you 'r' so detarmined to keep lookin' on the blackest side. That 's plain 'nough. Now, s'pos'n' I should stand and stare at my bakin' like a sick hen, and never touch a hand to it, do you s'pose the bakin' would do itself? No! the pies and bread would jist set there a laffin', if they could, jest like a trouble that 'll forever keep a mockin' one if you 're detarmined to keep forever lookin' in its ugly face. Lawful sakes, Becky child, you 'll find that all these little troublous things, along with the big ones, have got to be conquered, and got along with, and the best way to do it is, to plant a solid foot on top of it, and be detarmined to make the best of anything you can't help."

Judy, the stout buxom girl from the back-country, who was servant, general overseer, adviser

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and friend in this household, stood with a hand upon each hip while delivering these latter remarks, her honest comely face glowing with earnestness and strength.

"Were you ever disappointed, Judy?"

"Disapp'inted! Lawful sakes, I wish I had as many dollars, Becky, I do."

"What did you do, Judy?"

"Do? Got over it one way and 'nother."

Judy's head was in the oven again, and the last answer came indistinctly.

"Did you say you got over it, Judy?"

"Sartain. Do you s'pose I 'm goin' to be mastered by a leetle trouble, with the Lord a holdin' out his hand when there 's a hill to climb?"

Judy closed the oven door with a slam.

"How did you do it, Judy?"

The churn dasher stood quite still, and the tears had dried away.

"Do it? By holdin' on to my old mother's text. She lived by that text, did my mother."

"What was it, Judy?"

"Hark now!"

Judy tiptoed to the hall and listened a moment.

"I did think your ma was a-callin'. Want to know the text, do you? Well, here 't is: '*He that overcometh shall inherit all things.*' Jist pin that to your sleeve, Becky, and don't forget it, nother; and now I must tackle the work. You begun right this mornin'; I 'll stop to say that, child; for I 've been a-watchin' of you, offerin' to help Judy with the work, and jammin' away at that churn in a way that would n't bring butter before next Christmas. But what of it? It was the sperit I looked at. But when them tears went a-chasin' down your cheeks, thinks to me, siz I, Becky 's gittin' on the wrong side of her little trouble. So now you cheer up, and go 'long upstairs to your ma, who is sorry 'nough fur your disapp'intment, and take good care of her, and things 'll come out square yet, see if they don't. Lawful sakes, birthdays come fast 'nough, leastways, mine does. Now scoot right out of this kitchen, and mind you don't come back 'fore dinner; same time bear in mind supper-time 'll come before to-morrow."

After this mysterious remark, Judy closed her lips firmly, and marched straight to the wood-shed with the air of a conquering hero, smiling and nodding in a manner more mysterious still.

Becky lingered a moment anxious to question Judy, but she remembered from past experience that, once her lips were closed in that way, questioning was useless, and so with lightened heart and rapid step, she hastened to her mother's room.

Judy in her homely way had comforted the little heart, and when Becky entered her mother's room, the pretty face had lost its sorrowful look.

"Is that you, Becky?"

"Yes, mother," going up to the pale face upon the pillow.

"I am so sorry that you should have had this disappointment."

"Oh, I don't mind it now; I did yesterday and this morning. You know the blood-roots are all out, and the anemones too, and the grove is full of birds; but Judy has been talking to me, and I don't seem to care so very much. What can I do for you, mother?"

"You can sit beside me, and smooth the hair from my forehead; your hand always soothes the pain in my head, and I think, as the pain is less severe, I shall soon get to sleep."

Becky sat down beside her mother, and began smoothing her hair, letting her cool hand rest lightly upon the throbbing temples, and easing the pain with her soft and loving touch. She saw the tired eyes close at length, and the louder even breathing proclaimed her asleep; still Becky sat there, with her hand resting quietly upon the white forehead.

She was thinking of Judy's mother's text, and wondering if she had overcome the disappointment; true she was feeling quite bright and cheerful, but she would rather have had the birthday party, and her mother well, than to be sitting there. Judy had not said, "Don't be sorry about matters you cannot help,"—she said, "Don't fret about them;" and she would not fret, but just go through the day doing whatever she could, and not think much about this disappointment; that must be the overcoming.

Just at this time, a loud buzzing at the window attracted her attention; an inquisitive wasp had squeezed himself between the window-shutters, and was buzzing about, acting in a very disreputable manner, whacking his head against and into every object that came in his way,—the looking-glass, wash-bowl, chairs, tables, ornaments, and even the bed. Becky almost screamed when he buzzed right over her mother's head, and almost against her own forehead, only she dodged just in time to prevent that. She was convulsed with laughter watching his antics, and was glad enough when at last he made his escape the same way he had come in.

Becky next found amusement watching three flies upon the ceiling. As they only occasionally moved about, she decided they also had come in through the shutters, and, finding the room too dark for general business, had gone to sleep. While she was thinking of this and various other things, Judy, below stairs, had been putting together various compounds, hurrying them into the oven, and out again when baked to a certain degree

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of perfection, performing everything with haste, and a degree of mystery curious to behold; there was also considerable chuckling and excitement, which reached such a height, when at last a cake of enormous size emerged from the oven with her assistance, that she saw fit to lock every door and draw the curtain.

Her sleeves were rolled away to the elbows, but, evidently, for the work in hand they were not high enough, or not sufficiently out of her way; therefore, with a dexterous shove, the sleeves were away up to her armpits tight and snug.

Then followed a frantic beating of eggs, as her eye fell upon the kitchen clock, rapid and energetic charges at the sugar-jar, and, twenty minutes later, the great cake stood like a snowy mound; and then Judy, with a jerky laugh, hastily filled a cornucopia—made of letter-paper—with the icing that remained, and proceeded to decorate the cake.

This task was a difficult one, judging from the anxious face, screwed-up lips and squinting eyes, bent eagerly over the work; but Judy laughed aloud with entire satisfaction, as at last, standing off a little way, with her head one side, she surveyed her work.

The name, Becky, being generously supplied with e's and k's, stood something like this,—B–e–e–k–k–i–e,—and, consequently, took up more room than it should; the Thorpe meandered down one side, and lost itself in the really pretty vine ornamenting the outer edge.

A moment later, the cake had disappeared from sight, together with numerous other goodies, and Judy was serenely preparing dinner, without a vestige of mystery or anything uncommon evident in her manner.

While Becky was still watching the flies, the door slowly unclosed and Judy's head appeared; Becky's finger was at her lip in a moment, and Judy, comprehending at a glance, nodded energetically and whispered softly, "Dinner."

Becky would not have believed it possible that dinner-time had come, only that she was very hungry; and, gently raising her hand from her mother's forehead, she quietly passed from the room, and, running down-stairs, burst in upon Judy in the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Mother has slept all the morning, and I don't care a bit now, Judy, about the party."

"Told you," said Judy, nodding wisely. "Just whisk that tea-pot off the stove now, while I blow the horn for the men-folks."

Becky did as commanded, while brisk Judy awakened the echoes in the wooded hills with the blast upon the old tin horn, that had called father and the boys to dinner as long as Becky could remember. After the dinner-table had been cleared away, the kitchen swept, and everything put in prime order for the afternoon,—which Judy saw would be a long one for restless Becky, who was wondering already why mother did not wake up,—Judy said, abruptly, as though she had not had the subject in mind for an hour or more:

"Your ma, I 'm sure, would like a nosegay of them white things you youngun's are goin' crazy about, and the pale-blue little posies will look nice with 'em; so s'posin' you trot out there and pick a basketful; don't hurry back nother. Take Trip and Tom 'long and have a jolly time there, and when I toot the horn you trot home."

"Oh, Judy, can I?"

"Sartain. There now, don't smother Judy; scoot off, and don't come back till you hear the horn."

Judy knew how the moments and hours would pass away there on the sunny hill where the bloodroots grew, and that Becky would scarcely be ready to return when she was ready for her. The woods and hill were just back of the house, and Becky, she knew, would be quite safe there alone.

During the afternoon, good Judy bustled about in a glow of excitement; up and down stairs the patient feet pattered, down cellar, out to the woodshed, to the store-room to inspect certain goodies, and again upstairs until plump five o'clock, when everything seemingly had arrived at a beautiful state of perfection, judging from Judy's beaming, satisfied face.

At noon she had found time to whisper something to Mr. Thorpe and the boys, who nodded mysteriously, and smiled knowingly when Becky was not looking; and now Judy was ready for her return, and, accordingly, in a new calico gown and white apron, she took up the tin horn, and was about to awaken the echoes again, when she saw the little figure entering the gate just before her, so laden with flowers, leaves and vines, as to be almost unrecognizable, save for devoted Trip and Tom walking demurely by her side.

"Well, now!" said Judy, hanging up the horn; "jist in time, aint you?"

"Why, Judy! how you are fixed up!"

"Sartain; don't folks fix up when they go to parties?"

Becky laughed outright. Judy had never attended a party that she knew of, and the idea was so sudden and funny.

"Whose party are you going to, Judy?" Becky laughed again.

"Becky Thorpe's party. Now you scoot along to the settin'-room, 'cause the party 's started, and it 's time you was on hand."

Becky allowed herself to be pushed ahead of

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Judy quite into the sitting-room, still laden with her treasures, as bewildered and befogged as it was possible to be by Judy's last remark, and then, whom should she see, first of all, but mother in an arm-chair, with a pillow or two, looking pale but smiling brightly; and father, with his arm resting upon the mantel, was smiling also upon the surprised face.

The boys were there, capering about in a state of excitement, and, the oddest thing of all, everybody seemed to be in holiday clothes.

In her surprise, Becky never once glanced at the table until brother Jacob called her attention to it.

"Do, Becky, stop staring at my new coat, and look at that birthday table, will you?"

And then Becky saw not only the best china in use, but also the enormous cake in the very center, flanked on every side with just the good things she specially liked.

There was lemon custard, crab-apple jelly, cheese right from the press, a plate of sweet brown rusks, a palm-leaf-shaped pat of butter, a basket filled with the other sorts of cakes she liked best, and a glass dish of golden oranges; besides, a dish of tarts and another of boiled eggs.

It was so delightful, and came upon Becky so suddenly, she had no word to say, and for a moment her eyes filled, and the brown curls lay upon mother's shoulder; and then Judy, who would not own to having had a thing to do with it although she had accomplished it all, was hugged and kissed until she was obliged to run from the room laughing.

They brought her back the next moment, Becky and the boys declaring that, after all, it was Judy's party, given in honor of Becky's birthday, and she must occupy the best place at table, to which, at a whispered word from Mrs. Thorpe, Judy assented.

While they were seated, doing justice to the good things Judy had prepared, Becky stopped a moment to ask:

"How did you happen to think of this, good Judy?"

"Why," said Judy, smiling and nodding energetically, "seein' you fightin' your little battle, and overcomin' it too, and I thought, as I would add a little to that good old text, and, 'long with inheritin' all things up yonder, I 'd jist help you a leetle to a bit of happiness down here, and so I thought it would be no harm in lettin' the day end in a sort of joyful s'prise."

ON THE BEACH.

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CITY SPARROWS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IN throngs of nimble-fluttering pairs,
Through every change the year fulfills,
You haunt the city's parks and squares,
With russet shapes and silver trills!

And while I watch you dart to-day
Along the trim swards, fresh of hue,
I dream that winds from far away
Send murmurous messages to you!

"Ah, quit the dreary town," they call,
"Where trade's loud voice is harshly heard,
For meadowy regions, fair with all
That makes it sweet to be a bird!

"Come where the woodland sways and sings
Below deep skies of ample blue!
Come, brush the cool grass with your wings,
And bathe them in its morning dew!

"Come where the mild herds low and bleat,
Where quiet hazes wrap the hills,
Where breezes bow the tasseled wheat,
And long moss drapes the dripping mills!"

So, while I watch you dart to-day
Along the trim swards, fresh of hue,
I dream that winds from far away
Send murmurous messages to you!

HERCULES-JACK.

BY E. L. BYNNER.

NOT his real name; of course not. His father and mother would never have given him such a name as that. His real name was John Franklin Holmes, and there was n't a wooden bench, a gate-post, or barn-door within a mile of his father's house on which the initials "J. F. H." might not have been found,—cut by a very busy but somewhat battered jack-knife.

Hercules-Jack was only a nickname he had picked up, and you shall judge how fairly he came by it when I have told you a little more about him.

Johnny, or Jack Holmes, as he was oftener called, was just ten years old. Jack was round and chubby, with red hair, blue eyes, and a freckled nose that turned up the least bit in the world at the end.

Did I say he was plump? If I did n't I should do so at once, for that was the very first thing that struck you about Jack; he was quite plump; indeed, I may say very plump; his cheeks were as round as apples, there were dimples in the backs of his hands, and his jacket fitted him as tightly as a skin does a sausage.

Now, this was a sore point with Jack, especially as the boys used to laugh at him, sometimes, because he was so fat; but perhaps Jack would not have minded the boys very much if one day he had not overheard Polly Joy whisper to Susy Ditson, when he was standing behind their desk doing a sum in vulgar fractions upon the blackboard, that he was "a ridiculous little dumpling." This was too much; it shot a pang into poor Jack's heart.

For to whisper to you a little secret, Jack very much admired Polly. He thought her cheeks were the rosiest, her braids were the longest, her dresses were the finest, her hats the prettiest, and that she herself was altogether the nicest girl, in the big round world.

Poor Jack!—Polly's unkind remark rankled in his bosom. After brooding over it for several days, he awoke one morning and took a sudden resolution. He clenched his teeth, pounded his fat little fist on the table, and exclaimed:

"If I am a dumpling, I 'll do something that all the thin boys in the world could n't do."

Jack's round little head was full of schemes; his throbbing little heart was full of courage; he had a spirit big enough for a giant, while his ambition, for a ten-year-old boy, was really quite tremendous.

Now, Jack had read a good many books of adventure; there was nothing he liked better than to pore over the doings of knights and dwarfs, giants,

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dragons and magicians, and that sort of people. Especially he admired and reverenced Jack-the-Giant-Killer, while he bemoaned that there were no giants left for him to destroy.

He thought of other ways of distinguishing himself. He considered the merits of highwaymen and pirates; but as he knew that people in these professions nearly always came to bad ends, and as there was no lonely road where he could wait for travelers, and no fleet horse to ride, and as no convenient ocean lay near his father's house, and there was no way of his getting a long, low, black schooner, if the ocean had been there, he gave up these plans.

Finding these roads to distinction shut to him, Jack went about for a while quite dejected, until one day he came across an old book of mythology in the library, and there read of the exploits of Hercules, the great hero of antiquity, who performed twelve celebrated "labors," or heroic deeds. Jack's eyes glowed as he read the wonderful narrative. Again and again he pored over the record with bated breath and kindled imagination. And as he read of the mighty deeds of this great hero, a purpose gradually took root in his mind. *He* would be another such hero,—a modern Hercules. The thought thrilled him. He brooded over it by day; it haunted his dreams by night. He went about with a lofty look on his face. He already regarded the other boys with the pity and compassion with which a real hero would perhaps regard common men.

But how to become a Hercules?—that was the next question. There were no roaring lions, no savage wild boars, no many-headed hydras in the little village where he lived. Neither did centaurs abound; indeed, Jack had never seen one in his life; "but then," he thought to himself, "there must be plenty of other terrible and wonderful things to do," and so his resolution was taken.

"THE BOYS SOMETIMES LAUGHED AT HIM."

But how to begin?

"I 've got to do something first to get up a name before I begin on the 'labors,'" said Jack. "Hercules strangled the snakes,—I 'm rather afraid of snakes,—but stop; the first thing to do is to get a club; of course that 's the main thing. With the right sort of a club, the 'labors' themselves can't amount to very much."

Accordingly, Jack spent days traversing the woods with an old ax, in search of a club. After

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a long hunt, he at length decided upon a hickory sapling with a formidable knot, about four feet from the ground, which could be cut so as to bring this knot at the end of the club. With patient toil, Jack cut down, trimmed and peeled and whittled and polished this hickory stick, which, when done, was fully as long as himself, and indeed he could only wield it by using both hands and putting forth all his strength.

Now, at length, he was ready to begin. He drew a long breath. What should he do? He pondered the question long and anxiously. It was very strange, but now when he came to look about him, there really was nothing wonderful to do. Life was surprisingly peaceful and humdrum, and pitifully tame. The most discouraging thing was the lack of ferocious monsters. There was an utter dearth of monsters. Jack could n't understand why these interesting creatures only abounded in ancient times.

One day, while Jack was still puzzling over the question of what he should do first, one of the neighbors came into the house, and began to tell about her little boy who had just barely escaped being tossed by old Sol Stevens's bull.

Here was an opportunity. This was what Jack was waiting for, and he immediately decided upon a plan of action.

Sol Stevens was a crabbed old man who lived down a long lane, and owned an old bull as crabbed as himself. Again and again the boys and girls, and indeed grown-up women and men, had been chased and scared by this savage beast, who, not content with his own domain, had a vicious habit of leaping fences and roaming about the highway. Many complaints had been made to old Sol without avail, and the bull had become the terror of the neighborhood. It was almost strange Jack had not thought of him before.

He now at once determined upon an encounter with the bull. But first he went down the lane and took a private look at the creature from behind a stone wall. He seemed so little formidable as he stood peacefully grazing in the meadow, that Jack promised himself an easy task in his subjugation.

"HE THOUGHT OF DISTINGUISHING HIMSELF AS PIRATE AND HIGHWAYMAN."

In playing the part of Hercules, it was desirable, of course, to look as much like that hero as possible, and accordingly, one fine afternoon Jack slipped off to the barn with a big bundle under his arm, and there proceeded to dress himself as nearly as he could like the picture in the old mythology.

As Hercules had bare legs and arms in the picture, Jack first tucked up his own trousers and sleeves, and tied them securely to his waist and shoulders; then for the lion's skin, which the hero wore, Jack fastened about his shoulders a bright red sheepskin mat which he borrowed from the hall in the house. Next throwing off his hat, tossing his hair about as much like the picture as

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CUTTING THE CLUB.

possible, Jack seized his club and strode up and down the barn floor, feeling so brave and confident that it may be doubted if Hercules himself ever felt more so.

Thus equipped, Jack at length marched off down the lane, accompanied by three or four of his comrades whom he had let into the secret. Precisely what he was going to do, or how he was going to do it, he evidently had no clear notion; but in this he was only like a great many other heroes, after all. However, the first thing was, of course, to seek his prey. On and on he went down the lane, his bare legs blue with the cold, the sheepskin flapping up and down on his back, and the big club—too heavy to carry—dragged along behind.

Arrived at the bottom of the lane, the boys stationed themselves upon the wall, while Jack jumped over into the pasture where the bull was. He did n't walk quite so proudly and erect here as in the lane,—he took shorter steps; there was, perhaps, less occasion for striding now that he was near at hand. However, he advanced slowly and cautiously toward the distant herd of cattle. Now and then he turned around in a deliberative way. His pace grew steadily slower. At length, when he was still some yards distant, the bull unexpectedly lifted his head to brush away a fly, and brought Jack to a sudden stand-still. Reflecting, however, that Hercules would probably not have acted in this way, Jack plucked up courage and marched boldly up very near to the unsuspecting bull. Jack had read somewhere that the most wild and savage beast cannot endure the gaze of the human eye, and he therefore resolved to overawe the bull first with his eye, and then complete his subjugation at his leisure.

With this intent, he planted himself about a yard distant from the bull, and putting his arm akimbo, glared fiercely at him. The unconscious animal peacefully continued his grazing. No doubt, if he could have known who Jack was, and what was his errand, or if he had understood that when a small boy goes about bareheaded with his trousers tucked up and the parlor mat tied to his back, that means Hercules, and that Hercules was a hero, and that Jack meant to be another hero, and had now fixed his small blue eyes upon him with the intent of striking terror to his heart,—no doubt, I say, if the bull could have understood all this, he would have been terribly frightened, and would have shaken in every limb; and particularly, if he had only cast his eye upon that club, and understood it was intended for him, I am sure he would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him. As it was, the stupid creature did nothing of the sort; he kept on quietly grazing and paying no more attention to Jack than if he had been a post.

This was too humiliating for a hero to endure. The boys from the top of the distant wall already began to shout, derisively:

"Don't be afraid; give it to him! Punch him in the ribs! Stare him out of countenance! Knock his horns off! Twist his tail!"

JACK AS HERCULES.

Jack advanced a little nearer; he coughed, he

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"HE WAS THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD."

flourished his club. Presently, incited by the cries of the boys, he picked up a stone and threw it at the passive animal.

The bull lifted his head, and for the first time looked attentively at Jack, who immediately struck an attitude and glared at him. To his astonishment, the bull did not quail in the least; on the contrary, as if suddenly appreciating Jack's hostile purpose, he glared back so angrily and fiercely that Jack became very much discomfited and began slowly to retire. The bull tossed his head, uttered a low bellow, and stood watching Jack attentively. The red mat, about this time, began to slip from Jack's shoulder, and he pulled it up so that it hung in front of him, when at once, as if maddened by the sight, the bull made a furious rush at his antagonist. Jack did not wait to try the effect of the human eye any longer; indeed, he forgot all about the human eye, he forgot all about Hercules, and every other hero, ancient or modern, but throwing his club at the rushing animal, he fled to a small apple-tree, which fortunately was near at hand. The bull stopped to toss the club, and this gave Jack a minute's time and

"JACK GLARED AT THE BULL."

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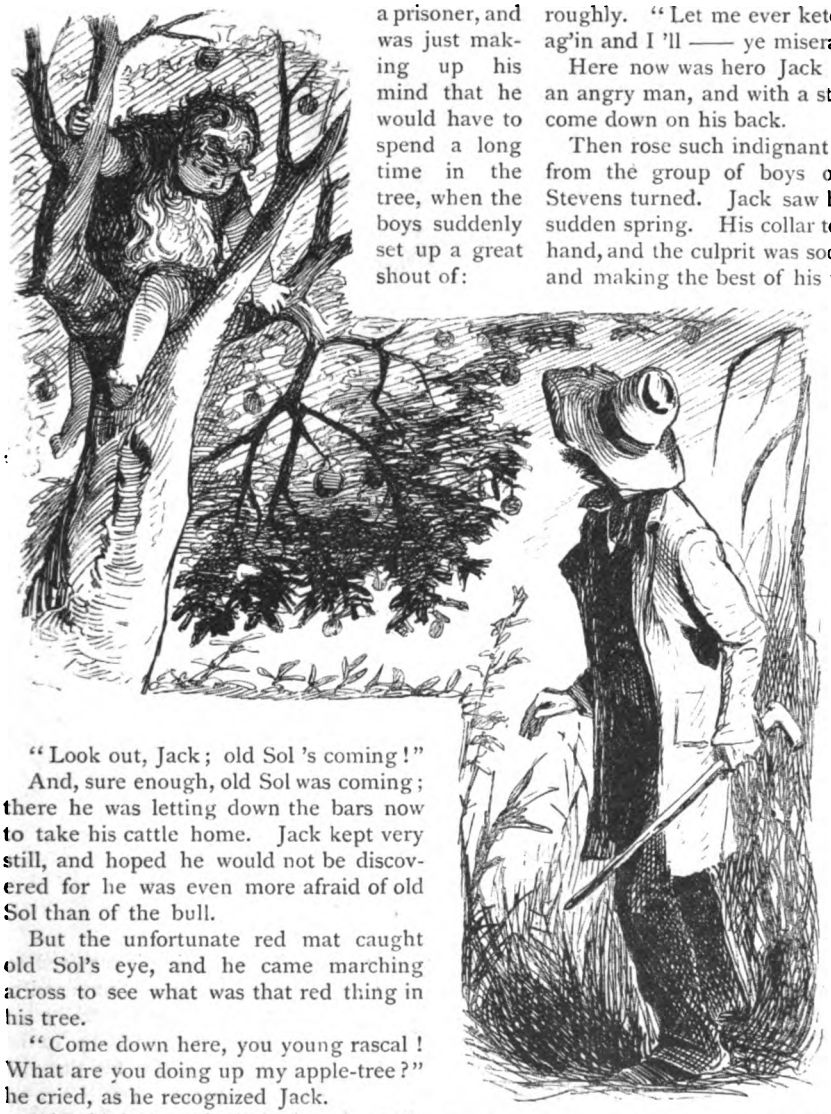
saved his life, for he had only just scrambled up to the nearest branch when the vicious beast came bellowing up underneath, and stamping with rage.

Jack was now a prisoner, and was just making up his mind that he would have to spend a long time in the tree, when the boys suddenly set up a great shout of:



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP MY APPLE-TREE?"

"Look out, Jack; old Sol 's coming!"

And, sure enough, old Sol was coming; there he was letting down the bars now to take his cattle home. Jack kept very still, and hoped he would not be discovered for he was even more afraid of old Sol than of the bull.

But the unfortunate red mat caught old Sol's eye, and he came marching across to see what was that red thing in his tree.

"Come down here, you young rascal! What are you doing up my apple-tree?" he cried, as he recognized Jack.

"Nothin', sir,—the bull chased me!"

"Well, what business had you in this field where the bull could get at you? You came to steal my apples; I know you!"

"Oh, I d–did n't, sir; no, indeed I d–did n't!"

"Come down here, I tell ye. What are you doin' with that door-mat on your back, eh?"

"Oh, please," cried Jack, his teeth chattering with fear, "I was only playing Hercules."

"I 'll 'Hercules' ye!" cried old Sol, seizing Jack as he came down the tree and shaking him roughly. "Let me ever ketch ye in my apple-tree ag'in and I 'll —— ye miserable young urchin!"

Here now was hero Jack in the strong grasp of an angry man, and with a stick in the air ready to come down on his back.

Then rose such indignant and significant shouts from the group of boys on the wall, that Sol Stevens turned. Jack saw his chance and made a sudden spring. His collar tore off in the old man's hand, and the culprit was soon safely over the wall, and making the best of his way home, surrounded by the boys, who were waiting in the lane, and who by turns ridiculed him and congratulated him on his escape.

Jack would n't have minded the boys, but, just as he turned out of the lane upon the road, whom should he see coming along but Susy Ditson and Polly Joy!

The more Jack tried to hide, the more the boys would n't let him. There was a pretty lively scramble. The girls heard, looked up, and saw a squirming mass of dark coats and trousers pushing forward a red-faced boy, whose plump arms were waving wildly, while a woolly red door-mat dangled about his bare legs!

Then came a halt, a sudden wrench, and away flew Jack down the road, even faster than he had fled from the bull. And this was the last that was seen in public of John Franklin Holmes in the character of Hercules.

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DOING HER BEST.

A FEW OF OUR HABITS.

BY M. C. HOLMES.

YOU have heard it said a great many times that we are all "creatures of habit," have you not? And probably you have taken for granted that the statement is true, without really stopping to think how very true it is, and how much habits have to do in forming our characters and preparing us to be useful, interesting, and agreeable men and women.

As we every one of us know, it is very easy to fall into a habit (particularly if it is a bad one), and exceedingly hard to climb out of it again; each repetition of an action lessens the difficulty of its performance, until finally we act without any conscious effort of mind, and by that time our habit is formed; therefore, it is necessary to keep our eyes wide open, and watch that no bad habit creeps upon us unawares, for, after we are once in its power, some pretty hard fighting is required on our parts to overthrow the enemy. Some writer has said, "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken;" but a determined will can file through even these mightily forged links.

How many of you know what procrastination means? It is a very common habit, especially among little girls and boys, and most of them act it a great many times each day, when they wait "just a little while" before doing any duty that ought to be performed immediately. I have a little friend twelve years old who is always getting into trouble through this fault, though she has firmly resolved to conquer it, and I think is really trying her best to do so.

When school began a few months ago, she

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hoped there would be no time to practice in the short afternoons, for that was something she could not bear to do; great was her disappointment then, when papa remarked:

"Nina, you will get home at three o'clock each day, and you must always manage to practice a full hour before dark."

The little girl intended to obey, but often she lingered over her dinner until mamma had to call down-stairs:

"Go to the piano now, Nina, and waste no more time."

"Yes, ma'am, I 'm going," is the answer, but first her hands must be washed; then she stops to tell nurse something funny that happened in school, and the baby laughs and crows in such an irresistible way that Nina says:

"Oh, I must play with him just a minute."

Of course, after the romp, her hair needs smoothing, and the little girl thinks "I may just as well braid it all over, it wont take much longer;" then she perhaps remembers that grandma forgot to give her any fruit for dinner, so off she runs to ask for some; the hands must then be washed again, and while that ceremony is being gone through, company comes in to see her mother, and the parlor is occupied until it is too late to go to the piano that day.

When papa comes home, his first question is:

"Well, little daughter, have you practiced your hour?"

And Nina hangs her head and explains that she has put it off until all her afternoon was wasted.

Then for punishment she would have to go to bed at seven o'clock instead of eight, and rise a whole hour earlier than everybody else next morning in order to make up the practice lost the day before.

Another frequent habit among both girls and boys, as well as among grown-up people, is exaggeration, or the use of much stronger language than the occasion warrants. If you are telling some little occurrence that you have seen, or repeating a story that has been told you, do not try to make it any more startling or marvelous than it really is, but adhere closely to the truth, regardless of effect. I have known persons to become so confirmed in the habit of exaggeration, that it finally became impossible for them to give a simple fact correctly, and though they did not intend telling falsehoods, and would have been shocked to know they were guilty of anything so wrong, they really were considered untruthful people by many of their acquaintances, and were disliked and distrusted in consequence.

Try to speak the exact truth in little things. If you say the dust is perfectly "frightful," when it is simply annoying, and the cold is "awful," when it merely makes your cheeks tingle, what meaning will be in the words you use to speak of a great railroad accident, or steamboat disaster, or the burning of some theater where hundreds of people are mangled, crushed, and killed? Teach yourselves to employ simple forms of expression for simple occurrences, then the words you use will always have fitness and meaning.

I wonder how many of you little people (or big people either, for that matter) would be willing to have your top bureau drawer put on exhibition without any warning! I fancy I see a smile curling the corners of several small mouths at that question. Now is the time to begin, if you ever wish to be an orderly, systematic man or woman; remember the simple rule so often quoted: "Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place;" and though at first you will have some trouble in following it strictly, the good habit of order will soon be formed, and you and your friends will be spared a great deal of annoyance and discomfort.

An exceedingly good habit to fall into is that of thoroughness. Never be satisfied with a piece of work of any description, unless you have done it just as well as you "possibly" could; for people who do things thoroughly are "such" a comfort in this world of carelessness, a comfort to themselves, and a comfort to all who come in contact with them; their work never has to be done over again, but is always satisfactory. This little virtue can be cultivated in every act of your lives, —at home and in school,—in dusting a room, making a doll-dress, studying, or practicing a music lesson. If builders should not be particular to put every brick in the exact place it ought to occupy, our houses would fall down upon our heads; and if some little piece of machinery should be carelessly made in the engines of our trains and steamboats, the consequence would be railroad wrecks and explosions every day. So you see how necessary it is for the safety of our lives that men should be trained to do their work thoroughly; and if the habit is not formed during youth, it is almost an impossibility to acquire it in after life, when men find it hard to learn new ways.

Now I have suggested several habits, some bad, to get out of, and others good, to get into; and I will end by telling you of another, which is worth more than a fortune to the boy or girl who will take the trouble to form it, for with "perseverance" one can gain almost any good thing in life that he or she desires. Patient perseverance conquers almost all difficulties. Just try for yourselves and see if it does not. This habit can be gained while you are working for the other good ones of which I have

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spoken, and I am sure that will be a very nice way to begin its cultivation.

Suppose you all adopt the plan of writing on a sheet of paper the bad habits you have, and the good ones you wish to exchange them for. Then pin the list on the inside of your bed-room door, and read it over carefully every morning before breakfast; this will help you to remember through the day the position, advantages, and disadvantages of the battle-field, and you will be better prepared to guard against a surprise from the enemy.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

EYEBRIGHT had never seen a cave before, though she had read and played about caves all her life, so you can imagine her ecstasy and astonishment at finding herself in a real one at last. It was as good as the "Arabian Nights," she thought, a great deal better than the cave in the "Swiss Family Robinson," and, indeed, it was a beautiful place. Cool green light filled it, like sunshine filtered through sea-water. The rocky shelves were red, or rather a deep rosy pink, and the water in the pools was of the color of emerald and beautifully clear. She climbed up to the nearest pool, and gave a loud scream of delight, for there, under her eye, was a miniature flower-garden, made by the fairies, it would seem, and filled with dahlia-shaped and hollyhock-shaped things, purple, crimson, and deep orange, which were flowers to all appearance, and yet must be animals; for they opened and shut their many-tinted petals, and moved and swayed when she dipped her fingers in and splashed the water about. There were green spiky things, too, exactly like freshly fallen chestnut burrs, lettuce-like leaves,—pale red ones, as fine as tissue-paper,—and delicate filmy foliage in soft brown and in white. Yellow snails clung to the sides of the pool, vivid in color as the blossom of a trumpet-creeper; and, as she lay with her face close to the surface of the water, a small bright fish swam from under the leaves, and darted across the pool like a quick sun-ray. Never, even in her dreams, had Eyebright imagined anything like it, and in her delight she gave Genevieve a great hug, and cried:

"Are n't you glad I brought you, dear, and oh, is n't it beautiful?"

There were several pools, one above another, and each higher one seemed more beautiful than the next below. The very biggest "dahlia" of all—Anemone was its real name, but Eyebright did not know that—was in the highest of these pools, and Eyebright lay so long looking at it and giving it an occasional tickle with her forefinger to make it open and shut, that she never noticed how fast the tide was beginning to pour in. At last, one great wave rolled up and broke almost at her feet, and she suddenly bethought herself that it might be time to go. Alas! the thought came too late, as in another minute she saw. The rocks at the side, down which she had climbed, were cut off by deep water. She hurried across to the other side to see if it were not possible to get out there; but it was even worse, and the tide ran after as she scrambled back, and wetted her ankle before she could gain the place where she had been sitting before she made this disagreeable discovery. That was n't safe either, for pretty soon a splash reached her there, and she took Genevieve in her arms and climbed up higher still, feeling like a hunted thing, and as if the sea were chasing her and would catch her if it possibly could.

It was a great comfort just then to recollect what Mr. Downs had said about the cave being safe enough for people who were caught there by the tide, "in ordinary weather." Eyebright worried a little over that word "ordinary," but the sun was shining outside, and she could see its gleam through the lower waves; the water came in quietly, which proved that there was n't much wind; and, altogether, she concluded that there could n't be anything extraordinary about this particular day. I think she proved herself a brave little thing, and sensible, too, to be able to reason this out as she did and avoid useless fright; but for all her bravery, she could n't help crying a little as she sat there like a limpet among the rocks, and realized that the Oven door was fast shut, and she could n't get out for ever so many hours. All of a sudden it came to her quite distinctly how foolish and rash it was to have come there all alone, without permission from Papa, or letting anybody know of her intention. It was one comfort that Papa at that

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moment was in Malachi, and could n't be anxious about her; but, "Oh dear!" Eyebright thought, "how dreadfully he would feel if I never did get out, and he came back and found me gone, and nobody could tell him where I was. I 'll never do such a bad, naughty thing again, never,—if I ever do get out; that is——" she reflected, as the water climbed higher and higher, and again she moved her seat to avoid it, still with the sense of being a hunted thing which the sea was trying to catch.

Her seat was now too far from the pools for her to note how the anemones and snails were enjoying their twice-a-day visit from the tide, how the petals quivered and widened, the weeds grew brighter, and the fish darted about with renewed life and vigor. I don't believe it would have been much comfort to her if she had seen them. Fishes are unfriendly creatures; they never seem to care anything about human beings, or whether they are feeling glad or sorry. Genevieve, for all her being

"SHE CLIMBED UP HIGHER STILL."

made of wax, was much more satisfactory. What was particularly nice, she lent Eyebright her blanket-shawl to wear, for the cave had begun to feel very chilly. The shawl was not large, but it was better than nothing; and with this round her shoulders, and Dolly cuddled in her arms, she sat on the very highest ledge of all and watched the water rise. She could n't go any higher, so she hoped *it* could n't either; and as she sat, she sang all the songs and hymns she knew, to keep her spirits up, —"Out on an Ocean," "Shining Shore" (how she wished herself on one!), "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Old Dog Tray," and ever so many others. It was a very miscellaneous concert, but did as well for Eyebright and the fishes as the most classical music could have done; better, perhaps, for Mozart and Beethoven might have sounded a little mournful, and "songs without words" would never have answered. Songs *with* words were what were wanted in that emergency.

The tide halted at last, after filling the cave about two-thirds full. Once sure that it had turned and was going down, Eyebright felt easier, and could even enjoy herself again. She ate the bread-and-butter with a good appetite, only wishing there were more of it, and then made up a delightful story about robbers and a cave and a princess, in which she herself played the part of the princess, who was shut in the cave of an enchanter till a prince should come and release her through a hole in the top. By the time that this happened and the princess was safely out, the uppermost pool was uncovered, and Eyebright clambered down the wet rocks and took another long look at it, "making believe" that it was a garden which a good fairy had planted to amuse the princess; and, indeed, no fairy could have invented a prettier one. So, little by little, and following the receding sea, she was able at last, with a jump and a long step, to reach the rocky pathway by which she had come down, and two minutes later she was on top of the cliff again, and in the sunshine, which felt particularly warm and pleasant. The sun was half-way down the sky; she had been in the cave almost six hours, and she knew it must be late in the afternoon.

Neither Mrs. Waurigan nor the party of children was visible as she passed the house. They had probably gone in for tea, and she did not stop to look them up, for a great longing for home had seized upon her. The tide delayed her a little while at the causeway, so that it was past six when she finally reached the island, and her boots were wet from the soaked sand; but she did n't mind that a bit, she was so very glad to be safely there again. She pulled them off, put on dry stockings and shoes, made the fire, filled the tea-kettle, set the table, and, after a light repast of bread and milk, curled herself up in the rocking-chair for a long nap, and did not wake till nearly nine, when Papa came in, having been set ashore by the schooner's boat as it passed by. He had a large cod-fish in his hand, swung from a loop of string.

"Well, it has been a nice day," he said, cheerfully, rubbing his hands. "The wind was fair both ways. We did some fishing, and I caught this big fellow. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. What sort of a day have you had, little daughter?"

Eyebright began to tell him, but at the same

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time began to cry, which made her story rather difficult to understand. Mr. Bright looked very grave when at last he comprehended the danger she had been in.

"I sha'n't dare to go anywhere again," he said. "I thought I could trust you, Eyebright. I thought you were too sensible and steady to do such a wild thing as this. I am very much surprised and very much disappointed."

These words were the heaviest punishment which Eyebright could have had, for she was proud of being trusted and trustworthy. Papa had sat sighing down and leaned his head on his hand. All his bright look was overclouded,—the pleasant day seemed forgotten and almost spoiled. She felt that it was her fault, and reproached herself more than ever.

"Oh, please don't say that, Papa," she pleaded, tearfully. "I *can* be trusted, really and truly I can. I wont ever go to any dangerous place alone again, really I wont. Just forgive me this time, and you 'll see how good I 'll be all the rest of my life."

So Papa forgave her, and she kept her promise, and never did go off on any thoughtless expeditions again, as long as she lived on Causey Island.

CHAPTER IX.

A LONG YEAR IN A SHORT CHAPTER.

IT was Christmas Eve, and Eyebright, alone in the kitchen, was hanging up the stockings before going to bed. Papa, who had a headache, had retired early, so there was no one to interrupt her. She only wished there had been. Half the fun of Christmas seems missing when there is nobody from whom to keep a secret, no mystery, no hiding of things in corners and bringing them out at just the right moment. Very carefully she tied Papa's stocking to the corner of the chimney, and proceeded to "fill" it; that is, to put in a pair of old fur gloves which she had discovered in one of the boxes, and had mended by way of a surprise, and a small silk bag full of hickory-nut meats, carefully picked from the shells. These were all the Christmas gifts she had been able to get for Papa, and the long gray stocking-leg looked very empty to her eyes. She had wished much to knit him a comforter, but it was three weeks and more since either of them had been able to get to the village; besides which, she knew that Papa felt very poor indeed, and she did not like to ask for money, even so little as would have carried out her wish. "This must do," she said, with a little sigh. Then she hung up her own stocking, and went upstairs. Eyebright always had hung up her stocking on Christmas Eve ever since she could remember, and she did it now more from the force of habit than anything else, forgetting that there was no Wealthy at hand to put things in, and that they were living on an island which, since winter began, seemed to have changed its place, and swung a great deal farther away from things and people and the rest of the world than it had been.

For winter comes early to the Maine coasts. Long before Thanksgiving, the ground was white with snow, and it stayed white from that time on till spring. After the first heavy storm, the farmers turned out with snow-plows to break paths through the village. As more snow fell, it was shoveled out and thrown on either side of the path, till the long double mounds half hid the people who walked between. But there was no one to break a path along the shore toward the causeway. The tide, rising and falling, kept a little strip of sand clear for part of the distance, and on this Eyebright now and then made her way to the village. But it was a hard and uncertain walk, and as rowing the boat was very cold work, it happened sometimes that for weeks together neither she nor Papa left the island, or saw anybody except each other.

This would have seemed very lonely, indeed, had not the house-work filled up so much of her time. Papa had no such resource. After the wood was chopped, and the cow fed, and a little snow shoveled, perhaps,—that was all. He could not find pleasure, as Eyebright did, in reading over and over again a book which he already knew by heart; the climate did not brace and stimulate him as it did her; the cold affected him very much; he moped in the solitude, and time hung heavily upon his hands.

Eyebright often wondered how they could ever have got along—or, in fact, if it could have been possible to get along at all—without their cow. Papa had bought her in the autumn, when he began to realize how completely they were to be shut off from village supplies in bad weather. She was a good-natured, yellow beast, without any pedigree, or any name till Eyebright dubbed her "Golden Rod," partly because of her color, and partly because the field in which she grazed before she came to them was full of golden-rod, which the cow was supposed to eat, though I dare say she did n't. She gave a good deal of milk, not of the richest quality, for her diet was rather spare, but it was a great help and comfort to have it. With milk, potatoes, cabbages, and beets from their own garden; flour, Indian meal, and a barrel of salt beef in store, there was no danger of starvation on Causey Island, though Eyebright at times grew very tired of ringing the changes on these few articles of diet, and trying to invent new dishes

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with which to tempt Papa's appetite, which had grown very poor since the winter set in.

Altogether, life on the island was a good deal harder and less pleasant now than it had been in summer-time, and the sea was a great deal less pleasant. Eyebright loved it still, but her love was mingled with fear, and she began to realize what a terrible thing the ocean can be. The great gray waves which leaped and roared and flung themselves madly on the rocks, were so different from the blue rippling waves of the summer, that she could hardly believe it the same sea. And even when pleasant days came, and the waves grew calm, and the beautiful color returned to the water, still the other and frightful look of the ocean remained in her memory, and her bad dreams were always about storms and shipwrecks. Many more boats passed between Malachi and Scrapplehead in winter than in summer. Now that the inland roads were blocked with snow, and the Boston steamer had ceased to run, the mails came that way, being brought over every week in a sail-boat. Even row-boats passed to and fro in calm weather, and what with lumber vessels and fishing-smacks, and an occasional traveler from out-of-the-way Canada, sails at sea, or the sound of clinking oars off the bathing-beach, became of frequent occurrence. These little boats out in the great fierce ocean weighed heavily on Eyebright's mind sometimes. Especially was this the case when heavy fogs wrapped the coast, as occasionally they did for days together, making all landmarks dangerously dim and indistinct. At such times it seemed as if Causey Island were a big rocky lump which had got in the way, and against which ships were almost certain to run. She wished very much for a light-house, and she coaxed Papa to let her keep a kerosene lamp burning in the window of her bedroom on all foggy and very dark nights. "The little gal's lamp," the Malachi sailors called it, and they learned to look for it as a guide, though its reflective power was not enough to make it serviceable in a fog, which was the chief danger of all.

"SHE WRAPPED HER ARMS IN HER SHAWL AND WATCHED HIM ROW AWAY."

There was no fog, however, when she opened her eyes on Christmas morning, but a bright sun, just rising, which was a sort of Christmas present in itself. She made haste to dress, for she heard Papa moving in his room, and she wished to get down first, but he was as quick as she, and they finally met at the stair-top, and went down together.

When he saw the stockings, he looked surprised and vexed.

"Dear me! did you hang up your stocking, Eyebright?" he asked, in a depressed tone. "I

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quite forgot it was Christmas. You 'll have no presents, my child, I 'm afraid."

"Never mind, Papa, I don't care; I don't want anything," said Eyebright.

She spoke bravely, but there was a lump in her throat and she could hardly keep from tears. It seemed so strange and dreadful not to have anything at all in her stocking,—not one single thing! She had not thought much about the matter, but with childish faith had taken it for granted that she must have something—some sort of a present, and for a moment the disappointment was hard to bear.

Papa looked very much troubled, especially when he spied his own stocking and perceived that his little daughter had remembered him while he had forgotten her. He spent the morning rummaging his desk and the trunks upstairs, as if in search of something, and after dinner, announced that he was going to the village to get the mail. The mails came in to Scrapplehead twice a week, but he seldom had any letters, and Eyebright never, so, as a general thing, they were not very particular about calling regularly at the post-office.

Eyebright wanted to go too, but the day was so cold that Papa thought she would better not. She wrapped him in every warm thing she could find, and drew the fur-gloves over his fingers with great satisfaction.

"They will keep you quite warm, wont they?" she said. "Your fingers would almost freeze without them, would n't they? You like them, don't you, Papa?"

"Very much," said Mr. Bright, giving her a good-bye kiss.

Then he stepped into the boat and took the oars, while she wrapped her arms in her shawl and watched him row away. Her breath froze on the air like a cloud of white steam. She felt her ears tingle, and presently ran back to the house, feeling as if Jack Frost were nipping her as she ran, but with glowing cheeks and spirits brightened by the splendid air.

Just before sunset Papa came rowing back. He was almost stiff with cold, but when once he had thawed out in the warm kitchen, he seemed none the worse for that. It was quite exciting to hear from the village after such a long silence. Papa had seen Mrs. Downs and Mr. Downs and the children. Benny had had the mumps, but he was almost well again. Mrs. Downs sent her love to Eyebright, and a mince-pie pinned up in a towel. This was very nice, but when Eyebright unpinned the towel and saw the pie, she gave a scream of dismay.

"Why, Papa, it 's all hard," she said, "and it 's just like ice. Touch it, Papa; did you ever feel anything so cold?"

In fact, the pie was frozen hard, and had to be thawed for a long time in the oven before it was fit to eat. While this process was going on, Papa produced a little parcel from his pocket. It was a Christmas present,—a pretty blue neck-tie. Eyebright was delighted, and showed her gratitude by kissing Papa at least a dozen times, and dancing about the kitchen.

"Oh, and here 's a letter for you, too," he said.

"A letter for me. How queer! I never had a letter before, that I remember. Why, it 's from Wealthy? Papa, I wish you 'd read it to me. It looks very hard to make out, Wealthy writes such a funny hand. Don't you recollect how she used to work over her copy-book, with her nose almost touching the paper, and how inky she used to get?"

It was the first time they had heard from Wealthy since they left Tunxet, more than eight months before. Wealthy wrote very few letters, and those few cost an amount of time, trouble and ink-spots, which would have discouraged most people from writing at all.

This was the letter:

DEAR EYEBRIGHT: I take my pen in hand to tell you that I am well, and hope you are the same. All the friends here is well, except Miss Berry. She 's down with intermitting fever, and old Miss Beadles is dead and buried. Whether that 's being well or not I can't say. Some folks thinks so, and some folks don't. I haint written before. I aint much of a scribe, as you know, so I judge you have n't been surprised at not hearing of me. I might have writ sooner, but along in the fall my arm was kind of lamed with rheumatism, and when I got over that, there was Mandy Harmon's weddin' things to do,—Pelatiah Harmon's daughter, down to the corners, you know. What girls want so many clothes for when they get married, I can't for the life of me tell. The shops don't shut up for good just afterward, so far as anybody knows, but you 'd think they did from the fuss some of them make. Mandy had five new dresses. They was cut down to Worcester, but I made them, beside two calikus and ten of everything, and a double gown and an Ulster and the Lord knows what not. I 've had to stick to it to put 'em through, but they 're all done at last, and she got married last week and went off, and I guess she 'll spend the next few years a-alterin' of them things over, or I miss my guess. That Mather girl keeps asking me about you, but I tell her you haint wrote but twice, and I don't know no more than she does. Mr. Berry got your Pa's letter. We was glad to hear you liked it up there, but most places is pleasant enough in summer. Winter is the tug. I suppose it 's cold enough where you are, sometimes, judging from Probbabillities. Mr. Asher has took the house. Tell your Pa. It don't look much like old times. He has put wooden points on top of the barn and mended the back gate, and he 's got a nasty Newfoundland which barks most all the time. Now I must conclude.—Yours truly, WEALTHY A. JUDSON.

P. S.—My respects to your Pa and to all inquiring friends. I was thinking that that water-proof of your Ma's had better be cut over for you in the spring. What kind of help do you get up in Maine?

"Oh, how like dear, funny old Wealthy that is!" cried Eyebright, as between smiles and tears she listened to the reading of this letter. "Whom do you suppose she means by 'all inquiring friends'? And is n't it just like her to call Bessie 'that Mather girl'? Wealthy never could endure

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Bessie,—I can't imagine why. Well, this has been a real nice Christmas, after all. I 'm glad you did n't go to the post-office last week, Papa, for then we should have got the letter sooner and should n't have had it for to-day. It was much nicer to have it now."

"Winter 's the tug." Eyebright thought often of this sentence of Wealthy's as the long weeks went by, and still the cold continued and the spring delayed, till it seemed as though it were never coming at all, and Papa grew thinner and more listless and discouraged all the time. The loneliness and want of occupation hurt him more than it did Eyebright, and when spring came, as at last it did, his spirits did not revive as she had hoped they would. Farming was trying and depressing work on Causey Island. The land was poor and rocky,—"out of heart," as the saying is,—and Mr. Bright had neither the spirit nor the money to bring it into condition. He missed his old occupation and his old neighbors more than he had expected; he missed newspapers; and a growing anxiety about the future, and about Eyebright, —who was getting no schooling of any kind,—combined to depress him and give him the feeling that he had dropped out of life, and there was no use in trying to make things better.

It was certainly a disadvantage to Eyebright, at her age, to be taken out of school, still life on the island was a schooling for all that, and schooling of a very useful kind. History and geography are excellent things, but no geography or history can take the place of the lessons which Eyebright was now learning,—lessons in patience, unselfishness, good-humor and helpfulness. When she fought with her own little discontents and vexations, and kept her face bright and sunny for Papa's sake, she was gaining more good than she could have done from the longest chapter in the best school-book ever printed. Not that the school-books are not desirable, too, or that Eyebright did not miss them. After the first novelty of their new life was over, she missed school very much,—not the fun of school only, but the actual study itself. Her mind felt as they say teething dogs do, as if it must have something to bite on. She tried the experiment of setting herself lessons, but it did not succeed very well. There was no one to explain the little difficulties that arose, and she grew puzzled and confused, and lost the desire to go on.

Another thing which she missed very much was going to church. There had never been either a church or a Sunday-school in Scrapplehead, and the people who made any difference for Sunday made it by idling about, which was almost worse than working. At first, Eyebright tried to observe the day after a fashion, by learning a hymn and studying a short Bible lesson, but such good habits drop off after a while, when there is nothing and nobody to remind or help us, and little by little she got out of the way of keeping it up, and sometimes quite forgot that it was Sunday till afterward. Days were much alike on the island, especially in winter, and it was not easy to remember, which must be her excuse; but it was a sad want in her week, and a want which was continually growing worse as she grew older.

Altogether, it was not a good or wholesome life for a child to lead, and only her high spirits and sweet, healthful temper kept her from being seriously hurt by it. It was just now that Mr. Joyce's words were proved true, and the quick power of imagination with which nature had gifted her became her best friend. It enabled her to take sights and sounds into the place of play-fellows and friends, mixing them with her life as it were, and half in fun, half in earnest, getting companionship out of them. Skies and sunsets, flowers, waves, birds,—all became a part of the fairy-world which lay always at hand, and to which her mind went for change and rest from work too hard and thoughts over-anxious for a child to bear. She was growing fast, but the only signs she gave of growing older were her womanly and thoughtful ways about Papa and his comforts, and a slight, very slight, difference in her feeling toward Genevieve, whom she played with no longer, though she took her out now and then when she was quite alone, and set her in a chair opposite, as better than no company at all. Eyebright had no idea of being disloyal to this dear old friend, but her eyes had opened to the fact that Genevieve was only wax, and do what she could, it was impossible to make her seem alive any more.

Her rapid growth was another trouble, for she could not wear the clothes which she had brought with her to the island, and it was very hard to get others. Papa had no money to spare, she knew, and she could not bear to worry him with her difficulties, so she went to Mrs. Downs instead. Mrs. Downs had her hands full of sewing for "him" and her three boys; still she found time to advise and help, and between her fitting and Eyebright's sewing, a skirt and jacket were concocted out of the water-proof designated by Wealthy, which, though rather queer in pattern, did nicely for cool days, and relieved Eyebright from the long-legged sensation which was growing over her. This, with a calico, some of Mrs. Bright's underclothing altered a little, and a sun-bonnet with a deep cape, made a tolerable summer outfit. Gloves, ruffles, ribbons and such little niceties, she learned to do without, and when the sweet summer came again with long days and warm winds, when she could

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row, sit out-doors as much as she liked, and swing in the wild-grape hammocks which festooned the shore, she did not miss them. Girls on desert islands can dispense with finery.

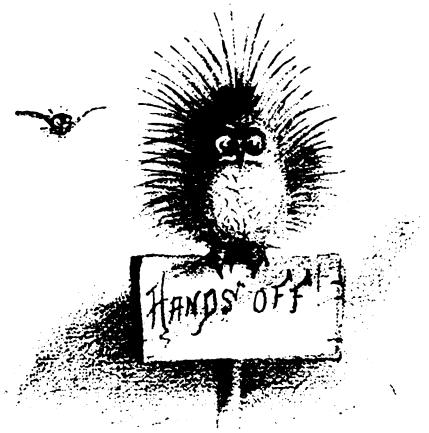
But summers in Maine are very short, and, as lengthening days and chilly nights began to hint at coming winter, Eyebright caught herself shivering, and knew that she dreaded it very much indeed.

"How long it will seem!" she thought. "And how will poor Papa bear it? And what am I to do when all Mamma's old clothes are worn out? I don't suppose I ever shall have any new ones, and how I am to manage, I cannot imagine!"

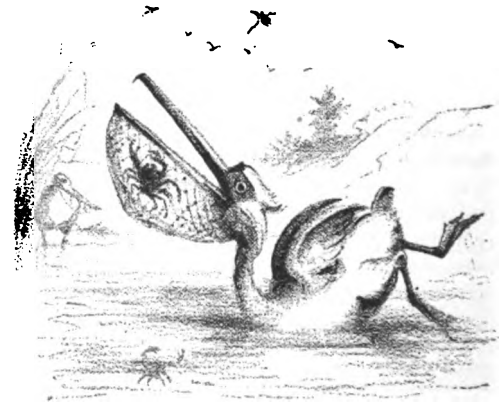
(To be continued.)

MORE UN-NATURAL HISTORY.

(See Letter-Box.)

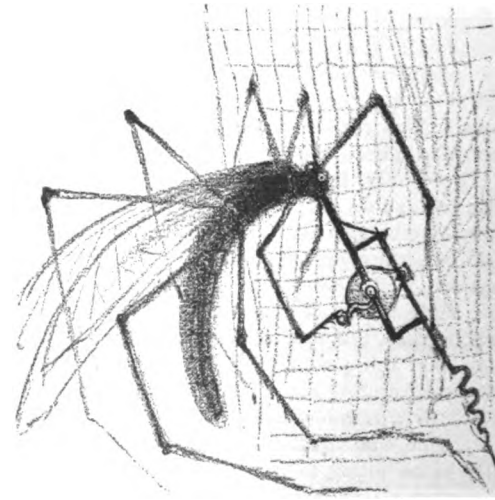


PRICKLY-PLUM DIGGER, OR TURBULENT OYSTER-BIRD.



ANSINUM SCOOPIANA, OR CALLOUS CRAB-FISHER.

THE STILTED SCYTHROPS, OR ORO-EYED OYSTER-BIRD.



NORTH-AMERICAN BLUNDERBORE, OR BLUNDERING BUZZ-FUZZ. (SOMEWHAT MAGNIFIED.)

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TWO WAYS OF SEEING.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

"The blossoms fall, the pretty spring-flowers die,
The first fair grass is ready for the mowing;
The grub has swallowed up the butterfly,
And everything that is n't gone is going!"

The tiny apples cluster on the bough;
The bees have gone to work, instead of humming;
The seed is up, where lately ran the plow,
And everything that has n't come is coming!

"The birds have ceased their merry spring-tide lay;
No more the blackbird on the tree-top whistles;
The frogs no longer croak at close of day,
And thorns are where the down was on the thistles."

The birds don't think they have the time to sing;
The blackbird has to feed his wife and babies;
You 'll see what Summer 's making out of Spring—
The woods and fields and trees are full of *may-be's*.

Courage! Look up! The spirit of the spring
Should long outlast and overlive the letter;
Change means advance, in almost everything,
And good don't die—it only turns to better.

NAN, THE NEWSBOY.

By W. H. Bishop.

Nan, the Newsboy, is among the latest of the odd characters which spring into fame from time to time out of the varied life of the great city of New York. A year ago he formed a little band, consisting of himself and two others, to patrol the East River docks at night and rescue persons from drowning.

Some charitable persons heard of the boys, gave them a floating station to live in, boats, neat blue uniforms, and a small weekly salary to devote their whole time to the work.

Nan's real name is William J. O'Neil. He is a thorough street Arab in his manners, and uses the dialect common among ragged newsboys and boot-blacks.

The regulations by which the association should be governed, according to his idea, are few and simple. As jotted down with other matters in his rough log-book, they are:

1. Members shall do whatever the president orders them.

2. No one shall be a member who drinks or gets drunk.

3. Any members not down in Dover dock, and miss one night except in sickness, shall be fined fifty cents by order of the president.

4. No cursing allowed.

Spelling is not Nan's strong point, and I have taken the liberty to arrange this according to the usual custom. Nor does he keep records in a scientific manner. Case four, in his list of rescued, sets down only "A Jew boy." Case five is "A

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red-headed boy who fell in the water, but could not find his name."

The first meeting of the association took place one pleasant day in June, 1878.

(Kelly.) *(Long.)* *(Nan.)*

THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS IN UNIFORM.

"We was a-sittin' on Dover dock," Nan says, "tellin' stories. We got talkin' about how a body was took out 'most every day, and some said two hundred was took out in a year. We 'd heered about life-savin' on the Jersey coast, too. So I says: 'Say we makes a' 'sociation of it, boys, for to go along the docks pickin' 'em up regular.' 'All right!' they says, and they nomernates me for preserdent. We thought we might as well be doin' that as loafin' on corners."

Might as well be brave and humane fellows, that is, as idle and dangerous loungers! Yes, indeed they might, and this modest way of putting it is infinitely to Nan's credit.

The pictures of the three give their appearance correctly, so I need not describe them. Nan has a rosy complexion and a serious manner. He has sold papers almost ever since he can remember. Edward Kelly is paler and slighter, and has quite a decided air of dignity. Gilbert Long is sun-

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browned, and has a merry twinkle in his eye. He looks as if likely to be the most recklessly persistent of the lot in any dangerous straits. The three boys all were born in Cherry street. Long has been a tin-smith's apprentice, and Kelly a leather-cutter.

They have with them also five unpaid volunteers who serve at night. The force is divided into three patrols.

Cherry street and its vicinity abound in tenements, sailor boarding-houses and drinking saloons. The upper part of South street is a kind of breathing-place for this squalid quarter. It is much favored by idle urchins especially, who find a hundred ways to amuse themselves among the boxes and bales. A breeze blows from the water across the edge of the dusty, coffee-colored piers, and gives a breath of fresh air.

The fish-dock and the old "dirt"-dock in Peck Slip on summer evenings are white with the figures of bathers. Often, too, even when the law was more stringent against it than now, they found means to swim in the day-time. They wrestle and tumble over one another, remain in the water for hours, swim across the swift stream to Brooklyn and back, and dive to the muddy bottom for coins thrown to them by spectators.

This was the training-school of our life-savers. Accidents were very frequent here, and the boys made many rescues without thinking much of them.

Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both the Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it might be called, is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal-boat or two to where it lies wedged in in the crowded basin. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran pattern.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove in a corner, and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "cordeen," and there is quite a social time.

But it is drawing on toward seven o'clock, and we are to make the rounds to-night. The volunteers begin to drop in. They are shy at first at finding strangers present, but soon begin to thaw out and deliver their views freely. There is Dick Harrington, who works at sail-making; Peter Hayes, a tinker; "Bony" Hayes,—Nan thinks this stands for Bonaparte or Bonanza, he is not sure which,—a porter; Thomas Cody, a printer; and Jos. Findlay, whose business is to count papers in a newspaper office.

Harrington is not beyond a boyish blush; Peter Hayes is inclined to be a little boastful; "Bony" Hayes is something of a philosopher, and claims to have seen a good deal of life while fishing for eels off the docks; Findlay enjoys the distinction

NAN'S FRONT DOOR.

of having made a specialty of frustrating suicides, and Cody, from the line of business he is in, is spoken of as pretty "edicated."

The apparatus taken along consists of boat-hooks, life-lines, an iron ladder, folding up neatly like a camp-stool, and lanterns. The life-line is a common cord, about twenty-five feet long, with a small billet of wood attached to the end to be thrown to the person in the water.

We do not have the luck to see a genuine case to-night. Up we go along the strange river front to the foot of Montgomery street, then down to the Battery, perhaps two miles in a straight line. How imposingly the vast black hulls stand up against the sky! The water clucks and chuckles to itself, as if with a secret cruel humor, under the planks on which we walk. Whoever is drifted by

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the tide in under there, where the rays of the dark lantern will not penetrate, is lost indeed.

The vicinity of the ferries is where there are the most bustling crowds, the water's edge is the most easily reached, and the principal liability to accidents exists. At Pier Two, near the South Ferry, where their station was then moored, Kelly and Long, at half-past two of a winter's morning, heard a cry. They ran out, explored, but could see nothing. Coming back, two hands were discerned projecting despairingly out of the ice-cakes. With a boat and the aid of their Newfoundland dog, Rover, they drew the man out. They found him to be a 'longshoreman, who had walked over the edge while intoxicated.

This is a very common story. The larger part of the rescued, or those assisted before they have a chance to come to harm,—for the boys make this a praiseworthy part of their occupation, too,—are of a similar sort. They are sailors searching in a dazed way for their ships, persons of low condition attempting to walk straight across the open Coenties Slip, or to the lights of Brooklyn, forgetful of the water, or others lain down to sleep on the string-pieces of the piers.

The suicides are generally intoxicated, too. Those who are not go out upon the ferry-boats, perhaps to make surer work of it. It is a strange experience to hear one of these boys tell how he found a middle-aged woman on the edge of the pier, "prayin' and lookin' up at the sky;" how she "made a bounce." and he "grabbed" her, and how he advised her, when she groaned that she had been robbed of her money and clothes and wanted to die, to "just go right home and don't bother no more about it."

NAN SAVES THREE BOYS FROM DROWNING.

These are lives so long steeped in the dregs of wretchedness as to be almost tiresome to their owners, because they are so hopeless.

Then there are the careless children, for whom there are regular seasons. Many such rescues happen in the spring when the little folk begin to

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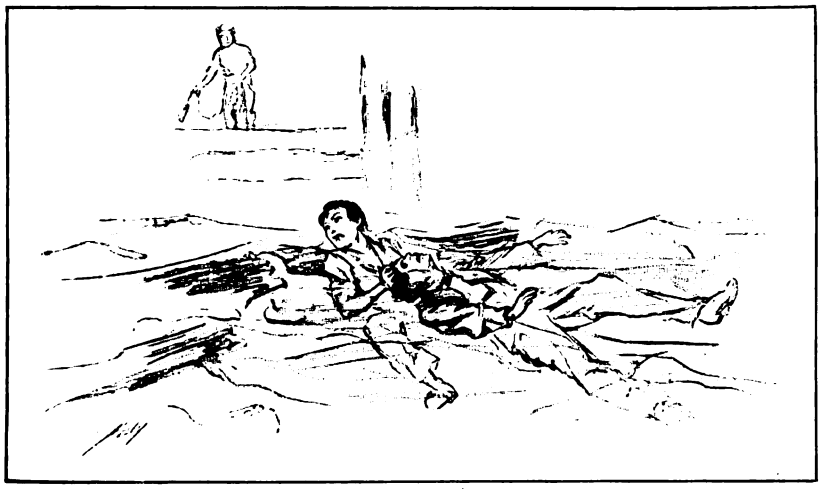
play on the loose logs and rafts in the basins with the first fine weather, but the majority occur in the summer bathing-time.

The grown people are shy of giving their names, or making any stir about their preservers, through shame at the condition they were in. The children often have a wholesome fear of further punishment at home, should they return dripping and their whereabouts at the time be known.



SAVING A MAN BY SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

Frequently some sad victim of a boy, as he might be thought, just drawn from death's door, may be seen playing gayly at tag, waiting for his clothes which are spread out to dry in the sun.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row-boat by collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

"When you drowns," he says, speaking feelingly from experience, "not a thing you ever did but it comes up in your head. Then, may be, after that, you hear a kin' o' noise like music in your ears."

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover dock, and Kelly's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.

We stop to see the shelf, turned up against the side of the shed on the Harlem pier, which was Nan's place of business in former times. He has transferred it to a cousin, thus keeping it still in the family. We talk with the watchman on a tall British bark in the India trade. Then we pick up a tramp, stowed away in a dangerous place by the Bridge-street ferry, and hand him over to the police, who receive him grumbling.

The boys are sorry that we do not have a chance to see them in the actual heat of their occupation. They offer, if we wish, to go through the form of a rescue, by having one of their own number fall in and two others get him out. We do not, of course, accept so barbarous a test of hardihood, for it is early spring and the water is icy cold. We are satisfied to hear from them their manner of doing it.

The life-line is thrown as near the sinking person as possible. Two of the patrol go into the water. One puts the line about the subject with a "half-hitch," the other helps support him to land. If he struggle and seize the rescuer so as to endanger both, the latter sinks a little, when the drowning man lets go his hold in alarm. In some cases it has been necessary to strike him, so as to render him partly insensible.

The drowning person is always to be approached from behind, turned upon his back, and drawn in by the hair, the rescuer swimming on his back also. This plan is recommended by the best authorities, and it may be well for some of our young readers to bear it in mind.

These young fellows have had the odd experience of seeing themselves and their work represented on the stage. They went to see, at one of the cheap down-town theaters, a sensational piece entitled "Nan, the Newsboy," which was acted to the satisfaction of quite a large audience.

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The boys speak of this play with great disgust. "It was the richest life-savin' I ever see," says Nan. "They had me in it, and me mother in it, and all of uz. There was a woman, and she had n't not no more than lost her baby when I steps up and says, 'Here 's yer baby, mississ.'

"Then there was river pirates and a milliner. A girl she come singin' down the docks about twelve o'clock at night. There aint no girls comes singin' around us. The river pirates they stabbed the girl and throwed her in. Then there was another one throwed in. We had all three of 'em out in five minutes. The feller what was supposed to be me was about thirty years old. The one what looked like Kelly he had a mustache."

A glance at the smooth countenance of Kelly, so innocent of any such decoration, showed this to be an error quite worthy of the vigorous way in which it was found fault with.

The account given of the way rescued persons behave after their rescue is not at all favorable. Gratitude is said to be the last thing they think of. Often there is positive abuse. If a hat be lost during the confusion, as is of course not uncommon, this trifling mishap drives everything else from their minds.

It is clear that it is not the interesting characters of the persons saved by which Nan and his mates are inspired. Nor does it seem an unusual benevolence of disposition on their part. It is a bold delight in the danger, the hardship, the skill of the thing for itself. Plenty of the same sort of ambition is perverted to the worst uses, and this makes it especially gratifying to find it so worthily employed.

Whatever may become of his experiment in the end, Nan, the Newsboy, in choosing so high and humane an aim in life, instead of drifting, as he so easily might, into the usual courses of the loafers on corners, has set a useful and noble example.

AGAMEMNON'S CAREER.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

THERE had apparently been some mistake in Agamemnon's education. He had been to a number of colleges, indeed, but he had never completed his course in any one. He had continually fallen into some difficulty with the authorities. It was singular, for he was of an inquiring mind, and had always tried to find out what would be expected of him, but had never hit upon the right thing.

Solomon John thought the trouble might be in what they called the elective system, where you were to choose what study you would take. This had always bewildered Agamemnon a good deal.

"And how was a feller to tell," Solomon John had asked, "whether he wanted to study a thing, before he tried it? It might turn out awful hard!"

Agamemnon had always been fond of reading from his childhood up. He was at his book all day long. Mrs. Peterkin had imagined he would come out a great scholar, because she could never get him away from his books.

And so it was in his colleges; he was always to be found in the library, reading and reading. But they were always the wrong books.

For instance: the class were required to prepare themselves on the Spartan war. This turned Agamemnon's attention to the Fenians, and to study the subject, he read up on "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," and some later novels of the sort, which did not help him on the subject required, and yet took up all his time, so that he found himself quite unfitted for anything else when the examinations came. In consequence, he was requested to leave.

Agamemnon always missed in his recitations, for the same reason that Elizabeth Eliza did not get on in school, because he was always asked the questions he did not know. It seemed provoking; if the professors had only asked something else! But they always hit upon the very things he had not studied up.

Mrs. Peterkin felt this was encouraging, for Agamemnon knew the things they did not know in colleges. In colleges, they were willing to take for students only those who already knew certain things. She thought Agamemnon might be a professor in a college for those students who did n't know those things.

"I suppose these professors could not have known a great deal," she added, "or they would not have asked you so many questions; they would have told you something."

Agamemnon had left another college on account of a mistake he had made with some of his class-

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mates. They had taken a great deal of trouble to bring some wood from a distant wood-pile to make a bonfire with, under one of the professors' windows. Agamemnon had felt it would be a compliment to the professor.

It was with bonfires that heroes had been greeted on their return from successful wars. In this way, beacon-lights had been kindled upon lofty heights, that had inspired mariners seeking their homes after distant adventures. As he plodded back and forward, he imagined himself some hero of antiquity. He was reading "Plutarch's Lives" with deep interest. This had been recommended at a former college, and he was now taking it up in the midst of his French course. He fancied, even, that some future Plutarch was growing up in Lynn, perhaps, who would write of this night of suffering and glorify its heroes.

For himself, he took a severe cold and suffered from chilblains, in consequence of going back and forward through the snow carrying the wood.

But the flames of the bonfire caught the blinds of the professor's room, and set fire to the building, and came near burning up the whole institution. Agamemnon regretted the result as much as his predecessor, who gave him his name, must have regretted that other bonfire on the shores of Aulis, that deprived him of a daughter.

The result for Agamemnon was that he was requested to leave, after having been in the institution but a few months.

He left another college in consequence of a misunderstanding about the hour for morning prayers. He went every day regularly at ten o'clock, but found, afterward, that he should have gone at half-past six. This hour seemed to him and to Mrs. Peterkin unseasonable, at a time of year when the sun was not up, and he would have been obliged to go to the expense of candles.

Agamemnon was always willing to try another college, wherever he could be admitted. He wanted to attain knowledge, however it might be found. But, after going to five, and leaving each before the year was out, he gave it up.

He determined to lay out the money, that would have been expended in a collegiate education, in buying an encyclopedia, the most complete that he could find, and to spend his life in studying it systematically. He would not content himself with merely reading it, but he would study into each subject as it came up, and perfect himself in that subject. By the time, then, that he had finished the encyclopedia, he should have embraced all knowledge, and have experienced much of it.

The family were much interested in this plan of making practice of every subject that came up.

He did not, of course, get on very fast in this way. In the second column of the very first page, he met with A as a note in music. This led him to the study of music. He bought a flute, and took some lessons, and attempted to accompany Elizabeth Eliza on the piano. This, of course, distracted him from his work on the encyclopedia. But he did not wish to return to A until he felt perfect in music. This required a long time.

Then in this same paragraph a reference was made; in it he was requested to "see Keys." It was necessary, then, to turn to "Keys." This was about the time the family were moving, which we have mentioned, when the difficult subject of keys came up, that suggested to him his own simple invention, and the hope of getting a patent for it. This led him astray, as inventions before have done with master minds, so that he was drawn aside from his regular study.

The family, however, were perfectly satisfied with the career Agamemnon had chosen. It would help them all in any path of life, if he should master the encyclopedia in a thorough way.

Mr. Peterkin agreed it would in the end be not so expensive as a college course, even if Agamemnon should buy all the different encyclopedias that appeared. There would be no "spreads" involved, no expenses of receiving friends at entertainments in college; he could live at home, so that it would not be necessary to fit up another room as at college. At all the times of his leaving, he had sold out favorably to other occupants.

Solomon John's destiny was more uncertain. He was looking forward to being a doctor sometime, but he had not decided whether to be allopathic or homeopathic, or whether he would not better invent his own pills. And he could not understand how to obtain his doctor's degree.

For a few weeks he acted as clerk in a druggist's store. But he could serve only in the tooth-brush and soap department, because it was found he was not familiar enough with the Latin language to compound the drugs. He agreed to spend his evenings in studying the Latin grammar, but his course was interrupted by his being dismissed for treating the little boys too frequently to soda.

The little boys were going through the schools regularly. The family had been much exercised with regard to their education. Elizabeth Eliza felt that everything should be expected of them—they ought to take advantage from the family mistakes. Every new method that came up was tried upon the little boys. They had been taught spelling by all the different systems, and were just able to read when Mr. Peterkin learned that it was now considered best that children should not be taught to read till they were ten years old.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. Perhaps if their

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books were taken from them even then, they might forget what they had learned. But no, the evil was done, the brain had received certain impressions that could not be blurred over.

This was long ago, however. The little boys had since entered the public school. They went also to a gymnasium, and a whittling school, and joined a class in music, and another in dancing; they went to some afternoon lectures for children, when there was no other school, and belonged to a walking club. Still Mr. Peterkin was dissatisfied by the slowness of their progress. He visited the schools himself, and found that they did not lead their classes. It seemed to him a great deal of time was spent in things that were not instructive, such as putting on and taking off their India rubber boots.

Elizabeth Eliza proposed that they should be taken from school and taught by Agamemnon from the encyclopedia. The rest of the family might help in the education at all hours of the day. Solomon John could take up the Latin grammar, and she could give lessons in French.

The little boys were enchanted with the plan, only they did not want to have the study-hours all the time.

Mr. Peterkin, however, had a magnificent idea, that they should make their life one grand Object Lesson. They should begin at breakfast, and study everything put upon the table,—the material of which it was made, and where it came from. In the study of the letter A, Agamemnon had embraced the study of music, and from one meal they might gain instruction enough for a day.

"We shall have the assistance," said Mr. Peterkin, "of Agamemnon with his encyclopedia."

Agamemnon modestly suggested that he had not yet got out of A, and in their first breakfast everything would therefore have to begin with A.

"That would not be impossible," said Mr. Peterkin. "There is Amanda, who will wait on table, to start with——"

"We could have 'am-and-eggs," suggested Solomon John.

Mrs. Peterkin was distressed. It was hard enough to think of anything for breakfast, and impossible if it all had to begin with one letter!

Elizabeth Eliza thought it would not be necessary. All they were to do was to ask questions, as in examination papers, and find their answers as they could. They could still apply to the encyclopedia, even if it were not in Agamemnon's alphabetical course.

Mr. Peterkin suggested a great variety. One day they would study the botany of the breakfast-table, another day its natural history. The study of butter would include that of the cow. Even that of the butter-dish would bring in geology. The little boys were charmed at the idea of learning pottery from the cream-jug, and they were promised a potter's wheel directly.

"You see, my dear," said Mr. Peterkin to his wife, "before many weeks, we shall be drinking our milk from jugs made by our children."

Elizabeth Eliza hoped for a thorough study.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "we might begin with botany. That would be near to Agamemnon alphabetically. We ought to find out the botany of butter. On what does the cow feed?"

The little boys were eager to go out and see.

"If she eats clover," said Mr. Peterkin, "we shall expect the botany of the clover."

The little boys insisted that they were to begin the next day; that very evening they should go out and study the cow.

Mrs. Peterkin sighed, and decided she would order a simple breakfast. The little boys took their note-books and pencils, and clambered upon the fence, where they seated themselves in a row.

For there were three little boys. So it was now supposed. They were always coming in or going out, and it had been difficult to count them, and nobody was very sure how many there were.

There they sat, however, on the fence, looking at the cow. She looked at them with large eyes. "She wont eat," they cried, "while we are looking at her!" So they turned about, and pretended to look into the street, and seated themselves that way, turning their heads back to see the cow.

"Now she is nibbling a clover."

"No, that is a bit of sorrel."

"It 's a whole handful of grass!"

"What kind of grass?" they exclaimed.

It was very hard, sitting with their backs to the cow, and pretending to the cow that they were looking into the street, and yet to be looking at the cow all the time, and finding out what she was eating; and the upper rail of the fence was narrow and a little sharp. It was very high, too, for some additional rails had been put on to prevent the cow from jumping into the garden or street.

Suddenly, looking out into the hazy twilight, Elizabeth Eliza saw six legs and six India rubber boots in the air, and the little boys disappeared!

"They are tossed by the cow! The little boys are tossed by the cow!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed for the window, but fainted on the way. Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza were hurrying to the door, but stopped, not knowing what to do next. Mrs. Peterkin recovered herself with a supreme effort, and sent them out to the rescue.

But what could they do? The fence had been made so high, to keep the cow out, that nobody

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could get in. The boy that did the milking had gone off with the key of the outer gate, and perhaps with the key of the shed-door. Even if that were not locked, before Agamemnon could get round by the wood-shed and cow-shed the little boys might be gored through and through!

Elizabeth Eliza ran to the neighbors, Solomon John to the druggist's for plasters, while Agamemnon made his way through the dining-room to the wood-shed and outer-shed door. Mr. Peterkin mounted the outside of the fence, while Mrs. Peterkin begged him not to put himself in danger. He climbed high enough to view the scene. He held to the corner post and reported what he saw.

They were not gored. The cow was at the other end of the lot. One of the little boys was lying in a bunch of dark leaves. He was moving.

The cow glared, but did not stir. Another little boy was pulling his India rubber boots out of the mud. The cow still looked at him. Another was feeling the top of his head. The cow began to crop the grass, still looking at him.

Agamemnon had reached, had opened, the shed-door. The little boys were next seen running toward it.

A crowd of neighbors with pitchforks had returned meanwhile with Elizabeth Eliza. Solomon John had brought four druggists. But, by the time they had reached the house, the three little boys were safe in the arms of their mother!

"This is too dangerous a form of education," she cried; "I had rather they went to school."

"No!" they bravely cried. They were still willing to try the other way.

HASTE to the party, out in the yard,
And don't forget to carry your card.
The hens are dressed in their very best,
To receive some peacocks just from the West.
Put on your gloves and take a fan,
And make the best display you can.

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BACK OF THE WATER-FALL.

(A Fish Fairy Tale.)

BY ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS.

WILLIE was eight years old and the owner of a pony,—a black pony with a long tail, and the whitest of white stars on his forehead.

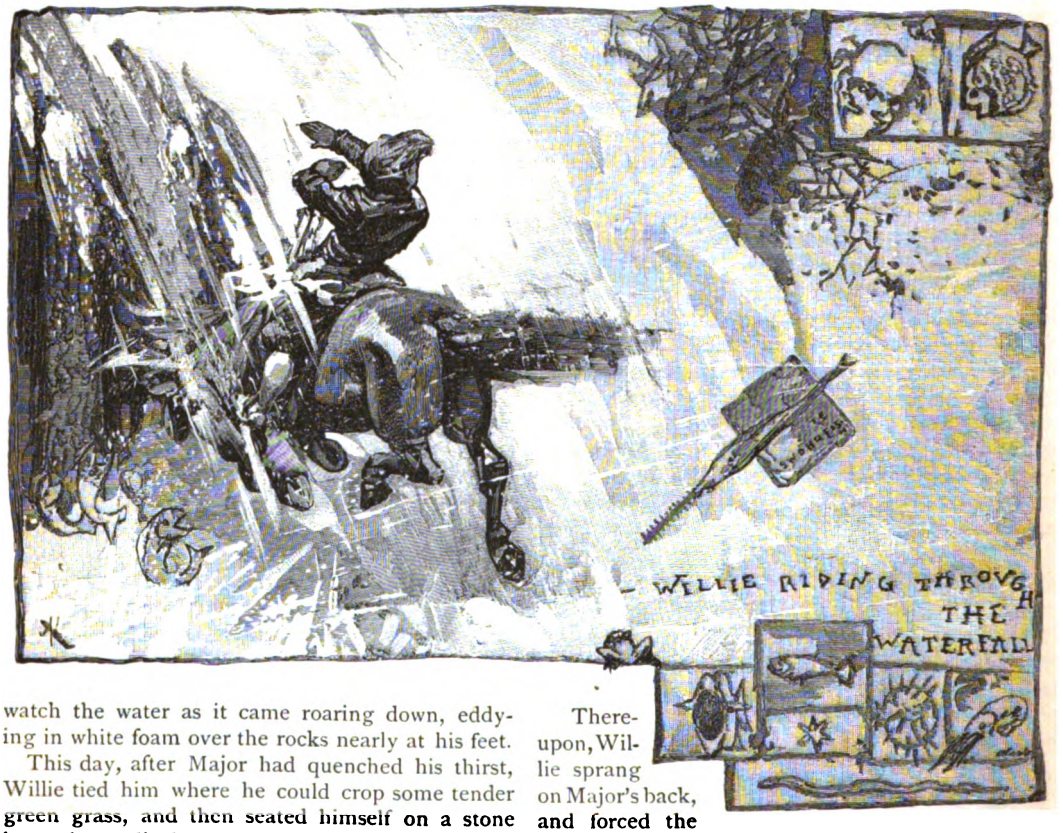
One pleasant summer day, Willie saddled the pony and started off for his usual ride to the beautiful water-fall that he so loved to look at. Here he would always stop to give Major a drink, and watch the water as it came roaring down, eddying in white foam over the rocks nearly at his feet.

This day, after Major had quenched his thirst, Willie tied him where he could crop some tender green grass, and then seated himself on a stone beneath a tall elm-tree, to watch the water as it thundered on its way.

How it did rush, and roar, and bubble, and foam! And as he watched it he began to wonder what was back of it! If he only could get through the sheet of water, and see what was on the other side! The more he thought, the more he became convinced that back of that silvery sheet was either Fairy-land or Giant-land; and that if he could get through he would see all the wonderful things he had heard of and read about.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of joy, and cried:

"Why, how stupid of me! Here is Major, who will take me through in the twinkling of an eye! Come, my beauty! don't eat any more! You shall taste sweeter grass than ever you have dreamed of, if you take me through the water-fall!"



Thereupon, Willie sprang on Major's back, and forced the pony into the water, and galloped ahead to where the white foam hissed and boiled its very worst.

"Just hear the water growl at us!" said Willie patting the pony's neck. "It tries to frighten us out of it, but we are not afraid! Here we are in the white foam, and now we go through the water-fall! Why, it 's nothing at all to do! Why did n't we ever go through before! Ho!—Now; let me see where I am!"

Major stood still at the word. The water was running off him and his master in streams, but

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neither of them seemed to mind it. Willie saw at a glance that he was in a large stone passage that echoed and re-echoed the noise of the falls behind him. At the opposite end of the passage was an arch-like opening, and toward this he urged the pony.

On arriving under the arch, he stopped short, and looked around him in wonder. He was at the entrance of a vast hall, the walls of which glistened and refracted the light in many-colored rays, to such an extent that it made his eyes ache whichever way he turned them. This brilliancy, he afterward learned, was due to the fish-scales that covered the walls.

In various attitudes upon the floor, some talking and others fanning themselves with their tails, were a great number of fishes, who appeared to have met to discuss some important subject. As soon as they discovered the presence of Willie and his pony, however, they all sprang upon their tails, spread out their fins, and looked at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"The centaur!" said one. Then "The centaur! the centaur!" was heard in every part of the hall, as the others took up the cry.

"Do you come as a friend, or as a foe?" demanded a great speckled trout, who appeared to be the leader.

"As a friend," replied Willie.

"Very good. Had you said 'foe,' I should have flooded the hall in the flap of a fin, and right soon would you have been food for us! But as you have come as a friend, perhaps you will tell us how to settle the question we were discussing when you entered?"

"First tell me," said the boy, "how you can live here? I thought fish could live only under water."

"We *are* under water; do you not hear it over our heads?"

"Very true," said Willie; "I did not think of that. Now," continued he, driving the pony into their midst, "what is the question you want me to decide?"

"We want you to tell us how to know good flies from bad flies, and good worms from bad worms."

"Oh, is that all? I should think any one could tell that."

"How?" "How?" "How?" came eagerly from the wide-open mouths of all the fishes, as they stood on their tails around him.

"By the looks of them, of course," replied he; and he seemed inclined to laugh at their ignorance, but was prevented by his astonishment at their eager tones and queer attitudes and gestures.

"No, but we can't; for the bad ones look as well as the good ones, as far as we can see."

"Well then, by the taste."

"You are no wiser than we, Centaur, or you would know that we must not even taste of the bad ones!" said the leader, angrily.

"Then how do you know they are bad?"

"We don't know, until one of us is so unfortunate as to eat a bad fly or worm, when he immediately disappears, and we never see him again. I had a narrow escape myself, once. I barely nibbled at one, and as it tasted sharp I let go of it; but a friend happened to be swimming past at the moment, and he took it before I could warn him, and I have never seen him since."

"Oh, now I know what you mean," said Willie; "you mean you get caught. All you will have to do is to notice if the flies or worms——"

"Hear! hear!" called out the fish, impatiently, for Willie had paused, without making them any wiser.

The boy had suddenly remembered how his father delighted to fish in the stream outside, and how he had said that very morning that he had invited a party of friends to fish on the morrow. How disappointed they all would be if not a fish was to be caught, as would be the result if he should warn those around him of the hooks and lines! No; he would not spoil his father's amusement; the fish must still go on taking their chances.

"Why don't you finish?" cried the great speckled trout, warmly.

"I cannot tell you," replied Willie.

"*Cannot* tell us? Why, you were just about to! You mean you *will* not," thundered the trout, starting up from his seat.

"It 's all the same," said Willie, turning the pony's head, with the intention of getting away from the angry, great-mouthed things as soon as possible; but what was his astonishment, on looking for the arch through which he had entered, to find it nowhere visible! On every side, nothing was to be seen but the dazzling, scale-covered walls! There was no opening even above, the walls letting through all the light there was.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the great speckled trout, and "Ha! ha! ha!" echoed all the others. "Fishes are not the only things that get caught; Ha! ha! ha! *Now* will you tell us how to know good flies from bad flies, and good worms from bad worms?" And he reseated himself with much dignity.

Willie began to feel uncomfortable. What if they should flood the hall, as no doubt they were capable of doing? It was closely shut everywhere, he knew. There would be no escape for him; he would surely drown.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can induce them to open the passage; if they do, I will put Major

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through the water-fall quicker than he came in. How can I tell you the difference unless you let me out into the stream where I can see?" continued he, aloud.

"Sure enough; how can he?" said two or three; and murmurs arose throughout the hall, among the rest of the fishes.

"Friends, do not be deceived!" said the great speckled trout, standing erect on his tail, and giving his fins a flap upward. "If he once gets into the stream, he can escape us. He can tell here. He was about to tell, but, for some reason, he stopped short. We must not lose this chance to learn what for years we have sought in vain to know, and what concerns the welfare of every one of us." Then turning to Willie, he continued: "Now, Centaur, we await your pleasure."

"I am not a centaur," said Willie, hotly; "I 'm a boy, and this is my horse, Major. I should think you could see that well enough."

"Don't think you can deceive us, Centaur; we are not so ignorant as not to know what a buoy is. There are many of them in the great lake above, where we came from. And as for that being a horse——! But you shall learn that we know what a horse is, too. Silence, in the hall! Is Horse-Crab here?"

At the words, a large horse-crab came rattling over the stone floor, out of a corner.

"He does n't know what you are; teach him," commanded the great speckled trout, waving one of his fins imperiously.

At that, the crab fixed his wicked little eyes on Willie's face, and, rattling up, seized Major's hind leg in his claw, for a second only; for the pony reared, and snorted, and then gave a kick that sent Horse-Crab flying against the wall with force enough to crack his shell.

"Perhaps you have another you would like to let try?" said Willie, enjoying the look of amazement visible on the faces of all the fishes.

"Where is Sword-Fish?" at length cried the speckled trout in a voice full of rage and consternation. "Why is he not on the spot to avenge poor Horse-Crab's wrongs?"

"Alas!" said a sword-fish in the crowd. "What can I do, unless you let the water in? I should be trampled to death in a minute." And he squirmed and wriggled as near to the wall as he could.

"Let the water in?" mimicked the great speckled trout, "and so lose all hopes of ever learning the secret? Not I, until nothing else can be done. Once more, Centaur, will you tell us what we want to know?"

"If I tell you, how do I know that you will let me out?" asked Willie, looking at the glistening wall, anxiously.

"I give you my word," replied the great speckled trout, "that as soon as you have told us, the passage you came through shall be opened."

But Willie noticed that, as he said the words, he nodded his head with a knowing look to the fish around him, and they returned the nod and look with every appearance of satisfaction, and exchanged pleasant whispers with each other.

"I believe he is deceiving me," thought the boy; "but I might as well tell." Then he added, aloud: "Whenever you see a fly or worm in the water, swim around and above it, to see that there is no line attached to it; if there is no line attached to it, you can eat it without fear, for it is good. Now I have answered your question. Let me out."

The fish looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then said the great speckled trout, in a low voice:

"I wonder we never thought of doing that before." Then he went on aloud and turning to Willie, "It is so simple, we surely should have thought of it by this time, if you, Centaur, had not interrupted us. So we owe you no thanks, and our dear friend, Horse-Crab, has got a broken shell by your coming. I promised to open the passage, and so I will; but I did not tell you that, at this time of day, the water rushes in and fills the hall."

At that instant, the passage opened, and a great body of water came roaring in, lifting Major from his feet, and pony and master soon were struggling in the deep, noisy flood; while the fishes came swimming around him flapping him with their tails in a most savage way. The pony plunged, struggled, sank and rose, the water roared louder still, and the fish crowded still more closely, but Major pushed gallantly through, his rider still on his back, and at last stood on the grassy bank.

"You ungrateful and deceitful creatures!" cried Willie, shouting back to the fishes. "When my father comes here to fish, I hope he will catch a lot of you; and if you wont bite at a hook, he 'll use a net."

"A net! What 's that?" asked the great trout.

"Never you mind," said Willie; "but it catches ever so many more fishes than can be taken by hooks, as you 'll soon find out. And you can't get away from it either."

"I wish we had treated him better," said the great speckled trout, as Willie rode away.

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HIS mother does not notice he is sitting on the sweep,
And as she pulls the bucket-pole, he upward takes a leap.
And deeper as she forces it into the depths below,
Still higher and still higher that astonished boy doth go.

BUT,—

This is a world of many strange surprises.
Look out, good mother, when that bucket rises!

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THE CHILD-LIFE OF GOETHE.

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

A HUNDRED and thirty years ago, in the quaint old city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, there came into the world a little baby boy, at whose christening, I think, all the fairy godmothers must have been present; for, surely, there never was a child in all the world more wondrously and variously gifted. His life was the fairy-tale of genius. And yet, if you had lived in Frankfort then, and had played with him after he grew out of babyhood, in that queer, grated room in his father's house; or studied with him up in the garden-room; or had gone with him and his sister Cornelia to visit their grandfather Textor, you would not, perhaps, have thought him very different from other bright, merry-hearted boys; for he was a good comrade, and always ready for a frolic. But older persons must have seen in this boy's rapid progress in his studies, and even in the plays he invented, some promise of that genius which afterward made him famous throughout the civilized world.

He was named Johann Wolfgang Goethe, but was usually called Wolfgang. He was born on the 28th of August, 1749. But in order that you may more clearly understand the child-life of Goethe, I must tell you something about his relatives and his surroundings. His best-loved friend was his sister Cornelia, a little younger than himself. She was his constant playmate and companion. There were other children in the family, but they died when Wolfgang and Cornelia were very small, and only these two were left to grow up together. The father was a hard, stern man. He loved his children dearly, and the chief care of his life was that they should be well taught and well trained. He took charge of their education himself, and was very proud of their progress. He taught them to be industrious, studious, brave, and self-reliant,—all very good things, and such as all children should be taught. But he forgot that children not only like to play, but ought to be allowed to play sometimes; whatever pleasures he gave them were instructive pleasures,—he did not think they would care for play just for the fun of the thing. Perhaps he had not cared much for fun and play when he was a little boy. But Wolfgang cared for it, and so did Cornelia, and fortunate was it for them that their mother understood this, and knew how to smooth over the rough places for them, without interfering with their father's authority and plans, and that she had the art of making things bright and happy for them. She was not so profoundly learned as her husband, but she was intelligent and bright, with a sweet, loving disposition, and a sunny temper. Wolfgang, who was a good deal like her in appearance and manner and disposition, never forgot, through his long life, what he owed to his admirable mother.

Besides these four, there was in the family the old grandmother,—the father's mother,—who lived

GOETHE'S MOTHER.

always in her rooms on the ground-floor of the house; a fair, thin, white-robed woman, with a gentle smile and thoughtful ways, who never made the little ones feel as if she were incommoded when they visited her, but used to make them bring their toys, and play in her pleasant room; and she invented games for their amusement.

Then there were the grandfather and grandmother Textor, their mother's father and mother, who lived in the same town in a large house with a fine old garden. This grandfather was an important man in Frankfort, and, though he was very grave, and said but little, he was kind to the children, as was also the grandmother; and they liked

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to visit these old people, and play in the beautiful garden, where they were allowed to pick as many currants and gooseberries as they liked, but were on no account to touch the peaches.

Wolfgang and Cornelia Goethe lived in a curious old house; the most rambling, irregular sort of place you can possibly imagine; the kind of home children delight in; the loveliest place for "hide-and-seek," and thrillingly suggestive of ghost stories. No two rooms opened on a level into each other. One could wander up and down steps, and get into all sorts of queer corners. The ground-floor of this house was on a level with the street, and one of its rooms was separated from the street only by a wooden frame-work, or lattice. It was, in fact, a sort of large bird-cage, which seems to us a singular room, but was common in the Frankfort houses, and a favorite place of resort. There, in the warm weather, the ladies of the family sat with their sewing and knitting; there the cook dressed her salad; there the children had their toys; and the neighbors, as they passed, would stop at the grating for a little chat. It was a bright and cheerful apartment; and, long afterward, Goethe said of it: "It gave me a fine feeling to be made so intimate with the open air."

The first glimpse we have of the little Wolfgang is in this room engaged in a piece of mischief. He was alone, of course, or the affair could not have happened; and he was then about three years old. This is the way he told the story some years after:

"A crockery fair had just been held, from which not only our kitchen had been supplied with wares for a long time to come, but a great deal of small gear had been purchased as playthings for us children. One beautiful afternoon, when everything was quiet about the house, I whiled away the time with my pots and dishes in the frame-room; and, finding that nothing more was to be got out of them, hurled one of them into the street, vastly tickled to hear the clatter it made in breaking. There were three brothers living on the opposite side of the street, who were always much diverted at my pranks. These men, the Von Ochsensteins, seeing me on this occasion relish the sport until I clapped my hands in delight, cried out to me: 'Another.' I did not withhold a kettle, and, as they made no end to their calls for more, in a little while, the whole collection—platters, pipkins, mugs, and all—were dashed to pieces on the pavement. My neighbors continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted 'More!' I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought the earthenware, which produced a still livelier spectacle in breaking; and thus I kept running back and forth fetching one vessel after another, as I could reach it from where they stood in rows on the dresser; and devoted all the ware I could drag out to similar destruction. It was too late, when some one appeared, to hinder and save. The mischief was done, and in place of a large amount of crockery there was only a ludicrous history of its loss, in which my roguish accomplices took delight to the end of their days."

Our next view of the boy is from a little account his mother has written of her method of teaching and amusing her children by inventing stories for them. She writes:

"Air, fire, earth, water, I represented under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning. As we thought of the paths which led from star to star, and that we should, perhaps, one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the princess wont marry the horrid tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the interval, think it out for himself. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the ending, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and, as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

This was when he was three and four years old. He soon learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well in German, but also in Latin. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek! He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, and

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as I said before, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.

There was an old man who kept a book-stall in a street near by the Goethe house, and here Wolfgang often used to stop, when out walking with his sister, to pore over the old and curious books, which other boys of his age would never think of reading.

I have said that the house was thrillingly suggestive of ghost stories; and, I am sorry to say that, as they grew older, Wolfgang and Cornelia read a great many such stories, and the consequence was that they became very nervous, and full of silly fears. Their father was resolved that they should overcome such fears, and made them go to bed in the dark, and sleep in a room by themselves. There they would lie, shaking with terror, poor little souls! and every sound heard in the stillness of night would seem to them a terrible noise, and cause them to start and shudder, and hide under the feather-bed covering until they could bear it no longer, and they would creep out of bed to seek refuge with some kind old servant who pitied them. But their father's watchful ears were sure to hear the little culprits, and they would be at once sent back into the dreadful darkness and loneliness again. Mamma Goethe saw how wretched and unhappy the children were under this treatment; and yet she knew that their father was right in trying to make them get rid of their fears; and so she managed to make them all happy and contented, first, by showing the children gently and kindly that there was no occasion for their fright and misery, and then by promising that every morning after they had lain quietly a whole night without allowing themselves to become frightened, they should have as many plums as they could eat. The reward was so enticing that the children tried very hard not to get frightened; and when people try very hard to do a thing they usually succeed. And, in this way, the young Goethes overcame their fear of ghosts. I ought to add that they were very little children when this happened, for, if they had been older, they would have been wiser. So, you see, a boy may be able to read in five different languages, and yet be so foolish as to believe in ghosts!

When Wolfgang was four years old, the kind grandmother made the children a Christmas present of a puppet-show, with a mimic theater, stage scenery, and performers. You may be sure this was a perpetual delight to such a bright, imaginative child as young Goethe. He invented a great variety of plays for the little puppets to act in; and it may be that this most enchanting present put into the little boy's head some of the fancies which in after years turned into the beautiful dramas and poems that all the world delights in now.

Parents, who have what are called precocious children, like to tell of the wonderfully bright speeches their little ones make. Mamma Goethe preserved a good many of her son's sayings, and I will tell you a few of them that you may see how very different they were from the "smart" speeches usually made by bright children.

In 1765, when Wolfgang was six years old, a fearful earthquake destroyed the city of Lisbon, and sixty thousand people were killed in almost an instant of time. This was a thing that everybody talked about, and Wolfgang talked about it also, and wondered how the good God could let such an awful destruction overtake so many people. The next Sunday, in church, the minister preached about it, and showed that the earthquake did not prove that God was not good and just. After the family returned home, the father asked Wolfgang what he thought of the sermon. "Why," said the child, "it may, after all, be a simpler matter than the minister thinks. God knows very well that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident."

One day his mother, looking out of the window, saw him walking in the street with other boys, and was amused at the grave and dignified manner in which he carried himself. When he came in, she asked him if he was trying to distinguish himself from his playmates. "I *begin* with this," said little Wolfgang. "Later on in life, I shall distinguish myself in far other ways."

In those days, ignorant people (and some wise ones) believed that the stars had an influence on people's lives. One day, Wolfgang asked his mother if she thought they would help him. "Why," said she, "must you have the assistance of the stars, when other people get on very well without?" To which Wolfgang replied, "I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people!"

The kind old grandmother died when Goethe was five years old; and, soon after this, his father made up his mind to rebuild the old house, which he did piecemeal, room by room, the family living in it all the while. This took a long time, and led at last to the sending away of the two children to school, for Papa Goethe found he had not time to attend to their lessons. But neither of the children liked the schools as well as the lessons at home, and they were very glad when the house was finished, and they could return to it.

But there was one thing connected with this school life that Wolfgang heartily enjoyed,—the holiday excursions he was allowed to make with his

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school-fellows. As it was his first experience in exploring his native city, these long walks in every direction made an ineffaceable impression upon him. He asked a great many questions, and made friends with the warders and custodians of public places; and everything that he saw and heard sank deeply into his mind. Frankfort is one of the most interesting old cities one can visit now, nor has it changed very much since our hero's time. It had then a high, battlemented wall, with watch-towers and great gates, built in those warlike times when people had to be always ready to defend themselves against sudden attacks from their enemies. Inside these walls was a queer collection of buildings, the houses mostly having five or six overhanging stories, the highest coming so close to its opposite neighbor that it seemed as if neither air nor sunshine could penetrate into the dark little street below. Every now and then, however, there were broad, open squares, with magnificent public buildings and pleasant gardens.

LITTLE WOLFGANG AND HIS SISTER AT THE BOOK-STALL.

Sometimes, the boys would stroll across the massive stone bridge which spans the river Main with its graceful arches, and, leaning over the parapet, they would gaze up and down the beautiful river, and feel particularly pleased when the golden cock on the bridge-cross would glisten in the sunshine. Over the river was the great market, which was always a delightful place to explore, with its booths full of curious or useful wares, and the green-grocers' stalls with heaps of fruit and vegetables. But Wolfgang carefully avoided the butchers' booths; he did not like the sights or the odors there. All his life he avoided disagreeable things. His craving was for the beautiful, and poetic, and happy things in life. When he was a very small child, he carried this so far that he would not play with a child unless it was pretty.

The boys thought it fine fun to get lost among the crooked little streets about the market, or in the crowd always collected about St. Bartholomew's Church. In this dingy quarter, stood the remains of the old castle, where, long ago, dwelt Charlemagne; and this place, Wolfgang never passed without a sensation of reverent awe. Once or twice a year, the boys would take their favorite walk,—quite too long to be thought of for every day. They would make the circuit of the city walls, having previously coaxed the warders of the towers to lend them the keys of the various postern gates. Sometimes, the boys would mount high enough to see right down into the heart of the city, with its buildings and pleasure-grounds, and the large gardens of the wealthy, patched in, here and there, with the kitchen-gardens of the poorer classes.

The boys also liked to visit the famous "Jews' Quarter," and the Council House where, in old times, the German emperors were crowned.

All these sights and the histories connected with the different parts of the city fired Wolfgang's active imagination, and he was never tired of inventing stories about the various places they visited, and the boys were never tired of listening. He always represented himself as the hero of the adventures he related; and so vivid and real did he make them seem that, sometimes, the boys were disposed to believe that the marvelous encounters

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with giants and dwarf-men, etc., had actually occurred. This was especially the case with those stories that were such favorites with his young hearers that he had to relate them again and again.

THE YOUTH GOETHE SKATING.

At last, he went back to the fine new house with Cornelia, whom he liked for a companion much better than the school-boys. His love for her was passionate. She was bright, lively and sweet-tempered, and was interested in all that interested her brother. Their father was again their teacher, and their favorite place for study was the garden-room, as they called it, because it overlooked a spacious garden belonging to a neighbor. Here they both made quick progress in their studies; but these were somewhat interfered with by the occupation of Frankfort by the French troops. There was a war at that time between Germany and France, and for two or three years the French had possession of the old town where the Goethes lived. A French Count was placed in their house, —billeted on them, as soldiers say,—and, though Wolfgang was angry with the French for thus invading his country, he very much liked this Count, who took a fancy to the boy, and had him with him a great deal. The Count was a patron of artists, and bought a great many pictures, and from him Goethe obtained his first knowledge of art. This Frenchman introduced the boy to other French people, and Wolfgang thus learned the language perfectly. He also learned some other things, as the following anecdote will show: He became quite intimate with a French boy, Derones, who pretended to have been engaged in a great many duels,—"affairs of honor" he called them. One day, he told Wolfgang that he had insulted him, and at once challenged him to a duel. Wolfgang had heard Derones talk so much about these "affairs," that he was eager to engage in one. So, you can imagine Wolfgang, aged twelve, arrayed in a boy's dress of that day, with shoes and silver buckles, fine woolen stockings, dark serge breeches, green coat with gold facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth cut out of his father's wedding waistcoat, his hair curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little sword with silk sword-knot. He stood opposite Derones, swords clashed, and the thrusts came quick upon each other; when, finally, Derones managed to get the point of his weapon into Wolfgang's sword-knot, and that ended the combat. Then the two boys embraced each other, and retired to a restaurant to refresh themselves with a glass of almond milk.

When Wolfgang was in his thirteenth year, the French left Frankfort; and then studies were resumed in double earnest from having been partly interrupted. Wolfgang added Hebrew and English to the languages he had already learned; he studied mathematics, and science, and grammar, and geography; read history, and wrote stories and poems. He learned music and drawing, and, in fact, he learned something about everything that came in his way, for what his masters did not teach him, he taught himself.

There was one task his father set him and Cornelia to do, which they both heartily despised; and that was to take care of a room full of silk-worms which he was trying to raise, that they might spin their silk cocoons. The children had to feed and attend these worms after study-hours, while the weather was bright and warm, and they longed so much to be out-of-doors. And after all, the ungrateful silk-worms died in great numbers, and the dead creatures had to be picked out and thrown away.

About this time occurred an amusing incident, which came near being serious for Papa Goethe. There was in Germany then a young poet, named Klopstock, who wrote a poem called "The Messiah." It became famous throughout the country, and everybody read it and talked about it. Papa Goethe read a little of the poem, and then

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he said it was good for nothing, because it was written in blank verse, and he would not allow his children to read such stuff. But some friend smuggled the book into the house, and the children were in raptures over it. They not only read and reread the poem until they knew a great deal of it by heart, but they would declaim passages to each other. Now, one Saturday, about twilight, the barber came, as usual, to shave Papa Goethe. This was done in the sitting-room, and the children were there behind the large porcelain stove, and no one noticed them. In low tones they declaimed to each other their favorite dialogue from "The Messiah" while the barber lathered their father's face. Cornelia, becoming excited with her part in the dialogue, forgot where she was, and cried out in loud tones:

"Help me I implore thee! And even if thou shouldst demand it,
Monster, I pray thee! Abandoned One, blackest of sinners,
Help me! I suffer retributive pains as of death everlasting.
With the fiercest and grimmest of hate I would hate thee beforetime,
I am powerless even for that! This is deep, unapproachable anguish——"

Soon, seizing her brother's arm, she fairly shrieked:

"Oh! how I am tortured——"

The poor barber, who knew nothing of Klopstock's "Messiah," and believed some creature to be wailing in mortal agony, was frightened nearly out of his wits; and poured the whole basin of lather down the ruffled shirt-front of Papa Goethe! Then there was an uproar. The small offenders were drawn out from the shelter of the friendly stove, and Cornelia was asked, in an awful voice, what she thought would have happened on account of her bad behavior if the barber had had a razor in his hand instead of a basin of lather. Cornelia was very sorry, and greatly shocked, and confessed the reading of "The Messiah." This made the matter still worse; but, fortunately, Papa Goethe found so much fault with the poem that he had not much breath left to scold the children, and contented himself with insisting that the book should be sent out of the house.

All that has been told here gives but a brief glimpse of the wonderful child, Johann Wolfgang Goethe. He entered college at Leipsic when he was sixteen years old, and then Goethe's child-life may be considered closed.

But the whole story of his after life is deeply interesting. It seemed as if he had only to attempt a thing to excel in it. He was distinguished in athletic sports and college pleasures, and was considered one of the most graceful skaters in Germany. He was beautiful in appearance, a favorite in society, brilliant in conversation, a good friend, loving and lovable, a great student, and an original thinker.

After he became a man, he settled at Weimar, and the fact that that little city was his home has made it famous. There he lived a many-sided

GOETHE IN MANHOOD.

life,—for he was a profound thinker, a philanthropist, a statesman, a dramatist, a story writer, a poet and a man of society.

His was indeed a marvelous life. He ended it at Weimar, at the age of eighty-three, with an intellect still clear and active, honored and beloved by all, and travelers now make pilgrimages to the former home of Goethe.

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HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

SOMEBODY woke up one morning in a little round white chamber.

"I must open a window somehow," said the little body. "I shall stifle here." So he pecked and picked at his chamber till he made a hole right through the solid wall.

It was so wonderful outside of the tiny house, that the small body with the sharp bill wanted to get out altogether, and he worked away at his chamber wall, until at last he walked out, a real, live chicken.

But there was trouble in store for little Happy-go-Lucky,—for that was the name his owner gave him, because he seemed so jolly, and cheerful and able to look after himself. He wandered off into a meadow where a whole flock of his cousins and aunts and uncles were busy catching grasshoppers. Pretty soon there came up a shower. The cousins and aunts and uncles ran pell-mell into the barn for shelter; but poor little Happy did n't know the way. His feet got tangled in the high grass, and he sank down worn out. He had strength enough to say "Peep! Peep!" in a faint, lonesome way; and it was lucky he had; for a boy who was passing through the meadow heard him, and picked him up, and carried him home.

Then a kind little girl took him, wrapped him in flannel, and laid him in the open oven to dry. There was but a speck of fire in the stove, and the oven was not hot at all.

He soon felt very dry and warm and began to revive, and look about him, but in a few minutes the servant came along and shut the oven door. Then she built up a fire, for she was going to get dinner. The oven grew hotter and hotter. Poor Happy! He seemed to himself to be dying. And, indeed, he came pretty near it; but just at the last gasp somebody opened the oven to put in raised biscuits. Then Happy-go-Lucky was saved.

Out-of-doors, in the sunshine, he began to enjoy life again. But alas! one day a hawk swooped down suddenly, caught our unfortunate little chicken, and flew away at his ease. That was the end of him, you will suppose. Not at all. That chicken was like some people, born to get into scrapes. The hawk did not have a very good hold, or something else was the matter, for, while yet high up in the air, he dropped Happy-go-Lucky into a farm-yard, not far from his old home, and there he grew up, had no more troubles, and lived to a good old age.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

WHERE are you all, this glorious holiday weather, my dears? On the mountains, by the sea, scattered up and down the land in pleasant breezy places, I suppose, with nothing to do, and a delightful plenty of time in which to do it. How I should like to take a peep at each one of you!

Well, wherever you are, remember your Jack in his quiet shady nook; remember, too, that he wishes you all the joy you can get and give in this joyful summer world.

Now, what shall we talk about first? Something with a hint of windy coolness in it—eh? Well, then, here 's a bit of news about

A TRUE "AIR-LINE" DISPATCH.

STEAM, electricity, girls, boys, and ever so many other creatures,—not to mention your Jack's particular friends, the birds,—carry the messages of the busy world from one part to another; and men have found out how to make even the air their news carrier.

I don't mean in any of the old ways, by bugles, and whistles, and fog-horns, nor by the new methods of air-telegraphs and speaking-tubes; but,——well, here is what I am told about it:

Messages are written upon bits of paper, and these are put into a little box. The box is round, and covered with stuff called felt, so that it may fit snugly into a long air-tight tube. The box being in, a strong blast of air is turned on, and away goes the box, blown to the other end of the tube, where it strikes a bell, letting a clerk know it has arrived. To get it back to the sending office, the air is pumped away from behind, and the box is then carried on by other air which rushes in to fill the empty space.

In New York, the "pneumatic" tubes, as they are called,—from a Greek word meaning "to blow,"—are not very long ones; but in London, England, the Post-Office has in use a tube nearly two miles in length, besides others not quite so long.

A LONG WINTER JOURNEY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to tell you a story about a stork. It was in a newspaper, and I do not remember it all, but only this much: In Hungary there was a man who had two storks that nested upon the roof of his house. Every winter they went away, and one year two storks would come, but the man was not sure if they were the same that had left the year before. So, one winter, he put round the neck of one of the storks an iron collar marked with his own name and address. When warm weather came again, back also came the storks, and one of them still wore the iron collar, and also a golden one, on which was marked the sentence, "Ex India Colonia cum ciconia hoc donum mitto." This is Latin, and Pa says it means, "From Colonial India, with the stork, I send this gift." So, you see, the stork must have made a long journey between his two homes,—one in Hungary, the other in Hindustan.—Yours truly, M. W. F.

THE CHESTNUT-TREE OF THE HUNDRED HORSES.

TRAVELERS say that people in Sicily tell of an old-time hollow tree called "The Chestnut-tree of the Hundred Horses," because it could hold a hundred horses together within its trunk!

That must have been "once upon a time," I should think; but I 've heard of a man who actually saw, near Palermo, a tree measuring about twenty-five feet in diameter, and arching over the public road-way which passes through its trunk.

Speaking of Sicily puts me in mind of this

ICE-QUARRY ON A VOLCANO.

MOUNT ETNA, on the island of Sicily, is so lofty that you can see from it in every direction across a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles. Its peaks are always covered with snow, and in the high clefts and grottoes, the snow collects and turns to ice, which is a great blessing to dwellers on the hot plains below.

One summer, about twenty years ago, as I 've been told, when the whole country was parched with the great heat, some ice-hunters had the good luck to find a vast quantity of ice near the top of the volcano. The discovery sent a chill of delight down the back-bones of all the people.

The ice was overlaid by a thick bed of lava, and had to be quarried out. But the queerest thing about it was, that it had escaped being melted when, years and years before, the lava was yet boiling hot and was flowing over it. However, after a while, a man named Lyell came along, and he explained matters, showing that, when the lava came, the ice already was snugly covered with a blanket of volcanic dust and ashes, which prevented the heat from striking through.

That was a good enough plan for keeping ice cool, no doubt, but your Jack would n't advise you to roll yourselves up in blankets for a similar purpose,—at least, not in this weather.

WHY NOT GORSE?

Boston, Mass.

DEAR MR. JACK: You asked us in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS if we could tell "Why a certain hairy, greenish, brownish, red fruit is called the gooseberry," and I think I have found the right answer. You know the gooseberry bush is very thorny or prickly, and *my* little schoolma'am says that probably the fruit was once called gorse berry or prickly berry, as gorse originally meant prickly. The gorse itself is a prickly shrub. I looked in Worcester's big dictionary, and there it quotes some one who says that perhaps the right name is gorseberry, but that English gardeners claim that the

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name originated from its gross or thick skin. At any rate, it is plain that the goose has nothing to do with it. I found something about the strawberry, too, in the same dictionary, but it did n't interest me particularly. It seemed to me rather far-fetched.

Your constant reader and friend,

MINNIE C. B.

Answers came also from A. H.—Ninon Moore—Frances E. Northup—M. V. K.—Dorcas L.

Ninon thinks "gooseberry" comes from the Swedish word "krusbär" or "crossberry," from the triple spine on the bush, and which sometimes is in the form of a cross; and A. H. suggests that "strawberry" comes from an old custom of putting straw under the ripening berries to protect them from the earth.

B. P. sends no answer of her own, but forwards a copy of a letter written about fifty years ago, by Thomas Hood, to the "London Horticultural Society," a company of gentlemen engaged in the study of how best to cultivate garden plants. Some of the members were friends of Hood, and they all enjoyed the joke. Here is his letter:

"SIR: I partickly wish the satiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it mite be made transaxtionable in the next Reports.

"My wife had a Tomb cat that dyed. Being a tortuse shell and a grate faverite, we had him berried in the guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the soil, I had the carcase deposited under the roots of a gooseberry bush; the fruite up till then being of the smooth kind; but the next season's frute after the cat was berried, the gooseberries was all hairy, and, more remarkable, the catpilars of the same bush was all of the same hairy discription.

"Your humble servant, THOMAS FROST."

LAND-FLOWERS AND WATER-FLOWERS.

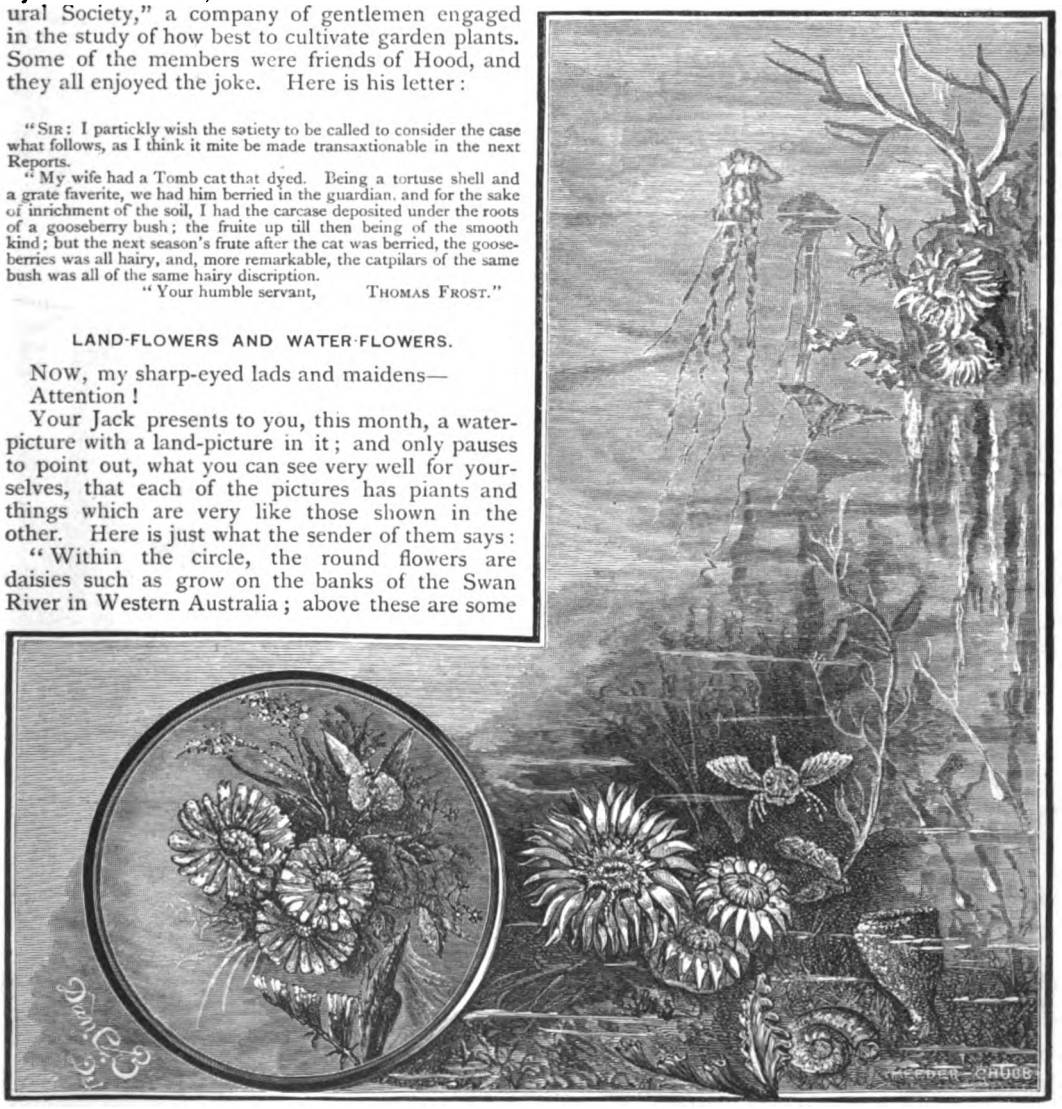
Now, my sharp-eyed lads and maidens—Attention!

Your Jack presents to you, this month, a water-picture with a land-picture in it; and only pauses to point out, what you can see very well for yourselves, that each of the pictures has plants and things which are very like those shown in the other. Here is just what the sender of them says:

"Within the circle, the round flowers are daisies such as grow on the banks of the Swan River in Western Australia; above these are some pretty grasses, and a butterfly, while below them the Marsh Rosemary sends up a spray of blossoms and a spreading leaf.

"In the other picture, at the bottom, is a Green Sea-Lettuce; and above that, a little to the left, two anemones are cuddling close together, while a large one, called a Gem Pimplet, is spreading out his leafy arms beside them. The butterfly-like creature, floating near, is really an oddly shaped fish, and a little higher up is what seems to be a bird, but is a Cow-nosed Skate (like those pictured in the June number). At the top, in the middle, are some many-armed living things with the light shining through them; and coral of various forms gleams and branches out near by."

I wonder how many of my youngsters have water-gardens—"aquaria" of their own?



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YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

SOME OF MY NEIGHBORS.
(Drawn by a young contributor.)

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THE LETTER-BOX.

On page 676, there are four more of Mr. Hopkins's "Un-Natural History" pictures, which may require some explanation.

Catching "Prickly-plum Diggers" with the naked hand is a practice that is not likely to become a habit with ordinary boys and girls. Even eagles and hawks would be apt to respect this quiet little bird, although they might not be able to read the notice on the sign-board on which he is perched. He looks as if he felt quite safe.

The legs of the common stork or crane are long enough to allow him to wade about in shallow water and catch fish, but the "Stilted scythrops" is a wiser bird than the rest of his kind. By strapping a pair of stilts to his legs he can not only keep his feet dry, but he can wade into moderately deep water where there are plenty of fish, and, as he wears spectacles, he can see them, even if they go down to the very bottom. There are few creatures more unnatural and unknown than this bird.

There are a good many methods of catching crabs, but the "Ansinum Scoopiana" has a fashion of his own, which is more expeditious, perhaps, than any other. He just dives down into the water and scoops up a crab in a net which is attached to the lower half of his bill. When he shuts his bill there is only one way out of that net, and that is down Mr. Scoopiana's throat.

The "North-American Blunderbore" has a natural relative, a good deal smaller than himself, who is well known to most of us. This smaller fellow does not carry a patent auger, with which to bore into our bodies, but he makes painful punctures, for all that. But what should we do if this "Blundering Buzz-fuzz" made his way through our mosquito-bars?

These un-natural creatures are quite curious, but, after all, we ought to be glad that none of them exist.

Beaufort, S. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl nine years old, and I go to school every day. We have recess; but it is very warm weather, and so we cannot play as many games as when it was cool. Could you please ask your other readers to tell me through the "Letter-Box" of some quiet games?—From yours truly, Mamie E. W.

Cressbrook.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to tell you about my Happy Family, and I think you will say I have nice pets when I tell you they (that is, my dogs, cat, and chickens) eat from the same plate and at the same time, too. May be it is because they are named after noted persons. The dogs' names are General Grant and Dom Pedro; the chickens, Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, and last, though not least, I call my cat Queen Victoria.

Hoping you will find a small corner for my letter, I remain your friend and admirer, Alice Bennett.

Dear St. Nicholas: I thought you would like to know about Money Island. It is one of the Thimble Islands, a little way out in New Haven Bay.

I visited the island last summer, and went bathing, swimming and boating. There is a large rock whose sides are nearly straight. In this, Captain Kidd's money is supposed to be hidden. I climbed to the top and found several large stones which made nice seats. The tracks of Captain Kidd's wheelbarrow pass near the little cottage owned by a friend.

On Pot Island, just opposite, is a large stone with a deep hole in it, called "Captain Kidd's Punch-bowl."

I am ten years old.—Yours truly, Gertie Fyler.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Please tell the Little Schoolma'am I have seen a big copy of the world, four feet in diameter. All the land parts are colored yellow, and are of wax modeled in correct shape, and raised to a proper height above the sea-level. The oceans, seas and rivers are blue, and the snow-peaks, icebergs and floating ice are white. There is, also, a line to mark the place where ship-masters make allowance for an extra day so as to keep their log-books correct.

One good thing about this big globe is, that it shows all the latest geographical discoveries, especially along the coast of Northern Siberia, where Nordenskjold, on the voyage from which he returned a few months ago, found he could sail his ship over places marked on old maps as five hundred miles inland, and had to go hundreds of miles around promontories where the maps said there was deep sea.

It must be just fun to learn geography with a globe like that, and I wish our school had one; but there is only one, and that is in New York. They say it is the biggest globe in all the world, and I should think it might well be.—Yours truly, R. M. T.

What young student of history can answer the following question:

New York City.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell me why so many people who are mentioned in ancient history never seem to have any last name?—Your constant reader, M. H.

The following little poem is by Daisy Reed, a little girl living in Wisconsin:

The Fairies.

What see you in the night-time,
When the sun has gone to bed?
You see the little fairies
In their coats of green and red.

What hear you in the night-time,
When gone are dust and heat?
You hear the fairy-music,
And pattering little feet.

What feel you in the night-time,
When all the world 's asleep?
You feel small fairy-fingers
Over your eyelids creep.

What smell you in the night-time,
When every thing is still?
You smell sweet fairy perfumes
Of rose and daffodil.

Thus see you, smell you, feel you,
And hear you in the night,
When all the fairies are abroad,
And the moon is shining bright.

My Dear St. Nicholas: I live in the town where John Brown was born, the town of Torrington, Conn. We have to go up some pretty steep hills to reach the house. A friend and I went up there last spring after arbutus, and stopped at the house for a glass of water. Strangers sometimes carry away splinters of the wood from the old building, but it has been repaired several times, so that they are not always sure of getting part of the original building.

I am thirteen years old.—Your attentive reader, J. H.

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: We send a riddle which we should like to see in the magazine.

Carrie B. Gove, and Gertrude M. Gove.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet;
Another you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Answer,—the vowels: "a, e, i, o, u."

Perhaps the "Letter-Box" readers have seen something like the above riddle before, but it is good enough to bear renewed acquaintance. It calls to mind a cleverly made verse written years ago by a young girl, and which contained every letter in the English alphabet. Some of our young correspondents may like to try their skill in the same way. If so, let them make the verse rhyme, keep it as short as possible, and send it to the "Letter-Box" by August 20. The best verse will be printed in the October number.

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear St. Nicholas: In the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for June, 1879, I read a description of the town of San Antonio, Texas, under the title of "Beggars that Ride." Will you please let me give you a description of my town as it is at the present time?

Most of the "old, thick-walled, low houses, with earthen floors and

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flat roofs" have been torn down, and replaced by substantial stone store-buildings or by fine dwelling-houses.

Most of the streets are wide, and nearly all are paved, but some are very crooked, narrow and winding, and there are still a few old houses with grass growing on their roofs.

Now and then you see a beggar, but there is now only one I know of who rides a donkey; he is a very poor, weak old Mexican. Most of what we now call beggars are the tramps who beg from house to house.

San Antonio has a railroad now, and expects to have another soon; it has four banks, four public schools, several factories, and a system of water-works; it also has street-cars, and a gas-house, and it contains now about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

Please print this so as not to give a wrong idea of San Antonio, and oblige, Yours respectfully, MAX U.

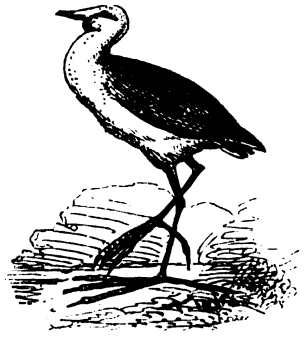
ONE of the most welcome letters we have received this month is the following sober communication from Johnny C. B., who says:

"I am fourteen and live in Florida. I have two brothers and one sister, and we 've all been very much interested lately in an article we read in a newspaper about the Arctic regions. What interested us most of all was a splendid description of the icebergs. Only we could n't believe they were so big as the paper said they were. Papa said he supposed the account was true, but he was very much surprised, too, to hear that icebergs were such tremendous affairs. Here is what it said about them. Do you think they really are so big?"

The height of the icebergs often amounts to 1,000 feet. Many of them are formed high in Baffin's Bay, float to the south and are carried in such quantities upon the coast of Greenland by the strong south-western currents, that they frequently crowd together so as to form a solid barrier between this coast and Iceland. Through the whole summer they lie on the southern coast around Cape Farewell, and on the western coast as far as 62 degrees and sometimes 66 degrees. In September and October they disappear, but in January they return again. In Disco Bay icebergs have been measured, which stood 300 fathoms deep in the water, and were therefore more than 2,000 feet in height. On the eastern coast, many measure from 120 to 150 feet above the surface of the water, and since only the seventh or eighth part is visible, the full height cannot be less than 1,000 feet. They are frequently a mile in circumference, and contain from 1,000 to 1,500 millions of cubic feet, weighing from 40 to 50 millions of tons. While they thus float, slowly dissolving into the ocean, they often assume the most wonderful forms: they resemble palaces, cathedrals and old fortresses, with gate-ways, windows and towers, all built of spotless marble and shining in the sun like silver. Sometimes they resemble ships, trees or beasts, or, parting the light with their cubic splinters, cover themselves with prismatic glories.

Well, Johnny, we think you can safely rely upon the truth of the above account, and, judging from the "splendid description," we know of few wonders more pleasant to contemplate just now than these giant icebergs. So, thanks for your letter, as we feel sure all our young readers will—like your own household,—be "interested" in reading, and thinking over, the extract you sent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" told us in the May number about Mother Carey's Chickens reminds me of the



Jacana, a queer-looking tropical bird, found in Asia, Africa, and South America. It walks on floating plants at the surface of the water. Its toes are so long and spread out so wide that it can do this easily.

I send you a rough outline-portrait of the Jacana, and remain, yours truly, R. D. SMYTHE.

BE YOUR OWN CARPENTER.

GIRLS, do any of you know how to drive a nail without splitting the board?

"I don't know," you say; "I never tried!"

Well, then, get yourselves a saw, a hammer, nails, screws, gimlet and screw-driver; practice sawing, and learn the correct way to drive a nail, and there will be many a little thing you can make without being under any obligation to the carpenter. Nobody seems to think it worth while to tell girls how to knock a nail, and the male sex generally enjoy a quiet smile, if not a loud laugh, when the unfortunate Miss hammers *her* nail instead of the metal one, and splits her lath just as she has her frame nearly completed.

One summer we wanted to go fishing for black-fish. We must have bait. The bait is "fiddlers" (small crabs). They are rather difficult to procure, but we did secure more than we needed for one day's use. How should we keep them alive? Then my little practice with saw and hammer served me a good purpose.

"I 'll make a fish-car for them." And straightway I selected from the pieces of lumber piled up in the shed two pieces about eight inches square; sawed sixteen pieces of lath (about a foot long) and nailed them around my eight-inch pieces of board, leaving ¼-inch spaces between the laths. Of course I made a door of two of the laths, hinges of a piece of old India rubber shoe, and a button of a

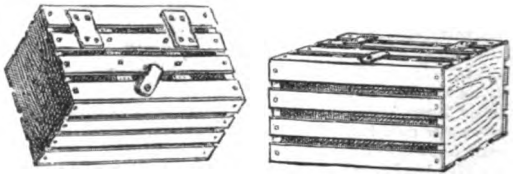


Fig. 1.

piece of lath and a screw (Fig. 1). We put the "fiddlers" into the car, and the car into the salt water, where they were kept well and happy until we wanted to use them.

But in making this car I should have cracked my laths all to pieces if I had not learned how to place the nail.

Look at the point, and place it just the way you think it ought not to go. The point is broad one way, and narrow the other; put the

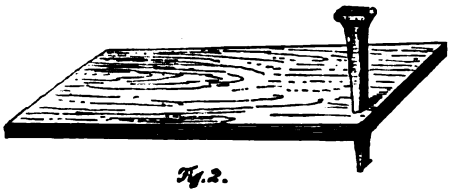


Fig. 2.

broad way across the grain of the wood (see Fig. 2), otherwise the nail forms a wedge and splits your lath.

You may generally observe faint lines running across the head of a nail (even in tacks); these lines run with the grain of the wood, when the nail has been properly driven.

Now don't forget these hints when you attempt to drive a nail.

AUNT SUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to you to know whether some of your young readers can solve the following puzzle:

Curtail and behead a town in France,
Composed of letters five,
And your mother you will then disclose,
As sure as you 're alive.

The town is Revel, in Upper Garonne; curtailing and beheading it gives us Eve, the mother of us all.—Yours truly,

MIFFLIN B. BRADY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from "Clover Leaf," who answered all the puzzles correctly; and from Mabel K. Jenks and brother—Netta Van Antwerp—Charles N. Cogswell—Jennie S. Ward—Punch—L. Farrington—E. M. B.—Reta Shippen McIlvaine—Daisy B. Hodgsdon—J. Maurice Thompson—D. W. Roberts—Ned and Henry W. Blake—A. W. Stockett—W. C. Kent, jr.—Sophie C. McCarter—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—J. Howard Weeke—Hebe—Twillie Mitchell—Hallie and L. M. Berkeley—M. E. T.—Neils E. Hansen—Bertha Newsome—Vee Cornwell—Kenneth Emerson—Bessie Lea Hunt—W. M. K.—Aunt Carrie—X. Y. Z.—Dottie Dimple and her sister—Ida Cohn—Kitty C. Atwater—Bella Wehl—Florence L. Turrill—Hard and Tough—O. C. Turner.

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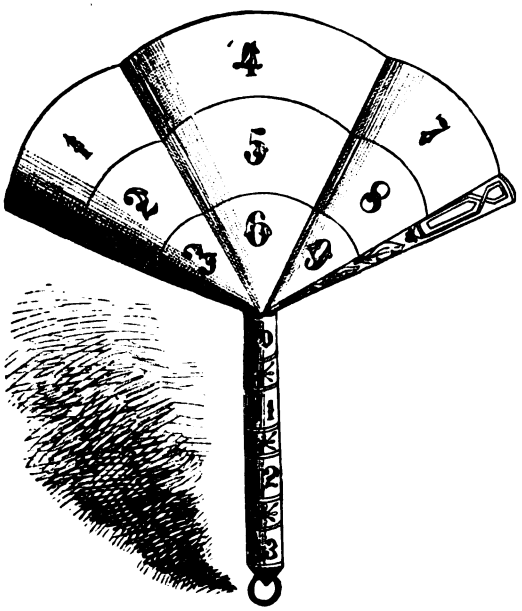
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A PUZZLING FAN.



THE fan is in four parts,—the handle and three vanes. The numerals in the divisions of these parts stand for certain alphabetic letters, and the problem is, to find what those letters are, with the help of the following clues:

The 5, 9, 2, 1 signifies position. The 4, 6, 7, 3, 8 signifies pertaining to the foundation. The 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 12, 13 is mean wickedness. The 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 is courage. The 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 is bondage. The 10, 11, 12, 13 is an adjective formerly used as an adverb. O'B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I. LET the 1, 2, 3 4, 5 at once with its 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; there is scarcely time for it to reach the wharf. II. Go to the ball and, 1, 2 3, 4, 5 o'clock, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 with whoever may be in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. III. Lovers of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 will doubtless make a strong,—if not a 5, 6, 7, 8—1, 2, 3, 4, in favor of theatrical amusements. L. H. W.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. ONE of the Territories of western North America. 2. A great river in Hindustan. 3. A trading city of China. 4. The capital of a German duchy. 5. A seaboard city of Yorkshire, England, noted for a peculiar kind of jewelry stone which it exports. 6. A river near Zulu-land. The letters of the diagonal, which run downward from left to right, spell the name of a river of Europe. DYCIE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A WISE Greek general, mentioned in Homer, and known as "the horse-tamer." 2. The mother of that Timothy who was said to have known the Scriptures from a child. 3. Birds with long, slender bills. 4. To take intoxicating drinks in excess. 5. An animal of the cat kind, found in Mexico. 6. Puts back into place. F. B.

ANAGRAMS.

IN each of the following examples, the words immediately succeeding the numeral are an anagram upon another word, the meaning of which is given after the dash. By re-arranging the letters of the anagram, the other word will be found.

1. One pig —— a common bird. 2. Two shiners —— the quality of being meritorious. 3. Three ants —— announces revenge. 4. Four calls —— consisting of many little flowers growing close together. 5. Five slats —— good times. 6. Six ore pens —— remark. 7. Seven acres —— divisions, or sunderings. 8. Eight red ants —— made to fall in one right line. 9. Nine casts —— continuous. 10. Ten angels —— throws into confusion. W.

HISTORICAL ENIGMAS.

I. ON August 3, A. D. 1492, he of whom my whole is one of the names led away an important expedition. I contain eight letters. My 1, 2, 6 is a horse. My 9, 3, 4, 5 is a mean back street. My 8 sounds like the name of a tough timber-tree.

II. On August 7, B. C. 480, I became famous. Translated, I am "Hot Gate"; and I have ten letters. My 1, 4, 8 is a remark meant to be encouraging to beginners. My 2, 3, 5, 7 is made into ropes. My 9, 6 calls attention. My 10 is one-fifth of Cæsar.

III. On August 15, A. D. 1771, was born the writer whose name I am. I contain fourteen letters and three words. My 1, 4, 2, 3, 6 is an eddy. My 11, 9, 5, 7, 8, 10 is the plural form of the name of a kind of packing-case. My 13, 12, 14 is a toddling baby.

INVERTED DIAMOND.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . .
. .
.

ACROSS: 1. Wavered through fear. 2. Ranted. 3. A boy's nick-name. 4. In error.

Down: 1. In ace. 2. A conjunction. 3. Open hostility. 4. Always. 5. A color. 6. A boy's nick-name. 7. In bed. C. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first can be found in tipple,
My second in every plan.
My third is part of a ripple;
My fourth is in Englishman.
My fifth you can see in a sink.
My sixth is in every town;
My seventh, in each drop of ink,
And my eighth in every noun.
My ninth is one-fourth of game.
And now—I 'm most done with my rhyme—
My whole is a country of fame.
Guess what it is when you 've time. H.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

DESCRIBE this picture in five words spelled from the letters of the following sentence: I ate a big peony. T.

CONCEALMENTS.

IN each of the following sentences find concealed the name of some mythological goddess, or of some woman distinguished in history:

1. The history of Joseph in Egypt cannot but be read with interest. 2. "Uncle Tom," said Nelly, one wet evening, "do enliven us with a tale of your travels." 3. O why did old Anchises' son forsake the queen who loved him, and wed in Italy the daughter of Latinus? 4. Canadian and Australian people though far apart are under one ruler. 5. We awaited in silence the honored Senator's reply. What said he? "Cuba, from her position, is an island of peculiar interest to the people of these States." 6. She gave him the best her larder afforded. 7. "Mother, mother, can't I go next week to see the circus?" 8. "Do you mean to tell me Dean Stanley is not an Englishman?" 9. "Ungrateful Patrick! You've brought shame on your poor old uncle! O, Pat,—rather should you have died than done it!" F. P. T.

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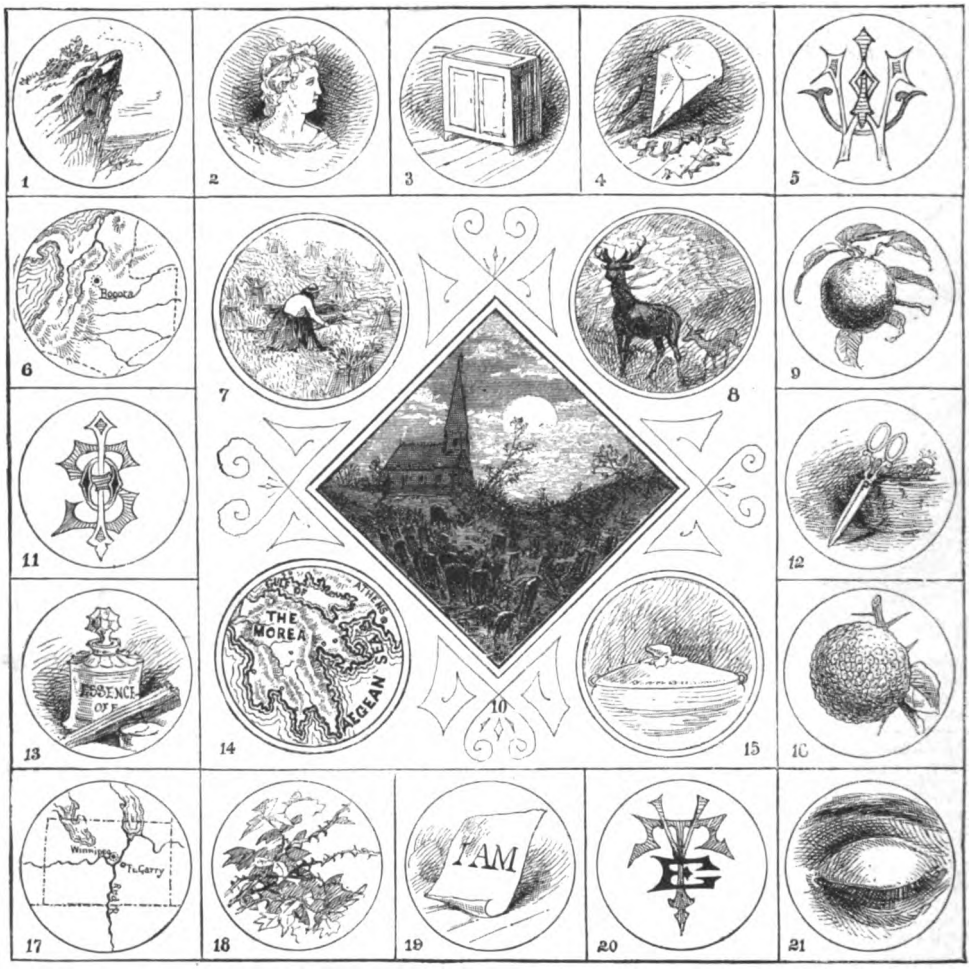
PICTORIAL TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

THREE FAMILIAR SHORT PROVERBS.



WRITE, in a column, words descriptive of the pictures: first, a word descriptive of the picture numbered 1; beneath this, a word descriptive of the picture numbered 2, and so on, setting down the letters of each monogram as though they formed a word. If this has been done correctly, the initials of the column, read downward, will spell a proverb; the finals, also read downward, will spell another proverb related to the first in sense; and from each of the remainders,—the portions left after striking off the initials and finals,—in downward order, may be picked twenty-one letters that will spell in the order of selection a third proverb related in sense to both the others. W. H. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Atlantic Ocean.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—1. T-angled. 2. S-hook. 3. M-ink 4. C-limes. 5. S-corn. 6. B-lock.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.—I. 1. T. 2. Rib. 3. Tiger. 4. Bey. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Saw. 3. Raven. 4. Web. 5. N. III. 1. R. 2. Yew. 3. Resin. 4. Wit 5. N. IV. 1. R. 2. Pew. 3. Redan. 4. Wag. 5. N. V. 1. N. 2. Ton. 3. Noted. 4. Net. 5. D.

HIDDEN REVERSED RIVERS.—1. Volga; *a glove*. 2. Elbe; Wallace *bled*. 3. Obi; *I bought*. 4. Lena; *an elephant*. 5. Nile; *some linen*. 6. Ottawa; *saw at Toronto*.

PROBLEM.—MILL.——MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—CIVIC.

HIDDEN FRENCH MOTTO.—"Tout bien ou rien." *Get out; Biennial; out*; Cap*ri*, *en*closing.

DROP-LETTER MOTTO.—"Weave truth with trust."

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Lily of the valley; holly, violet, olive, aloe, ivy.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.—1. B. 2. BAd. 3. BaDen. 4. DEn. 5. N.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Ducat. 2. Usage. 3. Cages. 4. Agent. 5. Testy.

REBUS.—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

CROSS-WORD.—Sun.——RIDDLE.—View.

HOUR-GLASS.—Alabama. 1. BanAnas. 2. SaLad. 3. SAw 4. E. 5. PAn. 6. HaMan. 7. CalAbar; or Damaras.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—1 Paris. 2. Aroma. 3 Roman. 4. Image. 5. Saner.

(For names of solvers of June puzzles, see "Letter-Box.")

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"OH, HOW DEEP!"

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1879. NO. 11.

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THREE DREWS AND A CREW.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

POOR Caleb Drew!

The neighbors from up above and from down below, from "over here" and across there; in fact, all the neighbors came to see him about it.

It, was the house he was building.

They, the neighbors, laughed at him, teased him, sneered at his work, and remonstrated with him; but, all the same, he went on with his house.

It must be admitted that the derision of a neighborhood many miles in extent, had an effect upon Caleb: it caused him to regret that Noah had not lived on until his time, so earnest was his desire for the sympathy of that ancient and worthy builder. In due time the house was finished; but Caleb lived and died, and never finished wondering whether his work was that of a wise or of a foolish man.

"Drew's Folly," as the neighbors named it, was a stone house on a river's bank, with a round and very strong tower on its northern side. The tower did not require any repairs during the builder's life-time; in fact, there was little of it liable to go to decay, only the rudest kind of a staircase winding around and around in the darkness up to a platform near its top, which was lighted by one little window. The sole entrance to this staircase was from the second story of the house.

The tower was too dark to play in while the daylight lasted, and, at night, not to be thought of; so it came to pass that the young Drews of the first and second generations left it alone, and the third generation seldom explored its dim height. But now the children of the fourth generation were about to venture an ascent. It was not for pleasure that they were going, but because of a great and sudden freshet in the Susquehanna River and in every one of its tributaries.

The day before this venture, Mr. and Mrs. Drew had left home to prepare for a coming celebration of the birthday of the great-grandmother of the children.

They had not driven more than twenty-five miles from home, when the barometer went down and the thermometer went up, both at a truly surprising rate. The snows upon a thousand hills began to melt, and a million rills to trickle down wherever they could find a place to run, and they all ran together down upon the solid, frozen crust of the big, winding river. Then a billion or more of raindrops fell over hills and into rills, and they all got together at last on the broad, white, ice-paved river.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew found themselves in the midst of country roads deep with slush, and too far away from home to return that night. Before the next day dawned, a dozen little streams had swollen to impassability and burst from under their bridges, and it was just impossible to return to Drew's Folly while the freshet lasted.

Meanwhile, the Susquehanna was being brought to life again by the multitude of warm little rills flowing into her frozen bosom, and everybody up and down the river's course was as busy as busy

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could be, preparing for the sudden rise, and getting things out of the way of the flood; and not a neighbor thought, or knew, that the children were left alone at the stone house, with their very aged great-grandmother. And they, as already written, were about to venture into the tower.

There were three of the Drews and a cousin,—the cousin was Dinah Crew.

Dinah was thirteen, and she carried a tallow-candle, whose orange-colored rays lit up the space around her yellow hair. Dinah's hair took up far more space than usual that night.

Caleb was twelve, and carried a tin lantern with tiny slits here, there, and everywhere in the tin, to let out the light of another candle. Dinah and Caleb went on, side by side. Roy and Wif—eight and six—followed them. Roy cautiously held the very tip of the bottom of Dinah's dress between his thumb and forefinger, ready to let go, without discovery, at the shortest notice. Wif longed to get hold of Caleb's jacket, only he could n't, because his arm and the jacket were too short.

The procession wound up to the platform, and briefly surveyed the premises.

"I think we can," said Dinah, her hair standing out straighter than ever, as she peered for an instant out of the little window.

"We must!" said Caleb.

"I 'll leave my candle here," said Dinah.

"You 'd better," said Caleb, and the short procession wound down the steps of the stair-way, and emerged into the brightness and warmth of the house.

The room they entered was a bedroom. Upon the bed, or rather in it, somebody was lying. To tell the number of things that had been accumulated in that room from the first floor would be simply impossible, for the three Drews and the Crew had been busy since Monday in bringing up whatever they could lay their hands on.

She, who was lying there unable to rise, was the daughter of the original Caleb, by whom the house had been built, and was the great-grandmother of the children.

"To think, that I should live a hundred years through twice a hundred freshets, to be drowned out at last!" sighed forth the poor old soul. The children had passed through the room and were beyond hearing. They were in "mother's" room, which adjoined "grandmother's."

"Here, Wif," said Dinah, handing a pillow to that lad, "and, Roy, you carry a blanket. Caleb and I will fetch the feather-bed."

Again the procession started. This time, Wif, with his pillow and the lantern, went ahead, the feather-bed, upborne by Dinah and Caleb, followed, and the rear consisted of Roy and the blanket.

"Di-n-a-h!" said Grandmother, feebly, from her bed, but the voice was completely lost in the roar of everything going on about them.

"Lo-rin-da's best feather-bed!" groaned the same voice, as the tower-room door closed behind the children.

"Mother would n't like it a bit!" exclaimed Roy; and, in fact, the fine fifty-pound bed must have shivered and fluttered to its innermost feather at the indignity of being half-dragged through the dust of the rough stair-way.

Roy, with only the blanket to carry, could push, and so, after much toil, the unwieldy thing was gotten to the platform, the blanket spread over it, the pillow laid in place, and the tower again deserted.

"Dinah!" Caleb was the speaker, and this occurred at the moment the four children had returned to Grandmother's room. "Dinah, you know when Father said we must not on any account touch one of the lamps to take them down and carry around, he did n't know this was coming, and I think we ought to take the big lamp and light it and put it before the window in the tower."

"So do I," responded Roy.

"It would be best to carry it up and light it up there," answered Dinah.

"Then, 't would be a light-house," concluded Wif, after which the lamp was carried and lighted, the little panes of the window were rubbed with a newspaper to let out the rays across the waters, and then, all in the same minute, the children remembered that it was nearly nine of the clock, and nobody had had a bit of supper,—

"Nor poor Grandma a cup of tea! How good and patient she is!" remembered Dinah.

"What 's that you 're agoing to do?" questioned the aged woman, as Dinah was trying to "fix" the tongs inside the stove, so that she could boil water in a tin cup.

"We 're playing go to housekeeping under difficulties," laughed Dinah, trying to balance the tongs. "I 'm going to make you some tea, and it 's ever so much nicer than having a regular cook-stove and tea-kettle, like everybody else. Now I 've got it all right, but—Caleb! Ca-leb! where are you?"

"He 's a-looking after the calf," replied Wif, putting his head inside the tower-room door; "and he says——"

"Never mind what he says. Let me out!" said Dinah.

"Bless me!" thought she, the instant she had the door shut behind her, and saw the glimmer of

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Caleb's lantern down the staircase, leading to the ground floor. "I do believe it is coming up now!"

"What 's that a-splashing so?" she shouted, utterly forgetful of the anxiety to keep things quiet, which sent her in such haste after Caleb.

speaking. The two children were standing upon a space about five feet square at the foot of a staircase opening into the kitchen, and which was raised from the floor of the room below by several steps. A door shut in this stair-way at its foot.

THE CHILDREN SURVEY THE PLATFORM.

"It 's the old cow, Dinah, and she 's in the water 'most up to her head; and the table 's a-floating against her, and she 'll drown,—and—what shall we do?"

Dinah was by his side before he had finished

Standing thus, Dinah peered into the darkness. The gurgle of the black water as it rose was something to make one 's heart stand still with fear. All that she could see was the cow's head, with its white horns, wildly splashing the water to and fro

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in frantic endeavors to break away. Caleb had led the cow and her calf into the kitchen when the water had risen to the foundations of the house; not that he thought it would rise much higher, but, since father and mother were both away, he deemed it best to have everything as snug as possible while the freshet should last. Caleb was a thoughtful boy, and when the water oozed into the kitchen itself, he began to think it time to prepare for anything that might happen; hence, the bed up the tower, in readiness for Grandmother's removal; although it was to be hoped that such an emergency might not present itself.

The calf had been pulled up the staircase, and, at that moment, was shut up in a closet.

"What would you do, Dinah?" questioned Caleb; "the water rises every minute. Must we shut the door and let her drown? O, Dinah! I can't bear to."

"Can cows go upstairs?" questioned Dinah.

"Course they can!" screamed little Wif from above. "Did n't the cow jump over the moon once?"

"Wait a minute!" laughed Dinah, nearly overturning Wif as she ran up, and, carrying him with her, she entered the room where Grandmother was. Going up to her, she said: "Don't you be frightened, Grandma, if you hear lots of noise; it 's only something Caleb and I are going to do."

"Oh mercy sakes alive!" groaned the feeble old soul. "Don't go out-doors and get carried down the river, don't."

Dinah bade Roy and Wif not to leave the room, and went out, closing the door behind her.

"Dear me! what is she going to do? R–o–y, come here and tell me."

"I 'll peep out and see, Grandma."

After looking, he ran to the bedside and shouted:

"They 're trying to pull the old cow upstairs. They 've got her horns inside the door now."

"The p–o–o–r critter!" exclaimed Grandmother.

"And the calf 's shut up in the closet in the tower-room. They got her up afore it was dark," informed Roy.

"Tell 'em to put the calf at the top, and she 'll come up after it."

Roy went to give her order, and she moaned on:

"If I 'd only gone afore I was a hundred, George and Hannah would be here now to take care of things, instead of a-being off a-getting ready to celebrate a day that 'll never come now, never."

"Yes, 't will, Grandmother!" said Wif. "Birthdays have to come, freshets or no freshets, and the river 'll begin to go down, and it will go down as fast as my blister did when mother pricked it."

By diligent coaxing and urging, the cow was near the top of the stairs at the time Roy gave Grandmother's order.

"Take hold of the rope carefully," said Dinah to Roy, "and pull."

Roy's brown hands reached past her own and laid hold on the rope, and with a few more words of coaxing and a few more hauls, the cow was safely landed and led along the passage and into the vacant tower-room, in the closet of which the calf was housed.

Then it was that Dinah recalled the place where she had left the tongs poised, and the errand on which she had left the room in such haste, and, also, her own hunger.

"Caleb," she said, suddenly, "there is n't a drop of water to make poor Grandma a cup of tea;" and then they all laughed at the absurd fact that no one had thought, with all their getting, to fetch a pail of water.

"We might let down a pail from a window and fill it," suggested Dinah.

Instantly, Caleb was overturning things in one corner to get at a water-pail. When it was found, and a rope to make fast to it, the four children went into "mother's room" and Caleb cautiously raised the heavy sash. In came the cold wind and the colder breath from the great cakes of ice that went surging past the stones of the house; for the river had broken up. The sight was appalling! One young head ventured out and another and another, until all had had a glance at the wild waste of whirling waters that surrounded Drew's Folly on each and every side.

Wif burst into a flood of tears, and Roy said:

"I think we 'd ought to be a-saying our prayers 'stead of getting supper to eat, only I am 'most awful hungry."

Wif's tears were not quenched, nor was Roy's little speech noticed, for Caleb had let the pail down into the boiling, tumbling surge that rushed by, not more than four feet below the window-ledge. As the pail touched water, an immense cake of ice struck it, and away went pail, rope and ice, although Caleb strove to hold on with such a desperate clutch that the rope cut into his palms as it was pulled through them.

"The water is rising just awful now," said Caleb, wringing his hands in pain.

"It must be nearly up to the kitchen ceiling," said Dinah.

"Anyhow, water we must have," decided Dinah; and whilst Caleb held his hands to endure the pain better, she went to search for another pail. Roy staid with Caleb, and Wif went to help Dinah.

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"You shall have the tea soon, now, Grandma, dear," Dinah stopped to say, and then began a vigorous overturning of the utensils lying about the room.

It was raining no longer, and through a rift in the clouds the moon shone down just as Caleb put his head out, and, looking up the river, saw a mighty tree coming down on the flood.

"It 'll come against the house, right up to this window," he cried, and his first impulse was to close the window. It was arrested by a sound that no tempest ever uttered a note of. It was a human cry, and it said:

"Help! Help!"

"Hold on! hold on!" yelled Caleb out into the rush and the roar, and then with a flash of motion he seized the nearest thing to his hand and thrust it forth, bending over the ledge to do so, at the very instant Dinah rushed to his side. With the quickness of thought, she fell upon her knees behind him and threw her arms about his body, while Wif, with a cry, seized one of his legs and held on with all his strength, and Roy tried his utmost—happily, without success—to let the sash down on his back, so determined was he not to lose him.

Down came the big tree, its branches struggling in vain in the grasp of the waters, and its mighty boughs shaken as no wind had ever smitten them. There clung for life to the tree, a despairing, helpless man,—despairing until he perceived that the current would dash the tree full against the house. The light of the moon gave to him a sight of the open window, and from it outstretched, awaiting his possible grasp, the friendly chair that Caleb had seized. It was a strong, old-fashioned, honestly wrought chair, that had been made by the original Caleb Drew. The tree came on; for an instant it ground against the masonry of the Folly, then a crash of glass in a sash below was heard as a limb went through it—a pause—and the tree broke loose and went on. But in that chance, that pause, that instant of delay, a hand grasped the chair, another clutched the stone ledge, and the man gained fast hold of the sill above.

Oh, that was a moment worth living for! Child-hands had helped to drag in an unknown man, and found, when he was in, that he was the father of six of those helping hands!

The joy of a moment like that moment will not get into words. It bursts the bonds of language and utters itself by eyes, and lips, and arms.

All that I can tell you that really happened within the next few seconds, was, that a tall, fine-looking man, in drenched garments, stood, like one bewildered in a dream, with four children dancing, screaming, hugging and kissing him; that he was told that grandmother was all safe and well; that the old cow was in the tower-room, and the calf was in the closet, and mother's best bed was in the tower, and that if the water came above the floor they were all going to try together to lift grandma out of bed and carry her up there; that he was asked how he came to get into the river and all about mother, where she was, and how she was going to get home, besides forty other questions,—after all of which, he was informed that every single body had n't had a mite of supper.

It was Wif who first bethought himself to run and tell grandmother the wonderful story of father's arrival.

At the same moment, Dinah remembered the fire, the red-hot tongs and the cup of tea that she was to prepare.

It was an easy matter now to dip water from the window, for the river was still rising. It was higher at that moment than any man living had ever known it to be—although he by whom Drew's Folly had been built, remembered a still higher mark in a tall tree, that *his* grandmother had assured him was a high-water mark in her time.

Hence the tower grew and had been waiting, a hundred years, for its hour of usefulness.

As Dinah turned the boiling water over the tea, she felt her feet getting damp. She looked to learn the cause, and saw in the carpet wet spots which grew in number and size as she gazed. How thankfully glad she was at that minute that her uncle was with them! Dinah took off her shoes, threw them on the tower stairs, and gave the alarm in the next room, where the boys were listening to the story of their father's efforts to get near his threatened home. When he told of the unsafe bridge he had attempted to cross at the very moment it was carried away, their interest was so great that they did not perceive that they, also, were standing in wet places.

Dinah held her position by the stove until the toast was made, notwithstanding the rising flood about her feet. During this time, Mr. Drew and the boys flew to and fro, putting things on the topmost places that could be found; hurrying eatables and bedding into the tower, adding, now and then, a pitying word for the poor cow, who grew restless again as she felt the cold flood about her feet.

Everybody wondered how much longer the river would continue to rise, and, "Oh! dear, what should we have done if father had not come!" There was a foot of water through which, at the last moment, grandmother was borne, in as many wrappings as any mummy. She was carried aloft by her grandson, laid down on the feather-bed and kindly ministered to by her great-grandchildren, who forgot their own discomforts in the fear that

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she would never be able to reach the wonderful "birthday."

It was twelve o'clock, at last,—just the midnight hour,—when Caleb brought up the news that he'd been holding a watch on the stairs and watching full fifteen minutes, and the water had n't covered up one more splinter in all that time, and that he could hear the cow knocking her horns and the calf crying, and he just guessed the flood would begin, in a minute, to go down.

Caleb's "guess" became a fact. The river receded as rapidly as it had risen, and the morning sun saw a mighty flood of waters still bearing down cakes of ice; but it ran between banks of ice that it had piled in its course.

It was past noonday, however, before the carpets were taken up, and the floor sufficiently dry to admit of grandmother's return to her own bed, which had been raised up just far enough to escape the water.

It was three days before Mrs. Drew could reach her home; so many bridges had been carried away, that she had to travel many miles to cross the swollen streams, and, when the Drews and the Crews and the relatives of other names gathered to celebrate the centennial anniversary, grandmother was three whole days more than a hundred years old.

"IT 'S THE OLD COW! SHE 'LL DROWN! OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

It was pleasant to witness her rejoicing over this high flood in the Susquehanna.

"It 's worth living a hundred years for," she said, "to see justice done to father at last, and to have everybody know that the folly part belonged to them that named it and not to him. I wish he was here, now, to see it; but I shall soon be going to tell him all about it, and his old neighbors that used to pester him so about it, they 'll be there to hear it, too. George," she continued, after a minute's enjoyment of her fancy, "G–eor–ge!" and her weak-blue eyes flashed a little.

"Here I am, Grandmother."

"George," she said, "if I was you, I 'd call this place Drew's Wisdom hereafter."

"Hurrah for Drew's Wisdom!" shouted the three Drews and the Crew who had participated in the flood.

"How much noise you all do make!" said Grandmother. "I 'm getting old and tired. I guess you'd better go away now, and let me have a little sleep."

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ROSEBUD.

By Lucy Larcom.

O little maid in your rosebud-bower,
  Dreaming of growing old,
Wishing youth always would linger, a flower
  Never in haste to unfold;
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head,
Growing old is nothing to dread.

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,
  See how its dry boughs shoot!
The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade;
  But youth is a living root.
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,
Ready at beckon of Spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek,—
  Glory of earth and sky,—
When the rosebud-streak fades out of your cheek,
  And the dewy gleam from your eye:
Deeper and wider must life take root;
Redder and higher must glow its fruit.

O little maid, be never afraid
  That youth from your heart will go:—
Reach forth unto heaven, through shower and shade!
  We are always young, while we grow.
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath!
For love keeps the spirit from age and death.

THE CHÂTEAU D'OIRON.

By Katherine Cameron.

Most of the young readers of St. Nicholas will be clever enough to translate this pretty French name into our own matter-of-fact English, "The Castle of Goose-circle." It certainly loses, by the change, the pleasant charm of romance with which the French tongue often invests the most prosaic realities.

As compensation for this, it gives what our inquisitive Yankee nation—including the young folk—imperatively demands, the "because" of the matter. Early in the sixteenth century, a noble French family, named Gouffier, built a château on a wide plain in Thouars. This plain was the resort of the wild geese in their yearly following of the summer, and the castle commanded a fine view of their graceful, sweeping circles before alighting. This simple fact gave the name to the estate, Oirond, or Goose-circle. The harsh final d was dropped at length, and the word was softened into its present form, Oiron.

The name of the princely home of the lords named Gouffier would have been of small interest to the world, to-day, but for one widowed lady who passed a few summers in its elegant retirement, more than three centuries ago. She had been the wife of Artur Gouffier, tutor of Francis I., and afterward Grand Master of France.

High in the favor and friendship of the king,

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with wealth, rank, and every attainable luxury at command, Lord Gouffier took for his motto, *Hic terminus hæret*, or, "Here the boundary is fixed." The literal meaning of this legend is this:

EWER, SEVEN INCHES HIGH, MADE BY THE LADY HÉLÈNE.

that having his proudest ambition fully satisfied in his present position of power and influence, he aspired to nothing beyond nor higher. It proclaims an enviable condition of mind, so curiously rare as to have been seldom repeated in the history of men.

The Lady Hélène of Hangest, his wife, was possessed of rare learning and accomplishments, and well fitted by birth and training to do honor to her exalted position.

That she was gifted with rare artistic skill, and that she was a great favorite of the king, are equally proven by a collection of crayon portraits of the celebrated people of the time, which are still to be seen. These are the work of the Lady Hélène, and for many of them the young king composed mottoes in verse, and on some they are inscribed in the royal handwriting. From the pomp and pageantry of the court, Lord Gouffier was summoned by a mightier monarch, Death, and the widowed lady retired from the gay life of the palace to her Château d'Oiron. Here, with her books, her cultured tastes and elegant accomplishments, she passed the last years of her life in the company of her son, Claude Gouffier, and in the indulgence of her exquisitely refined artistic fancies.

Lady Hélène then had in the service of her household a librarian and secretary, one Jehan Bernart, and a potter, François Cherpentier. Why she should have chosen pottery as one of her recreations, no one now can ever know; but in the end it proved a most graceful and charming one. In this same land and time, while Palissy starved his wife and little ones, and burned the floors of his house as fuel for his frenzied experiments, Fortune showered her richest, choicest gifts upon the fair artist of Oiron. Fresh from the luxurious surroundings of Fontainebleau, its sumptuous palace and statued gardens, familiar with objects of beauty the rarest and most costly, including the strange, rich oriental wares, she had not only leisure to devote to art, but also high artistic culture, the best models, with excellent assistants and materials.

Her library was rich in the illuminated manuscripts and missals of mediæval times, and Bernart was a scholarly man whose tastes and ability well fitted him to be her helper. His keen, practiced eye found in the books and their rich bindings those rare treasures of design, in brilliant colors and graceful arabesques, quaint birds and

CANDLESTICK OF HENRI II. FAIENCE.

grotesque animals, that her marvelous, faultless intuitions appropriated so daintily.

We know that the potter, Cherpentier, did his work with equal skill and nicety; and, as proof

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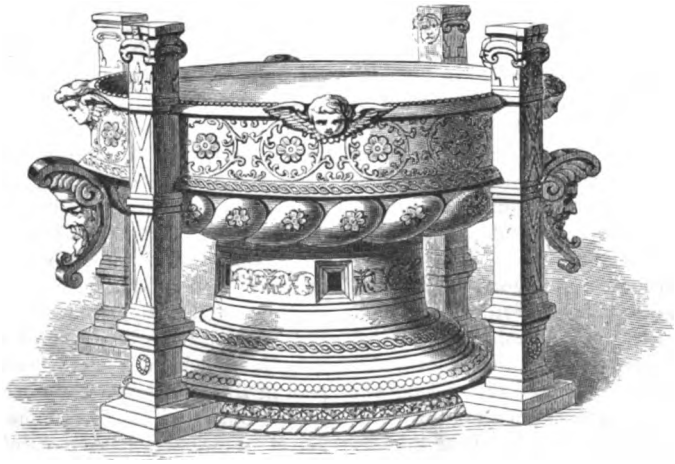
that the Lady Hélène recognized this faithful service, there still exists a letter recording her gift to him of a house and the orchard which surrounds the small pottery.

The pure, delicate fancies of the lady were the inspiration of the work, Bernart was the draughtsman, and Cherpentier the potter, and the trio worked with but a single thought. Those best versed in the art of pottery tell us that the dainty wares of Oiron received their last and most delicate ornamentation only from the jeweled fingers of the Lady Hélène. Most of the articles are small, and each is the only expression of some pretty caprice, a flitting fancy of the fair artist. No two are alike of all that remain to us.

To this rare and happy combination of circumstance and choice, the ceramic world is indebted for the priceless Henry II. Faience, as it has been called, "faience" being a French word signifying crockery. And to this dainty employment of her leisure, the widowed lady of Gouffier is indebted for her name and fame in our day.

The ceramic art is the enduring history of a nation's progress. A single work of beauty is the monument of the workman. Made of the clay of the earth it cannot corrode or rust or decay; almost imperishable, unless shattered by a blow, it keeps its own records through the ages and tells its strange, fascinating story to the eyes that care to read and are versed in its unwritten language. For hundreds of years, there were found in European collections of Faience, mysterious single pieces of exquisite enameled pottery,—rarely more than one, which were altogether unlike the products of any known manufacture, and singularly lovely. The designs were so rich and varied, and indicated an individual taste of such rare intellectual culture, and the ornamentation of monograms, symbols, crests and devices, was so involved, that collectors and connoisseurs were utterly at a loss. From time to time new pieces came to light and fresh investigations were started. The decorations were critically analyzed. There were the arms of France—the Fleur de Lis and the monogram of Christ; the Salamander of Francis I; the monogram of the Dauphin, the Dolphins interwoven with the three Crescents and the initial letter "H"; the mono-

EWER, MADE AT THE CHÂTEAU D'OIRON.



THE SALT-CELLAR FOUND AT NARFORD HALL.

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gram of Henry II, the letter "H" combined with the double "C" for his queen Catherine de Medici; and a pertinacious "G" continually recurring, which refused to be accounted for. These marks settled the time of manufacture,—begun under the reign of Francis I. and continued under that of Henry II. A distinguished French writer, M. Benjamin Fillon, first traced the Faience d'Oiron to its birthplace in Touraine. He visited Oiron, fully persuaded that here the secret would be revealed. As he expected, proof came ready to his hand and the discovery was made.

The problem of the intricate ornamentation was quickly solved. Even the mysterious "G" was found to be the simple initial of the princely house of Gouffier. The repeated "C" stood for Claude, the heir to the titles and estate, as well as for the famous Catherine de Medici.

The armorial bearings, shields, armor and heraldic devices gracefully resolved themselves into the crests and ciphers of the noble friends and companions in arms of Lord Artur Gouffier and of the faithful retainers of his house. These elegant souvenirs of the favor of the Lady Hélène were held doubly precious in their eyes, as the inspirations of her artistic fancy and the work of her fair hands.

Could any guerdon from lady to knight have been at once so gracious and so graceful? Parted with only at death, but at last surviving alike the beauty and friendships and genius that created them, they have been scattered by the chances and changes of nearly four hundred years, till in our day there are but fifty-three pieces known to exist. England has twenty-six, France twenty-six, and Russia one.

So careful has been the study of this precious ware, that experts in the art detect the period of the death of the lady in 1537 by the change in the decoration. Her son Claude inherited her tastes and continued the pottery; but under his direction came an overloading and profusion of ornament, widely differing from the pure and perfect taste of his mother.

Bernart and Cherpentier remained in his employ; the individual taste of the librarian is revealed by the ornaments taken from books. In the curve of a salt-cellar appears a pelican, the exact trademark of a book-seller of a neighboring town. On another is seen the quaint head of an old woman, taken evidently from the illustrations of the library. After a certain time, these cunning experts are aware of the loss of both Bernart and Cherpentier, although the work goes on. The talismanic "G" is retained so long as the ware is made. Even long after cruel wars of invasion had driven the Gouffiers from their home, and the little pottery had passed into the hands of a conquering race as the spoils of war, the coarse, rough ware with its Palissy-colored enamels retained the curling, curious "G" on every piece. This was at least a graceful recognition of the memory of the lady and her son, but with the jasper enamel and the raised figures of dolphins, lizards and even the wild geese of Oiron, its first pure and delicate beauty died.

In the château itself there is still in its place, flooring the private chapel, a pavement of tiles drawn by Bernart and made of the fine clay of Oiron, and identical in colors and device with the work of the Lady Hélène. If proof were wanting of this pretty idyl of Oiron, these ivory-colored tiles with delicate blue arabesques, and violet letters of the Gouffier legend, "*Hic terminus hæret*," still silently speak. The monograms, arms and emblazonments, in brilliant colors, are of the Gouffier and Hangest-Genlis families. These truthful and imperishable records beautifully perpetuate the memories of the noble Lord Artur Gouffier, his gifted widow and their son Claude.

But this story may be waxing wearisome to the young folk who are are not yet cera-maniacs, and with a few words it is done.

The colors of the Faience d'Oiron, in several of the most beautiful specimens, present only an exquisite combination of the black and white of the lady's widowhood. Among those finished by her own hand and stamped by her unerring taste, the only other colors are designs in dark brown or carnation red, incrusted in the fine white clay which a thin glaze changed to a warm ivory tint. All of the delicate interlaced ornamentation was engraved in the soft paste by some fine instrument and then filled with the colored clay and carefully polished. The pieces consist of small ewers, candlesticks, salt-cellars, cups and a drinking-vessel peculiar to France, called a "Bibéron." The largest specimen known is but fourteen inches high, and the others not more than seven. Tiny as they are, they are literally covered with an interlacing of decoration so fine and fairy-like, as to seem almost impossible to any but the deft and delicate fingers of a lady.

Faience d'Oiron has always been valued for its rarity and artistic beauty and not merely for the mystery in which it was shrouded. In Narford Hall in England, when the present owner came into possession, there was found under a high bed in a garret a wicker basket carefully packed with blankets. This was found to preserve three beautiful pieces of Oiron Faience,—a *bibéron* or drinking vessel, salt-cellar and candlestick. They are supposed to have been brought over by a certain Sir Andrew Fountaine, one hundred and twenty years ago.

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The careful housekeeper, who hid them away, must have learned to consider them of special value even among the Narford collection of rare art treasures.

Since the veil of mystery has been withdrawn and the pretty picture of the castle and its lady stands out on the perspective of history, the market value of the Faience continually increases. Fabulous prices are paid by collectors for the tiny pieces. Ten years ago, $5,500 was paid for a ewer seven inches high; a small cup brought $300; another ewer cost $450, and a salt-cellar commanded $105. Each year as the ware grows older and rarer by accidents which destroy what no money can replace, these prices will increase proportionally.

In the court of "Daniels" in the English department of our Centennial Exposition, was a fine collection of porcelain and Faience. In a case containing a profusion of wares the most brilliant in color and imposing in size, there were placed, nearest the glass, three tiny pieces of pale yellow ware with a delicate tracery of cardinal red. A card behind them named them "Henry II. Faience." Candlestick, salt-cellar and ewer, they were an exact reproduction of some of the most daintily beautiful specimens of the handiwork of the Lady Hélène.

The few who knew the pretty romance paused while the charm of the old time wove its spell around them. The many, among whom may have been my bright young readers, passed on and probably must wait until they shall visit Europe, for a sight of the delicate fancies wrought into form by the dainty fingers of the Lady Hélène, more than three hundred years ago.

A SOUL FOR MUSIC.

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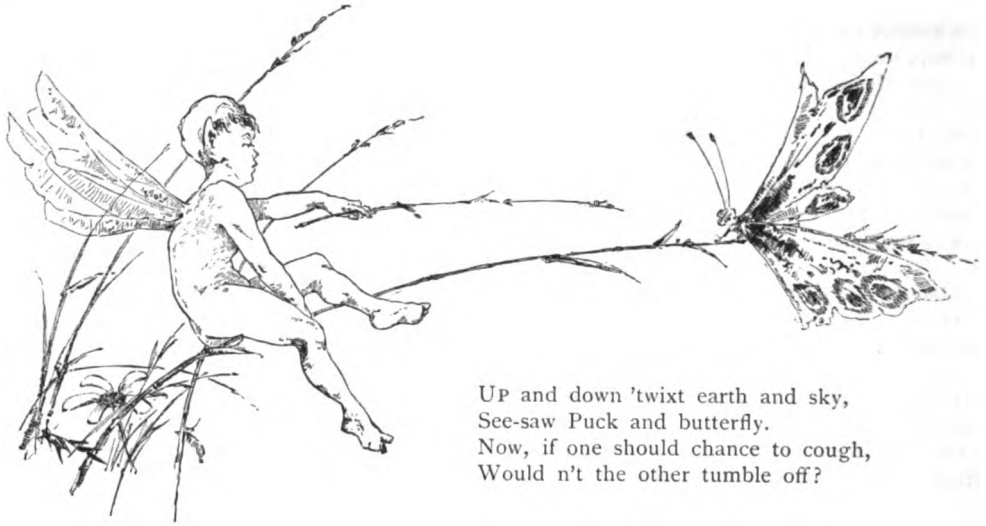

UP and down 'twixt earth and sky,
See-saw Puck and butterfly.
Now, if one should chance to cough,
Would n't the other tumble off?

BOB'S MISSIONARY WORK.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

"I AM coming over to your house to-night," said Joe Hillside.

"Are you?" and Bob Horton looked a little more surprised than was polite.

"I said I was," replied Joe, a little warmly; "your father asked me. He said he had some good trout-flies."

"So he has," said Bob; "old Mr. Newton made them. Did he promise you some? He never gave any to me."

At this Joe smiled. Bob was a very nice boy, and no one ever said he was stupid; but he certainly was no fisherman. As for Joe, he knew every stream and every kind of fish for miles around, and nothing could exceed the industry with which he followed his favorite pursuit, excepting the perseverance he displayed in getting time for it, by staying away from school. As a fisherman, Joe was not easily beaten, and he certainly was a champion truant. His mother used to cook all the fish he brought home, but she never forgot to scold him for catching them.

"I mean to fish a great deal this vacation," said Bob; "the first money I get is to go for a rod. Our Jim has a splendid one. It shuts up like a cane; but he don't lend it."

"That kind of a rod is well enough for fancy fishing, picnics, girls and all that," said Joe, "but any fellow who knows how to fish as a regular thing, looks out for his hooks and his bait. He don't bother over patent rods and big straw hats. Why, one of the very best day's work I ever did was with a crooked pin and some twine. It is n't the rod that catches the fish, it is the fellow at the other end of it."

Bob laughed.

"That sounds just like Uncle Robert. Look here, Joe," and he looked quickly, and half doubtfully, at his companion, "I have a great mind to tell you something."

"Tell away," said Joe.

"Well," said Bob, sitting down on a peach-basket that was turned upside down, while Joe made himself comfortable on the grass. They were in Mrs. Hillside's orchard at the time.

"You know my Uncle Robert?"

Joe nodded. "He is a fisherman, something like!" he said.

"Well, I wrote him a letter not long ago. You see, ever since he has been out among the Indians, Jim and I have written every other week, and he writes splendid letters to us, telling all about what he does, and about Red Moon and Early Blanket, two of the chiefs, and I 've made up my mind to be a missionary."

At this Joe again laughed. Bob's father was a clergyman, and that was right enough, but it was quite another thing to fancy Bob one.

"You need not laugh," said Bob, "missionaries are not born grown-up. Anyhow, I wrote to

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Uncle Rob about it, and he says—well, here 's his letter," and Bob took it from his pocket and gave it to Joe.

Camp Keene, June 13, 18—.

DEAR BOB: I would have answered your letter before now, but I have been over to Blue Peter's camp, and just got back. I have not time to tell you about my visit, but I will in my next Just now I want to answer your letter.

So you want to be a missionary? Very well. I hope you will come out here, for I need some young fellows to help, and if Jim and you, and that boy I once went fishing with, would join me after a while, I would be glad

"That is what made me think of telling you," said Bob, "his mentioning you, you know!"

Joe nodded and read on:

But there is one thing I want you to be sure of before you come, and that is, that you understand what you have to do, and mean to do it. I don't want any "Pliables" here. When that young man in "Pilgrim's Progress" set out to journey with Christian, he meant to go to the Celestial City. The trouble was that he did not bargain for quagmires. Nothing was said about them, and when he got into the Slough of Despond, he got out as promptly as possible, and went home. Now, if you mean to be disheartened by quagmires, if you mean to give up when things go wrong, and—above all—if you cannot do missionary work at home, don't come out here. Indians are very much like other people, even if they do live in wigwams, and will trade blankets for whisky, and if you do not care to work for the people around you, don't, dear Bob, come out to us, you nor Jim, nor the boy I went fishing with.—Your affectionate

UNCLE ROB.

"Pretty plain talking that," said Joe, handing the letter back. "Did you show it to your father?"

"No," replied Bob. "I am not ready to talk about it yet. Do you know, I think there is very good sense in that letter?"

"Of course there is," said Joe. "It 's so in everything. If you make up your mind to do a certain thing, you have got to make up your mind to go through with it. I 've seen fellows who made the greatest fuss about going fishing, and who would get up before daylight to dig worms, and buy hooks and all that, and then if the fish did n't bite like mosquitos, they would say it was n't any fun, and they 'd go off to something else."

Bob laughed.

"Do you know, Joe, Papa said something like that about you! He said you were persevering enough, for if you were not you could n't be such a fisherman, and you were not lazy, so he would like to know why you did n't go to school."

"I don't want to," said Joe, coloring. "I 'll know enough! If I thought your father meant to lecture me, I would n't go to your house to-night."

"Oh, he wont!" said Bob, quickly. "He is n't that sort of a man. He would n't ask you to come after trout-flies and then lecture you! If he meant to scold, he 'd say so, and you 'd have to face the music. But see here, about this missionary business."

"Well?" said Joe.

"You can't tell whether you really like a thing until you try it."

"That 's so," granted Joe.

"Well, my father often talks of the people on the flats. You know how poor and dirty they are? The children don't go to school, and it 's just horrid! It can't be worse among the Indians than it is there. They can't read, not one half of them, and they are lazy and dirty. Suppose we go over there and see if we really would like to be missionaries?"

"Be missionaries!" exclaimed Joe. "I don't want to be a missionary!"

"How do you know you don't," retorted Bob. "You never tried! You see, Joe, I can't ask Jim, he is going to be a civil engineer, and Uncle Rob did n't mention any one but us three."

"I don't know," said Joe, rather doubtfully. "I like your Uncle Rob better than any one I know, —any man I mean,—and I suppose I will have to have a business."

"And a missionary, you know," interrupted Bob, "has to be out-of-doors; he is n't cooped up in an office or store, and often he must fish or hunt if he wants anything to eat. That is, if he is in a very wild place."

"Oh, we would go to a wild place," said Joe. "I would n't agree, if we did n't! When shall we begin? Will we have to read the Bible to them? —the people on the flats, I mean."

"Not right away," said Bob. "We could do that after a while, when we got used to them. I tell you what my father said. He said that if they could be taught to be cleaner, there would be some hope for them. They are too dirty to care for anything, not even to send their children to school. Of course, he did n't mean it for us, but we could start on that."

"I 'm agreed," said Joe. "Let 's go the first thing to-morrow morning. It is too late now."

"I have to go to school, you know," Bob said, slowly, "but we might go as soon as school is out."

"I did n't mean to go to school to-morrow,— not if your father gave me the flies. However, I suppose he would n't like me to go fishing with them in school hours. I tell you what I will do, I will go to school, and we will be ready to start the moment it is over. But I say, Bob, you are not going to tell the boys?"

Bob laughed.

"You must think I am a simpleton!" he said.

As Joe that evening walked home with the trout-flies in his pocket, he was in a very good humor. There had not been a word said about going to school, or about staying away, but there had been

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plenty of talk about fishing, and Mr. Horton had told him how salmon were speared. Then there was something said of stones, and Jim, who was a good fellow, even if he was a dandy, had brought out a lot he had gathered in the neighborhood. None of them were new to Joe, for he had often noticed them, but he had never known they were part of the history of the world, as Mr. Horton then explained. There would be some sense in going to school, Joe thought, if they taught such things instead of stuff about dead kings and forgotten wars.

As for this missionary business, Bob had said no more about it—he had no chance; but Joe was willing to go over and see what was to be done. It would n't do any harm, and the Hortons were pleasant people.

And, as it sometimes happens, it was not so very bad the next day. Of course, Joe did not know his lessons, not even where they were, but he got up early and went to Tom Gardiner's with his books, and he soon learned them, and so went to school with a confidence not common to him.

"But see here, Bob," he said as soon as school was over, and they walked off together toward the flats, "what are you going to do? You said you meant to teach the flatters to be cleaner. Now I think that is nonsense. It is a woman's work, that sort of thing! What would they think of a couple of fellows like us telling them they ought to scrub their floors, and that they must not keep their bread in the corner with their boots?"

"I don't know," said Bob, with a laugh. "But don't you see that when Uncle Rob as much as says I don't know what I am talking about, when I say I mean to be a missionary, I am bound to prove I do. I don't know any more than the man in the moon what we can do, but I suppose if we went among the Indians, we would have to begin somewhere."

"We can look about, anyhow," replied Joe. "But I want you to understand, Bob Horton, that I have n't said that *I* mean to be a missionary."

And Joe at once made himself a willow switch and so relieved his feelings.

"The flats" certainly looked as if some one ought to clean them up. The houses were old, tumble-down and forlorn looking. The fences were half down, and the pigs and the children wandered as they pleased.

"The first thing," said Joe, "is to rebuild."

"The first thing," said Bob, "is to walk around them."

So they at once began their task of inspection. It was dirty enough, everywhere, to need cleaning; and better missionary ground, Bob declared, was not to be found anywhere.

"It ought to be a Baptist mission, then," said Joe, "and begin by immersing every one of those children."

The dirtiest, and yet the best-looking, house was that of an old colored woman, Aunt Madison. The steps to her house were broken, the fence half down, the ashes lay in a heap under the front window; but in the yard there was a great rose-bush full of bloom, and a red geranium, gay with immense heads of flowers, grew close to the ash-pile. Inside the door, Aunt Madison, big, black and jolly, sat paring potatoes.

"Look here, Aunt Madison," said Bob, promptly beginning his labors, "why don't you take those ashes away?"

"Lor', child, how you skeered me!" said the old woman, turning her head. "How 's your Ma and Pa?"

"Very well," replied Bob. "But why don't you clear those ashes away?"

"Bless your heart, I tell Sam about them every day! By rights they ought n't to be there. But I put them out the winder last winter. I had the rheumatism too bad to go to the pile. Sam said he 'd take them away. He 's awful good about promisin'."

"You tell him I said to clear them up. He ought to be ashamed to have such a dirty place. And why don't he mend these steps?"

"Lors help you, I don't know!" said Aunt Madison. "I 'spect I 'll break my neck on them yet."

"They don't need much," said Joe, looking closely at them. "If you 'll give me a hammer and some nails, I 'll do it now."

The old woman got up and began to turn out a table-drawer.

"I dunno," she said, "but I had some nails. Oh, here they are! I reckon you can straighten them up. I have n't any hammer. Sam lost it, but you can use a flat-iron. I do."

"I think that is likely," said Joe. "The carpenter work about this place looks as if it had been done with flat-irons and jack-knives. Hand it over."

While Joe was hammering away and vainly trying to work the flat-iron into the corners, Bob considered.

"See here, Aunt Madison," he finally said, "if you 'll make Sam clear those ashes away, I 'll give him a white peony to put there. You would like that?"

"So I would," she replied. "But he 's dreadful busy just now. He 's cutting grass for Holcombe's."

"He had better come home and pile the wood," said Bob. "It ought to be under the shed. Has it been out there all winter?"

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"Mostly," said Aunt Madison. "You see, he just emptied the cart there. He meant to take it in. I 'll speak to him about it."

By this time, Joe had finished his job, and returning the flat-iron, the two boys went away to a group of trees not far off, and sitting down on a log, considered the situation. In the first place, it was clear that it would not answer to rely on either Sam or his mother to clear up. They did not mind the dirt, but they would mind the trouble.

"And yet," said Bob, "when Aunt Madison lived at our house she kept things in order. She would have scolded enough if there had been ashes under our front window."

"I tell you what we 'll do," exclaimed Joe. "We 'll make a model! We 'll clean up this old rattle-trap, and we wont bother about the others. We will put a really clean house here, and then, perhaps, the other people will see how awfully dirty their places are."

This was such a brilliant idea that it needed no reply, and the boys at once arose and walked back to the house.

"The fence will have to be mended," said Bob.

"And whitewashed," added Joe, "and the ashes must be cleared away, the wood piled, and as for the house ——!"

"Those old corn-stalks ought to come up," said Bob; "and I know the broken cups and old tins would fill a wheelbarrow."

"What you talking about?" said Aunt Madison, coming to the door with the steaming tea-kettle in her hand. "You 'd better be off home to learn your lessons. Your Pa 's very particular, Master Bob."

"Oh, my lessons are all right," said Bob. "How would you like to have your place cleaned up, Aunt Madison? Sam wont do it."

"No more he wont," and she put the kettle down on a chair. "I 'd like it mightily. I have been meanin' to begin every day, but somehow I don't. Lor', Master Joe, you can't hang that gate!"

Joe made no reply, but he did hang the gate, and then, taking off their coats, the two boys piled the wood and pulled up the corn-stalks. The ashes they concluded to hire some one to take away, as the work was not good for their clothes.

Of course, a scheme of so much importance had to be submitted to Mr. Horton. After he had listened to Bob, he sent for Joe and listened to him. Then he gave them ten cents to buy lime, told them not to neglect their lessons, and to be sure not to do their work badly.

By Friday night, the whole school was aware that Bob Horton and Joe Hillside were down at the flats whitewashing, and that Tom Gardiner had taken his box of tools over, and had been working in Aunt Madison's kitchen; and so, early Saturday morning, a large and self-appointed delegation went over to see what it all meant. As for the whitewashing, the story about it was true, for there stood fences and shed dazzling white to testify to it; and, as for Tom, he was mending the pump-handle. In the kitchen, Aunt Madison was grumbling. It was all very well when the work was out-of-doors, but to come into the house and turn everything out of the dresser so as to mend the shelf, was a little too much!

"The stool kep' it up very well," she said. "There war n't any use in such a fuss."

When Bob mentioned that the stool kept the door from closing, she said that made no difference, the button was off anyhow. And so she scolded and Bob hammered, and then she improved the time by taking the eggs out of her tea-caddy and putting the tea into their place.

Outside, the boys stood and looked on, making their own remarks, while the children of the neighborhood, who had been mounted as a guard ever since the work began, gave much information about the progress of affairs, and about popular opinion on the subject.

Then Bob came to the door, hammer in hand, and he made a speech. He asked the boys if they thought the flats a clean or pretty place, and they at once said they did not. Then he said that they had determined that there should be one decent place there, and that should be Aunt Madison's! Here this lady remarked that they "did n't know nothing of whitewashing, for them fences would scale, sure." To this, Bob made no reply, but he went on with his speech. He said nothing of the missionary effect the work was to have upon the neighborhood, for Joe and he had agreed that it would be best not to frighten the people, but to let the contrast itself incite them to better things. At first the boys laughed at all he said, but he stood his ground, and Joe, who was planting six-weeks beans, had many directions concerning the proper way to do it. Then Harry Wilson got the rake and began to clean the grass, and then—came the invasion! The spirit of industry seized the whole crowd. One boy wheeled away a pile of bricks and pitched them into the road, and then another, seeing how improper that was, gathered them up again and piled them behind a tree. Some swarmed into the kitchen; one examined the pot-closet, another proposed that the room should be whitewashed, and another maintained it would be better to paper it with illustrated newspapers, as then Aunt Madison would have something to look at. Bob scolded, Joe was busy watching his seeds and keeping his beds from being twice planted,

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while Tom climbed a tree with his tool-box in his hand. In the midst of it all, Aunt Madison arose, she took down her bonnet, and went to see Mr. Horton!

When this gentleman in hot haste arrived upon the scene of action, the missionary work was at fever heat. He said very little; but Sam Winters, who was busy sorting the rag-bag, found himself gently lifted up and put out on the steps, while Bob, who was almost frantic, because of the multitude of missionaries, was sent upstairs to calm himself.

Then Mr. Horton stood on the steps, and *he* made a speech, and all the boys listened, Bob with his head out of the upper window. It was a short speech. He asked who was at work in the house? Out of the very many who answered, he chose two, and set them to restoring things to their places again. The others he formed into two companies, and one of them cleared up the road, while the others carried the rubbish away and burned it. The garden he put into the charge of Joe and Harry Wilson; Bob was called down, Sam Winters was sent to the parsonage to tell Mrs. Horton to keep Aunt Madison, and then the work of reconstruction began.

The first difference of opinion arose upon the question of rubbish. In the wild ransacking of closets and drawers, all sorts of things had been revealed that one of the boys insisted ought to go to the bonfire. But to these arguments Mr. Horton was deaf. The rags and old shoes were the property of Aunt Madison, and he insisted that they should be returned to their hiding-places, and that they were not to be stuffed into them, either.

It took some time, and much more talk, to accomplish all this; but, when it was done, the boys looked on their work with satisfaction. The grounds were clean and neat. The vegetable beds were fresh and brown in newly raked soil, the fences were white, the wood was neatly piled, and where the ash-heap had stood, a rose-bush drooped its head; but that would all come right after a rain, Joe cheerfully remarked.

WORKING IN AUNT MADISON'S KITCHEN.

In the house, there was order and a systematic arrangement of chairs and tables. Then the boys proposed escorting Aunt Madison home, but Mr. Horton sent them to play ball, and he undertook to bring the owner back.

When Aunt Madison saw the yard, she frowned, but she also smiled. In her prophetic soul she felt that those fresh beds meant beans and turnips, perhaps late corn.

But when she ascended the now firm steps, and looked into her house, then she did not smile.

The beautiful order in which her chairs and tables were arranged by the wall had no charm for her, and she at once jerked her rocker out and

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planted it in its proper place by the stove. Then she opened her table drawer, but before she could say a word, Mr. Horton laid a dollar on the table, and fled. He had done his best to restore the house to its original condition, but he had not the courage to hear her comments.

The next day some of the boys walked past the flats, and they would have liked to stop and admire their work, but Aunt Madison came to the window, and for some unexplained reason they walked on.

Bob was seriously discouraged, but he wrote the whole story to his uncle, and received the following reply:

Camp Keene, July 1st.

DEAR BOB: I like your energy; keep on, all of you, but be careful how you do it.—Yours always, UNCLE ROB.

So, they kept on, and, after a while, there were some excellent results to their missionary labors. But these results were not altogether what they had expected.

To be sure, Aunt Madison's house and yard were very different places from what they used to be. The old woman seemed to take a certain pride in having a better-looking establishment than her neighbors, but although she lived to be very, very old indeed, whenever things went wrong, or she missed any of her personal property, she always blamed it on "them boys."

The other "flatters" were somewhat stirred up by the improved appearance of Aunt Madison's premises, and they cleaned up, a little, and whitewashed, here and there, but the improvement was not great. They were still "flatters," and the boys saw that years of work, as well as some missionaries old enough to command more respect than they received from these poor people, would be necessary to convert them from their careless, shiftless ways.

But, as was said before, there were excellent results to the work, and these were seen in the boys themselves, especially in Joe. So, Bob had really been a missionary to Joe, who, though not an Indian, was a very good subject for a boy-missionary to work upon.

Joe now went to school quite regularly. He had not meant to, but every day there was something to be done, or talked about, and at last he fell quite into the habit of going, and when the geology class was started by Mr. Horton, he would not have missed it for all the fishes in the sea.

And yet, Bob always thought he had failed, for, although he was glad to see the great improvement in Joe, he did not count that into his missionary work.

But other people counted it in, especially Uncle Rob, when he heard of it.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

A STORM ON THE COAST.

SUMMERS *are* short in Maine; still the autumn that year seemed in no haste to begin its work. September came and went, bringing only trifling frosts, and the equinoctial week passed without a storm. In its place appeared an odd yellow mist, which wrapped the world in its folds and made the most familiar objects look strange and unnatural. Not a fog,—it was not dense enough for that. It seemed more like air made visible, thickened just a little, and tinted with color, but common air still, warm, thin and quiet. The wind blew softly for many days; there was a general hush over land and sea, and the sun blinked through the golden haze like a bigger and hotter moon.

This strange atmosphere lasted so long that people grew accustomed and ceased to wonder at it. Some of the old sailors shook their heads and said it would end with a gale; but old sailors are fond of prophesying gales, and nobody was frightened by the prediction, or saw any reason for being so, as long as the weather remained thus warm and perfectly calm.

The little steamer from Malachi to Portland made her last trip for the season on the 30th of September; and the day before, Mr. Bright, who had some potatoes to ship to market, went over with them to Malachi, in a small sail-boat belonging to Captain Jim, Mr. Downs's brother's son. They were not to return till next day, so it was arranged that Eyebright should spend the night with Mrs. Downs, as Papa did not like to leave her alone on the island. She went with him as far as the village, and kissed him for good-bye on the dock, when the little cargo was all on board and Captain Jim just ready to push off.

"I shall go home early to-morrow, and make some egg-toast and some frizzled beef for your sup-

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per, Papa, so mind you don't stop to tea with Mrs. Downs," were her last words.

"All right—I wont," said her father; and Captain Jim laughed and said:

"You 'd better not put the frying-pan on till you see us a-coming, for with this light wind there 's no knowing when we 'll get over, and the frizzle might be sp'iled."

EYEBRIGHT IN HER BOAT.

Then the sail flapped and filled and off they went over the yellow sea. Eyebright watched till the boat passed behind the island, and out of sight; then she walked up the road to the Downs's, saying to herself:

"What funny weather! I never saw anything like it. It is n't a bit like last September."

Next morning showed the same sultry mist, a little thicker if anything. Eyebright stayed with Mrs. Downs till after dinner, helped in the weekly baking, hemmed two crash towels, told Benny a story, and set out for home a little after four, carrying a blue-berry pie in a basket for Papa's supper. As she toiled over the sand of the causeway and up the steep path, she was conscious of a singular heaviness in the air, and it struck her that the sea was making a sound such as she had never heard before,—a sort of odd shuddering moan, as if some great creature was in pain a long way out from shore. The water looked glassy calm, and there did not seem to be much wind, which made the sound even stranger and more startling. But she forgot about the sound when she reached the house, for there was a great deal to do and not much time to do it in, for Captain Jim expected to get back by six o'clock or soon after. What with sweeping and dusting and fire-making, an hour passed rapidly, when suddenly a dusky darkness settled over the house, and at the same moment a blast of wind blew the door open with a bang.

"Oh dear, there is going to be a thunder-storm," thought Eyebright. She was afraid of thunder and lightning and did not like the idea at all.

Going to the door to shut it, she stopped short, for she saw a strange sight. One side of the heavens was still thick with the yellow haze, but toward the sea a bank of black clouds was whirling rapidly up from the horizon. It had nearly reached the zenith, and had already hidden the sun and turned the afternoon into temporary twilight. The sea was glassy smooth near the shore—as smooth as oil; but farther out, the waves had begun to toss and tumble, and the moaning sound was become a deep hollow boom, which might easily be imagined the very voice of the approaching storm.

Filled with anxiety, Eyebright ran down to the cliff above the bathing beach and looked toward the long cape at the end of which lay Malachi. The dots of houses showed plainer and whiter than usual against the cape, which had turned of a deep slate-gray, almost black. Two or three ships were in sight, but they were large ships far out at sea, and the strange darkness and the confusion and tumble of the waves which every instant increased, made it difficult to detect any object so small as a boat. She was just turning away, when a sudden gleam of light showed what seemed to be a tiny sail far out in the bay, but it disappeared, and, at the same moment, a sudden, violent wind swept in from the sea and almost threw her down. She caught hold of a sapling-stem to steady herself, and held tightly till the gust passed. Next instant came a great roar of blinding rain, and she was forced to run as fast as she could to the house. It took but two minutes to reach it; but already she was drenched to the skin, and the water was running in streams from her dress and the braids of her hair.

She had to change all her clothes. As she sat before the fire, drying her hair with a rough towel, she could hear the rain pouring on the roof with a noise like thunder, and every few minutes great waves of wind surged against the house, making it shake and tremble till the rafters creaked. There were other sounds, too,—odd rattlings, deep hollow notes like groans, and a throbbing as of some mighty pulse,—but there was no thunder; indeed

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Eyebright doubted if she could have heard it had there been any, so loud was the tumult of noises.

She sat by the fire and dried her hair—what else was there to do?—but feeling all the time as if she ought to be out in the rain helping Papa somehow. The tears ran down her cheeks; now and then she wrung her hands tightly and said, "O Papa! O Papa!" Never had she felt so little and helpless and lost in all her life before. She tried to say a prayer, but it seemed to her just then that God could not hear a weak, small voice like hers through such a rage of storm. She could not realize what it would have been such a comfort to feel, that God is never so near his children or so ready to listen, as when storms are wildest and they need him most. And so she sat, till by and by the clock struck six and made her jump at the idea that Papa might come in soon and find no supper ready for him.

"I musn't let *that* happen," she thought, as with shaking hands she mended the fire, laid the table and set the kettle on to boil. She would not allow herself to question the fact that Papa would come—*must* come, though he might be a little late; and she shaved the dried beef, broke the eggs, and sliced bread for toasting, so as to be able to get supper as soon as possible after he should appear. This helped her through with another hour. Still no sign of Papa, and still the storm raged, as it seemed, more furiously than ever.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten, half-past ten. I don't know how that evening passed. It seemed as long as two or three ordinary days. Many times, thinking she heard a sound, Eyebright flew to the door, but only to come back disappointed. At last the rain slackened, and, unable to sit still any longer, she put on her water-proof and India rubbers, tied a hood over her head, and, taking a lantern, went down to the cliff again. It would have been of no use to carry an umbrella in that wind, and the night was so dark, that even with the help of the lantern, and well as she knew the path, she continually wandered from it, and struck and bruised herself against stumps and branches which there was not light to avoid.

At last she gained the top of the bank over the beach. The sea was perfectly black; she could see nothing and hear nothing, except the roar of waves and the rattle of the shingle below. Suddenly came a flash of lightning. It lit the water for a minute, and revealed a dark spot which might be a boat borne on the waves a little way out from shore. Eyebright did not hesitate an instant, but tumbled and scrambled down the bank at once, waving the lantern and crying, "Here I am, Papa! this way, Papa!" as loud as she could. She had scarcely reached the beach, when another flash showed the object much nearer. Next moment came a great tumbling wave, and out of the midst of it and of the darkness, something plunged on to the beach; and then came the lightning again. It was a boat—and a man in it.

Eyebright seized and held with all her might.

"Oh, hurry and get out, Papa," she cried; for though she could not see, she felt another wave coming. "I can't keep hold but a minute."

And then—she hardly knew how it happened—the man did get out—tumble out rather—upon the sand; and, as she let go the boat and caught hold of him, in sped the wave she had dreaded, with a loud roar, splashed her from head to foot, and rolled back, carrying the boat with it. The man lay on the beach as if unable to move, but by the sense of touch, as well as the dim light of the lantern, Eyebright already knew that it was not Papa but a stranger whose arm she clutched.

"Get up, oh, do get up!" she screamed. "You 'll be drowned if you don't. Don't you see that you will? Oh, what shall I do?"

The man seemed to hear, for he slowly struggled up to his feet, but he did not speak. It was terrible work getting him up the cliff. The wind in furious moments seemed to seize and pin them down, and at such times there was nothing to be done but to stand still, flatten themselves against the bank, and wait till its force abated. Eyebright was most thankful when at last they reached the top. She hurried the stranger with what speed she could across the field to the house, keeping the path better than when she came down, because the light in the kitchen window now served her as a guide. The man stumbled continually, and more than once almost fell down. As they entered the kitchen he quite fell, and lay so long on the floor as to frighten Eyebright extremely. She had never seen any one faint, and she feared the man was dead. Not knowing in the least what she ought to do, she ran for a pillow to put under his head, covered him with a blanket, and put some water on his forehead. This last was rather unnecessary, considering his wet condition, but Bessie had always "brought to" the Lady Jane in that way, so Eyebright thought it might be the right thing. After a long time, she had the comfort of seeing him open his eyes.

"Oh, you are better; I am so glad," she said. "Do try to get into the rocking-chair. The floor is so hard. Here, I will help you."

And she took hold of his arm for the purpose. He winced and shrank.

"Not that arm—don't touch that arm, please," he said. "I have hurt it in some way. It feels as if it were broken."

Then very slowly and painfully he got up from

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the floor and into the rocking-chair which Eyebright had covered with a thick comfortable to make it softer. She made haste to wet the tea, and presently brought him a cup.

"Thank you," he said, faintly. "You are very kind."

She could see his face now. He was not a young man, at all. His hair and beard were gray, and he seemed as old as Papa; but he was so wet and pale and wild-looking just then, that it was not easy to judge what he was like. His voice was pleasant, and she did not feel at all afraid of him. The tea seemed to revive him a little, for, after lying quiet a while with his eyes closed, he sat up, and fumbling with his left hand in an inner pocket, produced a flat parcel tied in stout paper, with a direction written upon it; and beckoning Eyebright to him, said:

"My dear, it is a bad night to ask such a favor in, and I don't know how far you may be from the village; but could you manage to send this over to the stage-office at once? It is of great consequence to me, or I would not ask it. Have you a hired man who could go? I will pay him handsomely for taking it. He must give it to the driver of the stage to put into the express-office at Gillsworth, and take a receipt for it. Please ask him to be particular about that, as the parcel has money in it."

"We have n't any hired man," said Eyebright. "I 'm so sorry, sir. But even if we had, he could n't get across for ever so long."

"Get across?"

"Yes; this is an island. Did n't you know that? We can walk over to the other shore at low tide; but the tide wont be low till after five, even if we had a man. But there is n't anybody but just me."

"After five,—and the mail goes out at six," muttered the stranger. "Then I must manage to go myself."

He tried to get up, but his arm fell helplessly by his side, he groaned, and sank back again. Presently, to Eyebright's terror, he began to talk rapidly to himself, not to her at all, as it seemed.

"It *must* go," he said, in a quick, excited way. "I don't mind what I pay or what risk I run. Do you think I 'm going to lose everything?—lose everything?—other people's money?——" A long pause; then, "What 's a wetting?"—he went on, in a loud tone—"that 's nothing. A wetting!—my good name is worth more than money to me."

He was silent after that for a long time. Eyebright hoped he had gone to sleep, when, suddenly, he opened his eyes, and said, imploringly: "Oh, if you knew how important it was, you *would* make haste. I am sure you would."

He did not say much more, but seemed asleep, or unconscious; only now and then, roused for a moment, he muttered some word which showed him to be still thinking about the parcel, and the necessity for sending it to the office immediately.

Eyebright put another blanket round him, and fetched a chair for his feet to rest upon. That seemed all she could do, except to sit and watch him, getting up occasionally to put wood on the fire, or going to the door to listen, in hopes of hearing Papa's step in the path. The parcel lay on the table where the stranger had put it. She looked at it, and looked at it, and then at the clock. It was a quarter to five. Again the broken, dreamy voice muttered: "It must go,—it must go." A sudden, generous impulse seized her.

"I 'll take it myself!" she cried. "Then it will be sure to be in time. And I can come back when Papa does."

Poor child, so sure still that Papa must come!

It lacked less than three-quarters of an hour to low water. At that state of the tide, the causeway was usually pretty bare; but, as she descended the hill, Eyebright, even in the darkness, could see that it was not nearly bare now. She could hear the swish of the water on the pebbles, and, by the light of her lantern, caught sight of more than one long wave sweeping almost up to the crest of the ridge. She would not wait, however, but set bravely forward. The water must be shallow, she knew, and fast growing more so, and she dared not delay; for the walk down the shore, in the wind, was sure to be a long one. "I must n't miss the stage," she kept saying, to encourage herself, and struck in, feeling the way with the point of her umbrella, and holding the lantern low, so as to see where she stepped. The water was only two or three inches deep,—less than that in some places; but every few minutes a wave would rush across and bury her feet above the ankles. At such times, the sand would seem to give way and let her down, and a sense of sinking and being carried off would seize upon her and take away all her strength. She dared not move at these moments, but stood still, dug her umbrella into the sand, and waited till the water ran back.

As she got farther from the island, a new danger assailed her. It was the wind, of which she now felt the full force. It bent and swayed her about till she felt like a plaything in its grasp. Once it caught her skirts and blew her over toward the deeper water. This was the most dangerous moment of all; but she struggled back, and the gust relaxed its grasp. More than once the fury of the blast was so great that she dared not stand upright, but crouched on the wet sand, and made herself as flat as possible, till it passed by. Oh,

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how she wished herself back at home again. But going back was as dangerous as going forward, and she kept on, firm in her purpose still, though drenched, terrified and half crying, till, little by little, wet sand instead of water was under her feet, the waves sounded behind instead of immediately beside her, and, at last, stumbling over a clump of blue-berry bushes, she fell forward on her knees upon the other shore,—a soggy, soaked, disagreeable shore enough, but a most welcome sight just then.

"IT WAS A BOAT—AND A MAN IN IT!"

So tired and spent was she, that for some minutes she lay under the blue-berry clump before she could gather strength to pull herself up and go on. It was a very hard and painful walk, and the wind and the darkness did all they could to keep her back; but the gallant little heart did not fail, and, at last, just as the first dim dawn was breaking, she gained the village and Mr. Downs's door.

Mrs. Downs had been up nearly all night, so great was her anxiety for Captain Jim and Mr. Bright. She had just fallen asleep in her clothes, when she was roused by a knock.

"That 's them at last," she cried, jumping up and hurrying to the door.

Great was her surprise at the little soaked figure which met her eyes, and greater still when she recognized Eyebright.

"Why, what in the name of—why!" was all she could say at first. Then, regaining her wits, "Eyebright, my dear child, what has fetched you out at this hour of day; and massy's sake, how did you come?"

"I came on the causeway. Oh, Mrs. Downs, is Papa here?"

"Over the causeway!" cried Mrs. Downs. "Good land alive! What possessed you to do such a fool-hardy thing? I only wonder you were not drowned outright."

"So do I. I was almost. But Mrs. Downs, is Papa here? Oh, do tell me."

"No, they have n't got in yet," said Mrs.

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Downs, affecting an ease and security which she did not feel. "The storm has delayed them, or, what 's more likely, they never started at all, and will be over to-day. I guess that 'll turn out to be the way of it. Jim 's got too good sense to put out in the teeth of a heavy squall like this has been. An' he must ha' seen it was a-comin'. But, my dear, how wet you are! And what did make you do such a crazy thing as to set out over the causeway in such weather?"

"I could n't help it," with a sob. "There 's a poor man up at our house, Mrs. Downs. He came in a boat, and was 'most drowned, and he 's hurt his arm dreadfully, and I 'm afraid he 's very sick beside; and he wanted this parcel to go by the stage-driver. He said it must go, it was something very important. So I brought it. The stage has n't gone yet, has it? I wanted so much to be in time."

"Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. Downs, furiously. "He must be a pretty man to send you across the bar in the night and such a storm, to fetch his mail. I 'd like to throw it right straight in the water, that I would, and serve him right. The idea!"

"Oh, he did n't mean that I should go,—he did n't know anything about it," protested Eyebright. "He asked me to send our hired man, and when I told him we had n't any hired man, he said then he would come himself; but he was too sick. He said such queer things that I was frightened. And then he went to sleep, and I came. Please tell me what time it is, I must go to the office right away."

"Indeed you wont," said Mrs. Downs. "You 'll come straight upstairs and go to bed. I 'll wake him up. He 'll take it. There 's plenty of time. 'T is n't six yet, and the stage 'll be late this morning, I 'll bet."

"Oh, I can't go to bed, I must go back to the island," Eyebright pleaded. "The man who came is all alone there, and you can't think how sick he is."

"Poor man or not, you 'll go to bed," said Mrs. Downs, inexorably, helping the tired child upstairs. "Me and Mr. Downs 'll see to the poor man. You aint needed to carry the hull world on your back as long as there 's any grown folks left, you poor little mite. Go to bed and sleep, and we 'll look after your man."

Eyebright was too tired to resist.

"Oh, please ask Mr. Downs to take a receipt, the man was so particular about that," was her only protest.

She fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, and knew nothing more till after noon, when she opened her eyes, feeling for a moment entirely bewildered as to where she was. Then, as it all came back to her mind, she jumped up in a hurry. Her clothes, nicely dried, lay on a chair beside the bed. She hurried them on, and ran down-stairs.

Nobody was visible except little Benny, who told her that his mother had "gone along up to the island."

"She said you was to eat some breakfast," he added. "It 's in the oven a-keepin' warm. Shall I show you where it is?"

"Oh, never mind," cried Eyebright. "Never mind about breakfast, Benny. I don't feel hungry."

"Ma said you *must*," declared Benny, opening the oven door and disclosing a plate full of something very dry and black. "Oh dear, it 's all got burned up."

"I 'll drink some milk instead," said Eyebright. "Who 's that coming up the road, Benny?"

"It 's Pa. I guess he 's come back to get you," said Benny, running out to meet him.

Mr. Downs had come to fetch Eyebright. He looked very grave, she thought.

When she asked eagerly, had Papa come yet, Mr. Downs shook his head. Perhaps they had stayed over in Malachi, to avoid the storm, he said, and would get in later. He helped Eyebright into the boat, and rowed to the island without saying another word. The wind had abated, but the sea was still very rough, and long lines of white surf were breaking on the rocks and beaches.

The kitchen looked very queer and crowded, for Mr. Downs had brought down a mattress from upstairs, and made a bed on the floor, upon which Eyebright's "man" was now sleeping. His wet clothes had been changed for some dry ones belonging to Mr. Bright, and, altogether, he looked far less wild and forlorn than he had appeared to be the night before, though he evidently was seriously ill. Mrs. Downs did n't think his arm was broken; but she could n't be sure, and "he" was sent up the shore to fetch Dr. Treat, the "natural bone-setter." There was no regular doctor at Scrapplehead.

The natural bone-setter pronounced the arm not broken, but badly cut and bruised, and the shoulder dislocated. He tied it up with a liniment of his own invention, but both fever and rheumatism followed, and for some days the stranger tossed in pain and delirium. Mrs. Downs stayed on the island to nurse him, and both she and Eyebright had their hands full, which was well, for it helped them to endure the suspense of the next week as nothing else could have done.

It was not for some time, even after that dreadful week, that they gave up the hope that Cap-

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tain Jim had waited over in Malachi and would appear with the next fair wind. Then a sloop put in, bringing the certain news that he and Mr. Bright had sailed about two hours before the storm began. After that, the only chance—and that a vague one—was, that the boat might have landed on the coast farther below, or, blown out to sea, been picked up by some passing ship. Days passed in this hope. Whenever Eyebright could be spared for a moment, she always ran to the cliff on the sea-side, in the hope of seeing a ship sailing in with Papa on board, or news of him. She never spoke as if there was any doubt that he would come in the end, and Mrs. Downs, dreading to cloud her hopefulness, replied always as confidently as she could, and tried to be hopeful, too.

So a fortnight passed, over the busy, anxious household, and poor Eyebright—though her words were still courageous—was losing heart, and had begun to feel that a cold, dreadful wave of sorrow was poising itself a little way off, and might presently break all over her, when, one day, as she stood by the bedside of their patient,—much better now and quite in his senses,—he looked at her with a sudden start of recognition, and said:

"Why, I know you. You are Mr. Bright's little girl,—are you not? You are Eyebright! Why did I not recognize you before? Don't you recollect me at all? Don't you know who I am?"

And, somehow, the words and the pleasant tone of voice, and the look which accompanied them

"YOU ARE EYEBRIGHT."

made him look different all at once, to the child, and natural, and Eyebright did know him.

It was Mr. Joyce!

(To be continued.)

A RUN AFTER SWORD-FISH.

By Alexander Young.

I was spending the summer at Martha's Vineyard, the island off the Massachusetts coast which has since become famous for camp-meetings, when a friend suggested that we should go out after sword-fish. My knowledge of these finny monsters being very limited, I was naturally eager to see them in their native element. I was aware that they were formidable antagonists of the whale, and that sharks were glad to keep out of the way of their sharp and piercing swords. The pictures I had seen of these monsters, with their upper jaws projecting in the shape of familiar military weapons, had always made me desirous to behold these warriors of the deep alive.

So I said I should be very glad to catch sword-fish, and innocently added, by way of increasing my stock of fishing information, "What kind of hooks do we use?" my idea being that the iron hooks, such as are employed in catching sharks, were the sort needed.

"Well, you *are* an ignoramus!" exclaimed my friend; "sword-fish are not taken with hooks; it would be as much as your life was worth to try to pull one in alive; he 'd run his sword either through you or the boat or both."

"How do you catch them, then?" I asked.

"Why, harpoon them, to be sure. And mighty ticklish work it is, too, as you 'll see when we go out in the sword-fish boats."

I next learned that catching sword-fish was quite a business in Edgartown, and that a fleet of boats was engaged in it. The fish were considered good eating, and were shipped to the New Bedford, Boston, and New York markets.

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Owing to the skill required in capturing sword-fish, it was impossible for my friend and myself to be anything more than spectators of the sport. I was consoled for not being allowed to take an active part in the fishing, by the well-meant assurance that it involved greater risk and harder work than I was accustomed to.

It was on a bright August morning that I went down to the moldy old wharf, where the boat in which we were to go out was lying. There were some dozen or fifteen of these boats getting ready to start, when we arrived. They were all built on the same plan, being sharp at both ends, like whale-boats, though of a clumsier and heavier model. In length, they seemed to be about twenty-eight feet, while their width was five or six feet.

It did not take long for the three swarthy fishermen, who constituted our crew, to get the craft under way, and we were soon bounding over the water in a brisk breeze. I noticed that our boat, like the others which were sailing along with us, had no bowsprit; but, in place of it, was a thick upright iron rod with a wooden cross-piece and a narrow platform that extended several feet inward.

"What is that for?" I asked of one of the fishermen.

"That 'ere is where I stands when I fixes 'em," was the somewhat indefinite answer.

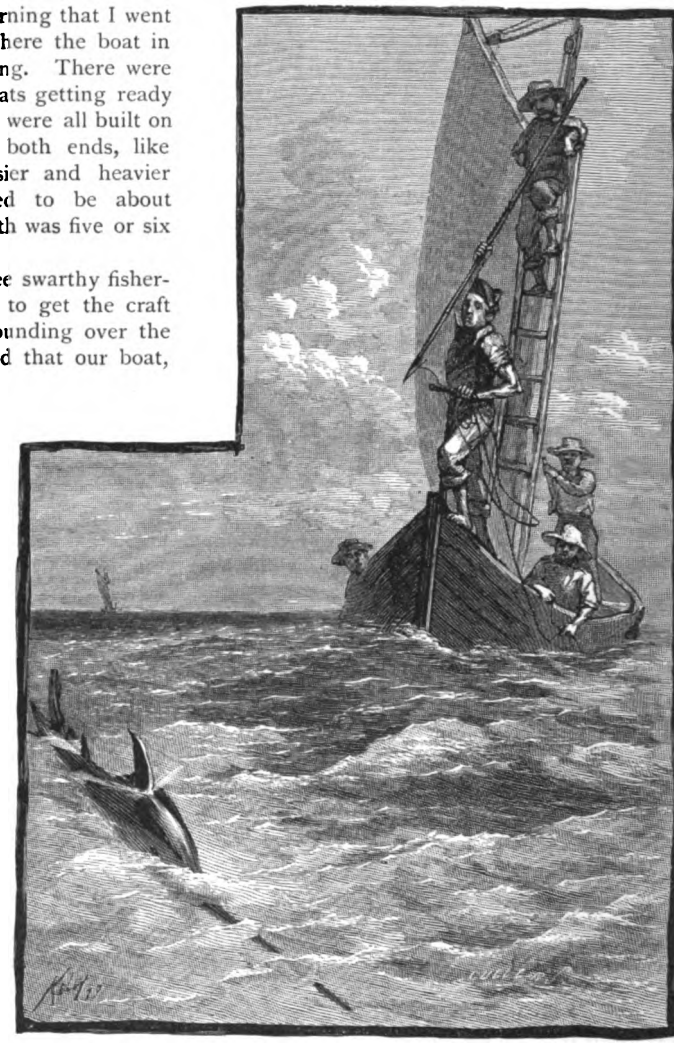
It turned out that my informant was the harpooner, and that he stood at the end of the platform, to strike the sword-fish when sufficiently near. The fish swims so rapidly that, as soon as one is seen, it is necessary to bear down upon him at once, and lose no time in sending the harpoon into his body.

"But how do you know where to look for the sword-fish?" I inquired; for it seemed to me that the search for them was like seeking a needle in a bundle of hay.

"Oh, they 're sure to be on the mackerel-ground," replied the fisherman; "they come in arter 'em, you know."

"Well," I went on, inquisitively, "how do you find out just where a sword-fish is, in order to go for him?"

"Do you see that ladder?" was the reply of the harpooner, pointing to one which was fastened to the mast; "well, one of us stands on top of that, and looks out for fish. When he sees one, he gives the bearings, and we go for 'swordy'; and," he added, with a chuckle, "we ginrally gits him."



"THE HARPOONER STOOD READY."

The fisherman, as I soon had an opportunity of learning, had correctly described the way in which sword-fish are seen at a great distance off. The trained observation of the man on the ladder, sweeping the expanse of sea, can discern the back fin of the fish, which is the only part of him above water, from a distance at which ordinary eyes could not distinguish it among the waves.

The sail to the sword-fish grounds was delight-

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ful, the breeze being fresh, and the water not too rough. On we went, and on, till the town seemed like a phantom city in the dim distance. The boats, now widely scattered, looked as if they were sea-birds skimming the water. The fisherman had been steadfastly scanning the ocean from his perch on the ladder for half an hour. But there was yet no sign of a sword-fish, and I began to fear that we should have poor luck. At last, the man on the lookout shouted to the steersman the direction in which he wished him to go, and I knew from this that a fish had been seen from the ladder. I strained my eyes in the line of the boat's course to catch a glimpse of the creature, but could see nothing except a mass of tossing waves, with here and there a white speck which I knew to be one of the other boats.

Meanwhile, the harpooner stood on the end of the platform at the bow of the boat, ready to dispatch the sword-fish as soon as it should come within reach. His weapon consisted of a long pole, to which was attached an arrow-headed dart and shank of iron. The harpoon has a line fastened to it, and when the fish is struck, the pole is pulled out, leaving the iron in its body, held fast by the line.

As we bore down close upon the sword-fish from behind, so that he could not see the approach of the boat, which would have frightened him away, I caught a glimpse of his tell-tale back fin above the water. In an instant the harpooner sent his sharp weapon deep into the flesh of the fish. The pole was then pulled out, there was a terrible plunging and splashing in the water, but meanwhile the boat kept away at a safe distance from the sword-fish. I observed at the same time that a keg was attached to the line from the harpoon and thrown out.

"Why don't you pull him in?" said I, to the man at the helm, who was now steering away from the finny prize. "Are you going to give that fish up?"

"Oh, he 's all right where he is," was the reply; "we don't want him cutting into the boat; but we 'll come back for him by and by."

The fact was, it would have been unsafe to have such a powerful and infuriated creature near the boat, as he could easily make a hole in it with his sword. The weapon of a sword-fish has been known to go through a ship's planking. When we came back to the different kegs or "floats" at the end of the day's work, there was nothing to do but to pull the fish in.

The number of fish taken was five, measuring from eight to twelve feet in length, and weighing from two to six hundred pounds. The fishermen seemed well satisfied with their day's work, and, as a memorial of it, I took home two swords to put with some sharks' jaws, which I had secured on a previous expedition after big fish.

HELMETS AND VIOLETS.

By Ruth Mariner.

I sat one radiant morning
  Within a favorite nook,—
Unmindful of its glory,
  And buried in a book.

I read, with eyes that kindled,
  About the old Crusades;
Till I heard the clashing armor,
  And saw the quivering blades.

I followed in their journeys
  The heroes of the past,
To see them proudly enter
  Within the walls at last.

As with sound of martial music
  My inmost soul was stirred,
When through the open casement
  My Effie's voice I heard.

Then a sound of stealing footsteps,
  And playful fingers shook
A shower of early violets
  Upon the open book.

Among the glittering helmets
  I felt their sweetness fall;
Then vanished in a moment
  Crusaders, knights and all!

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TRY.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

BUT the lettuce-seed did n't try and would n't try. (It was the bobolink who was talking.) I sat on the old apple-tree behind the house and saw the whole proceeding. The lettuce-seed and the pepper-grass-seed were both put into the ground on the same day.

Said the lettuce-seed:

"Don't let us take the trouble to grow until we see how the pepper-grass gets along."

So the pepper-grass came up and grew very nicely till it was some two inches tall; then the bugs ate it up.

"So!" said the lettuce-seed; "if that is the way, we wont start."

The turnips and beets on the other side of the path were growing nicely; they said to the lettuce-seed: "How absurd you little creatures are! It is no sign because the pepper-grass is eaten that you would be; bugs don't eat everything."

No; the lettuce-seed would n't.

I called out to them myself; said I:

"It is excellent weather for growing—hot sun—nice little showers—do come up and try; don't lie there in the ground doing nothing."

"Oh yes," they said, "you like to eat lettuce; you want us to come up so that you can eat us."

Suspicious creatures!

"Well," I told them, "if I were a seed put in the ground I 'd rather come up and furnish a dinner to a hungry caterpillar than lie moldering."

Well, one fine day, Hugh came along, spaded up the whole bed and planted it again; with onions this time. The lettuce-seed were indignant; they began to grow immediately, but the onions got the start and strangled them, every one, as they came up. So there was the end of them.

"And the onions?"

Ah—yes—the—onions (Bobolink continued), there was ambition for you! They had made up their minds to be something in the world, if only onions, and to great glory they came.

The natural end of an onion is to be eaten, but before these onions were eaten they had to be sold; the selling—that was the event.

You see, these two acres behind the house are pretty much laid out in vegetables, so when Hugh harnesses up the old sorrel horse on market days there is quite a something to load the wagon with. There might be more, for there is nearly another acre before the house, but Hugh and his mother, such a trim old lady she is—he and she lived alone here then,—they both liked to have that for flowers and grass and shrubs. Well, in due time the onions were pulled up and tied in beautiful long bunches, so white and green, and put into baskets, and the baskets were put into the wagon, and away went Hugh to the town, to market.

That evening, I sat on the apple-tree; Hugh sat down to his supper.

"Mother," said he, "I believe I am in love."

I stopped my singing to listen. Love! That always interests birds.

The old lady laughed.

"I have ever thought, Hugh, that thee would come home some one of these fine market days, just in that condition."

"I fell in love with a girl who likes onions."

The old lady laughed.

"And does that win thy heart, Hugh, to like onions? Falling in love is a serious thing."

"Listen, mother, I 'll tell thee. My wagon stood in front of the brewer's great house; he was buying my young beets; the door opens—out come his three daughters dressed for a walk—all so pretty, the youngest the prettiest; she trips up to her father.

"'O father, has he got any onions? Buy some for me, please.'

"'Yes, Puss,' said the brewer, 'I 'll buy you onions and cabbages, too, if you want them.'

"'Come Nina,' said her sisters; so I found out her name was Nina.

"'Ah,' thought I, 'if I could win Miss Nina's heart!'"

"Well, Hugh," said his mother, "try."

After that, I watched, and Hugh evidently was trying, for every market-day regularly there was a new item added to the load on the wagon,—a fine bouquet of flowers from the front garden; and at night, in adding up the accounts of what was sold, and what was got for it, that bouquet was never added in.

Midsummer came. I put off my brilliant attire and put on my sober traveling dress; our family were in uniform; it was time to start southward.

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Away—away! The whirring of a thousand wings as we swept over the Middle States, over the peach orchards of New Jersey, the wheat-white plains and reedy banks of Delaware, through the valleys and dark forests of Virginia; by the lonely hut on the mountain-side, with its patch of Indian corn,—away, away, till there was nothing but the burning sun above, and, below, like broad lakes rippling in the breeze, the rice-fields of the Carolinas. We gleaned those fields; clean work we made of it! Many a long barrel was leveled at me—many a dodge I had to make; and at night when the round bright moon looked down on the plantations and far away was heard the singing of the negroes, the wild, monotonous chant, and the tum-tum of the banjo; then as I slept with my head under my wing, I dreamed of the fresh mornings of the North, and of Hugh, and I wondered how the wooing came on.

Farther south! Over the everglades and the coral-reefs to the sea—to the deep, deep sea! The tall masts to the ships reeled beneath us, and above us flew the white clouds, but we out-flew them. Away, away to the islands where the guinea-grass grows. Hot and desolate is the day there, but at night the moistened air is filled with the odors of a thousand flowers; their perfumes mingled with my dreams, and under the palms again I dreamt of the far North, of the apple-tree and the old sorrel horse, and I wondered how the wooing came on.

The next spring we were a long while on our journey northward. We were a small pleasant party; the grain grew luxuriantly that year; many a foraging expedition we made. It was late in May when I perched once more on the old apple-tree. The wrens were before me; they were building over the porch; they told me the news.

"We have had a wedding. Nina lives here, now; it is the honey-moon. You are just in time to sing to the bride."

And I did sing! My mate was building her nest of withered grass down in the meadow; I had nothing to do but sit and sing all day long.

When Hugh came out to plant the onions that spring, what did Nina do? She tripped out after him laughing so merrily we all stopped singing to listen to her. She had a basketful of forget-me-not roots; she insisted on bordering the onion-bed with them.

"Oh yes, Hugh," she cried; "the onions were the beginning, the onions did it all; now they shall be honored."

The onions hold up their heads since then; they refuse to speak to the carrots; they call out to the tulips in the front garden and try to get up a conversation with them.

We have merry parties here when the father and the two sisters come; they all enjoy themselves so much, and the dear old lady, Hugh's mother, seems to grow quite young again. They come into the garden and sit in the arbor to eat their berries and cream, and they laugh at the onion-bed.

Intolerably conceited and arrogant those onions are! Every evening, Nina comes out and strews bread crumbs under the tree, then we all go down and have a feast, and those onions never fail to call out:

"Remember, birds, you have to thank *us* for the supper you are eating—we did it all."

HER FAN AND HER FURS.

By Constance Marion.

The short winter day and the winter day's journey had come to a close. A rough, wearisome journey it had been, that drive in the old army ambulance, drawn by a pair of superannuated mules, the only thing in the livery-stable line that could be procured in the dilapidated little town of C——, the place where Mr. Morton and his family had left the steamboat, in order to pursue their journey to the coast by land. The doctor had ordered Florida climate for Mr. Morton's lungs, and after a week's sojourn in an overcrowded hotel in Jacksonville, the invalid had concluded to take his family further southward, and rough it in the woods for the remainder of the winter.

This change of programme met with Mrs. Morton's decided approval, for although she had spent the last fifteen years of her life in a large city, she was country born and bred, and loved the woods even in their wildest state. Fanny, the younger daughter, was always ready for a change of any kind, but when her sister, Marianne, saw the calico dresses and sun-bonnets her mother had made pre-

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paratory to the next move, she began to grow alarmed. Marianne had a weakness for pomps and vanities, which all her mother's teachings had, as yet, failed to improve, and living in the woods and wearing calico was not by any means to her mind. She was not therefore in the best of humors as the ambulance went jolting along over palmetto roots, or dragging through the deep sand of the pine-barren, and she was loud in her exclamations of terror as it forded the deep, dark creeks that made their way through the silent, thickly grown hammocks. She "thought she would die" at the sight of a huge alligator, who was scuttling away from the road as fast as his crooked legs could carry him; and the distant wail of a panther made her "feel as if she were going to faint."

When they reached their journey's end, her discontent increased tenfold; for the house which was to be their temporary home was roughly constructed of logs, and extremely limited in accommodations. The Morton family occupied one room, which was divided into two small sleeping apartments by a curtain being run across in the middle. There was neither stove nor fire-place, a deficiency which Marianne was quick in pointing out, although the thermometer was above seventy.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," returned her father. "It is purely for our accommodation that Mrs. Hewitt has taken us in, as the board she charges will scarcely more than pay expenses."

"Then why don't you go to a hotel?" asked Marianne.

"If you will be good enough to find me one hereabouts, I will move into it immediately," returned Mr. Morton.

"There must be one in that town over yonder," said Marianne, pointing out of the east window.

"That is not a town," said her father. "Those are the tops of the white sand-hills on the sea-shore. Don't you hear the roaring of the surf?"

"Oh, shall we see the sea?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Yes," returned Mr. Morton, "if you learn how to swim the river down yonder; or if you can find anybody kind enough to take you over in a boat."

"What kind of birds are those?" asked Fanny; "those black ones flying in a line, and settling down on that island yonder?"

"Pelicans," replied Mr. Morton. "They have been out fishing, and are coming home with their supper."

"I wish Mrs. Hewitt would come flying in with our supper," said Fanny yawning. "I am awfully hungry and sleepy."

The supper, when it did come, was, in its way, a great success, and the travelers did justice to it. But Marianne made a note of the cracked and discolored delft-ware, the brown table-cloth, and the steel forks, and thought herself a very ill-used individual.

"The *idea*," said she to Fanny, after they were in bed that night and out of hearing of their father and mother,—"the idea of having bacon and collards for supper, and brown sugar in your coffee!"

"I like collards," said Fanny, the good-humored. "I never tasted any before, but I think they are nice when anybody is hungry. And then, you know, there were other things besides,—fish, and hominy, and biscuits, and,—oh, I am *so* sleepy!"

"I can never go to sleep on *this* mattress," said Marianne, with decision. "I do believe it is stuffed with chips."

But in five minutes she and Fanny were both dreaming, and their father's slumbers were not broken once that night by the hacking cough that had brought him south.

The next morning, Marianne and Fanny were arrayed in new calicoes and stout shoes, and it was not long before the latter was assisting a flock of little Hewitts in the construction of a bridge across a small creek at the back of the house. Mr. Morton went off in the woods with a gun. Mrs. Morton tied on a check apron, and helped Mrs. Hewitt prepare vegetables for dinner. Marianne unpacked her portfolio, and spent the morning in writing a letter to her school-mate and particular friend, Flora Dewing. By the time dinner was announced, Marianne had written herself into good humor, and as that meal consisted of turtle soup, wild turkey, mullet roes, and other eminently aristocratic delicacies, she began to think she might, with the aid of the books in her trunk, manage to support a rural existence for the next few months. That afternoon she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the little Hewitts, taught them the game of tag, helped to construct a see-saw, and made herself generally agreeable.

As the days went by, both Marianne and Fanny showed symptoms of developing into irrepressible romps. Mounted on mustang ponies, they galloped over the savannas, helping the young Hewitts drive up the cattle; they took rides on the timber-wheels belonging to a neighboring saw-mill; and went up and down the river on the boats of the live-oak cutters. They took long sailing excursions in the yawl of a friendly neighbor, whose manners were much more commendable than his syntax, and whose shabby clothes seemed to contradict the fact that he owned the finest orange grove on the river.

This state of things continued until Christmas came; Christmas recalling to Marianne the Christmases at home, their merry bells and decorated churches, their handsome presents, their plum-puddings, their fine clothes.

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"Mother," said she, on Christmas eve, "as there will be no presents this year, I think you might grant me *one* favor."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"I think you might let me dress up to-morrow, just in honor of the day. It has been so long since I have had on clothes that were nice that I am beginning to feel like a perfect back-woods creature."

"What do you wish to wear?" asked her mother.

"OH! HE 'S COMING THIS WAY! HE 'LL CATCH US!"

"Well, as it is just once, I believe I should like to wear my best; if it is only to make these people stare."

"I thought just now it was to be in honor of the day."

Marianne blushed slightly, and went on:

"You know, there is my ruby-colored silk that Aunt Lucy sent me, and my new cloak and hat ——"

"A cloak in this kind of weather!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"Oh, I dare say it will be quite cool to-morrow," returned Marianne. "I am sure I find these sea-breezes dreadfully chilly, and I am going to take a walk on the river-bank. And I must have my gaiters. I have been wearing these great, coarse shoes so long that it would be a comfort to have something decent on my feet. And my gloves, too; I must have everything complete, you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Morton.

And accordingly the next morning after breakfast, Marianne, arrayed in all her glory, went out to promenade. As she passed through the dining-room on her way out-of-doors, Mrs. Hewitt, who was shelling beans at the window, observed good-naturedly that she looked mighty nice; but an old neighbor, who dropped in to borrow a little milk, expressed audibly a less flattering criticism.

"Laws a massy! What 's the child trigged out in all that tom-foolery for?"

Marianne walked out with the air of a queen, and tried not to feel hot as the rays of an unclouded sun fell upon her heavy, fur-trimmed cloak and velvet hat. The beloved gaiters were now rather small, and pinched her feet unpleasantly; and the handsome muff she carried was decidedly more ornamental than useful.

When she arrived at the river-side, she found the eldest Hewitt boy down there, gathering oysters, with Fanny standing by, looking on with interest.

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"Hello! here 's your cirkis a-comin'!" exclaimed the boy, as he looked up and beheld Marianne's magnificence.

"Fanny, come away from that boy, and walk with me," said Marianne, with great dignity.

Fanny obeyed with some reluctance; the boy had promised to roast her some oysters, but then she was n't going to stand quietly by and hear her sister called a circus. As she turned to leave the impertinent young oysterman, her heart was gladdened by the sight of a distant sail-boat.

"Oh, here comes the 'Water Witch'!" exclaimed she. "And I know Mr. Burroughs will take us to sail; but you can't go, Jim Hewitt, because you are such a bad-mannered boy."

"I don't care," said Jim. "I don't go with no sich. The 'Water Witch' is the crankiest lay-out on the river, and old Burroughs don't know no more 'bout managing a boat than a gal baby do."

And flinging this Parthian dart, Jim strolled off to a distant oyster point, and the girls went out to the end of the wharf to await the coming of the "Water Witch."

"Take us out sailing, Mr. Burroughs? Take us out sailing?" they exclaimed in concert, as the much slandered boat came luffing up to the wharf.

"That 's just what I 'm a-coming fur," responded Mr. Burroughs; "but them 's fancy riggin's to go a-sailing in."

"Oh, I am going to be very careful," said Marianne, as she stepped down into the leaky boat.

"I s'pose your mar 's willin'," said Mr. Burroughs.

"Oh, mother doesn't care," exclaimed Marianne; but Fanny demurred. "I 'll run up to the house, and ask her," said she.

"That 's right, Honey," returned Mr. Burroughs; "always ask your mar when you aint sartin."

"I 'll bail out the boat while she is gone," said Marianne. "There is ever so much water in her."

And forgetful of her gloves, she seized a muddy gourd that lay under the stern seat, and went vigorously to work.

"Take care of what you are about, child," said Mr. Burroughs. "Salt water ain't the thing to wash silk in."

"Oh dear, I have got my sleeve all wet!" exclaimed Marianne, who saw now what she had done. "But never mind! it will be all right again as soon as it gets dry. Mr. Burroughs, I do wish you would caulk your boat: it leaks dreadfully! Dear! dear! There goes my muff. The boom knocked it off of the seat into the water."

The muff was fast floating down with the tide, but Mr. Burroughs rescued it with a long pole.

"I guess we 'd better leave it aboard the dug-out here," said he, depositing it on the stern-seat of a boat which lay alongside; "it wont be of much use to you now, soaking wet as it is. Well, Miss Fanny, what does your mar say?"

"Oh, she says we may go," gasped Fanny, short of breath from her long run; "but she says Marianne must be careful."

"Yes, I 'll be careful," responded Marianne; but gloves and muff being already ruined, she spoke less confidently than before.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Mr. Burroughs. "Up or down?"

"Whichever way you think best," said Marianne absently. She was trying to pull off her wet and muddy gloves.

"Oh, I tell you!" exclaimed Fanny. "Let 's go across; you know you promised to take us over to the beach, and I haven't seen the sea yet."

"All right," said Mr. Burroughs. "Shove her off from the wharf thar, Miss Fanny. The wind is 'most dead agin us, but that will make it all right coming home. Keep your feet on the plank, Miss Marianne; them shoes of yourn warn't made to keep out water."

"Oh what a ricketty old wharf," exclaimed Fanny, as they neared the opposite shore. "I don't believe we can ever walk on it. At least, I know Marianne can't, with her high heels."

But Marianne, with the aid of a pole, managed to stagger ashore, and great was her relief at being in the shade again. In coming across the river the sun had beat down with merciless severity on her cloak, which she would not lay aside for fear of having her best dress ruined by the dashing spray. Her shoes tortured her feet, and in moving them about for relief, she had got one of them off the plank and into the muddy water in the bottom of the boat; but she kept quiet about it, for she had twice said she was going to be very careful.

"I hope the bears won't get after us," said Fanny, as they toiled up the steep hill which rose from the river bank, forcing their way through the thick growth which overlapped the narrow path, and making impotent attacks on the swarms of mosquitoes that hummed around them. "Oh, dear! I thought we should have a view of the sea when we reached the top of this hill."

"No. We have got a lot of scrambling to do yet," returned Mr. Burroughs. "Before we catch sight of the sea there 's two more big hills, besides a whole lot of little ones. Take care of your furs, Miss Marianne. It 's mighty rough traveling through these scrub-oaks. There used to be a tol'able good path along here, but it is mighty nigh growed up now."

"Oh, where can we get some water? I am so thirsty!" exclaimed Marianne.

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"I reckin you will have to make out with oranges," said Mr. Burroughs, taking one from his pocket and giving it to her.

"Thar aint no water over here that 's fitten to drink."

Marianne eagerly tore open the orange, and in so doing spilt ever so much juice on her dress. Soon afterward she stumbled over a palmetto root, and ruined one of her gaiters. She was now thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Mercy on us, the mosquitoes!" exclaimed she, crossly. "I wish I had something to keep them off with."

"I 'll get you a palmetto-leaf fan," said Mr. Burroughs, taking out his pocket-knife.

"A fan and a cloak together; that will look comical," observed Fanny.

"It is only to keep off the mosquitoes," said Marianne, hastily, and wiping her flushed face with her embroidered handkerchief. "I don't think it at all warm with this strong wind blowing."

After struggling for some time along the narrow path, through a thick growth of scrub-oak which grew scrubbier and scrubbier as they neared the sea, the pedestrians at length reached the foot of the last range of hills, and stopped to rest a minute. The sand was dazzlingly white, and so deep and yielding under foot that making the ascent was like climbing the Hill Difficulty. Fanny was the first at the top.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed she, wildly.

"What ails the child?" asked Mr. Burroughs. "Does she see a b'ar?"

No. Fanny was looking for the first time in her life on the vast and mighty ocean, whose great, dark waves came surging onward toward the hills, as if in perpetual mutiny against the mandate: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Even Marianne forgot herself and her troubles as she gazed upon the awful majesty of ocean. She stood in speechless admiration until Fanny broke the spell by exclaiming:

"Let 's run down the hill!"

"You may," said Marianne; "but the sole of one of my gaiters is half off."

"Your bran-new gaiters?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Yes, my bran-new gaiters. You might have known that without asking the question."

"The tide is high yet," said Mr. Burroughs, "and all the beach is covered that 's fitten to walk on. That sand down to the bottom of the hill is ankle deep. I jist fetched you over this time to git a peep at the ocean. Another time we will come at low water, and have a run on the beach. Let 's be gitting back now, for the wind is dying away, and thar wont be more 'n enough left to take us home."

On the way back to the river, Fanny, who was some distance in advance of the others, suddenly stopped and began to scream:

"Oh, a bear! a bear!"

"Whar?" asked Mr. Burroughs.

"Right yonder, behind that Spanish bayonet-bush. Oh, he 's coming this way! He'll catch us!"

"He aint going to meddle with you," said Mr. Burroughs. "They are as peaceable as nuthin as long as you let 'em 'lone."

But his reassuring words came too late to prevent a panic. At the sight of the immense black animal coming toward them, Marianne and Fanny had struck off into the bushes in a line at right angles with the path, screaming at the top of their shrill young voices, and were almost out of hearing, before they could be made to understand that the bear was in full retreat and probably as much frightened at their yells as they had been at his ferocious appearance.

"O Marianne, the fur is all gone off the bottom of your cloak!" exclaimed Fanny, after they were once more mustered into line of march. "Did you know it was off?"

"I suppose it came off in the bushes," said Marianne. "I thought I heard something rip, but I did not stop to look."

"And the flounce of your dress is torn," added Fanny. "I wonder what mother is going to say."

"It does n't make the least difference to you *what* she is going to say," returned Marianne, crossly. "I wish you would let me alone."

"Thar now! thar now!" said Mr. Burroughs, soothingly. "'Let b'ars and lions growl and fight.' If that old b'ar hears you little gals a-growlin' at one another, she 'll mistake you for her young uns, and come back to hug you."

When they arrived at the other wharf, the dug-out and the muff were both missing; but Marianne had now sunk to misery's lowest deep, and nothing could add to her discomfort.

Mrs. Morton's lecture was a short one, and ended somewhat as follows:

"You have received a wholesome lesson for which you have paid a rather high price,—for, as you know, your outfit was an expensive one,—so remember in future that herein lies the difference between fine clothes and good manners: our very best manners are never out of place on any occasion, but our very best dress may sometimes be entirely unsuited to our surroundings."

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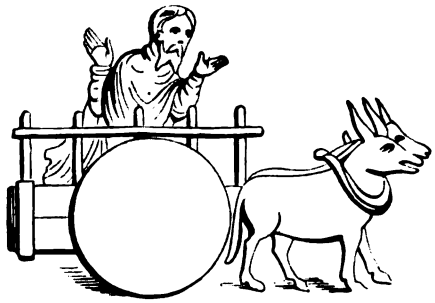
ON WHEELS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

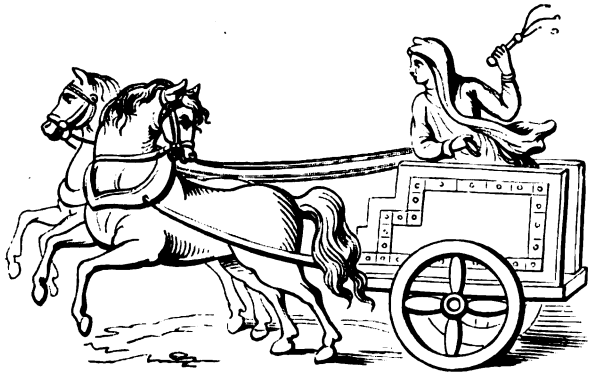
WHEN I was a boy, I used to think that I would rather have invented the wheel than anything else I knew of. A wheel is so ingenious, so useful, and yet so simple, that I am not at all surprised at my



A PRIEST'S CART. (FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

youthful admiration of the mind that conceived the idea of it. However, I think that I made a mistake in supposing that any one invented the wheel. I believe that it invented itself, and, in saying this, I mean, that wheels grew up by degrees from very simple things, beginning probably at round sticks, or logs, which were used as rollers, and so progressed gradually until they arrived at their present condition, which is probably not perfection, although I do not know how some of our wheels could be improved.

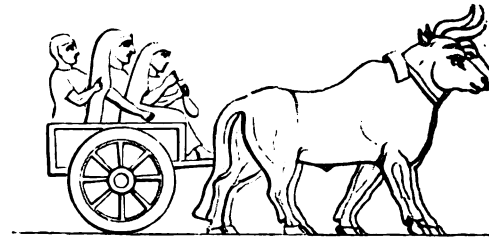
The main object of a wheel is to assist in moving something. It may, itself, remain in one place, or it may go about with the thing it helps to move.



A ROMAN LADY IN HER CHARIOT.

In the latter case, it is almost always attached to some kind of a vehicle or carriage, and it is about carriages that I want to have a little talk with the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS.

Every middle-aged person knows what a great change has taken place in the carriages in ordinary use in the last thirty or forty years. When I was a boy, family carriages, and, indeed, vehicles of every kind, except omnibuses and carts,—I believe there has not been much change in them,—were very heavy and unwieldy affairs, when compared with those now in use. Not long ago, I saw at the Permanent Exhibition, in Philadelphia, the carriage in which General Washington used to ride. You could not get a President of the United States to ride in such a funny old coach nowadays, and I doubt very much if any one would take it as a gift if they were obliged to use it. Yet it is far better looking than some of the carriages that were thought good enough for kings and queens a hundred years ago. But we cannot go very far back



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CART.

in making comparisons of carriages. Previous to the sixteenth century there were many hundreds of years when carriages were scarcely known at all in Europe.

In the old Roman days, there had been handsome chariots and wheeled vehicles of various kinds, but when Rome declined, chariots and carriages disappeared, and people either walked, or rode on horseback, or were carried by men in sedan-chairs and similar contrivances. There was a good reason for this change. The old Romans made splendid roads, but the nations that afterward ruled Europe did not know how to make good highways, or did not care about such things, and were content to ride their horses over such roads as they found. Even in England, where we might suppose the people would have known better, this was the case. The principal highways were so bad, and the mud was sometimes so deep, that even horse-

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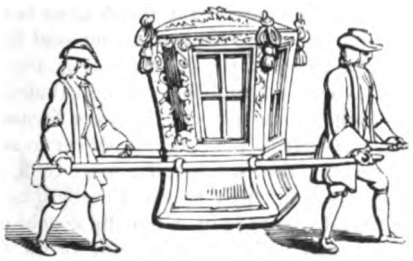
men found great difficulty in getting along. So they never thought of using wheeled vehicles on these wretched thoroughfares. But when they began to make good roads, carriages followed, as a matter of course.

The ancient Egyptians were better off in some respects than these English people, for they had chariots and carts, although some of them were pretty rough affairs. The carts were often drawn by oxen and would hold two or three people, though how comfortable the people were, I am not prepared to say.

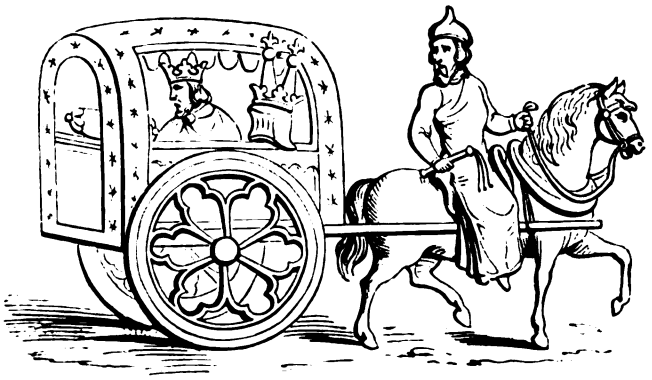
The Roman chariot was generally occupied by but one person, for the driver had to stand up and keep his balance, no matter how fast his horses were going, and he needed all the room there was in his vehicle.

The chariot was almost always open behind, and quite low, so that it was easy to get in or out of one, but it had no springs, and if driven over any roads but very smooth and level ones, the jolting



A SEDAN-CHAIR.

would be apt to shake a person up very much. But I suppose the Romans were used to this sort of thing,—or perhaps their joints were not so tender as ours,—for they would drive at full speed in their chariots of war, and it is not to be supposed that their ordinary battle-fields were very smooth. In our days, it is often hard enough to haul artillery from one place to another, during a battle, and I do not know what our dashing soldiers would say if they were required to drive, at full speed, over rough fields and stumps and stones in a low wagon without springs, and with nothing to keep them from falling out behind. But the Romans could do this, and fight splendidly, at the same time. Some of the Roman chariots had two horses, and some more, and when they were merely used for pleasure they were frequently driven by ladies, who, in those days, were better able to manage a pair of horses than most of



KING JOHN'S CARRIAGE.

our ladies. However, it must be remembered that if the horses became fractious and unruly, it was easy for a lady to step out of a Roman chariot and let the horses run off, and break their own necks if they chose.

I don't know how much horses cost in those days, but I know that chariots were rather expensive,—at least in Egypt, where a handsome chariot would sell for six hundred shekels, or about three hundred dollars—the price of a good buggy now.

When, after the long period I have mentioned, during which wheels were seldom seen on the highways of Europe, carriages again made their appearance, they were not used by the common people. Only kings and r[illegible]ns of consequence, or persons who were not a[illegible] to walk or ride on horseback, were expected to [illegible]de in them.

And yet they were very poor affairs, not much better than the ancient chariots, and certainly no easier to ride in. Hundreds of years before carriages were in general use in England, King John

LITTER BORNE BY HORSES INSTEAD OF MEN.

used to travel about in a heavy, two-wheeled affair, drawn by one horse, and without springs, the

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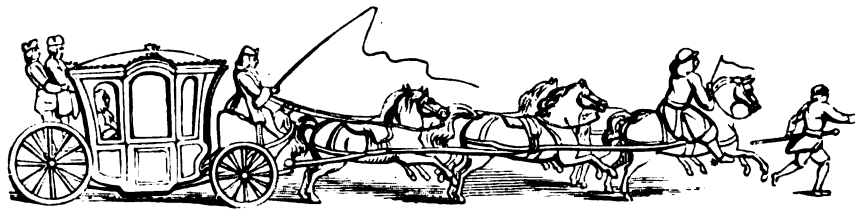
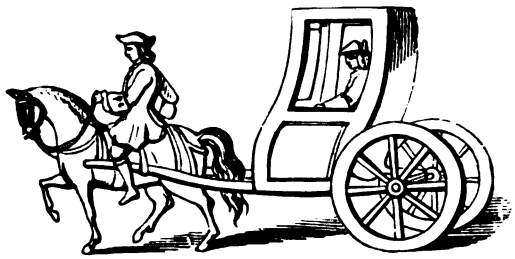


SIX-HORSE COACH, WITH RUNNING FOOTMAN.

driver on the horse, and the king riding backward. Sometimes the king would take his helmet and portions of his armor along, and hang them on the sides of his carriage, but there was not much room for either company or baggage.

Some of the royal personages of the fourteenth century rode much more comfortably, for they had litters, borne by horses instead of men, and the motion was probably very pleasant. We all know that during the last two or three centuries, and almost within the memory of some



A CAB OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

old people, sedan-chairs, in which two men carried a person along very easily and comfortably, were in general use in England and other parts of Europe, taking the place of the cabs of the present day. These sedans had their advantages over some vehicles of our time, for the men who carried them never ran away, as some of our horses do. But then, we have an advantage over the sedan riders for our horses never get drunk, as some of their bearers used to do.

Sedan-chairs, however, were not often used for long journeys, and if a lady was not able to travel in a carriage, her husband sometimes allowed her to ride behind him on his horse. In such cases, a pillion, or seat suitable for a lady, would be fastened behind his saddle, and in this way they could ride along very cozily and comfortably, and much more agreeably to themselves than to the horse, I imagine, if they both happened to be fat.

After a time, we see that sedan-chairs began to give way to something better adapted to an extended trip, and in the time of William and Mary we find one-horse cabs in use. But these were very different from the cabs of the present day, although they were an improvement on most of the vehicles that we have been considering. They were made without springs, but the wheels were not directly under the body of the cab, and so much of the effect of the jolting was lost. The motion of the horse, who bore a great part of the weight of the vehicle, must have given the cab something of the ease and "springiness" of a sedan-chair borne by men. In these cabs, there was no seat for the driver, who bestrode the horse, and if the shafts rubbed his legs, he probably thought that it could not be helped, for no one had yet dreamed of making a cab with a place for the driver to sit.

This seems rather strange, for more than a hundred years before, when Queen Elizabeth took her drives abroad, she rode in a fanciful coach, with a plumed canopy and a seat in front for the driver. This would have been a very good coach—for fine weather—if it had had springs. But these were not yet in use, and good Queen Bess was really jolted as much in her handsome coach, with two fine horses and a stately driver with a great ruff around his neck, as King John used to be in his funny wagon. But there were a great many other

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COACH.

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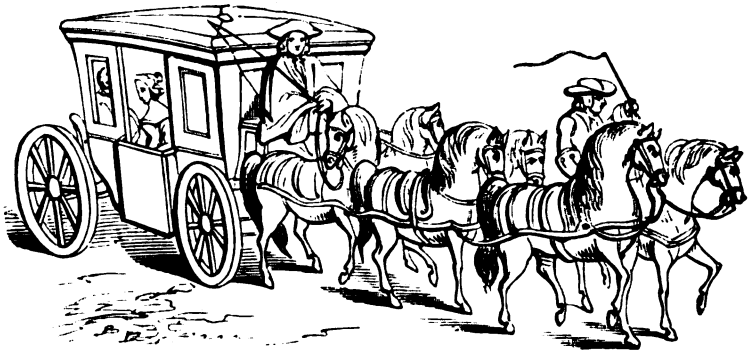
inconveniences which the queen was obliged to bear, but which would not be tolerated now by any one in moderately comfortable circumstances, and so, I suppose, she was satisfied with her jolting coach. If we all knew how badly off we were, in many respects, this would be a very unhappy world.

The queen's coach was probably intended for use only in the streets of London, where she could not drive very fast, even if she did not object to jolting, and so two horses were enough to pull her heavy vehicle slowly along; but in the coaches used for traveling purposes, four and six horses were necessary. The Duchess of Marlborough had a coach, much more roomy and convenient than that of Queen Elizabeth, although by no means so ornamental, and this was drawn by six horses. The driver sat low on a box in front, but he was not considered able to guide and manage six spirited horses, and so a postilion, or under-driver, rode one of the leaders.



COACH OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

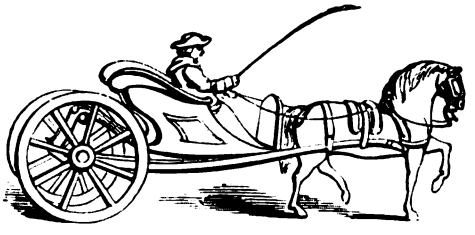
Some of these six-horse coaches, however, had as many as five attendants. There was a driver who handled the reins and a long whip; there was a rider for one of the leaders; there were two footmen to stand up behind, ready to make themselves useful when the coach should stop, and there was a running footman, with a long staff, who ran ahead of the equipage, calling to the people and wagons to get out of the way, as his master's coach, with its six-horse team, came dashing along.

LADY ON A PILLION.

Some of these coaches or carriages were very grand, indeed, and were hung upon straps, which were the next best things to regular springs, although the body of the coach must have swung about, sometimes, in a very unpleasant manner. There were no steps to vehicles of this kind, for they were not needed, the body of the carriage being so near the ground that it was perfectly easy to step in and out. But a big stone in the middle of the road would have been apt to give the whole affair a pretty bad bump.

And so our ancestors rode about in their heavy, awkward, springless carriages, thinking that they were very grand and fine, and that no one need desire anything better. Even as late as 1800, the gig in common use was a very cumbrous vehicle, with the seat about half-way between the wheels and the horse. But the motion of this gig must have been tolerably easy, for great leather straps supported it from behind, and the shafts ran back to the axle-tree in such a way as to give a certain spring to the body of the vehicle. Indeed most of us would be very glad to get a ride in a gig of this kind, if we had a long way to go, and there was nothing else to ride in. And yet I am very much afraid that if we thought that we should be obliged to ride on a road or street where there were a good many people to be met, that we should choose to walk as long as our legs would carry us, rather than ride in an old-fashioned gig and be laughed at by every one who should see us.

After these gigs, and the high old family carriages, with a long set of steps which were let down when people wanted to get in or out, and the other old-fashioned vehicles, of various kinds,



GIG, USED IN 1800.

which your fathers and mothers all can remember, we came to have the light, easy-going carriages

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of the present day, with elastic steel springs and large light wheels. It is in the size of the wheels that we see one of the greatest differences between our vehicles and those of earlier times. Carriage-wheels used to be made very small and heavy. The front wheels, especially, were sometimes no higher than those at present used for children's carriages. But, now, our wheels are very large and light, and those in front are nearly as big as those behind. All this is greatly to the advantage of the horses, for a carriage on large wheels rolls along much more easily than another on small ones.

It would seem as if it would be impossible to build anything more easy for a horse to pull than some of the light wagons now used for fast driving, which many horses can whirl along in less than three minutes to the mile. But it will not do to be too positive about this. Many of us may live long enough to see carriages far better than any now in use, and, indeed, I think that in some respects we are to be pitied if we do not see better ones. Some of our high, easy-running buggies and light carriages, where two people have to sit on a seat that is but little too large for one, are nothing like so comfortable to ride in as an old-fashioned gig. And yet, neither you nor I would think of such a thing as buying a big, comfortable, leather-cushioned old gig, even if it should be warranted to be in perfect order, and our horse should assure us that he would just as soon pull it as not.

So it is with carriages, as well as with many other things. We not only think that we are far better off than our ancestors, but we believe that it would be unnecessary—or, perhaps, impossible—for those who come after us to try to improve on our possessions and contrivances. But we are probably just as much mistaken, in this respect, as were the Egyptians, and King John, and the Duchess of Marlborough.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

By A. E. B.

THIS will be a story of what happened to the little Jones children, one summer day,—a long time ago,—when your great-grandmothers were little girls like you.

There were five little Joneses,—Peggy and Jonas, Hiram, Hetty, and little Hannah. They lived in the country, a mile from the nearest neighbor, in an out-of-the-way corner of never-mind-what County in Pennsylvania, where all people talked in Dutch.

Very early in the morning of this day I am going to tell you about, Farmer Jones got up and looked out of the window. The sun was rising, the sky was as bright and clear as it could be,—not a cloud to be seen. So he looked around at his wife, where she lay fast asleep, and said to her, all in Dutch:

"Mother! mother! see how the sun shines! such fine weather! To-morrow, we cut the hay; it will take six men."

Then he put on his boots, and went out to the barn to give the cattle their breakfasts.

Poor Mother Jones! It was hard to be waked by such news, for those few short sentences meant more than they seemed. It meant pies and cakes and bread to bake, and hams to boil, and beef to roast, and vegetables to cook,—almost enough for a regiment, and hard work for a week. But she was a good-natured woman; so she only groaned as she hurried down-stairs to get the breakfast ready for all the little Joneses.

Very soon, the children came dancing into the kitchen, looking as clean and rosy and fat as only little country children can, and very anxious to help their mother. So Jonas and Hetty, like Jack and Jill, went down the hill to the spring, and brought back a bucket of water, while Hiram ground the coffee, and Peggy set the table. As for little Hannah,—she only danced and sang, all in Dutch.

Breakfast was soon ready, and they all sat down at the table, the children chattering as if they wanted to see who could make most noise. Father and Mother Jones sat, in silence, until, when they were almost done, Mother Jones took her knife and knocked on the side of her plate with it. Then all the little Joneses were as quiet as mice. Peggy wiped her face on her apron. So did Hetty. Jonas had a knife in one hand, and a fork in the other; he put one hand on each side of his plate, and the knife and fork stuck up straight in the air. Hiram tried to fix his so, but did n't succeed, for his fork fell down and stuck up straight in the floor. Little Hannah was so surprised at all this,

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that she forgot where her mouth was, and poured a spoonful of milk into her lap.

This is what the mother said, all in Dutch:

"Children, to-day I shall be very busy, cooking and baking for the men who come to-morrow to cut the grass. Jonas, Hetty and Hiram, go down to the orchard and get early apples for pies, while Peggy washes the dishes. Then you can help her cut the apples for pies. When you have done all, you may take your dinner down to the wood, by the creek, and stay all day. Take a piece of the muslin I wove last winter with you, and spread it on the grass, in the sun. Get water from the creek, and keep it wet, so it will bleach. Be good children; mind, Peggy, and don't let Hannah go near the water."

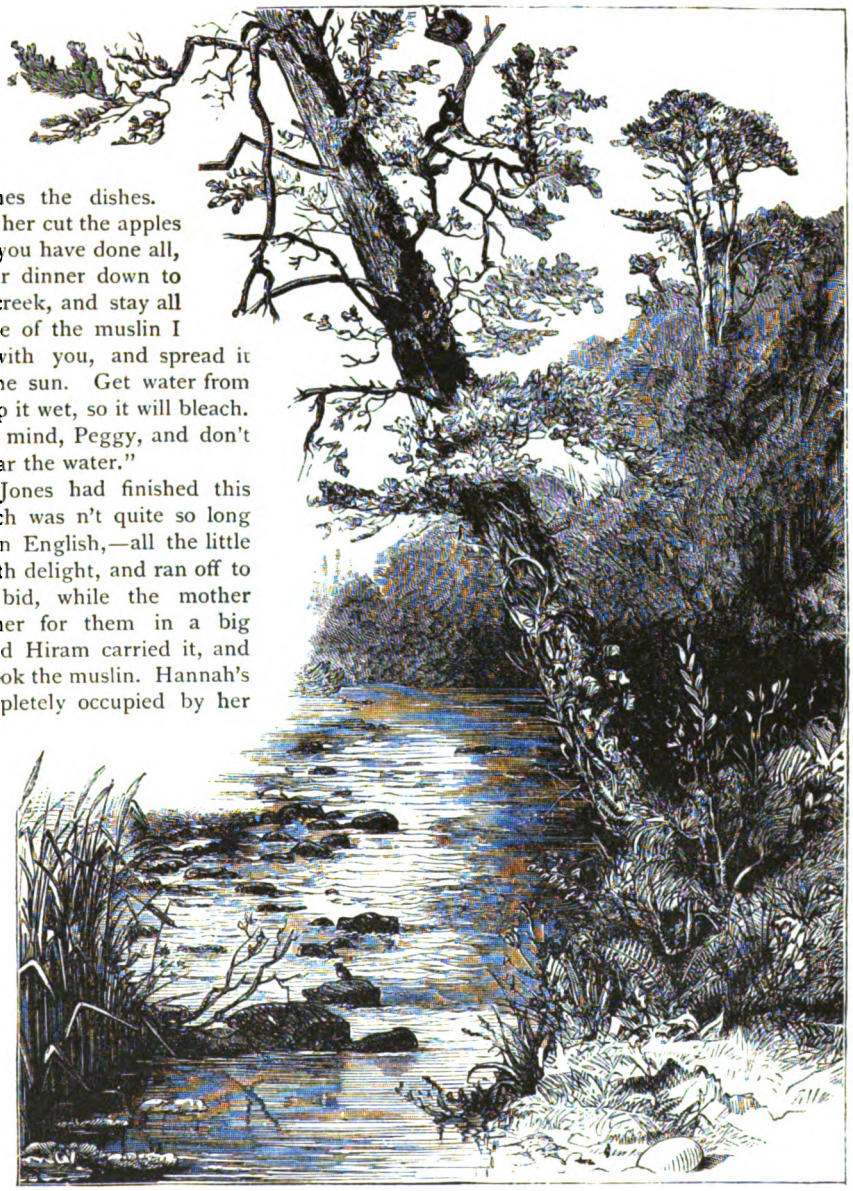
When Mother Jones had finished this long speech,—which was n't quite so long in Dutch as it is in English,—all the little Joneses shouted with delight, and ran off to do as they were bid, while the mother packed some dinner for them in a big basket. Hetty and Hiram carried it, and Peggy and Jonas took the muslin. Hannah's attention was completely occupied by her pet,—a lame duck,—that she always took with her; but, as she generally carried it upside-down, it struggled, and squeaked and squawked most dolefully.

When they arrived at the creek,—which they did without any accident, except that Hiram and Hetty let the basket fall two or three times,—they spread out the muslin on the grass, bringing water from the stream to wet it, as they had been directed. Such hard work made them hungry.

"Yes," said Jonas; "yes, I could eat Hannah's duck, even."

Fortunately, Peggy had the dinner unpacked, and ready for them, very much to Hannah's relief.

"Now, let 's play mother," said Peggy, as they sat down on the grass.



THE CREEK.

"Yes," said Jonas. He always began with "yes," even when he meant to say no. "Yes, I 'm mother, and you 're father; no, you 're father and I 'm mother, and—oh, I 'll tell you! Let 's do like some people I saw when I went to town

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along with father. This is the way! You must fill your tin-cups,—only pretend they 're glass,—and ——"

"I know," interrupted Hiram, a quiet little fellow, too shy to talk much,—"I know. I 'm going to fill my cup with water, and catch a little fish in it."

AT THEIR DINNER.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and then some day you 'll drink the fish, and it 'll grow bigger and bigger inside of you, till you can't walk, and then how 'll you feel?"

"I 'm going to let Hiram drink out of my cup. and then he can catch two fishes, if he wants to," said Hetty; "and then he 'll give me one; wont you, Hiram?"

But Hiram was too busy, eating his dinner, and thinking over the alarming prospect before him, to answer just then.

"Squire Keiser 's awful fat!" he said, after a while. "Peggy, do you believe he 's got a fish inside o' him?"

Peggy and Jonas laughed so loud and so long at this, that Hiram seized his tin cup, and ran off to the creek. Hetty followed, to comfort him, as fast as her fat little legs would carry her; and Hannah, not enjoying the jokes of Peggy and Jonas, soon danced off to try the others' company, still carrying her dear duck. When she got to the bank, the children had already waded out to the middle of the creek, Hetty patiently holding one cup while Hiram dipped up water in the other, hoping to find a fish in it. Hannah stood watching them for a while thinking how nice it looked, but not daring to go to them until her duck succeeded in getting out of her arms, and flew into the water; then she started right after it. The water felt pretty cold, at first, and she was a little frightened, but that soon wore off, and was n't she enjoying it! And getting so wet! Until just in the midst of her fun Peggy and Jonas arrived at the creek. Hetty and Hiram happening to spy Hannah at the same instant, they all four set up a yell—enough to frighten an Indian who was used to it, and much more a little Dutch girl who had never heard quite so bad a sound before. It made her jump so that she immediately put her feet where her head had been—not purposely, of course; then the Jones children gave a louder scream than the first, and there re-appeared a very sad little face, with water streaming from the hair and eyes in torrents.

"Peggy," said Jonas, as he kicked off his boots, "—yes, and wont we catch it when mother finds this out!"

Then he waded out and brought the little girl to shore, all dripping wet from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot.

The children looked at her in dismay.

"What shall we do?" they said.

But Peggy was a motherly, quick-witted girl, and almost before Hannah knew what they were about, the wet clothes were off and spread on the grass to dry, and she was dressed in Peggy's big apron and a sun-bonnet with a cape that came down to her waist. She looked very funny, and they all laughed very much, and then—tired out—poor

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Hannah was glad to curl herself up in Peggy's lap, like a kitten, and sleep till her clothes were dry.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows of the trees grew very long, and Peggy said it was time for Jonas to go after the cows, and for the rest to go home, Hetty went to Hannah, and turned her around several times, as if inspecting her from all possible points.

"Peggy," she said thoughtfully—"Peggy, I don't think it shows much; she don't look as if she 'd been very wet."

"N-n-o-o," Peggy answered doubtfully.

"Yes," said Jonas. "No, she don't. That 's what I think."

"Well," continued Hetty, "we need n't worry mother about it, this time. She 'll be so tired."

So they all thought, excepting Hiram; and he did not like to say anything for fear Jonas would laugh at him. He wanted to see what his mother would do. If he told her suddenly, it would frighten her and make her jump, and he wanted to see her jump. He thought about it all the way going home, and by the time he reached the house the temptation was very great, but still he didn't really intend to tell her. He went round to the kitchen door, just to see what she was doing. He looked at her as she stood at the table, her back toward him, cutting bread for supper. What a good chance to make her jump!

"Mother," he said, speaking very fast—"mother, what you think? What *do* you think? Why, Hannah! Why she fell into the creek!"

And she did jump. Poor Hiram! he did n't know what trouble he was bringing on himself till he saw her face. It was n't hard to guess then.

Poor Mother Jones, too! She was so tired, after her hard day's work, and then to hear that the children had disobeyed her—it was too bad!

So, when the supper was over, she went upstairs and got a slipper that she kept for solemn occasions, and then—like "the old woman who lived in a shoe"—she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Was n't it sad?

OFF FOR BOY-LAND.

By Emma Huntington Nason.

Ho! All aboard! A traveler
  Sets sail from Baby-land!
Before my eyes there comes a blur,
  But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
  My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, *bon voyage!* God only knows
  How much I wish thee joy.

Oh, tell me, have ye heard of him?
  He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded round the brim,
  And—stranger e'en than that—
A wondrous suit of navy-blue,
  With pockets deep and wide;
Oh, tell me, sailors, tell me true,
  How fares he on the tide?

We 've now no baby in the house;
  'T was but this very morn,
He doffed his dainty 'broidered blouse,
  With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
  From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's!
  Mamma can have them now."

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,
  But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took;
  What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks with letters gay,
  And here and there a toy;
I can not pick them up to-day,
  My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At Boyhood's town
  Cast anchor strong and deep!
What! tears upon this little gown
  Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
  A merry message rings:—
"Just sell it to the rag-man there!
  I 've done with baby things!"

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A QUEEN.

WHERE goes our little Mary,
  Her blue eyes so serene?
So happy is she with herself
  She 's playing she 's a queen.
She has a supple willow wand,
  And to the end is tied
A meadow-lily, golden-hued,
  That waves in gentle pride.
With such a scepter could a queen
  Need anything beside?

'T is quite enough for Mary;
  She asks not e'en a crown,
As singing, talking to herself,
  She wanders slowly down
Where many yellow lilies grow
  Beside the brooklet brown.

The saucy brook pays her no heed;
  The breeze blows careless, free;
None seeks to kiss the scepter fair
  Save one bewildered bee;
Only the gentle lilies bow
  At little Mary's knee;
But there 's no queen in all the world
  More satisfied than she.

Till, coming to the old stone-wall—
  "'T is somewhere here," she cries,
"John thinks the turkey hides her nest;
  If I should find the prize!"
Both little hands must grasp the stones
  To help her scramble o'er;
The scepter bright falls in the grass,
  Forgotten evermore.

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GRETELEIN AND HER QUEER STOVE.

By Rosamond Dale Owen.

Far off, over the blue waters, there is a queer little house, in a queer little German town. In this house there is a very strange tall stove; a stove nearly as high as a man, made of white porcelain, girdled with bands of brass which shine like burnished gold when the stream of eastern sunshine gleams through the small-paned window.

In this house there lives a large family of children, with a dear father and mother to watch over them,—Gretelein, Marie, Fritz, and baby Lisette. Gretelein was an odd young girl, with great, wide blue eyes, and two little yellow plaits of hair hanging straight down her back and tied with blue ribbons.

One day, Gretelein was left alone in the family room, where the porcelain stove was. She looked cautiously around to see that nobody was peeping through the windows, then she crept softly on tiptoe to the stove and suddenly opened a little door in the upper part and peered into a sort of little oven. It was all of white porcelain, and looked like a cunning little white room. Many times before had Gretelein crept up to this stove and peered into her fairy house, as she called it; but it was always empty and silent as now. So Gretelein turned away with a sigh, her blue eyes wider and more wistful than ever.

The next evening, when it was almost dusk, Gretelein sat on a little wooden chair close to the window, trying to finish a pair of woolen socks for the dear father's birthday. No one else was in the room, and Gretelein often turned toward the tall stove, standing like a ghost in the pale light. It was growing too dark to see, the busy click of her needles stopped, and Gretelein leaned back in her chair to rest. Suddenly a soft noise attracted her notice; it sounded like the whirring of many wings. Quickly she stole across the floor, crept up to the stove, and with a quick motion opened the little porcelain door. What a strange sight met Gretelein's gaze!—a sight which made her eyes open wider than ever before, and her breath came thick and fast through her startled lips. There, in the silent white chamber, thronged a restless mass of little people, each no bigger than her finger. Before Gretelein could recover, the tallest and handsomest of these little elves fluttered through the open door, alighting upon Gretelein's shoulder.

"Well, Gretelein," shrilled the little man, "you have found us at last."

She started so violently as the little elf spoke, that he nearly lost his balance, and clutched at her dress to keep from falling.

She was dreadfully frightened, and was on the point of running away; she did wish some one would come in; she thought she would never go near this dreadful stove again. How could she have been so foolish as to watch for fairies, and to wish that she could see them!

"You are afraid of us," squeaked the little man. "You foolish child, don't you know we lived in this house and this stove long before you were born,—before your mother and father were born?"

"How could you live so long and not grow a bit?" ventured Gretelein, under her breath.

"We had something else to do,—we have to make everybody else grow; we are your household elves; we work, oh, how hard we do work over you, even at night; we have to rack our poor brains to supply you with dreams; you are such an unreasonable set, you mortals, that you have to be amused even when you are asleep! Here, Dreams, wake up! It is almost night, time to begin work."

Two drowsy little elves rolled from an obscure corner, and sat up rubbing their eyes; one was a dreamy-faced, fair-haired little fellow, the other looked in a surly way from under a pair of black brows. He had a strange, white, terrified look, and crept timidly behind his brother.

"These," said the elf-king, "are Dream and Nightmare, starting out on their night's work."

Gretelein was next attracted to a lively group in a corner. Foremost among them stood the queerest little man, with such a comical twist to his mouth, and black merry eyes, that Gretelein laughed in spite of herself.

"That," said the elf-king, "is Jokes, and that little chap next to him is Laughter, and after Dream and Nightmare are through with you, before your eyes are fairly opened, Jokes jumps into your ear, and Laughter perches himself in the corners of your mouth, and such a whisk as he gives it. The little fellow hiding behind there, looking rather ashamed, is Mischief. But sometimes that scowling group in the other corner get ahead of this one. That little imp no bigger than your thumb-nail is Cross-patch. He is dreadfully troublesome and hard to get rid of, when he once fastens on you."

"He fastened on Marie, yesterday," said Gretelein, "and I ought not to have blamed her so

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much, for after all it was not her fault, but that little imp's."

"Hoity, toity! not so fast, little maiden; if Marie had resolved that Cross-patch should leave, Cross-patch would have had to go. None of my elves ever stay where they are not wanted. Some are more easily frightened off than others. The uglier the imps are the tighter they hold, but the worst of them can be shaken off. There," he continued, "is a set that are hard to get rid of when once they take hold. That is Jealousy, and that Envy; that miserable starveling is Selfishness, and that horrid toad is Gluttony."

GRETELEIN AND THE ELF-KING.

Gretelein shrank in dismay from these wretched little elves, and wondered how anybody could allow them to fasten on them. Suddenly Gretelein's attention was arrested by a radiant little elf floating above all the others.

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"Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful he is! Why," said Gretelein, "my dear mother looks like him, when she bends to kiss me good-night."

"That," said the elf-king, "is Love. He stays nearly all the time with the dear mother; he strokes her soft cheeks and smooths her brow; he looks deep into her tender eyes until they shine so blue; he holds her gentle hands and passes them over Gretelein's eyes when she is sick."

"And the dear little angel who goes hand in hand with Love?"

"He," said the elf-king, "is called Faith."

"And those glorious ones?" asked breathless Gretelein.

"They are Peace and Joy."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Gretelein, "how I do love them! Will they stay with me, too, these four beautiful ones?" She stretched her arms with a cry of entreaty and—woke with a great start.

The supper-bell was ringing, Marie and Fritz were standing in front of her laughing heartily, and the mother with baby Lisette in her arms was smiling down at her.

Gretelein rubbed her eyes, then, suddenly remembering the fairies, she ran to the stove and looked in. There was nothing there.

"Oh, they have gone! they have gone!" said Gretelein, the tears in her eyes.

"You have been dreaming," said the mother. "Let us go to supper; after that, you can tell us your dream."

Gretelein almost choked over the first mouthfuls, she was so sorry to find it was not really true.

"Do tell us about it," said Marie.

"Do, Gretelein," said Fritz. "What did you expect to find in the stove?"

Gretelein was a brave girl, so she suppressed her own sorrow and told her dream.

While they were talking, Gretelein sat in a brown study. She presently looked up with a smile.

"It was true, after all," said Gretelein.

"True!" exclaimed Fritz. "Do you take me for a dunce? You always were a silly thing that believed in ghosts and fairies. Girls have n't a bit of sense!"

"There is one of them this moment, he is hanging in the corners of your mouth and wrinkling up your nose," said Gretelein.

Fritz involuntarily put up his hand.

"Pooh! what nonsense!"

"And little Cross-patch was on the point of making ugly frowns on my forehead only I asked him very politely to go away."

The mother smiled down at Gretelein.

"There, there," said Gretelein, "is that lovely little angel fairy looking from mother's eyes. Don't you see him, children? I am glad I had that dream," whispered Gretelein, nestling close to her mother, "even if it is n't really true."

SO WISE.

A FAIRY sat on a rose-leaf edge—
"The children have grown so wise,
One need n't hide in a rose's heart
For fear of questioning eyes,
Nor shake the gold-dust out of one's hair,
Lest a sunbeam show it unaware.
One may tilt and sway in the gold-green grass,
One may wander fairy-free,
For, of course, if the children don't believe,
They will never look to see."

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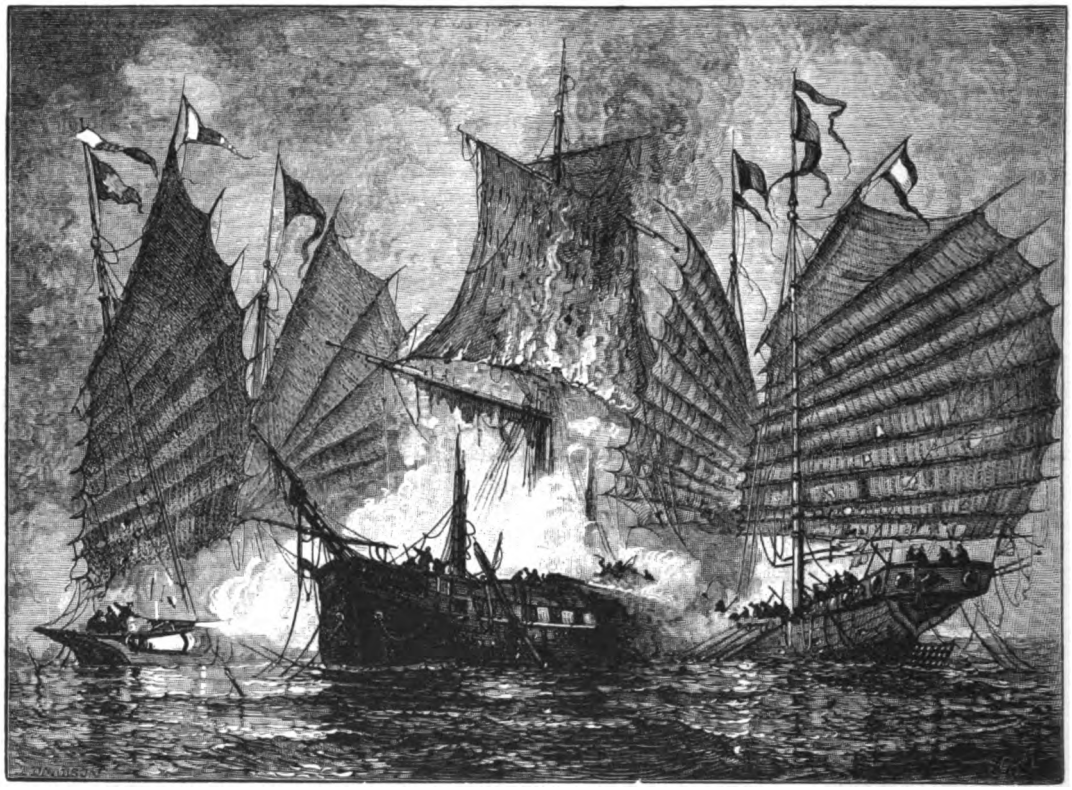
PIRATES OF THE CHINESE COAST.

By J. O. D.

Of all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port forever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."



The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports at night-fall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously re-enforced by men who have been hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jingals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board, and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy

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hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the battle has been heard by a cruiser, she hastens in its direction and meets with two or three easy-going traders who are apparently unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this, they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as his vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again. But if he should happen to imagine such a thing, his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXI.

THE TRIP OF THE TUG.

THE tug-boat was a little thing, and not very clean; but she was strong and sea-worthy, we were told, and therefore we were satisfied. There was a small deck aft, on which Corny and Rectus and I sat, with Celia, the colored woman; and there were some dingy little sleeping-places, which were given up for our benefit. The captain of the tug was a white man, but all the rest, engineer, fireman and hands—there were five or six in all—were negroes.

We steamed down the Savannah River in pretty good style, but I was glad when we got out of it, for I was tired of that river. Our plan was to go down the coast and try to find tidings of the boats. They might have reached land at points where the revenue cutters would never have heard from them. When we got out to sea, the water was quite smooth, although there was a swell that rolled us a great deal. The captain said that if it had been rough he would not have come out at all. This sounded rather badly for us, because he might give up the search, if a little storm came on. And besides, if he was afraid of high waves in his tug, what chance could those boats have had?

Toward noon, we got into water that was quite smooth, and we could see land on the ocean side of us. I could n't understand this, and went to ask the captain about it. He said it was all right, we were going to take the inside passage, which is formed by the islands that lie along nearly all the coast of Georgia. The strips of sea-water between these islands and the mainland make a smooth and convenient passage for the smaller vessels that sail or steam along this coast. Indeed, some quite good-sized steamers go this way, he said.

I objected, pretty strongly, to our taking this passage, because, I said, we could never hear anything of the boats while we were in here. But he was positive that if they had managed to land on the outside of any of these islands we could hear of them better from the inside than from the ocean side. And besides, we could get along a great deal better inside. He seemed to think more of that than anything else.

We had a pretty dull time on that tug. There was n't a great deal of talking, but there was lots of thinking, and not a very pleasant kind of thinking either. We stopped quite often and hailed small boats, and the captain talked to people whenever he had a chance, but he never heard any-

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thing about any boats having run ashore on any of the islands, or having come into the inside passage, between any of them. We met a few sailing vessels, and toward the close of the afternoon we met a big steamer, something like northern river steamers. The captain said she ran between the St. John's River and Savannah and always took the inside passage as far as she could. He said this as if it showed him to be in the right in taking the same passage, but I could n't see that it proved anything. We were on a different business.

About nine o'clock we went to bed, the captain promising to call us if anything turned up. But I could n't sleep well—my bunk was too close and hot, and so I pretty soon got up and went up to the pilot house, where I found the captain. He and one of the hands were hard at work putting the boat around.

"Hello!" said he. "I thought you were sound asleep."

"Hello!" said I. "What are you turning round for?"

It was bright starlight, and I could see that we were making a complete circuit in the smooth water.

"Well," said he, "we 're going back."

"Back!" I cried. "What 's the meaning of that? We have n't made half a search. I don't believe we 've gone a hundred miles. We want to search the whole coast, I tell you, to the lower end of Florida."

"You can't do it in this boat," he said; "she 's too small."

"Why did n't you say so when we took her?"

"Well, there was n't any other, in the first place, and besides it would n't be no good to go no further. It 's more 'n four days now since them boats set out. There 's no chance fur anybody on 'em to be livin'."

"That 's not for you to decide," I said, and I was very angry. "We want to find our friends dead or alive, or find some news of them, and we want to cruise until we know there 's no further chance of doing so."

"Well," said he, ringing the bell to go ahead, sharp, "I 'm not decidin' anything. I had my orders. I was to be gone twenty-four hours; an' it 'll be more 'n that by the time I get back."

"Who gave you those orders?"

"Parker and Darrell," said he.

"Then this is all a swindle," I cried. "And we 've been cheated into taking this trip for nothing at all!"

"No, it is n't a swindle," he answered, rather warmly. "They told me all about it. They knew, an' I knew, that it was n't no use to go looking for two boats that had been lowered in a big storm four days ago, 'way down on the Florida coast. But they could see that this here girl would never give in till she 'd had a chance of doin' what she thought she was called on to do, and so they agreed to give it to her. But they told me on no account to keep her out more 'n twenty-four hours. That would be long enough to satisfy her an' longer than that would n't be right. I tell you they know what they 're about."

"Well, it wont be enough to satisfy her," I said, and then I went down to the little deck. I could n't make the man turn back. I thought the tug had been hired to go wherever we chose to take her, but I had been mistaken. I felt that we had been deceived; but there was no use in saying anything more on the subject until we reached the city.

I did not wake Rectus to tell him the news. It would not do any good, and I was afraid Corny might hear us. I wanted her to sleep as long as she could, and, indeed, I dreaded the moment when she should awake, and find that all had been given up.

We steamed along very fast now. There was no stopping anywhere. I sat on the deck and thought a little, and dozed a little; and by the time it was morning, I found we were in the Savannah River. I now hated this river worse than ever.

Everything was quiet on the water, and everything, except the engine, was just as quiet on the tug. Rectus and Corny and Celia were still asleep, and nobody else seemed stirring, though, of course, some of the men were at their posts. I don't think the captain wanted to be about when Corny came out on deck, and found that we had given up the search. I intended to be with her when she first learned this terrible fact, which I knew would put an end to all hope in her heart; but I was in no hurry for her to wake up. I very much hoped she would sleep until we reached the city, and then we could take her directly to her kind friends.

And she did sleep until we reached the city. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, I think, when we began to steam slowly by the wharves and piers. I now wished the city were twenty miles further on. I knew that when we stopped I should have to wake up poor Corny.

The city looked doleful. Although it was not very early in the morning, there were very few people about. Some men could be seen on the decks of the vessels at the wharves, and a big steamer for one of the northern ports was getting up steam. I could not help thinking how happy the people must be who were going away in her. On one of the piers near where we were going to stop—we were coming in now—were a few darkey

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boys sitting on a wharf-log, and dangling their bare feet over the water. I wondered how they dared laugh and be so jolly. In a few minutes Corny must be wakened. On a post, near these boys, a lounger sat fishing with a long pole,—actually fishing away as if there were no sorrows and deaths, or shipwrecked and broken-hearted people in the world. I was particularly angry at this man—and I was so nervous, that all sorts of things made me angry—because he was old enough to know better, and because he looked like such a fool. He had on green trousers, dirty canvas shoes and no stockings, a striped linen coat, and an old straw hat, which lopped down over his nose. One of the men called to him to catch the line which he was about to throw on the wharf, but he paid no attention, and a negro boy came and caught the line. The man actually had a bite, and could n't take his eyes from his cork. I wished the line had hit him and knocked him off the post.

The tide was high, and the tug was not much below the wharf when we hauled up. Just as we touched the pier, the man, who was a little astern of us, caught his fish. He jerked it up, and jumped off his post, and, as he looked up in delight at his little fish, which was swinging in the air, I saw he was Mr. Chipperton!

I made one dash for Corny's little cubby-hole. I banged at the door. I shouted:

"Corny! Here 's your father!"

She was out in an instant. She had slept in her clothes. She had no bonnet on. She ran out on deck, and looked about, dazed. The sight of the wharves and the ships seemed to stun her.

"Where?" she cried.

I took her by the arm and pointed out her father, who still stood holding the fishing-pole in one hand, while endeavoring to clutch the swinging fish with the other.

The plank had just been thrown out from the little deck. Corny made one bound. I think she struck the plank in the middle, like an India rubber ball, and then she was on the wharf; and before he could bring his eyes down to the earth, her arms were around her father's neck, and she was wildly kissing and hugging him.

Mr. Chipperton was considerably startled, but when he saw who it was who had him, he threw his arms around Corny, and hugged and kissed her as if he had gone mad.

Rectus was out by this time, and as he and I stood on the tug we could not help laughing, although we were so happy that we could have cried. There stood that ridiculous figure, Mr. Chipperton, in his short green trousers, and his thin striped coat, with his arms around his daughter, and the fishing-pole tightly clasped to her back, while the poor little fish dangled and bobbed at every fresh hug.

Everybody on board was looking at them, and one of the little black boys, who did n't appear to appreciate sentiment, made a dash for the fish, unhooked it, and put like a good fellow. This rather broke the spell that was on us all, and Rectus and I ran on shore.

We did not ask any questions, we were too glad to see him. After he had put Corny on one side, and had shaken our hands wildly with his left hand, for his right still held the pole, and had tried to talk and found he could n't, we called a carriage that had just come up, and hustled him and Corny into it. I took the pole from his hand, and asked him where he would go to. He called out the name of the hotel where we were staying, and I shut the door, and sent them off. I did not ask a word about Corny's mother, for I knew Mr. Chipperton would not be sitting on a post and fishing if his wife was dead.

I threw the pole and line away, and then Rectus and I walked up to the hotel. We forgot all about Celia, who was left to go home when she chose.

It was some hours before we saw the Chippertons, and then we were called into their room, where there was a talking and a telling things, such as I never heard before.

It was some time before I could get Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton's story straight, but this was about the amount of it: They were picked up sooner than we were—just after day-break. When they left the ship, they rowed as hard as they could, for several hours, and so got a good distance from us. It was well they met with a vessel as soon as they did, for all the women who had been on the steamer were in this boat, and they had a hard time of it. The water dashed over them very often, and Mr. Chipperton thought that some of them could not have held out much longer (I wondered what they would have done on our raft).

The vessel that picked them up was a coasting schooner bound to one of the Florida Keys, and she would n't put back with them, for she was under some sort of a contract, and kept right straight on her way. When they got down there, they chartered a vessel which brought them up to Fernandina, where they took the steamer for Savannah. They were on the very steamer we passed in the inside passage. If we had only known that!

They telegraphed the moment they reached Fernandina, and proposed stopping at St. Augustine, but it was thought they could make better time by keeping right on to Fernandina. The

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telegram reached Savannah after we had left on the tug.

Mr. Chipperton said he got his fancy clothes on board the schooner. He bought them of a man—a passenger, I believe—who had an extra suit.

"I think," said Mr. Chipperton, "he was the only man on that mean little vessel who had two suits of clothes. I don't know whether these were his week-day or his Sunday clothes. As for my own, they were so wet that I took them off the moment I got on board the schooner, and I never saw them again. I don't know what became of them, and, to tell the truth, I have n't thought of 'em. I was too glad to get started for Savannah, where I knew we 'd meet Corny, if she was alive. You see, I trusted in you boys."

Just here, Mrs. Chipperton kissed us both again. This made several times that she had done it. We did n't care so much, as there was no one there but ourselves and the Chippertons.

"When we got here and found you had gone to look for us, I wanted to get another tug and go right after you, but my wife was a good deal

"'WELL,' SAID HE, 'WE 'RE GOING BACK.'"

shaken up, and I did not want to leave her; and Parker and Darrell said they had given positive orders to have you brought back this morning, so I waited. I was only too glad to know you were all safe. I got up early in the morning, and went down to watch for you. You must have been surprised to see me fishing, but I had nothing else to do, and so I hired a pole and line of a boy. It helped very much to pass the time away."

"Yes," said Rectus, "you did n't notice us at all, you were so much interested."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Chipperton, "I had a bite just at that minute; and, besides, I really did not look for you on such a little boat. I had an idea you would come on something more respectable than that."

"As if we should ever think of respectability at such a time!" said Mrs. Chipperton, with tears in her eyes.

"As for you boys," said Mr. Chipperton, getting up and taking us each by the hand, "I don't know what to say to you."

I thought, for my part, that they had all said enough already. They had praised and thanked us for things we had never thought of.

"I almost wish you were orphans," he continued, "so that I might adopt you. But a boy can't have more than one father. However, I tell you! a boy can have as many uncles as he pleases. I 'll be an uncle to each of you as long as I live. Ever after this call me Uncle Chipperton. Do you hear that?"

We heard, and said we 'd do it.

Soon after this, lots of people came in, and the whole thing was gone over again and again. I am sorry to say that, at one or two places in the story, Mrs. Chipperton kissed us both again.

Before we went down to dinner, I asked Uncle Chipperton how his lung had stood it, through all this exposure.

"Oh, bother the lung!" he said. "I tell you, boys, I 've lost faith in that lung,—at least, in there being anything the matter with it. I shall travel for it no more."

CHAPTER XXII.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"WE have made up our minds," said Uncle Chipperton, that afternoon, "to go home and settle down, and let Corny go to school. I hate to send her away from us, but it will be for her good. But that wont be until next fall. We 'll keep her until then. And now, I 'll tell you what I think we 'd all better do. It 's too soon to go North yet. No one should go from the soft climate of the semi-tropics to the Northern or Middle States until mild weather has fairly set in there. And that will not happen for a month yet.

"Now, this is my plan. Let us all take a leisurely trip homeward by the way of Mobile, and New

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Orleans and the Mississippi River. This will be just the season, and we shall be just the party. What do you say?"

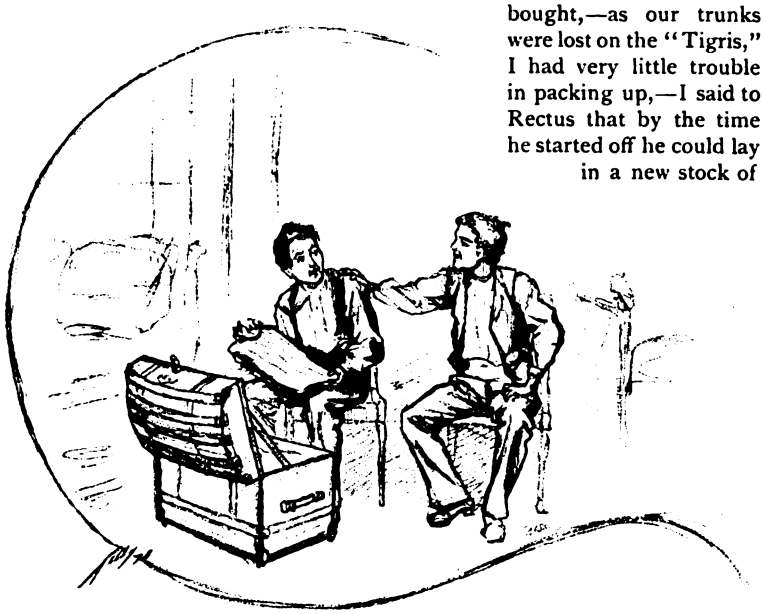
Everybody, but me, said it would be splendid. I had exactly the same idea about it, but I did n't say so, for there was no use in it. I could n't go on a trip like that. I had been counting up my money that morning and found I would have to shave pretty closely to get home by rail,—and I wanted, very much, to go that way—although it would be cheaper to return by sea,—for I had a great desire to go through North and South Carolina and Virginia, and see Washington. It would have seemed like a shame to go back by sea, and miss all this. But, as I said, I had barely enough money for this trip, and to make it I must start the next day. And there was no use writing home for money. I knew there was none there to spare, and I would n't have asked for it if there had been. If there was any traveling money, some of the others ought to have it. I had had my share.

It was very different with Rectus and the Chippertons. They could afford to take this trip, and there was no reason why they should n't take it.

When I told them this, Uncle Chipperton flashed up in a minute, and said that that was all stuff and nonsense,—the trip should n't cost me a cent. What was the sense, he said, of thinking of a few dollars when such pleasure was in view? He would see that I had no money-troubles, and if that was all, I could go just as well as not. Did n't he owe me thousands of dollars?

All this was very kind, but it did n't suit me. I knew that he did not owe me a cent, for if I had done anything for him, I made no charge for it. And even if I had been willing to let him pay my expenses,—which I was n't,—my father would never have listened to it.

So I thanked him, but told him the thing could n't be worked in that way and I said it over and over again, until, at last, he believed it. Then he offered to lend me the money necessary, but this offer I had to decline, too. As I had no way of paying it back, I might as well have taken it as a gift. There was n't anything he could offer after this, except to get me a free pass; and as he had no way of doing that, he gave up the job, and we all went down to supper. That evening, as I was putting a few things into a small valise which I had bought,—as our trunks were lost on the "Tigris," I had very little trouble in packing up,—I said to Rectus that by the time he started off he could lay in a new stock of clothes. I had made out our accounts, and had his money ready to hand over to him, but I knew that his father had arranged for him to draw on a Savannah bank, both for the tug-boat money and for money for himself. I think that Mr. Colbert would have authorized me to do this drawing, if Rectus had not taken the matter into his own hands when he telegraphed. But it did n't matter, and there was n't any tug-boat money to pay, any way, for Uncle Chipperton paid that. He said it had all been done for his daughter, and he put his foot down hard, and would n't let Rectus hand over a cent.



"YOU 'RE A REGULAR YOUNG TRUMP!"

"I wont have any more time than you will have," replied Rectus, "for I 'm going to-morrow."

"I did n't suppose they 'd start so soon," I said. "I 'm sure there 's no need of any hurry."

"I 'm not going with them," said Rectus, putting a lonely shirt into a trunk that he had bought. "I 'm going home with you."

I was so surprised at this that I just stared at him.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "Why, just what I say. Do you suppose I 'd go off with them, and let you straggle up home by yourself? Not any for me, thank you. And besides, I thought you were to

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take charge of me. How would you look going back and saying you 'd turned me over to another party?"

"You thought I was to take charge of you, did you?" I cried. "Well, you 're a long time saying so. You never admitted that before."

"I had better sense than that," said Rectus, with a grin. "But I don't mind saying so, now, as we 're pretty near through with our travels. But father told me expressly that I was to consider myself in your charge."

"You young rascal!" said I. "And he thought that you understood it so well that there was no need of saying much to me about it. All that he said expressly to me was about taking care of your money. But I tell you what it is, Rectus, you 're a regular young trump to give up that trip, and go along with me."

And I gave him a good slap on the back.

He winced at this, and let drive a pillow at me, so hard that he nearly knocked me over a chair.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we went to bid the Chippertons good-bye. We intended to walk to the dépôt, and so wanted to start early. I was now cutting down all extra expenses.

"Ready so soon!" cried Uncle Chipperton, appearing at the door of his room. "Why, we have n't had our breakfast yet."

"We have to make an early start, if we go by the morning train," said I, "and we wanted to see you all before we started."

"Glad to see you at any hour of the night or day,—always very glad to see you; but I think we had better be getting our breakfast, if the train goes so early."

"Are you going to start to-day?" I asked, in surprise.

"Certainly," said he. "Why should n't we? I bought a new suit of clothes, yesterday, and my wife and Corny look well enough for traveling purposes. We can start as well as not, and I 'd go in my green trousers if I had n't any others. My dear," he said, looking into the room, "you and Corny must come right down to breakfast."

"But perhaps you need not hurry," I said. "I don't know when the train for Mobile starts."

"Mobile!" he cried. "Who 's going to Mobile? Do you suppose that *we* are? Not a bit of it. When I proposed that trip, I did n't propose it for Mrs. Chipperton, or Corny, or myself, or you, or Rectus, or Tom, or Dick, or Harry. I proposed it for all of us. If all of us cannot go, none of us can. If you must go north this morning, so must we. We 've nothing to pack, and that 's a comfort. Nine o'clock, did you say? You may go on to the dépôt, if you like, and we 'll eat our breakfasts, take a carriage, and be there in time."

They were there in time, and we all went north together.

We had a jolly trip. We saw Charleston, and Richmond, and Washington, and Baltimore, and Philadelphia; and at last we saw Jersey City, and our folks waiting for us in the great dépôt of the Pennsylvania railroad.

When I saw my father and mother and my sister Helen standing there on the stone foot-walk as the cars rolled in, I was amazed. I had n't expected them. It was all right enough for Rectus to expect his father and mother, for they lived in New York, but I had supposed that I should meet my folks at the station in Willisville. But it was a capital idea in them to come to New York. They said they could n't wait at home, and besides, they wanted to see and know the Chippertons, for we all seemed so bound together, now.

Well, it was n't hard to know the Chippertons. Before we reached the hotel where my folks were staying, and where we all went to take luncheon together, any one would have thought that Uncle Chipperton was really a born brother to father and old Mr. Colbert. How he did talk! How everybody talked! Except Helen. She just sat and listened and looked at Corny—a girl who had been shipwrecked, and had been on a little raft in the midst of the stormy billows. My mother and the two other ladies cried a good deal, but it was a sunshiny sort of crying, and would n't have happened so often, I think, if Mrs. Chipperton had not been so ready to lead off.

After luncheon we sat for two or three hours in one of the parlors and talked, and talked, and talked. It was a sort of family congress. Everybody told everybody else what he or she was going to do, and took information of the same kind in trade. I was to go to college in the fall, but as that had been pretty much settled long ago, it could n't be considered as news. I looked well enough, my father said, to do all the hard studying that was needed; and the Professor was anxiously waiting to put me through a course of training for the happy lot of Freshman.

"But he 's not going to begin his studies as soon as he gets home," said my mother. "We 're going to have him to ourselves for a while." And I did not doubt that. I had n't been gone very long, to be sure, but then a ship had been burned from under me, and that counted for about a year's absence.

Corny's fate had been settled, too, in a general way, but the discussion that went on about a good boarding-school for her showed that a particular settlement might take some time. Uncle Chip-

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perton wanted her to go to some school near his place on the Hudson River, so that he could drive over and see her every day or two, and Mrs. Colbert said she thought that that would n't do, because no girl could study as she ought to, if her father was coming to see her all the time, and Uncle Chipperton wanted to know what possible injury she thought he would do his daughter by going to see her; and Mrs. Colbert said, none at all, of course she didn't mean that, and Mrs. Chipperton said that Corny and her father ought really to go to the same school, and then we all laughed, and my father put in quickly and asked about Rectus. It was easy to see that it would take all summer to get a school for Corny.

"Well," said Mr. Colbert, "I 've got a place for Sammy. Right in my office. He 's to be a man of business, you know. He never took much to schooling. I sent him traveling so that he could see the world, and get himself in trim for dealing with it. And that 's what we have to do in our business. Deal with the world."

I did n't like this, and I don't think Rectus did, either. He walked over to one of the windows and looked out into the street.

"I 'll tell you what I think, sir," said I. "Rectus—I mean your son Samuel, only I shall never call him so—has seen enough of the world to make him so wide awake that he sees more in schooling than he used to. That 's my opinion."

I knew that Rectus rather envied my going to college, for he had said as much on the trip home; and I knew that he had hoped his father would let him make a fresh start with the Professor at our old school.

"Sammy," called out Mrs. Colbert,—"Sammy, my son, do you want to go to school, and finish up your education, or go into your father's office and learn to be a merchant."

CORNY AND HER FATHER MEET ON THE DOCK. (SEE PAGE 751.)

Rectus turned around from the window.

"There 's no hurry about the merchant," he said. "I want to go to school and college, first."

"And that 's just where you 're going," said his mother, with her face reddening up a little more than common.

Mr. Colbert grinned a little, but said nothing. I suppose he thought it would be of no use, and I had an idea, too, that he was very glad to have Rectus determine on a college career. I know the rest of us were. And we did n't hold back from saying so, either.

Uncle Chipperton now began to praise up Rectus, and he told what obligations the boy had put him under in Nassau when he wrote to his father,

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and had that suit about the property stopped, and so relieved him—Uncle Chipperton—from cutting short his semi-tropical trip and hurrying home to New York in the middle of winter.

"But the suit is n't stopped," said Mr. Colbert. "You don't suppose I would pay any attention to a note like the one Sammy sent me, do you? I just let the suit go on, of course. It has not been decided yet, but I expect to gain it."

At this, Uncle Chipperton grew very angry indeed. It was astonishing to see how quickly he blazed up. He had supposed the whole thing settled, and now to find that the terrible injustice—as he considered it—was still going on, was too much for him.

"Do you sit there and tell me that, sir?" he exclaimed, jumping up and skipping over to Mr. Colbert. "Do you call yourself ——"

"Father!" cried Corny. "Keep perfectly cool! Remain just where you are!"

Uncle Chipperton stopped as if he had run against a fence. His favorite advice went straight home to him.

"Very good, my child," said he, turning to Corny. "That 's just what I 'll do."

And he said no more about it.

Now, everybody began to talk about all sorts of things, so as to seem as if they had n't noticed this little rumpus, and we agreed that we must all see each other again the next day. Father said he should remain in the city for a few days now that we were all here, and Uncle Chipperton did not intend to go to his country-place until the weather was warmer. We were speaking of several things that would be pleasant to do together, when Uncle Chipperton broke in with a proposition:

"I 'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to give a dinner to this party. I can't invite you to my house, but I shall engage a parlor in a restaurant, where I have given dinners before (we always come to New York when I want to give dinners—it 's so much easier for us to come to the city than for a lot of people to come out to our place), and there I shall give you a dinner, to-morrow evening. Nobody need say anything against this. I 've settled it, and I can't be moved."

"'FATHER!' CRIED CORNY. 'KEEP PERFECTLY COOL!'"

As he could n't be moved, no one tried to move him.

"I tell you what it is," said Rectus privately to me. "If Uncle Chipperton is going to give a dinner, according to his own ideas of things in general, it will be a curious kind of a meal."

It often happened that Rectus was as nearly right as most people.

(To be continued.)

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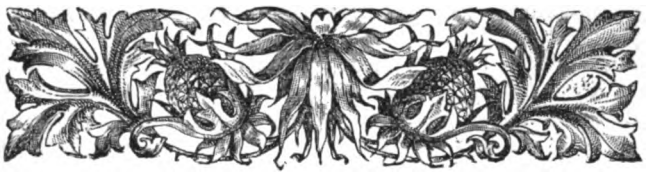

NORA'S OIL-WELL.

By Sophie Swett.

"If ye 'd only consint to sell the place to Patsy Flannigan, an' buy a share in the big oil-well, we 'd be like the king an' queen on their thrones; you wid a trailin' silk gown an' a raale gold chain, an' me wid a gold watch an' a fine span o' horses. For there 's niver an end o' the oil is in that well, so they all says."

"O Teddy, there may be niver a drop of oil there at all, at all! Just look at the three derricks forninst the river, all in a row, a-towerin' up so grand in the air, an' it 's pumpin' an' pumpin' away they was, an' niver so much as a drap! What if this one would be the same, an' our money would all be gone, an' the place that fairther an' mother worked so hard for, an' that 's so snug an' comfortable for Patsy, and the baby, and the pigs, and hins, and us all! Jist look how plisant it do be, Teddy, wid the baby makin' dirt-pies in the sunshine, and the chicks fightin' so quare over the worms, an' the dear little pigs squealin' so musical! O, Teddy, I could n't niver do it,—niver!"

And Nora shook her red head so decidedly that Teddy was almost convinced that it was of no use to tease her.

Teddy, and Nora, and Patsy, and the baby, and the pigs, and chickens, lived in a little town on the Alleghany River, away out in Western Pennsylvania. You might find the town on the map,—if I should tell you its name. It lies in a little hollow that seems to have been scooped out of the high hills, and the hills shut out the sun-rays, so that it seems almost always dreary, and gray, and cloudy, there; and then there is the smoke from the great iron mills to make the air thick.

The hills are full of treasures; vast stores of iron and coal which they kept, fast locked up, for nobody knows how many years, before man's curious skill burrowed in, and found them. Now, queer little avenues—just tall enough for a man to stand upright in, and wide enough for drays, drawn by patient donkeys, to travel in—lead into, and sometimes *through*—the hills. And men with pickaxes and spades dig away there, in the hearts of the hills, in darkness and grime, sometimes all their lives long; and, with the little lamps which they wear in their caps, casting a faint, weird light over their blackened faces and figures, they make one think of gnomes, in a fairy-tale, who wait upon some Prince of Darkness. The mines have drawn together a little colony of people from the old countries.—English, and Welsh, and Irish they are, principally, though there is a sprinkling of Germans and Belgians. They live, for the most part, in little houses of log and plaster, provided by the iron company, or the coal company; but, now and then, one, with more means or more enterprise than the others, has bought a little lot of land and built himself a frame house. Terence Conelly had been one of the enterprising ones. He had bought two acres of land on the hill-side, above Sugar Creek, and built a comfortable little house, and a pig-sty and a hen-house as well, and had a garden, with "praties" and cabbages. The land was very sterile, and the vegetables never amounted to much; but still it was a pleasure to Terence, when he came out of the darkness and gloom of the mine, to see "green things growing."

But there came a day when poor Terence did not come out of the mine. A mass of rock and ore had fallen in and killed him. His wife was heart-broken, and went into a rapid decline, living less than a year after her husband's death.

Teddy, Nora, Patsy, and the baby were all alone, on the little place, which their father and mother had worked so hard for, and taken such pleasure and pride in. Teddy was fourteen, and Nora little more than a year younger; Patsy was ten, and the baby three. The Conelly children were regarded as especially intelligent by their neighbors, and Nora, in particular, was always said to be "far wiser than her years." They had always been sent carefully to school, and though neither of them "took to books," particularly,—unless Teddy's great liking for pirate stories might be regarded as indicative of a literary turn,—and

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had never "got the burr out from under their tongues," their native shrewdness had probably been somewhat sharpened.

At all events they had shouldered their responsibilities, and managed their affairs, without aid from anybody. Small affairs they were, to be sure. When the expenses of their mother's illness and burial were paid, the last cent of Terence Conelly's little hoard of savings was gone; and as they had been obliged to scrimp and save, for a long time, to buy the little comforts necessary for their mother in her illness, the children were almost entirely destitute of clothing; the home was their own; but in some way they must be fed and clothed. Teddy found a situation in the mill, but the pay was small, and there were intervals when he had no work. Nora took in washing and ironing, and, now and then, she found a day's work at cleaning and sweeping. It was too hard for her, of course, but she never complained. At first, people gave them something, but when it began to be seen how self-helpful they were, the aid was gradually transferred to the more destitute,—and they were plenty. Moreover, the Conellys tried to hide their want, as much as others displayed theirs. Nora had a sturdy little pride about it, inherited from both father and mother. And they had been taught to be scrupulously neat; so there was never the look of poverty about their house which filth and squalor give. They did not keep the pig under the bed, nor the hens in the sitting-room, like many of their countrymen. And people said: "How well those Conelly children do take care of themselves! They don't seem to want for anything."

But many a time Nora went to bed hungry, after her hard day's work, and she patched the children's clothes and her own until it was hard to tell which was the original fabric and which the patch; but patches did not matter much if they were only comfortable, and were not obliged to ask charity of anybody; so Nora thought.

Neither did she mind the hard work, nor the hunger, if she could only keep the little home, and the little flock together, and be independent,—just as her father and mother would have wished. Nora's only fear was that her strength would fail her; she had a sharp pain in her side, sometimes, and her face, that had always been chubby and rosy before her mother died, grew so wan and pinched that, but for her little snub nose, which turned up just as decidedly as ever, her friends would scarcely have known her. But she was not in the least discouraged. They had lived through the long, cold winter, and now spring had come; the days would be warm and long, now; they could raise a few vegetables, which would help along, and Teddy could catch fish in the river,—which, though they did taste of petroleum, were, still, not bad eating. But Teddy was getting into a way that grieved Nora sorely. One of the millmen had lent him papers and books full of stories that seemed to have turned his head completely. He was no longer contented to plod along at his daily labor. He wanted to become rich, all at once, and have wonderful adventures.

The oil excitement was strong in the town just then. In all the region around, oil had been found for several years, but within the borders of this little town the first oil had been struck a year before, and the people had gone wild over it. In the cold winter nights, Teddy had often been employed to keep fires burning, along the pipe lines, which ran over the hills,—conveying oil from the wells to the great tanks near the railroad, where it was kept ready for transportation. These fires were to keep the oil from freezing, and several men were employed together. And then stories of wonderful oil-wells were told, which aroused Teddy's imagination to the highest pitch. All the oil which had been struck was near the northern border of the town, miles away from their home, and it cost from two to three thousand dollars for the necessary apparatus to "bore for oil." All Teddy's story-papers did not give him the faintest idea how he was to become the proprietor of an oil-well.

Now, an enterprising Irishman, thinking he had discovered indications in his barren pasture, was raising money to "bore," by selling shares in the prospective well. And, as if luck did mean to befriend them, Teddy thought Patsy Flannigan was seized, just at this juncture, with a desire to buy their place. To be sure he offered less than it cost, but what was any place worth, now, that had no signs of oil about it, Teddy would like to know. And he gave Nora no peace, coaxing and arguing, getting angry and shedding tears, by turns, and refusing to listen for a moment to poor Nora's suggestion that "there might be not a drap at all, at all, in Danny Cregan's well, and then, with the bit place gone, and no money, what would become of them?"

On this particular evening, Teddy was very much vexed and disturbed in his mind. After he had pictured the prospective good fortune in such an attractive way, for Nora to be entirely unmoved, and throw cold water on all his hopes and plans, was too much for Teddy's temper. He arose from the door-step, where they were sitting, and strode off, knocking over the baby, kicking at the cat, and throwing a stone at the chickens. Poor Nora's heart was full almost to bursting; she did so hate to go against Teddy! She was naturally yielding, and "she loved Teddy so much."

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Besides, as he said, she was younger and only a girl! "May be he do be right," she said to herself, faltering in her resolution. "It 's afther gettin' worun out both of us is, wid the harud woruk, an' the little till ate, an' may be sickness before us—an' the poor bye's heart so set on the oil-well! But then it do be so much like gamblin'! An' Danny Cregan not quite right in his head, they all says, an' the last woruds the mother said bein', 'Howld fast to the bit place, Nora. Don't be afther lettin' anybody take it away from yez!' It don't be for the likes of us to make forchins. We must be contint wid kapin the roof over our heads, and the bit an' sup in our mouths. The saints be good till us!—but Teddy 'll niver be contint till he sells the place and buys a pairt of the oil-well that Danny Cregan has n't at all, at all!"

And with this melancholy conclusion Nora's tears fell thick and fast. But a voice at the gate made her wipe them away quickly. Teddy had come back. Nora was afraid he had gone "across the river." They had a "first cousin" living on the other side, and once, lately, when Teddy had got angry with her, he had gone over there, and stayed two or three days, neglecting his work; and there were wild boys there, who led him into mischief. Nora was happy to find that he had not gone. Perhaps he had come back to tell her that he was sorry for getting angry with her. "Niver a bye had a better heart inside iv him than Teddy had—before the oil faver tuk him," Nora was always saying.

But Teddy had n't come back to say that he was sorry.

"It 's now or niver,—will ye sell the place to Patsy Flannigan an' make yer forchin?" he called. "Misther McDonald is afther givin' his consint an' the papers is all ready for signin.'"

Mr. McDonald was their guardian, but he was a hard-working man, with a large family, and troubled himself very little about his wards.

"'Deed, thin, he would consint till annythin'!" said Nora. "Teddy, we 'll niver make our forchin in Danny Cregan's oil-well! Don't you belave it, dear! Don't let him desave you, wid his blarneyin' tongue! Don't ask me to sell the roof over our heads, an' be afther turnin' the childer and all intill the street. An' where would we go ag'in we got the fine forchin, if ye are sure of it? O, Teddy, ye used to think a dale of me an' the childer, an' now ye wont be afther breakin' our hearuts?"

"It 's you that has the blarneyin' tongue! L'ave off, now, an' tell me, for good an' all, will ye give yer consint?"

"No, niver!" said Nora, firmly, though sadly.

Teddy went off, calling out angry words that almost broke poor Nora's heart. But the recollection of her mother's words kept her resolution strong.

"I will 'howld fast to the home, and take good care of thim all,' as the mother said; and may be Teddy 'll be afther forgivin' me, some day," she said, over and over again to herself. "But if Danny Cregan *do* be afther strikin' oil, Teddy 'll niver forgive me, sure!"

And poor little Nora's tears fell fast and her heart was torn by doubts whether after all it might not have been better to consent. She was suddenly aroused from her sad reflections by the sound of footsteps. Two men were coming around the corner of the house; they must have come across the fields, as there was no road in that direction; but strangers were not uncommon in the town, now that the oil excitement was raging; they came from Petrolia, and Oil City, and even from Pittsburg, almost every day. So Nora was not surprised. One of these men was very flashily dressed, with a gold chain like a cable, and a very large diamond pin. Men who had struck oil usually dressed like that. Nora recognized them as "oil men," at once. They looked rather curiously about the little place. Then one of them advanced toward her.

"Good evening, little girl," he said, affably. "We were told that we should find a washerwoman here."

"I do be the washerwoman, sir!" And Nora arose and made a little courtesy, as her mother had taught her to do.

"You look rather small for a washerwoman. Isn 't it pretty hard for you?"

"I gets money for it, sir," said Nora, simply.

"And this is a lonesome, out-of-the-way place. Don't you ever wish that you lived down by the river, where the other Irish people live?"

"The bit place do be our own—we likes it, sir," said Nora.

"Never think of selling it, do you? I know a man who would give you a good price for it; then you would n't have to work so hard."

"Patsy Flannigan, sir? He offered to give us three hundred dollars for it."

"Three hundred dollars! I—that is, this gentleman who wants it will give you a thousand dollars!"

A thousand dollars! If they had all that money, Teddy might have his share in Danny Cregan's well, and there would still be enough left to buy them a house to live in!—though it would n't be the dear old place. And while she was thinking, Nora's shrewd little wits gathered themselves together. Why did these unknown men want so much to buy the little place, that was so far from the river and the railroad? And this oil man

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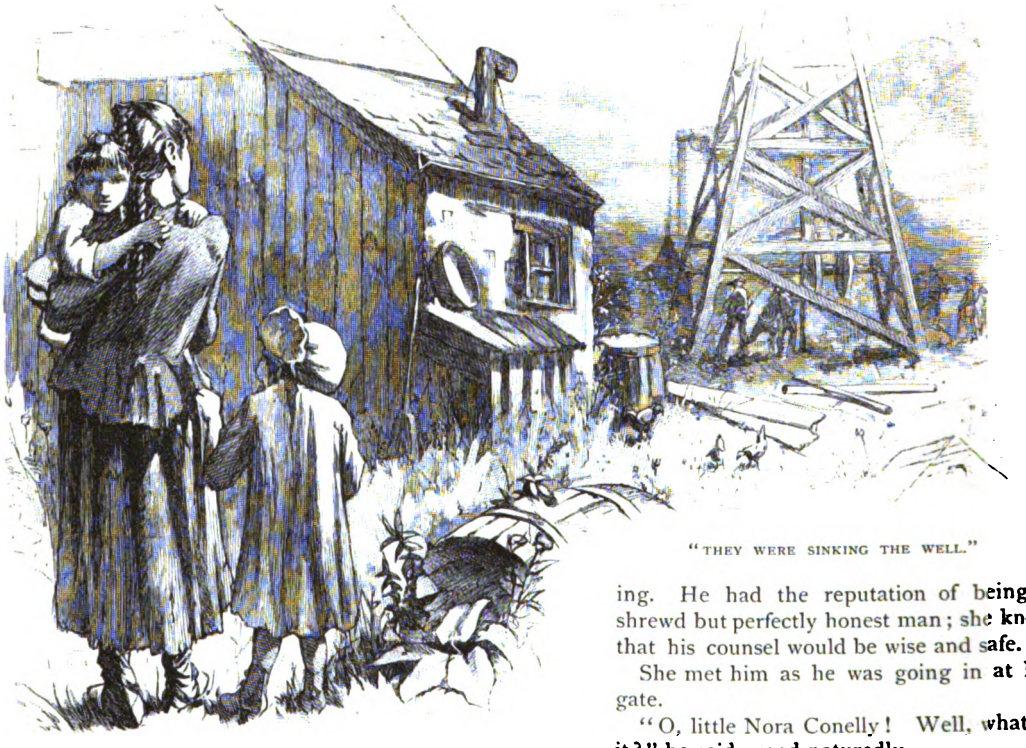

"THEY WERE SINKING THE WELL."

seemed so eager and interested! He examined the soil, he picked up stones and looked at them. Could it be—*oil?* It was very unlikely; no oil had been found near, that she knew of; but still it was strange.

"I don't think we do be wantin' to sell, sir."

"Who looks after you?—who is your guardian?" asked the man; and Nora told him. Then he wanted to know where Mr. McDonald lived, and they went away, hurriedly. But they seemed to remember themselves, and came back to say that Nora would find some clothes which they wanted washed, at the hotel. After they had gone, Nora felt restless and uneasy. At one moment she was afraid that she ought to have taken the thousand dollars; the next moment she would feel afraid that they would see Mr. McDonald, and bind him to a bargain which she could not break. Very soon she decided that, as there was yet an hour before dark, she would go down to the hotel and get the washing, and then go to see Mr. Staynes, who lived near the hotel, and tell him her difficulties. Mr. Staynes was the superintendent of the iron company. Her father had been in his employ when he was killed, and he had always taken an interest in them. He was a man full of business cares, but Nora was sure of a kindly hearing. He had the reputation of being a shrewd but perfectly honest man; she knew that his counsel would be wise and safe.

She met him as he was going in at his gate.

"O, little Nora Conelly! Well, what is it?" he said, good-naturedly.

"Two men do be afther wantin' to buy the place for a thousand dollars. Will we take it, sir?"

"So they 've been after you already, have they? I 've just been to see McDonald about you, and I was going up to your place, the first thing in the morning. They 've struck oil on the Ramsdell place?—got a great flow; only about an hour ago."

"It do be a good ways from us, sir, an' the hill between," said Nora.

"Yes, but the oil seems to follow a certain track; it runs due east; and you are directly on the track. And there are other signs in your direction. You will probably be offered a good deal more than a thousand dollars for the place to-morrow. But there have been so many failures lately where oil had been expected that nobody will be likely to offer you a great price. I made McDonald an offer which he is disposed to accept, but says he will leave the decision to you, who are wise enough to manage your own affairs. I will put down a well on your place at my own expense. If there is oil you shall pay me for my outlay, and give me one-tenth of the profits. If there is no oil, the loss will be entirely my own."

"Oh, an' the bit place ud still be our own whativer way it happened!" cried Nora, joyfully.

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Poor little Nora had known the realities of hunger and cold, and had become very practical. The possibility of becoming rich was too vague and unreal for her imagination to grasp; it seemed like one of Teddy's wonderful stories; while the possibility of being without a shelter,—if they lost their little place,—and colder and hungrier than they had ever been, seemed a natural one. She felt overwhelmed with gratitude to Mr. Staynes, although with that gentleman it was only a business transaction, by which he hoped to make money; the only things for which she had reason to feel grateful to him were that he was not taking an unfair advantage, as he might have done, and that he did feel honestly anxious that they might be benefited at the same time with himself.

Teddy ought to be consulted, but there was no time to lose, and Nora said "Yes" for both of them; she felt sure that Teddy would be delighted with the project, and she earnestly hoped that he would come home that night that she might tell him of it.

But nine—ten—eleven o'clock came, and no Teddy. Before noon the next day the boring operations had commenced, and still no Teddy!

The Conelly place was thronged by a curious crowd. Right in the midst of Teddy's potato-patch they were sinking the well. They seemed to think no more of "praties" than of so many weeds, though the heart of little Patsy—who had weeded them faithfully—burned within him at the sight.

It was a sad time for the pigs and chickens. The pig-pen and the hen-coop were almost buried under the timbers, and pipes, and screws, and wheels, and all the wonderful apparatus that was to force her treasure from the unwilling earth; the pigs squealed their remonstrances unceasingly, and the chicks scattered in every direction, pursued by their mammas, with unavailing clucks. The big rooster alone seemed to take a cheerful view of the proceedings. He cocked his head, first on one side and then on the other, and inspected the operations, while they bored, and bored, until it seemed to Nora that they must have bored nearly through the earth. And, when the great tall derrick was set up, the rooster flew upon it, to an astonishing height, and uttered an exultant cock-a-doodle-doo! that was re-echoed from all the hills around. And the result proved that he was a knowing rooster. For, a few minutes after that, there was a "spurt," into the air, of a dark-green liquid, from which proceeded an odor like the concentrated essence of all the bad kerosense lamps that you ever smelled! This was one of the wonderful wells. The oil did not wait to be pumped; it burst up into the air like a fountain, to the height of seven or eight feet! There was a great excitement. It seemed as if two-thirds of the people in the country assembled there in less than half an hour.

Nora's delight had a great drawback. Teddy was not there. In all this time she had not heard from him. He had gone, at first, to their cousin, but had become angry with him for saying, when he told the story of his grievance, that Nora was right; and he had gone away from there, nobody knew where. And Nora was anxious about him. She could not look at the wonderful fountain of oil for watching for him. Surely, when everybody was rushing there, he would hear what had happened if he were anywhere near! And, at last, toward night-fall, when the excitement was subsiding a little, she espied, on the edge of the crowd, a way-worn and tattered pilgrim who looked like Teddy.

Nora rushed to meet him, and gave him a prodigal son's greeting; she put both arms around his neck and cried for joy.

"O Teddy, where were ye?"

"I 've been after seekin' my forchin," said Teddy, shame-facedly.

"And it 's our own place is the forchin, after all!" cried Nora.

Why they did n't all go wild with excitement and joy, I don't know. Teddy had tramped almost to Pittsburg, finding small jobs by the way, but had, at length, been seized by homesickness—or a return of common sense—and taken up his homeward way.

The oil did not flow for a very great while; the wonderful wells seldom do. But before the flow ceased there was a snug little fortune invested for Teddy, and Nora, and Patsy, and the baby, that would keep them from poverty all their days. And Nora is no longer a washerwoman; she goes to school and so does Teddy, who, I am glad to say, has given up reading pirate stories, and longing for adventures, and is trying to learn how to be a good and useful man.

But Nora is still known as the "wisest" of the Conelly children. And she is so generous and forbearing that she has never once said:

"O, Teddy, what if I 'd consinted to sell our home?"—not even when Teddy came home one day and told her that Danny Cregan's well "had not a drap of oil intil it at all, at all!"

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THE FROLICSOME FLY.

BY S. F. CLARKE.

AMONG the many thousands of insects that come to visit us every summer, there are few which seem more glad to see us, and who like better to stay with us, than the frolicsome fly. How lightly and airily he whisks in at the open window, or door-way, with a hum and a buzz of his wings that seems to say "Hello! Here we are! glad to see you once more." And then as he goes humming all round the room to see what changes have occurred since he was last here, and, as he buzzes against all the windows, taking a peep into the garden and across the street, you can almost hear him talking to himself. If you could hear him, you would probably find that he was making good resolutions for his summer life. He says to himself: "Now I 'm going to stay with these people all summer, for they have fallen into shocking bad habits since the flies were here last summer, and I will make it my duty, with the help of the other good flies in this house and neighborhood, to give these people a good course of training in self-control, in early rising, and in many other good and valuable traits of character which it is desirable that every person, old and young, should possess. My first duty will be to fly into the different sleeping-rooms very early in the morning, and, after buzzing in the ears of the lazy sleepers to make them have bad dreams, I will gently wander up and down their faces, and give them a bite, that will be pretty sure to awaken them, and I will fly and buzz about them all day, and give them plenty of chances of controlling their tempers and learning not to mind little annoyances."

I certainly think the fly would say that he bit you, but he would be wrong, just as every one else is who says that flies bite. For they don't bite, because they cannot bite. They have n't any jaws to bite with. But the tongue is very large, and the end of it, which is round, or oval, or heart-shaped, has little ridges running across it, so that it looks just like a little file; and it is a file, and a very good one, too. So the fly does not bite, but he rubs this file of his so rapidly, and it is so hard, that you might as well be bitten, as far as the effect of waking you up is concerned.

Then the fly continues:

"But, after all, it 's pretty discouraging trying to do anything for these people, they are so ungrateful and cruel. They always abuse me, call me a great nuisance, and I verily believe that they would not hesitate to kill me, if they had a good chance. If they do not appreciate the training I am giving them now, I should think they might remember the work I did for them before I became a fly, and be thankful for that. Perhaps, though, they think that I was always a fly and nothing else, so I must not judge them too harshly."

As the fly does not like to talk about himself too much, suppose that I tell you about him, and what he was before he became a fly?

Well, this fly, of course, had a mother-fly, and she laid a lot of very small, shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowish-white maggot, not very active, but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much, of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many hundred wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he was right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small, dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days as a chrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramps out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.

How he must enjoy that first journey through the air—flying along so easily, ever faster and faster, looking at all the beautiful things about him for the first time! The flowers and the bright green fields, the rippling brooks, the brilliantly colored birds that he likes to race with and the thousands of insects of all kinds that he sees all about him, and who pleasantly greet the newcomer as he sails by them. He is too happy to stop now, and keeps frolicking on until he reaches

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the woods, where he finds it very pleasant, and as he is beginning to feel very tired he sees just in front of him two flies so much like himself that he thinks they must be his brothers; so he alights near them and introduces himself. The two flies are very pleasant with him and tell him that they are not his brothers but they belong to another family and are sort of cousins of his. You can see our Mr. Fly in the picture where he is just finding his cousins by the side of a little pool in the woods.

THE FLY AND HIS COUSINS BY THE POOL.

Now these two cousins came from eggs, just like our Mr. Fly, but instead of little white maggots like those of the house-fly, hatching from the eggs, these were little maggots with tails, that lived in the water and crept about on the bottom, eating all kinds of decaying matter that they could find. They grew to be over an inch long, and, though they lived in the water, they breathed air just as much as the perfect fly and in much the same way. Their long, slender tails are hollow, and, when they want to breathe, they have only to

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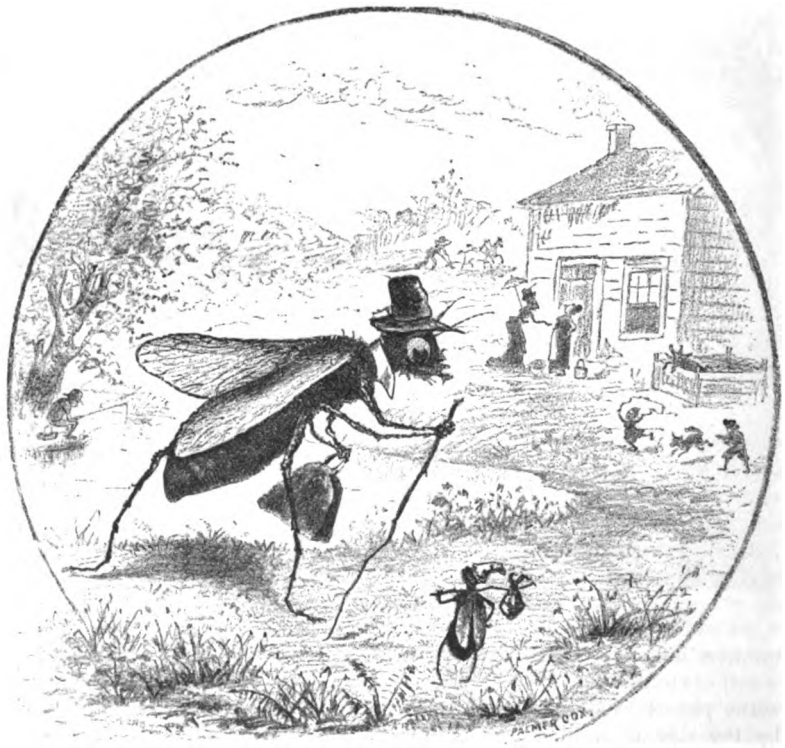
stretch their hollow tail up to the surface and take in as much air as they want. You can at once see how convenient this must be for them, for if they had no tail they would have to stop feeding and go away up to the surface every time they wanted a breath of air. It is owing to their long, round tails, also, that they have received their common name of rat-tailed larvæ. A larva is an insect that is hatched from an egg, and is called a larva until it becomes a chrysalis or pupa. It is the first stage of insect-life after the egg. After these rat-tailed larvæ have become full grown, they leave the water and enter the ground, where they change into a chrysalis, and soon after come out as perfect flies. These perfect flies lay eggs from which a new brood of larvæ are hatched, and so the life-history is completed in four stages; 1st, the egg, 2d, the larva, 3d, the pupa or chrysalis and 4th, the perfect insect, and this is true of all the six-footed insects. When our Mr. Fly looks more closely at his cousins, he will find that they are quite different from him, after all, and particularly so about the mouth. He would see that they have nothing like a file or rasp, as he has, but that in place of it they have a proboscis, and on the upper side of it, in a little groove, there are four slender, very sharp, needle-like organs. So, although they cannot file or bite anything, they can thrust these sharp little needles into an animal and then suck out the blood. This is the way, too, in which a mosquito, who is also a fly, "bites," as we usually say; yet, of course he does n't really *bite*, but he "pierces" you with his little needles, of which he has six.

Away out West, very near the boundary line between California and Nevada, there is a beautiful lake, called Lake Mono. In this lake there live ever so many of these rat-tailed larvæ, which, however, do not go into the ground when they are about to change into chrysalides, but only crawl up on the beach.

The chrysalides are so numerous that the Indians, who call them "cho-cha-bee," rake them up into piles and carry them home to be cooked and eaten.

There are many other interesting things about flies, but I have only time left to tell you how you may distinguish a fly from the other kinds of insects. A fly has only two wings, just one pair, while the other insects—the bees, the butterflies, the beetles, the squash-bugs, the grasshoppers and dragon-flies—have two pairs.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FROLICSOME FLY.

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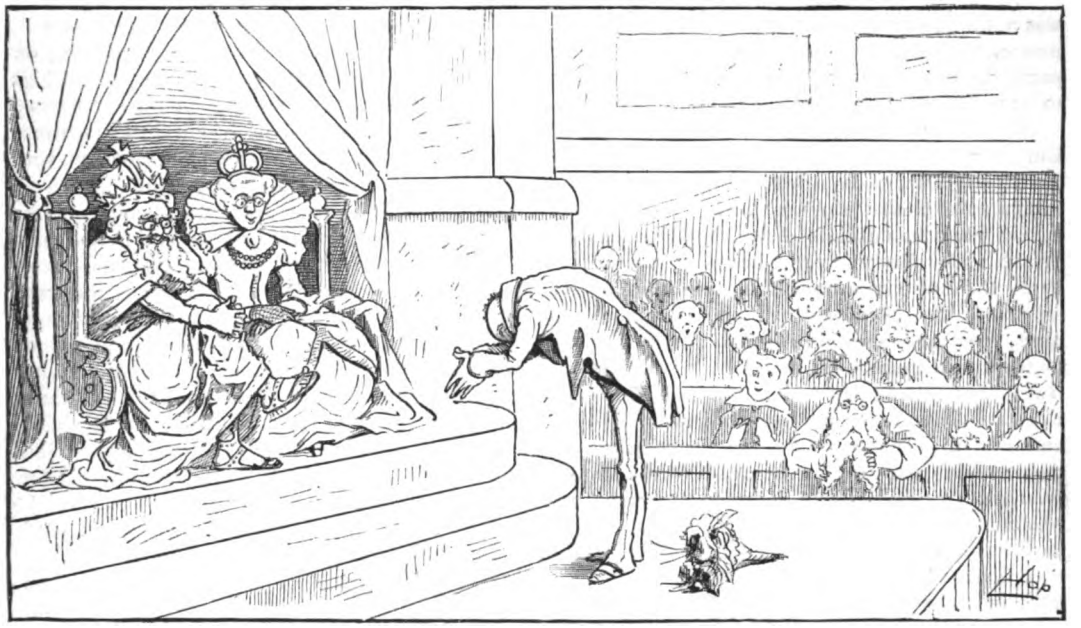
"BUTTERED PEASE," IN CHOCTAW.

By Frederic Palmer.



THERE was once a man who had studied all his life and become very wise—so wise that he could say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw. Everybody looked up to him with great admiration, and the little children stopped their play and put their fingers in their mouths when he passed by. And when a little boy one day asked what was the use of saying "Buttered pease," in Choctaw, all the children standing near, that were properly brought up, cried out with astonishment:

"Why, you ought to know better!"

"Of course."

"Why, how can you speak so!"

Saying this gave them a feeling that they had done a right and noble thing, and made the little boy feel very ignorant and miserable.

But, at last, the king heard how wise the man was, and he sent a herald to him congratulating him on having attained such results of his life-study, and appointed a day when he would assemble his court and hear him say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw.

So, on the appointed day, the hall of the palace was filled with people eager to see and hear the wise man. The king and queen were seated on a splendid throne at one side of a raised platform; and, at a given signal, a herald approached from the other side and made a long speech, introducing the man who was to introduce the wise man, and when the herald had finished, the man whom he introduced made a grand oration, an hour long, saying how great the wise man was, and praising his self-denying life in being willing to endure severe privation for the sake of being able to say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw. And when he had finished, and gathered up his embroidered robes, and passed off the stage, a little man dressed in shabby clothes, with bright eyes and a bald head and spectacles, trotted up before the king, and, stopping in front of him, put his hands together and made a queer little bow.

Then, while all the people held their breath to hear, he said "Buttered pease," in Choctaw, and bowed again, and turned about, and trotted off the stage. And all the people gave a great cheer, and, as they went home, said to one another how grandly it sounded and what a learned man he must be.

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THE STORY OF A PRINCE.

BY PAUL FORT.

THE prince that I am going to tell you about was not a fairy prince, nor yet was he always a real prince. We will soon see, however, what sort of a prince he was at first, and how he afterward came to be a different kind of one.

He was Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, son of the Emperor Napoleon III., who, when this young prince was born, twenty-three years ago, sat upon the imperial throne of France. If ever there was a boy who should have been considered a real prince, such a boy was little Louis. He was, perhaps, the most important prince in Europe, for in each of the other principal kingdoms and empires, there were several royal children, and if one of them died there were others to take his place. But there was only one heir to the great throne of France. Little Louis had no brothers and sisters, and if he died, while young, the French imperial crown would pass to other branches of the family, or, what was more likely, it would cease to be a crown at all, for if the French people could not have a son of their present ruler for an emperor they would prefer not to have any, but to establish a republic and govern themselves.

So it was very important that the young prince should live and prosper, not only for his own sake but for that of the empire.

He was a delicate child, but every possible care was taken of him, and he gradually grew strong and healthy. His mind received as much careful training as his body, and although he was a prince of very high degree, on whom the eyes of the world were fixed, he did not lead a life of ease and indolence, but was obliged to work as hard at his studies as any of the common boys of France. His nurse was an Englishwoman and she always talked to him in her own language, and he had a man to wait on him, who was not allowed to speak to him in any tongue but German. His mother, who was born in Spain, talked to him a great deal in Spanish, and so he learned these languages almost as easily as he learned his own—the French. In all other ways he was very thoroughly educated, his tutors being men of great ability, and, as many of them were military men, he was generally under very strict discipline, during his study-hours.

But it must not be supposed that he did not have his amusements and recreations. His parents were extremely fond of him, and he had every pleasure that was considered suitable for a prince. Some of the pursuits, indeed, in which he took much interest, were such as many princes—especially the princes of story-life—knew nothing of. Beside his beautiful ponies and horses, his dogs and his guns, and all the other things he needed for his royal pleasures, he had a little printing-press, on which he printed cards and circulars, very much as the boys in this country print them.

Of course, as he was expected to be an emperor and to command armies, great attention was paid to his military education, and his father did everything that was possible to make him a thorough soldier. Not only was he, at a very early age, made an officer in the French army, and obliged to perform military duties at certain times, but when the late war between Germany and France broke out his father determined that he should know what a battle really was, and so took him with him to the battle of Saarbrücken, where father and son sat on their horses in the front of the fight, with the bullets falling around them. It is said that the young Louis showed no signs of fear, and picked up a musket-ball which fell near him, to preserve as a memento of this experience, which his father called his "baptism of fire."

It is easy to see, by all this, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon tried to do everything necessary to make his son worthy to take his place on the throne of France, but there was one very important thing he did not do; he did not give that son a throne to sit upon. Before the boy was grown up, the throne, and the crown, and the empire were all gone. The Germans had defeated the French, the emperor and empress and the young prince had taken refuge in England, and the people of France had established a republic.

Now it was that the young Louis ceased to be a real prince, for there was nothing for him to be prince of. If he printed cards and amused himself like other boys, there was nothing strange in it, for he was very much like other boys. To be sure, there were many Frenchmen who believed that the empire would be restored, and they looked upon the son of the ex-emperor as the true Prince Imperial, who, one day would restore the empire, and take his place at its head.

But the prince was not a real prince, for all that; his parents were not royal, there was no throne or crown to which he could succeed.

But although not a real prince, he was a really good fellow, and he worked as hard as ever to

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make himself a scholar and a soldier. He went to a military school in England, where he made many friends among his fellow-students; for he was amiable and generous, and quite free from any of that aristocratic stiffness which might have characterized many another fellow, if he had happened to have once been heir to the throne of an empire.

The young man was much liked in England, and Queen Victoria and her family were very kind and attentive to him and his mother. It seemed, indeed, as if the government of England—that country which had torn the first Napoleon from his throne and had sent him to die in a lonely island, as a man who had no right to be considered of royal rank—now was foremost in according to Eugénie and her son all the honors due to an ex-empress and an ex-prince.

Young Louis was not unmindful of these favors, or ungrateful for them. England had been very good to him, and he felt that he would be glad in turn to do something for England. And therefore, when a war began, in South Africa, between the English and the Zulus,—a warlike native tribe,—the young man volunteered to go down to Zulu-land and fight for the country which had befriended him and his family.

YOUNG LOUIS NAPOLEON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

So down he went to South Africa, and joined the British forces in Zulu-land. He was assigned to no special duty, but one day—the first day of this year's summer—he started out with a small party of horsemen to select a spot for a camp. No one supposed that there were any hostile natives near by, but when a place had been chosen for the camp, and the men were about to mount their horses to ride away, a body of Zulus, who had been hidden in the high grass around them, burst out and attacked them. The soldiers sprang into their saddles and dashed away, but young Louis' horse was frightened, and he could not mount before the savages were upon him. He tried to run, but it was too late, and turning toward his assailants, he received nineteen spear-wounds,—all in front,—and fell dead.

And so there lay, in a field of wild grass and reeds, in a land of African savages, the heir of that Bonaparte family which had ruled an empire and hoped to rule it again. There are other Bonapartes, but no other one is the son of an emperor; not one of them has ever been a Prince Imperial.

Heir and empire, both are dead.

The general sorrow which was felt for his death, especially in England, proved that there was a large class of people who had regarded him as one who might, some day, help to shape the fortunes of Europe. The greatest honors were paid him. The Queen of England came to his funeral, and his pall-bearers were six royal princes.

But although this unfortunate young fellow, whose grand prospects and whose life were cut off so suddenly, was never able to shape any national fortunes, or even to be of any service to his political supporters, he may have been of service to many another young fellow who has heard how hard and faithfully he worked to prepare himself for his future position, and this not only when he was a prince, and felt sure of a throne, but when he was an ex-prince, and had but a slight hope of ever sitting upon one.

He was perfectly educated and trained for his business in life, and although he was never able to undertake that business, the result was that he became what the French call, "*un jeune homme, bien élevé*," and what we speak of as "a well-bred young man."

And this was worth all that had been done for him, and all that he had done for himself.

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THE BROOM GIANT.

Two swallows sat on a telegraph wire. Their wise little eyes were looking all about, in search of a good place to build a nest.

"There is that nice low house, with the porch, over there," said one; "let us go and look at it."

So, over they flew, and soon they stood side by side on a lovely place to build a nest in.

"It 's a long way to go to fetch the mud," said one bird, "but I like the place. Let us build here."

"Agreed," said the other one; "and we 'll build right away."

And off they flew toward the sea. They alighted on a sedge-bog and pecked about, until each bird-mouth was full of marsh mud. They carried it to the porch and laid it on the ledge.

The blue and green and purple wings were very happy little wings as they went and came full fifty times within the next hour.

"Now, you can go alone this time, and I 'll pick up straws and sticks before the mud dries too hard," said one swallow, and away flew the other to the blue sea. As he came back, when he flew over the telegraph wire, he thought he heard his mate calling, "Here! here!"

Giving a little swoop down, he found her sitting on the wire.

"No use! no use," said she. "The wicked giant came out of the house, and when I just flew quietly over her big head with my straws, she looked up to the ledge, and said she: 'Laura, Laura, come here! The horrid swallows are nesting in the porch. Fetch a broom, quick!' Then a little smaller giant came with a broom and swept away all the foundations of our nest. It 's too bad!"

"Oh, never mind," said the other bird. "Plenty of good places to build nests in, and we 'll go right away and find another spot."

Off they flew, and they went to the biggest barn they could find, and, in the very tip-toppest part of the roof they found a tiny window; so in they flew, and there was a ledge just as good, and every way safer than the one in the porch; for no house-cleaning had been done there or would be done while the barn should last. Here the swallows built their nest, and to this barn they come back from year to year, and every year they tear down the old nest and build a new one, and say each time:

"After all, it was a good thing for us that the giant did n't let us build in the porch, for there is no telling what might have happened to the baby swallows there; and here, we are as safe as safe can be."

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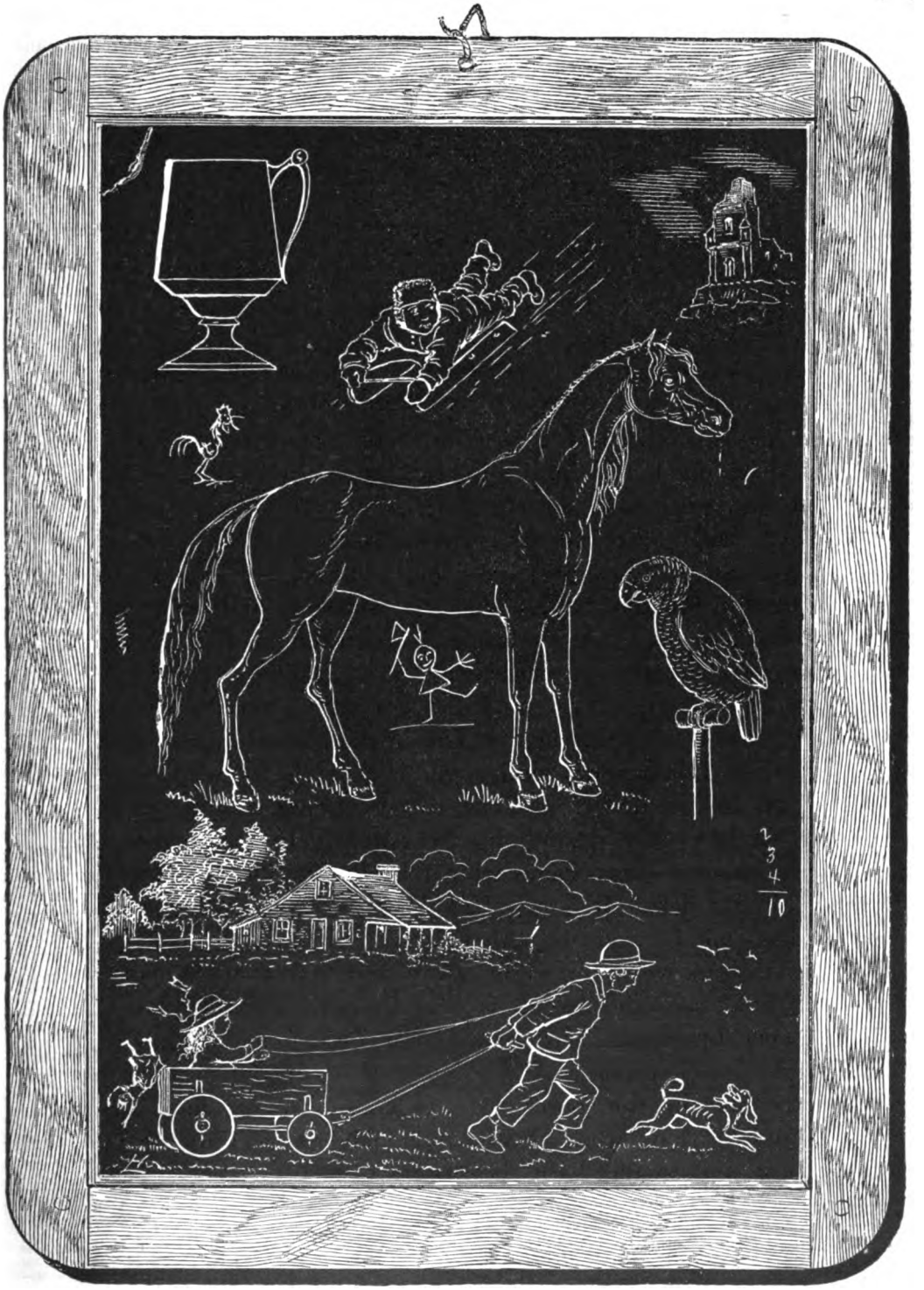

These pictures are for you to copy on a slate. They are not very hard to draw, if you are careful to follow the lines as you see them here.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NEAR where your Jack's pulpit stands, my youngsters, a crazy Echo keeps dinging and clanging, as if he were trying to repeat the ringing of every school-bell in the land. May be, he is.

It makes me think how bright and rosy the Little Schoolma'am looked the other day, as she passed me on her way to assure herself that the Red School-house would be ready for the coming study-time.

Well, now! Here she comes again, bless her! But, this time, a score of sun-browned boys and girls are skipping and laughing and racing around her. They look as though they mean to carry some of the hearty play-time spirit into school with them, and perhaps Deacon Green spoke shrewdly when he called them "boys and girls of right good sort, who mean to be ready, when the time comes, to do the work of strong, wise men and women."

But now, here is some business for us; and, first, who will answer this question for me?

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just come back home from a city out West where there is an Artesian well, from which the water spouts as if it were forced out by a powerful engine. I think I know why the water rushes out so strongly, but I do not know why the well is called an "Artesian" well. Will you please tell me? I am, your devoted friend, J. B. L.

"FLOWERS OF THE AIR."

A GERMAN writer, named Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, once called butterflies "flowers of the air"; but this he did only on account of their bright and varied colors. He did not know, what has been found out since his time and has just been told to me, that there is a butterfly, called Papilo Gayi, which has an odor like that of a flower, besides looking like a brilliant blossom.

A lucky person who happened to come across this insect says that the scent comes from the hind wings, and is strong and aromatic, and that he carried one of the beautiful creatures in his hand so as to enjoy the fragrance at his leisure. He found it in South America, while traveling near the head waters of the Rio Negro of Brazil.

HOOF-MARKS ON CHESTNUT-TREES.

AN English friend, who paid your Jack a flying visit a while ago, says that the reason why a certain kind of chestnut-tree is called "horse-chestnut," is that upon every branch there are marks like the prints of tiny horse-hoofs, nails, frogs and all. Do you find it so, my dears?

A CRANE WITH A WOODEN LEG.

IN London—in St. James's Park—there once lived a crane. By some accident he broke one of his long legs, and a kind doctor who saw him in pain cut it off above the knee. The bird got well, but how was he to get about in the world? He could n't use a crutch, as a man with one leg can, nor had he any friends to wheel him about in an invalid-chair, as some sick people have when they can't walk.

I don't know what the poor bird would have done; but a soldier, who knew how to do a good many things, saw the crane's trouble, took pity on him, and went to work to help him. He made a wooden leg, with a joint for a knee, and he managed to fasten it to the poor cripple, so that he could walk about and take care of himself. It was not a pretty leg, like his other, but it was useful, and he was satisfied with it. For a long time this wooden-legged bird was one of the sights of the Park, and very proudly he bore himself before the crowds of curious boys and girls who came to see him.

FISHES THAT SHOOT.

A MAN I heard of had a pond, and a few feet above it, in one corner, was a branch covered with ants. Right underneath, in the water, came a crowd of little fishes, each about six inches long, and, as the man watched, he saw them shoot out of their mouths into the air volleys of tiny water-drops which struck the ants and knocked them into the water; and then the fishes ate them up. The shooting went on until every one of the ants was disposed of; not a single ant escaped. I 'm told that there was a picture of one of these finny archers in your May ST. NICHOLAS three years ago.

The jaws of a particular kind of these scaly shot-guns look like long beaks, and serve as gun-barrels. These shoot only one drop of water at a time, and it rarely fails to hit the mark.

TOUCHY ANIMALS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I must tell you some queer things that have set me puzzling.

First of all, I have been told that some animals, like cats and birds, do not mind being laughed at, but that dogs and horses do. I know our dog, Nero, does not like to be laughed at. And a certain Mr. B. has a pony that gets very cross whenever he hears anybody speaking ill of him; and, if you laugh at the pony to his face, he stamps, sets back his ears, snaps with his mouth, and is downright furious. Then, there are some dogs that seem to know whether you are laughing at them in derision or by way of showing that you enjoy their funny

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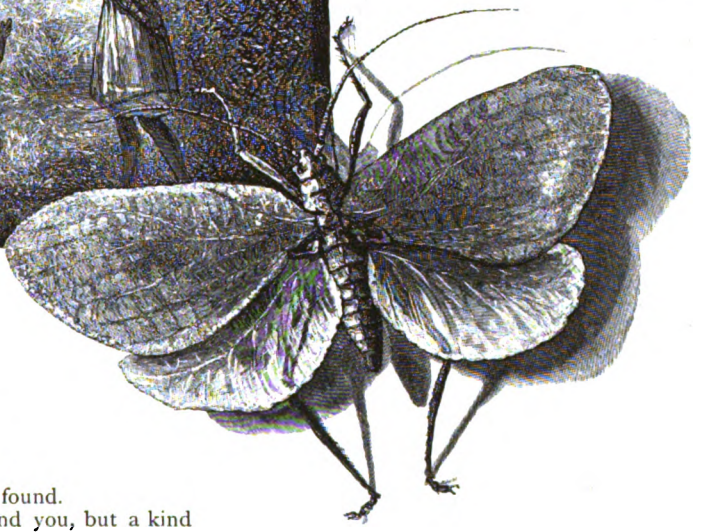
doings, and they act accordingly. And besides this, parrots often play jokes on their human friends, and seem to see and love the fun. This I myself have seen, quite often.

Now, dear Jack, I put it to your other youngsters, do not these things show that dogs, and horses, and parrots understand a good deal of human speech, and share in our feelings a little, and enjoy what we think is fun? I think they do, although it puzzles me; and, at any rate, I love our dear old Nero all the better for fancying it.—

Yours truly, BESSY M.

Of course Jack thinks so too.



THE MUSICAL CRICKET.

NOW, let us all listen. Hush! It is the "Ta-na-nà."

What? Not hear him?

Well, well, my dears, I suppose you really don't—unless, indeed, there happen to be some of you on the banks of the lower Amazon, where the "musical cricket" is found.

He is not a grasshopper, mind you, but a kind of wood-cricket, and he sings "Ta-na-nà, ta-na-nà!" very loud and clear, over and over again, and never stops to take breath.

The fact is, that he does not really sing, although it seems so to the ear; for he makes the sound by rubbing together the overlapping edges of his wing-covers. The natives name this cricket "Ta-na-nà," and they sometimes keep one in a wicker cage, as if he were a song-bird. He lives only a few days in prison, and then his music ends.

AN UNDERGROUND WATER-PLANT.

I DON'T know its name, and it is not a melon, but a kind of water-holding root, rather like an overgrown potato, to look at. It is so obliging as to grow of itself just where men are most likely to want it,—on the wide sandy wastes of South Africa, which, during several months of the year, have no rain at all, and are moistened only by dew.

Thirsty travelers crossing these dry deserts look eagerly for the plant, which is small, and has stalks scarcely thicker than a pigeon's quill. About a foot under the sand, the thickened root, or "tuber," is as large as a boy's head, and filled with watery juice which is good to drink.

A TOAD AT SUPPER.

Germantown, Phila.

DEAR JACK: Wont you please persuade some of your little friends to go, some pleasant evening just after sunset, to a smooth piece of ground and watch a toad take his supper? He probably will be sitting quietly. Presently an ant will make its way across his table. This is just what he wants. A few hops and, quick as a flash, his long tongue draws the ant into his mouth. But it is not always that his supper comes to him; then he must go hunting up and down, back and across, until he finds his game. If it is a large black ant, and it sees him coming, the chase will last several yards, as you may be sure the ant knows what the toad is after. Mr. Toad of course varies his diet, but it is not easy to follow him when he takes the other courses to his meals.—Yours truly, M. W. S.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

DID ever you see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No?

Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin tough paper the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently: "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?"

You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

THE fine pictures which illustrate the article entitled, "The Château D'Oiron" in the present number, were given to ST. NICHOLAS by Mr. John Murray, the London publisher. They first appeared in "The History of Pottery and Porcelain, Mediæval and Modern," published by Mr. Murray in 1868.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is an old negro in our town who made a political speech in behalf of Hon. C. U. M———. The following is an extract from it: "I tell you my friends dat Mr. M——— is *the* man. He is a magnificent man, he is a splendid man, he is an eloquent man, he is a *noble* man. Did I say noble? Yea, he is *ig*noble." If Mr. M——— is elected, we shall have reason to be proud of our representative.—Your constant reader,

"AZILE."

IN the article entitled, "How to make a Hammock," in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, a mistake occurs. The explanation of Fig. 7, on page 620, should read: "She did with mesh A just what she did with the original loop * * * went on knotting through B, C, and so on until," etc, etc. In other words, the learner should look upon mesh A (Fig. 7) as if it were the original loop (Fig. 1), and take the stitch through it accordingly, and so with the rest of the row. When the row is finished, it is to be turned over, and the work will *then* go back in reverse order through the meshes of the new row.

As many boys and girls have written to us that they have learned to make hammocks from studying our article, we presume that they have perceived and corrected this error for themselves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I live near the Okefenoke swamp. One afternoon, not long ago, I was visiting a friend, and an alligator crawled up to the front door. I don't know whether he was going to knock or not, as one of the boys shot him before he could tell his business.—Yours truly,

ANNIE LEE WRIGHT.

ERNEST W. WOODWARD.—Nothing sure is known about England before Cæsar landed there from Gaul in the year 55 B. C. The Phœnicians, however, who lived on the Mediterranean coast of what is now Turkey in Asia, are believed to have brought tin in ships from Cornwall or the Scilly Isles, as early as 600 B. C., and so it is thought that they must have first known of the existence of England sometime during the preceding century, from 700 to 600 B. C. This is the burden of the answers received to Ernest W. Woodward's question, "When was England discovered?" printed in the July "Letter-Box."

Answers have come from Arthur Dunn—Jual Trefren—Bessie Mead—Anna Richmond Warner—Annie A. G.—G. W. Waterman—St. Clair Nichol—Lucy Clayton—Lettie May Follett—S. and C. W. Brockunier—Thomas L. Wood—Max * ?—H. S. W.—Ralph H. Baldwin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us in the number for October, 1877, about Madame Cottin, who wrote the story of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," and how Elizabeth walked alone her terrible journey across the dreary steppes, from Tobolsk to Moscow. And now I want to tell you what has been going on lately over much the same road she followed, only in the other direction.

On May 5, three hundred persons started from Moscow to go to prison in Siberia. On May 12, four hundred more went; on the 20th, six hundred; and on the 24th, yet more. Still that will not be nearly all that are to go, for the Moscow prisons held, in the beginning of May, about eleven thousand persons who are condemned to exile in Siberia. I do not know if they go all the way by railroad; but for a part of it they do. Any way, whether they walk or ride, I think it is dreadful for them to leave home, family and friends, and go so far away to prison.—Yours truly,

L. N. D.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your July number, I find a paragraph speaking of this state as an extremely cold region, with thermometers at minus 30°, windows curtained with frost, and men and horses robed in glittering coats of mail. The picture is decidedly overdrawn. The thermometer here rarely marks lower than 15° below zero, and this only at very brief intervals in midwinter. Sometimes, perhaps once in three years, it gets down to thirty, and I have on three occasions in twenty-four years known it to sink a few degrees lower; but I have also seen the mercury at 38° in New York State at 9 A. M., and it is quite as cold there as it is here. The frost curtains and coats of mail are seen here no oftener or denser than there.

Yours, etc. H. H. Y.

The above letter refers to a paragraph which appeared in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for July. The figures in the paragraph were taken from "The Minneapolis Mail" for January 14th, 1875. It is not quite certain that the date of the year is right, as the pencil note upon the old newspaper-clipping is not clear.

Chicago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your July number there is a letter about a "live doll," whose name is Lucia Zarate. I would like to tell your other readers that my sister and I have seen her and played with her. She was in St. Louis a year ago giving exhibitions in company with several other little people, Admiral Dot, Miss Jennie Quigley, and General Mite. We were all staying at the same hotel, and I used to see Admiral Dot, and Miss Jennie Quigley every day in the dining-room and halls.

One day, my sister and I were invited into Lucia's room to play with her, and we had a grand game of hide-and-seek. She is so small she could hide in the funniest places you can imagine. Once she ran under the bed without stooping at all; and she hid in her papa's slipper and fairly screamed with fun when we found her. A roll of paper lying on the floor tripped her tiny feet, and she fell and bumped her dear little nose, but this only made her laugh the louder. I would like to have her for a plaything all the while.

JOSIE L. FOX.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What you told us in the July number about "The Live Doll," reminds me that several years ago two Aztec, or native Mexican, dwarfs were exhibited in England.

The male was about three feet high and twenty-two years old. The female was sixteen, and nearly two feet six inches in height. Their limbs, though slender, were well formed and in good proportion. Their heads were very narrow, and the features of their faces stood out a good deal, but the expression was agreeable. Each had a quantity of jet-black hair which flowed gracefully in curls.

These dwarfs were lively, intelligent, and easily taught; and they quickly picked up little English phrases of common conversation. At the time of their exhibition, the wise men were puzzled to know whether they were a new kind of human being or merely dwarfs. I wonder what the same wise men would have thought of the tiny Lucia Zarate and her mite companion?—Your constant reader,

JENNIE BELLEW.

At Cape Palmas on the west coast of Africa, at the northern entrance to the Gulf of Guinea, is a mission-school under the charge of Mr. Fair and his wife. In the school is a class of native negro girls, from thirteen to fifteen years old, and some of their "compositions" have been sent to ST. NICHOLAS. The girls themselves chose the subjects, and wrote the pieces without help. Of course there is not room in the "Letter-Box" for all of the compositions, and so we can print only a few of the most interesting and amusing parts of them.

One of the girls, Lottie Hogan, writes what she knows and fancies about "Clouds." Among other odd things, she says: "The clouds act so queer, sometimes. I think they often look down on the earth, some running head over heel. They see a dog barking and so on, so they imitate as it is going on, on the earth. When the clouds are cut into small pieces in the sky it looks beautiful to my eyes, it looks like the skin of the Royal Tiger, with white and black stripes. It may be that they have seen the Royal Tiger below them in the forest and they have made themselves look like him. * * * You know everybody do not like to do one thing every time. So is the clouds. They do not like to fall into drops only. Sometimes they like to fall into one heavy drop called the waterspout. This drop is very dangerous."

Anna Turner writes about how a lion caught a deer: A lion once made the figure of a man, set it in the ground, and tarred it all over to make it look like a negro. Presently, up came a deer, who sniffed

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at the figure curiously and, at length, "put his finger on it, and his finger stuck on. Then the deer said: 'If you don't let me go, I will nok you with my head.' He did not let him go. So the deer nocked, and his head stuck on. Still, he did not let him go. And the deer knok with his feet, and his feet stuck on. And the lion went and nock poor deer in his head."

Lucy M. Bryant seems to have a real love for the live things in nature, for she mentions very fondly a beautiful fly often seen by her when she took her little brothers and sisters for walks. "This Father-Fly was a playmate to us, and a very kind one, too. That is the reason why I gave it the name 'Father-Fly.'" The fly would enter the bell of a certain flower and drink some of its nectar,—"palm-wine" Lucy calls it,—and then the children would pluck the flower, and share among them what nectar was left; for what the Father-Fly might drink was safe for them also. Lucy adds: "O 't is pleasant to have a friend of little insect and to be all the time playing with it, and have a nice time with it; 't is so sweet, yes it is. When I left that part of the country to come to Cape Palmas, one thing I was sorry about,—my Father-Fly. I think he was sorry for me to leave him alone, because I loved him very much. When I first came here I thought I could find any other flower like my Palm-wine flower, but I found none like them. There is none here like them. I do not think I shall ever see my Father-Fly with the Palm-wine flowers. By this time, if they still are to be seen, I do not think any of them have any remembering of me; but I remember them yet. I shall never forget you, my Father-Fly."

Lottie Hogan, in a second paper, has an amusing way of writing about "Historie, Geographie and the Earth." She says: "Historie Geographie and the Earth just do to go together. One tells us about that, and one about this, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read. Indeed they are."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why was it that the "Magyar" told about in your July number, would not stoop?

I think that it was because his nature was too noble to stoop even for a diamond. And I would like to know if it is right.—I remain, your constant reader, G. H. M.

G. H. M. refers to a piece sent by Clara Catharine May Twiss, and printed in the July "Letter-Box." The Magyar was poor and old, but his nature was noble; and he would not stoop, because he thought it would be shameful to take something and give nothing in return.

H. C. HOWLAND.—Russell Fraser sends the following solutions of the problem printed in the July "Letter-Box":

Problem: Given $x^2 + y = 7$, and $y^2 + x = 11$; to find the value of $x + y$.

I. By Comparison:	*II. By Substitution:*	*III. By Addition or Subtraction:*
$x^2 + y = 7$	$x^2 + y = 7$	$x^2 + y = 7$
$y^2 + x = 11$	$y^2 + x = 11$	$y^2 + x = 11$
$x = 7 - x^2$	$x^2 = 7 - y$	$x + \frac{1}{2} = 7$
$x = 11 - y^2$	$x = 7 - x^2$	$y + \frac{1}{2} = 11$
$7 - x^2 = 11 - y^2$	$y^2 + 7 - x^2 = 11$	$2x + y = 14$
$7 - y = 22 - y^4$	$y^4 + 7 - y = 22$	$-x - 2y = -22$
$y + y^4 = 22 - 7$	$y^4 + y = 22 - 7$	$8x + 4y = 56$
$y^5 = 15$	$y^5 = 15$	$-2x - 4y = -44$
$y = \sqrt[5]{15}$	$y = \sqrt[5]{15}$	
$y = 3$	$y = 3$	$6x = 12$
$x = 7 - 3^2$	$x = 7 - 3^2$	$x = 2$
$2x = 4$	$2x = 7 - 3$	$x^2 + y = 7$
$x = 2$	$x = 2$	$4 + y = 7$
$x + y = 5$. *Ans.*	$x + y = 5$. *Ans.*	$y = 7 - 4$
		$y = 3$
		$x + y = 5$. *Ans.*

Solutions were received, also, from C. W. B.—Belle S. Roorbach—Sylvan Drey—C. H. C.—Rebecca L. Lodge—W. G. T., Jnr.—Louis J. Nance—Harry B. Walter—Mary Armstrong—Jas. Jastrow—R. E.—Mary Lantry—Frank Farmer.

Montclair, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As grown-up folk sometimes have a word to say in your interesting "Letter-Box," I venture to write you of a true incident which may interest some of your young folk, or their parents:

Little May, about five years old, was always running in and out of her aunt's studio, as it suited her whim, and, consequently, she had often been present when a class met there for instruction in drawing. She was very fond of pictures, and made numerous attempts at copying some of her favorite flowers. One day she brought in a handful of daisies that she had just gathered and placed them in a glass on the table. Her aunt, soon after, took up a pencil and began to sketch them. The little girl watched her quietly for some time, then, wondering, remarked: "You have no teacher, Auntie." The aunt, absorbed in her own study, unconsciously answered, "No."

Instantly the child's face brightened, and, full of a new thought, she exclaimed: "The daisies are your teacher, Auntie!" and ran off to her play again, little thinking how wisely she had spoken.—Yours truly, D. H. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and I live in California.

I thought you would like to hear about a curiosity we have in our little town. It is an eagle's nest built of quite large sticks, in the top of a big old sycamore tree. It looks like it had been a very snug home for the little eagles. This is eight miles to the Pacific Ocean, where I suppose the old mother went to market for the fish to feed them on. I think may be this was the same old fellow with the snake in its claws that I have seen on the old Mexican dollars. Yours truly, FRANK BETHUNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is in the army, and we live in Fort Wallace, Kansas. Our regiment was ordered out here from the South, and that was a great change. There is no green grass nor flowers here. From the ranche-men we get some vegetables. There is a river called the "Smoky"; you could jump across it. The creeks have funny names: "Punished Woman" is one, and "White Woman" is another.

My papa is out scouting; he has with him two Pawnee scouts. He takes a few soldiers and a wagon, and a little box full of food, and goes 120 miles without seeing a house or a person. I am nine years old and my name is MARY ESTELLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a fly which came to our house in the winter. We called him Buzz, because he buzzed round so and made such a noise. He was so tame we could smooth his back with our fingers. If we put any sugar on the stand, he would walk up to it and eat some. He stayed with us about two weeks, and then went away, and as he did n't come back, I suppose he was frozen.—Your affectionate friend, PANSY.

W. A. M. writes from Oregon asking what is the meaning of the three letters, "J. L. B." on twenty-dollar gold pieces; and W. W. E. wishes to know why the stars on the United States coins are six-pointed. Who can answer these questions?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a story told me by my friend, F. W. F. I have written it out, and I hope you will put it in the "Letter-Box" when there is a chance.—Truly yours, MORGAN B.

WAS HE SCARED?

My cousin Ned H. had a big dog named "Snap," and, one day, the two went hunting. In the afternoon, Ned became tired and lonely. He had tramped a long way without shooting anything, his gun felt heavy, and—he had lost his dog.

As night fell, he found himself in a thick wood in a pouring rain. Weary and disheartened, he crawled into the hollow of an immense log, and there he soon fell asleep. When the patter of the rain ceased, Ned awoke, and, peeping out, he saw the moon shining. He got out of his hole and walked about to stretch his legs, leaving his gun under shelter.

Hardly had he gone fifty paces, when, from the end of the log opposite to the one he had slept in, came a sound of claws scratching vigorously inside. Thinking some small animal was there, and hoping to scare it out, Ned pitched a stone which fell plump upon the log.

For a minute the scratching ceased, then it began again, this time with fury. Presently came a growl, very like a bear's, deep, loud and savage. Ned thought it best to have his gun at hand, and had just stepped forward to get it when a large dark object shot from the log toward him, giving a hoarse cry of rage.

Ned stood stock still for about two seconds, a cold chill running down his back. Then he turned, and flew as fast as his legs could carry him, calling "Snap! Snap!" at the top of his voice, in the hope that still his wandering dog might hear and come to his assistance. But no Snap barked in answer. Instead of that, the dreadful creature behind increased its speed every time Ned called; and so the boy had to run faster and faster.

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On went the two, like the wind, the beast gaining. Ned felt his strength failing, when ahead of him in a glade he saw a high farm-yard board fence. Making a tremendous effort, he gathered himself together, and leaped and scrambled over, falling exhausted at the other side upon a heap of straw. He felt safe.

Happening to glance up, however, he saw in the air above him a huge dark body, with outspread limbs, open jaws and glaring eyes. At this poor Ned gave a shriek and fell back insensible.

When he came to, Snap was at his bedside licking his hand. The woman of the farm-house where he was lying said she had seen him in the moonlight running like mad with a dog after him. Then, hearing his cry, she ran out and found him stretched on the straw in a faint, the dog panting at his side.

The next morning, Ned fetched his gun from the wood and went home, not much the worse for his adventure; but it was a long time before he fully forgave Snap for his share in that race.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading about the large plant, "Rafflesia Arnoldi," in your May number, I thought I would tell you more about it. It was discovered in 1818 by Dr. Arnold. He was straying about the island of Sumatra, accompanied by the governor and his wife, when the Malay servant who was in advance of them suddenly called him, with gestures of surprise and in tones of astonishment. "Come with me, sir, come! Here is a flower,—large, beautiful, most wonderful!" Proceeding with the man for about a hundred yards into the jungle, he did indeed see a strange flower of immense size growing close to the ground. The flower thus discovered was called Rafflesia, in compliment to the governor (Sir Stamford Raffles), and Arnoldi in allusion to its discoverer.—Your faithful reader,

ROBERT B. SALTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One cold day last October, Uncle Henry took me out sailing in his little yacht. He is a stout, jolly man, and he knows all about handling a sailing-boat, so we had a splendid time together. The sea was not very rough, at first, but, on the voyage home, the wind blew so fresh that we had to scud down the coast under close-reefed sails.

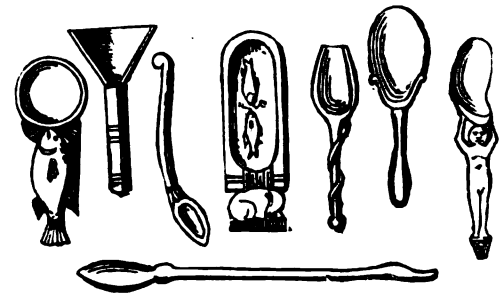
There was a line of sunken rocks jutting out from shore, and we had passed them safely, as we thought, when—bump!—the boat struck, and stuck on a sharp point that made a clean round hole in the lower part of the hull, near the bows. The masts and sails stood all right, and we were silently considering what to do, when an eddy of the wind blew us off the rock, and the water rushed in through the big hole. In two minutes we should have swamped, for there was nothing with which we could stop the leak in time; but Uncle Henry quietly sat down right over the hole, and then no more water came in.

While Uncle sat there, he baled out the water, and told me how to rig the steering gear so that he could use it.

It was not very long before we were tacking homeward, and Uncle Henry began to laugh at his queer position, sitting over the leak.

But it was chilling work, he said. We arrived safely at our dock; but I thought you would like to hear how that leak was stopped, so I wrote you this.—Truly yours,

PHILLIP DEAN.



A LITTLE girl in Columbus, Ohio, sends the "Letter-Box" the above picture, which represents ancient spoons of bone and horn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why, when you shake up soap and water together, it makes bubbles?—Yours truly,

PERLIE WATERHOUSE.

The air gets into the suds, when you shake them, and makes bubbles, much as when you blow air into the suds through a straw or a pipe-stem.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

SIXTEEN letters are all of me,
The name of a song that over the sea
A north bird sang in a south countrie.

My 5, 2, 16, is sometimes lighter than the 15, 7, 12, 8, which blows over mount 9, 13, 4, on whose slopes great herds of 1, 14, 10, 3, are grazing, beasts to which 6 and 11 are much indebted. G. Z. C.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.

A river. A state. A state. A continent.

FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. ANXIETY. 2. A space of ground. 3. To raise. 4. Found on stalks at harvest time.

II. 1. Bodies of water. 2. A mountain in Sicily. 3. A plant from which indigo is made. 4. Saline.

III. 1. Chief. 2. The name of a man who was a leader among the Jews after they returned to Jerusalem from Bablyon. 3. A large body of armed men. 4. Portions of the week.

IV. 1. Erudition. 2. A precious stone or gem. 3. A means of torture in the middle ages. 4. The name of a large horned animal, in its plural form. CASSIVELAUNUS.

DOUBLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letter of each horizontal word is used both as the last letter of one word and as the first letter of another; as,—"eat*en*, *e*at, *t*en." In the following statement of the problem, the first part, as "eat," is defined first; then the second part, as "ten"; and, last, the whole word, as "eaten."

HORIZONTALS: I. 1. A metallic vessel which gives a musical sound when struck. 2. What a cow often does. 3. An instrument used for sending air through a tube. II. 1. An insect. 2. A part of the day. 3. Any bovine quadruped; a word rarely used, but sanctioned by Washington Irving. III. 1. Perform. 2. Upon. 3 A title used in Spain. IV. A consonant. V. 1. A negative particle. 2. A conjunction. 3. A negative connective particle. VI. 1. A carriage. 2. A color. 3. Was concerned. VII. 1. A river, city and province in South America. 2. Endued with capacity. 3. An instructive story.

PERPENDICULAR: 1. A city in Spain. 2. A girl's name. 3. Another girl's name. H. H. D.

ENIGMA.

My first is in you, but not in me,
My second in liberty, not in free.
My third is in red, but not in black.
My fourth is in Queen, but not in Jack.
My fifth is in teach, but not in learn.
My sixth is in pitcher, but not in urn.
My seventh is in hot, but not in burn.
My whole is a town for a treaty famed
And by lovers of velvet often named. J. M. I.

RHYMING ANSWERS.

EACH line of the riddle has its own separate answer, and all the answers rhyme with one another, and not with the ends of the lines

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of the verses. The lines seem to refer to one thing all the way through, when perhaps they have no connection one with another.

Here is an example:

When I am broken, you go free:
Though you be worse, I am less bad;
I come by mail to make you glad.
Then, you are what I am. D' you see?
A very dog, though not gone mad!

Answer: Fetter, better, letter, getter, setter.

Here are four more puzzles of the same kind. What are their answers?

Golden and sweet to market I go,
Half trembling, half flying,
Down the street, whether dirty or no.
Low grumbling, not crying;
Confused and halting in speech—s—so!
Or like fat a-frying.

I 'm all created things, yet man
May boil or bake me in a pan.
While I am heard and never seen
To sow broadcast, I always mean.
Dost think me true? I 'm false to thee;
Never the former can I be.
But, may I hang on your new gown
If I can't make best hats in town!

I am always at your toilet?
Am I the rose on your cheek?
Scornful am I in expression?
There, you 'll break me if you speak!
Should you venture e'er to taste me,
Quickly then away I 'll flow,
Grinding all things into powder
As so swiftly on I go.

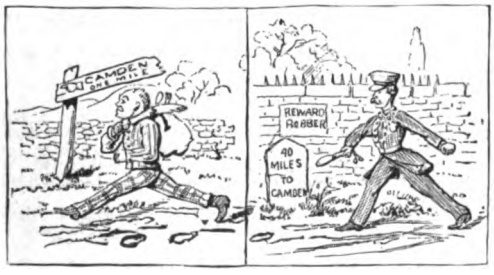
Nor brain, nor hands, yet toil is mine through life,
I only speak for triumph or in fiercest strife.
Indebted to me for the very coats they wear,
Yet, that I am their fate, men oftentimes declare.
When they shall cease to live and move within my space,
Then do I offer them a quiet burial place.

L. W. H.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In rhinoceros. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A pictorial puzzle. 4. Of a dark color. 5. In substitution. DOTTIE DIMPLE.

PICTORIAL QUOTATION.



A LINE from "Romeo and Juliet," Act III.

EASY METAGRAM.

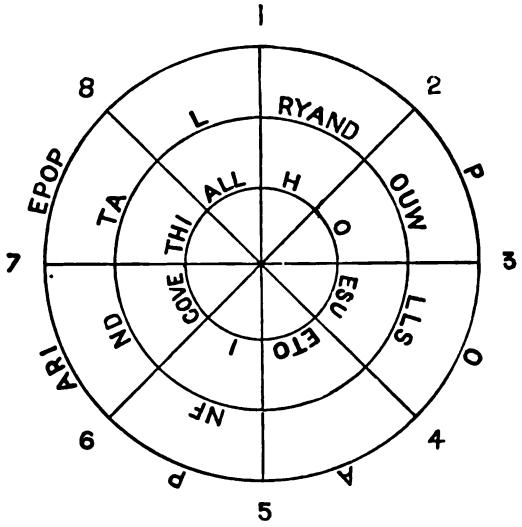
WHOLE, I am to strike against. 1. Behead me and I become part of a whip. 2. Take away 50 and add 100, and I am money. 3. Take away the hundred and I am a timber tree. 4. Behead me again, and I stand for "Silence!" A. G. C.

ANAGRAMMATIC DOUBLE DIAMOND.

FROM the letters of the following phrase:—TEN SHARPER PINS, form a double diamond with a central perpendicular meaning "more near to perfection," and a central horizontal meaning "parts of men's necks." No letter of the phrase may be used twice over in making the diamond. C. D.

WHEEL PUZZLE.

A LETTER is to be placed at each point in the diagram where lines cross. When the proper letters have been placed, the spokes will



read as follows, beginning in each instance with the letter at the center: 1. A Greek letter. 2. A short poem. 3. A bird of Egypt. 4. A metal. 5. An image. 6. A deity of the ancient Egyptians. 7. A flower. 8. Is never found where there is no water.

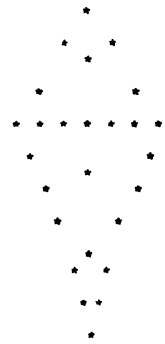
Around the tire is a quotation from an English poet, with his name. The middle circle is a sentence encouraging the puzzler to solve the problem. The innermost circle is another sentence of further encouragement. O'B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals spell the names of two important personages in one of Shakspeare's plays.

Cross words: 1. A note in music. 2. A name for a tune. 3. Something which burns slowly and without flame, and is often applied to the person. 4. A mixed color. 5. Treatment: the process by which new fashions become old customs. 6. A measure of length. 7. A name used in Scotland to denote a long inlet of the sea. A. G. C.

AN ARITHMETICAL KITE.



PUT one of the ten numerals (1–10) at each star, so that the product of those in any one straight line, multiplied together, shall be the same as the product of the numerals in any of the other straight lines. There are but six straight lines: the four along the edges of the kite, the perpendicular, and the horizontal. No figure is to be repeated in the same line; excepting in the horizontal line, at each of whose ends the same numeral is used; however, only one of the end figures of this horizontal line is to be used when multiplying together the numerals of that line. L. R. P.

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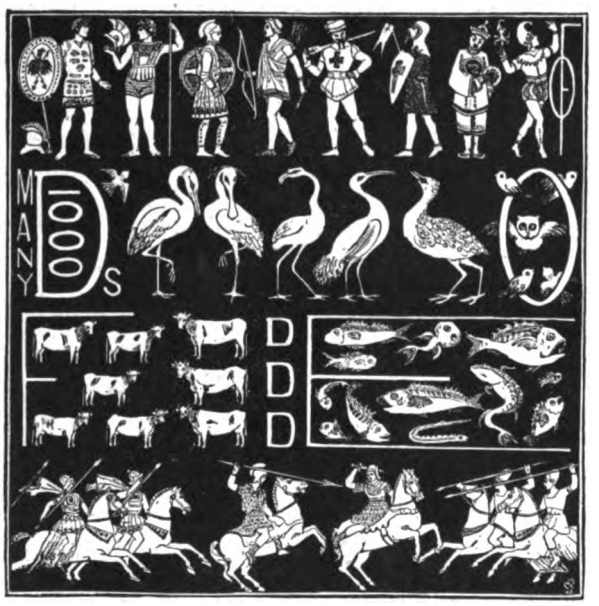
REBUS.



A WELL-KNOWN verse of four lines.

ÉNIGME FRANÇAISE.

JE suis composée de vingt-deux lettres, et je suis un proverbe addressé aux méchants.

1. Mes 1, 2, 8, 9, 22 sont l'extrémité. 2. Mes 4, 18, 19, 6, 16, 21 sont un bâtiment où l'on prépare la farine. 3. Mes 7, 20, 5, 3 sont la qualité d'être véritable. 4. Mes 11, 12, 10 sont sans lustre, ou sans vernis. 5. Mes 17, 15, 14, 13, 22 sont une espèce d'étoffe comme de la gaze. EUGÉNIE E. L.

BATTLE ACROSTIC.

1. Battle fought B. C. 331, in Asia. 2. Battle fought A. D. 1571, in Greece. 3. Battle fought A. D. 1792, in France. 4. Battle fought A. D. 1415, in France.

The initial letters of the names of the places where these battles were fought give the name of a brave and skillful, but very cruel, European general of the sixteenth century. ESOR.

FLORAL ENIGMA.

My first is in horse, but not in cow;
My second in peace, but not in row.
My third is in hill, but not in street.
My fourth is in pickle, but not in meat.
My fifth is in fowl, but not in bird.
My sixth is in question, not in word.
My seventh is in rain, but not in sleet.
My eighth is in shoe, but not in feet.
My ninth is in pot, but not in can.
My tenth is in wheat, but not in bran.
Now guess this riddle, if you 've the power;
The answer names a fragrant flower.

ANNIE SKINNER.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.

. . .
. . . E . . .
. . .

The central letter, E, is given in the diagram, and is used for both the Full Perpendicular and the Full Horizontal; but the central letter forms no part of the words that make the limbs and arms of the cross.

Full Perpendicular, eight letters: A word of parting.
Full Horizontal, seven letters: An island belonging to Spain.
Top Limb, three letters: Distant.
Bottom Limb, four letters: A place for collecting and holding water.
Left Arm, three letters: Angered; subject to fits of unreason.
Right Arm, three letters: A scriptural name of a man. D. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

A PUZZLING FAN.—Knavery, Bravery, Slavery; Very.

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.—1. Car-go. 2. At-ten-dance. 3. Pleasure.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

D A K O T A
C A N G E S
C A N T O N
C O B U R G
W H I T B Y
O R A N G E

WORD-SQUARE.—1. Nestor. 2. Eunice. 3. Snipes. 4. Tipple. 5. Ocelot. 6. Resets.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Pigeon. 2. Worthiness. 3. Threatens. 4. Floscular. 5. Festivals. 6. Expression. 7. Severance. 8. Straightened. 9. Incessant. 10. Entangles.

HISTORICAL ENIGMAS.—I. Columbus. II. Thermopylæ. III. Sir Walter Scott.

INVERTED DIAMOND.—I. Cowered. 2. Raved. 3. Red. 4. R. II. C. 2. Or. 3. War. 4. Ever. 5. Red. 6. Ed. 7. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Palestine.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Boy eating a pie.

PICTORIAL TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—1. BluFF. 2. ApOllO. 3. RefRigeratoR. 4. KiTE. 5. IUW. 6. New-graNadA. 7 GlEaneR. 8. Deer FawN. 9. OrAngE. 10. GraVeyarD. 11. SOI. 12. ScissoRS. 13. EsSence oF. 14. LepanTO. 15 DisH-coveR. 16. OsagE orangE. 17. ManitoBA. 18. BRiaR. 19. IAM. TVE. 21. EyEliD.

CONCEALMENTS.—1. Josephine. 2. Venus. 3. Dido. 4. Diana. 5. Hecuba. 6. Esther. 7. Antigone. 8. Medea. 9. Cleopatra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from O. C. Turner—T. N.—M. B. French—Florence Wilcox—"Bunker"—"Rosa"—Katie L. Bigley—Bessie and her Cousin—A. O. Walther—St. Clair Nichol—Mr. Charles—E. B. Clark—Florence L. Turrill—Annie Reynes—Susie A. Mackline—Rebecca L. Lodge—Lulu Mather—W. W. Oglesbee—Lizzie H. de St. Vraim—Philip C. Bergen—Bob and Charles—Kitty C. Atwater—Mamie A. Benedict—Lester Mapes—San Wells—Helen M. Harriman and Harriet A. Clark—Anna H. Mills—Maude Smith—Floy Carrier—Nellie S. Tappen—Mabel Gordon—The Blanke Family—Aunt Carrie—Geo. Mitchell—Etta M. Taylor—Margaret J. Gemmill—Anna Haughton—E. Wise, Alice and Kate—Hildegarde Sterling—Grace V. Farnam and Emma L. Maxwell—Lancelot Minor Berkeley—"Yana"—Jennie Kimball—Bessie Abeel and Friend—Edward Vultee—"M. A. K."—Harry Crosby—"Rowena"—L. D. Black—Karl K.—Allen T. Treadway—Bessie Taylor—Maude Crane—Vee Cornwell—Edwin G. Seibels—Jennie Mondschein—Lillie Burling—Julia Grice—J. B. Johnston—Peter C. Hartough—Florence McL. Bergen—Fred. A. Conklin—Thomas S. Cheney—Clarence Hoffman Young—Louisa Haughton—Warren Wolfsberger—Jennie Rogers—Georgia Harlan—Morris Turk—Jno. V. L. Pierson—Amy E. Smith—Wm. McLean—Bessie C. Barney—Arthur C. Chamberlain—Eddie Worcester—Little Buttercup—O. B. Judson—Bettie L. Hillegeist—Arthur Dunn—Betsy Mondschein—Alfred W. Stockett—Bella Wehl—Harold S. Wilkinson—Charles T. Judson—Lloyd M. Scott—W. S. Grinsted—K. St. H.—M.—Richard Stockton—Kenneth Emerson—Mifflin B. Bradley—Ida Cohn—L. F.—H. W. Paret—Geo. Taggart—Daisy B. Hodgson—Fly Defenders—William McKay—Katharine Leywood—Carrie B. Hill—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Lucie F. Ducloux—Herbert James Fily—Agnes Nicholson—Bertha and Carl Keferstein—Edward Chamberlin—Henry Lincoln—Lulu Mather—Riddlers—Louise A. Robert—Flavel Scott Mines—A. Kana H. E. F.—Marion L. Pike—A. B. C.—Mary L. Pinkham—Fannie Densmore—Mary Belle Brewster—George J. Fiske—Esther L. Fiske—Bertha Newsome—and Anita Newcomb.

Anita Newcomb is the only one who sent correct answers to all the puzzles in the July number.

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TRYING CHARMS ON WITCHES' NIGHT.

[See Page 783.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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JIMMY'S CRUISE IN THE "PINAFORE."

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

HOW HE SHIPPED.

A BOY sat on a door-step in a despondent attitude, with his eyes fixed on a pair of very shabby shoes, and his elbows resting on his knees, as if to hide the big patches there. But it was not the fact that his toes were nearly out and his clothes dilapidated which brought the wrinkles to his forehead and the tears to his eyes, for he was used to that state of things and bore it without complaint. The prospect was a dull one for a lively lad full of the spring longings which sunny April weather always brings. But it was not the narrow back street where noisy children played and two or three dusty trees tried to bud without sunshine, that made him look so dismal. Nor was it the knowledge that a pile of vests was nearly ready for him to trudge away with before he could really rest after doing many errands to save mother's weary feet.

No, it was a burden that lay very heavily on his heart and made it impossible to even whistle as he waited. Above the sounds that filled the street he heard a patient moan from the room within, and, no matter what object his eyes rested on, he saw with sorrowful distinctness a small, white face turned wistfully toward the window as if weary of the pillow where it had lain so long.

Merry little Kitty, who used to sing and dance from morning till night, was now so feeble and wasted that he could carry her about like a baby. All day she lay moaning softly, and her one comfort was when "brother" could come and sing to her. That night he could not sing; his heart was so full, because the doctor had said that the poor child must have country air as soon as possible, else she never would recover from the fever which left her such a sad little ghost of her former self. But, alas! there was no money for the trip, and mother was sewing day and night to earn enough for a week at least of blessed country air and quiet. Jimmy did his best to help, but could find very little to do, and the pennies came in so slowly he was almost in despair.

There was no father to lend a strong hand, and Mrs. Nelson was one of the "silent poor" who cannot ask for charity, no matter how much they may need it. The twelve-year-old boy considered himself the man of the family, and manfully carried as many burdens as his young shoulders would bear; but this was a very heavy one, so it is no wonder that he looked sober. Holding his curly head in his hands as if to keep it from flying asunder with the various plans working inside, he sat staring at the dusty bricks in a desperate frame of mind.

Warm days were coming and every hour was precious, for poor Kitty pined in the close room, and all he could do was to bring her dandelions and bits of green grass from the common when she begged to go in the fields and pick "pretties" for herself. He loved the little sister dearly, and, as he remembered her longing, his eyes filled and

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he doubled up both fists with an air of determination, muttering to himself:

"She *shall* go! I don't see any other way and I 'll do it!"

The plan which had been uppermost lately was this: His father had been a sailor, and Jimmy proposed to run away to sea as cabin boy. His wages were to be paid before he went, so mother and Kitty could be in the country while he was gone, and in a few months he would come sailing gayly home to find the child her rosy self again. A very boyish and impossible plan, but he meant it, and was in just the mood to carry it out—for every other attempt to make money had failed.

"I 'll do it as sure as my name is Jim Nelson. I 'll take a look at the ships this very night, and go in the first one that will have me," he said, with a resolute nod of the head, though his heart sank within him at the thought. "I wonder which kind of captains pays boys best? I guess I 'll try a steamer; they make short trips. I heard the cannon to-day, so one is in, and I 'll try for a place before I go to bed."

Little did desperate Jimmy guess what ship he would really sail in, nor what a prosperous voyage he was about to make, for help was coming that very minute, as it generally does, sooner or later, to generous people who are very much in earnest.

First a shrill whistle was heard, at the sound of which he looked up quickly; then a rosy-faced girl of about his own age came skipping down the street, swinging her hat by one string; and, as Jimmy watched her approach, a smile began to soften the grim look he wore, for Willy Bryant was his best friend and neighbor, being full of courage, fun and kindliness. He nodded and made room for her on the step, the place she usually occupied at spare moments when they got lessons and recounted their scrapes to one another.

But to-night Willy seemed possessed of some unusually good piece of news which she chose to tell in her own lively fashion, for, instead of sitting down, she began to dance a sailor's hornpipe, singing gayly: "I 'm little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup," till her breath gave out.

"What makes you so jolly, Will?" asked Jimmy as she dropped down beside him and fanned herself with the ill-used hat.

"Such fun—you 'll never guess—just what we wanted—if your mother only will! You 'll dance, too, when you know," panted the girl, smiling like a substantial sort of fairy come to bring good luck.

"Fire away, then. It will have to be extra nice to set me off. I don't feel a bit like jigs now," answered Jimmy, as the gloom obscured his face again, like a cloud over the sun.

"You know 'Pinafore'?" began Will, and, getting a quick nod for an answer, she poured forth the following tale with great rapidity: "Well, some folks are going to get it up with children to do it, and they want any boys and girls that can sing to go and be looked at to-morrow, and the good ones will be picked out, and dressed up, and taught how to act, and have the nicest time that ever was. Some of our girls are going, and so am I, and you sing and must come, too, and have some fun. Wont it be jolly?"

"I guess it would; but I can't. Mother needs me every minute out of school," began Jimmy, with a shake of the head, having made up his mind some time ago that he must learn to do without fun.

"But we shall be paid for it," cried Will, clapping her hands with the double delight of telling the best part of her story, and seeing Jimmy's sober face clear suddenly as if the sun had burst forth with great brilliancy.

"Really? How much? Can I sing well enough?" and he clutched her arm excitedly, for this unexpected ray of hope dazzled him.

"Some of them will have ten dollars a week, and some more—the real nice ones, like Lee, the singing boy, who is a wonder," answered Will, in the tone of one well informed on such points.

RALPH.

"Ten dollars!" gasped Jimmy, for the immensity of the sum took his breath away. "Could *I* get that? How long? Where do we go? Do they really want us fellows? Are you sure it's all true?"

"It was all in the paper, and then Miss Pym, the teacher who boards at our house, told Ma about it. The folks advertised for school children, sixty of 'em, and will really pay; and Ma said I could go and try, and all the money I get I 'm going to put in a bank and have for my own. Don't you believe me now?"

Miss Pym and the newspapers settled the matter in Jimmy's mind, and made him more anxious than before about the other point.

"Do you think *I* would have any chance?" he

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asked, still holding Will, who seemed inclined for another dance.

"I know you would. Don't you do splendidly at school? And did n't they want you for a choir-boy, only your mother could n't spare you?" answered Will, decidedly, for Jimmy did love music and had a sweet little pipe of his own, as she well knew.

JOSEPHINE.

"Mother will have to spare me now, if they pay like that. I can work all day and do without sleep to earn money this way. Oh, Will, I 'm so glad you came, for I was just ready to run away to sea. There did n't seem anything else to do," whispered Jimmy in a choky sort of tone, as hopes and fears struggled together in his boyish mind.

"Run as fast as you like and I 'll go too. We 'll sail in the 'Pinafore' and come home with our pockets full of money."

"'Sing, hey, the merry maiden and the tar!'"

burst out Will, who was so full of spirits she could not keep still another minute.

Jimmy joined in, and the fresh voices echoed through the street so pleasantly that Mrs. Peters stopped scolding her six squabbling children, while Kitty's moaning changed to a feeble little sound of satisfaction, for "brother's" lullabies were her chief comfort and delight.

"We shall lose school, you know, for we act in the afternoon, not the evening. I don't care; but you will, you like to study so well. Miss Pym did n't like it at first, but Ma said it would help the poor folks, and a little fun would n't hurt the children. I thought of you right away, and if you don't get as much money as I do, you shall have some of mine, so Kitty can go to the country soon."

Will's merry face grew very sweet and kind as she said that, and Jimmy was glad his mother called him just then, because he did not know how to thank this friend in need. When he came out with the parcel of vests he looked like a different boy, for Mrs. Nelson had told him to go and find out all about it, and had seemed as much dazzled by the prospect as he was; sewing was such weary work.

The interview with Miss Pym was a most encouraging one, and it was soon settled that Jimmy should go with Will to try for a place on the morrow.

"And I 'll get it, too!" he said to himself, as he kissed Kitty's thin cheek, full of the sweet hope that he might be the means of bringing back life and color to the little face he loved so well.

He was so excited he could not sleep, and beguiled the long hours by humming under his breath all the airs he knew belonging to the already popular opera. Next morning he flew about his work as if for a wager, and when Will came for him there was not a happier heart in all the city than the hopeful one that thumped under Jimmy's thread-bare best jacket.

Such a crowd of girls and boys as they found at the hall where they were told to apply for inspection! Such a chirping and piping went on there, it sounded like a big cage full of larks and linnets! And by and by, when the trial was over, such a smiling troop of children as was left to be drilled by the energetic gentlemen who had the matter in hand! Among this happy band stood our Jimmy, chosen for his good voice, and Will, because of her bright face and lively, self-possessed manners. They could hardly wait to be dismissed, and it was a race home to see who should be first to tell the good news. Jimmy tried to be quiet on Kitty's account, but failed entirely; and it was a pleasant sight to see the boy run into his mother's arms, crying joyfully:

SIR JOSEPH, K. C. B.

"I 'm in! I 'm in! Ten dollars a week! Hurrah!"

"I can hardly believe it!" and weary Mrs. Nelson dropped her needle to indulge in a few moments of delightful repose.

"If it goes well they may want us for a month or six weeks, the manager said. Oh! just think, may be I 'll get fifty or sixty dollars! and Baby will get well right off," cried Jimmy, in an arithmetical sort of rapture, as he leaned above Kitty, who clapped her hands without quite knowing what the joy was about.

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HOW HE SAILED.

AFTER that day, Jimmy led a very happy life, for he loved music and enjoyed the daily drill with his mates, though it was long before he saw the inside of the theater. Will knew a good deal about it, for an actor's family had boarded with her mother, and the little girl had been behind the scenes. But to Jimmy, who had only seen one fairy play, all was very strange when at last he went upon the stage, for the glittering world he expected was gone, and all was dusty, dark and queer, with trap-doors under foot, machinery over head, and a wilderness of scenery jumbled together in the drollest way. He was all eyes and ears, and enjoyed himself immensely as he came and went, sung and acted with the troop of lads who made up the sailor chorus. It was a real ship to him in spite of painted cannon, shaky masts, and cabin doors that led nowhere. He longed to run up the rigging; but as that was forbidden, for fear of danger, he contented himself by obeying orders with nautical obedience, singing with all his might, and taking great satisfaction in his blue suit with the magical letters "H. M. S. Pinafore" round his cap.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Day by day all grew more and more interesting. His mother was never tired of hearing his adventures, he sung Kitty to sleep with the new songs, and the neighbors took such a friendly interest in his success that they called him Lord Nelson, and predicted that he would be as famous as his great namesake.

When the grand day came at last, and the crew of jolly young tars stood ready to burst forth with the opening chorus,

"We sail the ocean blue,
Our saucy ship 's a beauty,
We 're gallant men and true,
And bound to do our duty!"

Jimmy hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels at first, for, in spite of many rehearsals, everything seemed changed. Instead of daylight, gas shone everywhere, the empty seats were full, the orchestra played splendidly, and when the curtain rose, a sea of friendly faces welcomed them, and the pleasant sound of applause made the hearts under the blue jackets dance gayly.

How those boys did sing! how their eyes shone, and their feet kept time to the familiar strains! with what a relish they hitched up their trousers and lurched about, or saluted and cheered as the play demanded! With what interest they watched the microscopic midshipmite, listened to Ralph as his sweet voice melodiously told the story of his hapless love, and smiled on pretty Josephine who was a regular bluebird without the scream.

"Aint this fun?" whispered Jimmy's next neighbor, taking advantage of a general burst of laughter, as the inimitable little bum-boat woman advertised her wares with captivating drollery.

"Right down jolly!" answered Jimmy, feeling that a series of somersaults across the stage would be an immense relief to the pent-up emotions of his boyish soul. For under all the natural excitement of the hour, deep down lay the sweet certainty that he was earning health for Kitty, and it made his heart sing for joy more blithely than any jovial chorus to which he lent his happy voice.

But his bliss was not complete till the stately Sir Joseph, K. C. B., had come aboard, followed by "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts;" for among that flock of devoted relatives in white muslin and gay ribbons was Will. Standing in the front row, her bright face was good to see, for her black eyes sparkled, every hair on her head curled its best, her cherry bows streamed in the breeze, and her feet pranced irresistibly at the lively parts of the music. She longed to dance the hornpipe which the little Quaker aunt did so capitally, but being denied that honor, distinguished herself by the comic vigor with which she "polished up the handle of the big front door," and did the other "business" recorded by the gallant "ruler of the Queen's Navee."

CAPTAIN CORCORAN.

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She and Jimmy nodded to one another behind the admiral's august back, and while Captain Corcoran was singing to the moon, and Buttercup suffering the pangs of "wemorse," the young people had a gay time behind the scenes. Jimmy and Will sat upon a green baize bank to compare notes, while the relatives flew about like butterflies, and the sailors talked base-ball, jack-knives, and other congenial topics, when not envying Sir Joseph his cocked hat, and the captain his epaulettes.

COUSIN HEBE.

It was a very successful launch, and the merry little crew set sail with a fair wind and every prospect of a prosperous voyage. When the first performance was over, our two children left their fine feathers behind them, like Cinderella when the magic hour struck, and went gayly home, feeling much elated, for they knew they should go back to fresh triumphs, and they were earning money by their voices like Jenny Lind and Mario. How they pitied other boys and girls who could not go in at that mysterious little door; how important they felt as parts of the spectacle about which every one was talking, and what millionaires they considered themselves as they discussed their earnings and planned what to do with the prospective fortunes!

That was the beginning of many busy, happy weeks for both the children; weeks which they long remembered with great pleasure, as did older and wiser people, for that merry, innocent little opera proved that theaters can be made the scenes of harmless amusement, and opened to a certain class of young people a new and profitable field for their talents. So popular did this small company become that the piece went on to the summer vacation, and was played in the morning as well as afternoon, to satisfy the crowds who wished to see and hear it.

Never had the dear old Boston Museum, which so many of us have loved and haunted for years, seen such a pretty sight as one of those morning performances. It was the perfection of harmless merry-making, and the audience was as pleasant a spectacle as that upon the stage. Fathers and mothers stole an hour from their busy lives to come and be children with their children, irresistibly attracted and charmed by the innocent fun, the gay music that bewitched the ear one could hardly tell why, and the artless acting of those who are always playing parts, whether the nursery or the theater is their stage.

The windows stood open, and sunshine and fresh air came in to join the revel. Babies crowed and prattled, mammas chatted together, old people found they had not forgotten how to laugh, and boys and girls rejoiced over the discovery of a new delight for holidays. It was good to be there, and in spite of all the discussion in papers and parlors, no harm came to the young mariners, but much careful training of various sorts, and well-earned wages that went into pockets which sorely needed a silver lining.

HOW THE VOYAGE ENDED.

So the good ship "Pinafore" sailed and sailed for many prosperous weeks, and when at last she came into port and dropped anchor for the season she was received with a salute of general approbation for the successful engagement out of which she came with her flags flying and not one of her gallant crew killed or wounded. Well pleased with their share of the glory, officers and men went ashore to spend their prize money with true sailor generosity, all eager to ship for another cruise in the autumn if their services should be needed.

BILL BOBSTAY, THE BOS'N.

But long before that time, Able Seaman James Nelson had sent his family out into the country; mother begging Will to take good care of her dear boy till he could join them, and his sister Kitty throwing back kisses as she smiled good-bye with cheeks already rosier for all the comforts "brother" had earned for her. Jimmy would not desert his ship while she floated, but managed to spend his Sundays out of town, often taking Will with him as first mate,

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and, thanks to her lively tongue, friends were soon made for the new-comers. Mrs. Nelson found plenty of sewing, Kitty grew strong and well in the fine air, and the farmer with whom they lived, seeing what a handy lad the boy was, offered him work and wages for the summer, so all could be independent and together. With this comfortable prospect before him, Jimmy sang away like a contented blackbird, never tiring of his duty, for he was a general favorite, and Kitty literally strewed his way with flowers gathered by her own grateful little hands.

MIDSHIPMITE.

When the last day came, he was in such spirits that he was found doing double-shuffles in corners, hugging the midshipmite, who was a little chap of about Kitty's age, and treating his messmates to peanuts with a lavish hand. Will had her hornpipe, also, when the curtain was down, kissed every one of the other "sisters, cousins and aunts" and joined lustily in the rousing farewell cheers given by the crew.

A few hours later, a cheerful-looking boy might have been seen trudging toward one of the railway stations. A new hat, brave in blue streamers, was on his head, a red balloon struggled to escape from one hand, a shabby carpet-bag, stuffed full, was in the other, and a pair of shiny shoes creaked briskly as if the feet inside were going on a very pleasant errand.

About this young traveler, who walked with a sailor-like roll and lurch, revolved a little girl chattering like a magpie, and occasionally breaking into song as if she couldn't help it.

"Be sure you come next Saturday; it wont be anything like such fun if you don't go halves," said the boy, beaming at his lively companion as he hauled down the impatient balloon which seemed inclined to break from its moorings.

"Yes I know
That is so!"

hummed the girl with a skip to starboard that she might bear a hand with the bag. "Keep some cherries for me, and don't forget to give Kit the doll I dressed for her."

"I should n't have been going myself if it had n't been for you, Will. I never shall forget that," said Jimmy, whom intense satisfaction rendered rather more sedate than his friend.

"Running away to sea is great fun,

'With a tar that ploughs the water!'"

sung Will in spite of herself.

"'And a gallant captain's daughter,'"

echoed Jimmy, smiling across the carpet-bag. Then both joined in an irrepressible chorus of "Dash it! Dash it!" as a big man nearly upset them and a dog barked madly at the balloon.

Being safely landed in the train, Jimmy hung out of the window till the last minute discussing his new prospects with Will, who stood on tiptoe outside bubbling over with fun.

"I 'll teach you to make butter and cheese and you shall be my dairy woman, for I mean to be a farmer," he said, just as the bell rang.

"All right, I 'd like that ever so much," and then the irrepressible madcap burst out to the great amusement of the passengers:

"'For you might have been a Roosian,
A Frenchman, Turk or Proosian,
Or an Ital-i-an.'"

At this, Jimmy could not resist shouting back as the train began to move:

"'But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
I 'm an Amer-i-can.'"

DEADEYE.

Then he subsided, to think over the happy holiday before him and the rich cargo of comfort, independence and pleasure he had brought home from his successful cruise in the "Pinafore."

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FOUR little birds all flew from their nest, —
Flew north, flew south, to the east and the west;
They could think of nothing so good to do,
So they spread their wings and away they flew.

WITCHES' NIGHT.*

BY OLIVE THORNE.

FROM the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen. The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindu to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the English—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches"; and Spiritualists, even now, believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints who had no particular day assigned to them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallows, and the evening before it, Hallow-even or Halloween, and that was the night sacred to charms and games. In the seventeenth century, England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night" was the name given to it.

In England, the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and, of course, getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct when heated,—whether they burned steadily, or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, hazel-nut, and nutmeg, making

* See Frontispiece.

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into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow (which was not surprising).

In superstitious Scotland, the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms. One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window, and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask: "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale-stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage stalk he touched, and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk: the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his, or her, fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fated name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs. Young women made a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and calling on him to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial, a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing sieve, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate.

The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In our own day, young people "sow hemp-seed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut-shells" holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities, the boys on Halloween collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in clean vestibules, ringing the door-bell and running away.

Thus the 31st of October—set apart by a pope as a religious festival—became, in superstitious times, "The Witches' Night;" crossed the ocean as a season for frolics, and ends with a street-boy's joke.

DUKE LEOPOLD'S STONE.

By Mary E. Bradley.

There was once a great Duke Leopold,
Who had wit and wisdom, as well as gold,
And used all three in a liberal way
For the good of his people, the stories say.
To see precisely what they would do,
And how nearly a notion of his came true,
He went from his palace one night alone—
When a brooding storm and starless skies
Hid his secret from prying eyes—
And set midway in the road a stone
It was not too big for a man to move—
The Duke was confident on that score;
Yet the weight of the thing was enough to prove
The strength of one's muscle—and something more.
"Something more," laughed the Duke, as he strode
Through wind and rain on his homeward road:
"This time to-morrow I reckon will show
If a notion of mine is correct or no."

From a window high in the palace wall,
He watched next day for the passers-by,
And grimly smiled as they one and all,
Where they found the stone, left the stone to lie.
A lumbering ox-cart came along,
And Hans, the driver, was stout and strong;
One sturdy shove with the right intent
Would have cleared the track of impediment;
But whatever appeared to be needless work,
Or work that another might possibly do,
Hans made it a point of duty to shirk.
He stopped his team for a minute or two,
And scratched his head as he looked about
For the easiest way of getting out:
Then—"Lucky for me that the road is wide,"
He lazily murmured, and drove aside.

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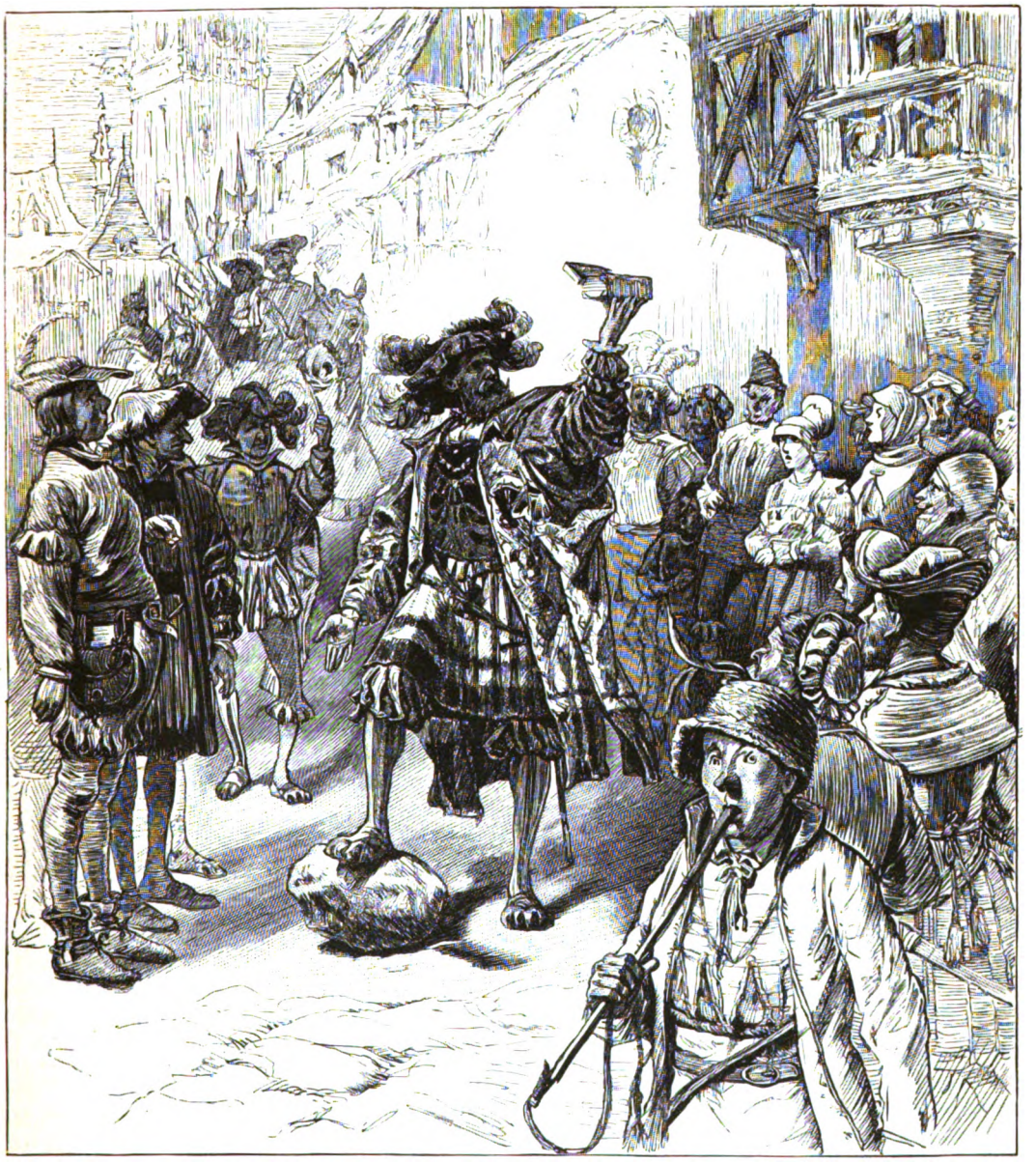
The next that came was a grenadier
Bristling in scarlet and gold array;
And he whistled a tune both loud and clear,



"THE LEGEND UPON IT HE READ ALOUD."

But he took no note of the rock in his way.
When its ragged edges scraped his knee—
"Thunder and lightning! what 's this?" says he.
"Have n't the blockheads sense enough
To clear their road of this sort of stuff?
A pretty thing for a grenadier
To stumble against, and bark his shins!
If I knew the rascal that planted it here—
Yes, surely! I 'd make him see his sins."
He clanked his sword, and he tossed his plume,
And he strutted away in a terrible fume;

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But as for moving the stone—not he!—
"It is just," said the Duke, "as I thought it would be."

A little later, still watching there,
He spied on their way to the village Fair,
A troop of merchants, each with his pack
Strapped on a well-fed animal's back.
"Now let us see," with a nod of his head
And a merry twinkle, His Highness said:
"Perhaps this worshipful multitude
Will lend a hand for the public good."
But alack! the company, man and horse,
Hardly paused in their onward course.
Instead of cantering four abreast,
Two by two they went east and west;
And when they had left the stone behind—
"To think of a thing like that," said they,
"Blocking the high-road for half a day!"
It never reached the collective mind
In the light of a matter that implied
Some possible claim on the other side.

So a week, and two, and three slipped past:
The rock in the road lay bedded fast,
And the people grumbling went and came,
Each with a tongue that was glib to blame,
But none with a hand to help. At last
Duke Leopold, being quite content
With the issue of his experiment,
Ordered his herald to sound a blast,
And summon his subjects far and near
A word from his high-born lips to hear.
From far and near at the trumpet call,
They gathered about the palace wall,
And the Duke, at the head of a glittering train,
Rode through the ranks of wondering eyes
To the spot where the stone so long had lain.
I will leave you to picture their blank surprise,
When he leaped from his horse with a smiling face,
And royal hands pushed the stone from its place!

But the stare of amazement became despair
When the Duke stooped down with his gracious air,
And took from a hollow the rock had hid
A casket shut with a graven lid.
The legend upon it he read aloud
To a silent, and very crest-fallen crowd:—
"This box is for him, and for him alone
Who takes the trouble to move this stone."
Then he raised the lid, and they saw the shine
Of a golden ring, and a purse of gold;
"Which might have been yours," said Duke Leopold,
"But now I regret to say is mine.
It was I who for reasons of my own
Hindered your highway with the stone.
What the reasons were you have doubtless guessed
Before this time. And as for the rest,
I think there is nothing more to say.
My dear good friends, I wish you good-day!"
He mounted his horse, and the glittering train
After their leader galloped again.
With sound of trumpet and gleam of gold
They flashed through the ranks of downcast eyes,
And the crowd went home feeling rather "sold"
—Perhaps, however, a lesson lies
In the story, that none of us need despise.

MR. CAROTHERS' SECRET.

By the Author of "Dab Kinzer."

"Father," said Fred Matthews, "there 's old Mr. Carothers and Sam, in their boat."

"Right ahead of us," added Tom, from the bows.

Mr. Matthews stopped rowing and looked around. There they were, and it looked as if they, too, were on their way home.

"What luck?" asked Mr. Matthews, when the two boats drew a little nearer to each other.

"Pretty good," said Mr. Carothers. "Sam, my boy, show 'em the fish."

Sam was an older and taller boy than either Fred or Tom, but the three strings of fish he lifted up, one after another, were pretty heavy for him.

"How 've you done?" asked Mr. Carothers, as he took hold of his oars again.

"Oh, not very well. We 've been out a dozen times since we came, and we don't seem to find the right place," said Mr. Matthews.

"Why, the lake 's just swarming with fish. Guess you have n't found out the knack of it."

"Guess not. But I thought I knew how to catch fish. Fred, show him our string."

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Fred did so, and he was a good deal ashamed of them. They looked so few and so small compared with the lot lifted up by Sam Carothers.

"Tell ye what, neighbor!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I 've twice what I 'll know what to do with. Jest you take one of my strings."

Mr. Matthews objected, a little, but Mr. Carothers would not take "no" for an answer; and then, it was such a very fine mess of fish.

"He 's a very neighborly man, I declare," said Mr. Matthews, as he pulled away toward the landing in front of his own house. "But he 's the luckiest fisherman I ever heard of."

The boys thought so, too, and they said so, when they got ashore. They said it to Parker, the colored man their father had hired to take care of his horses, when he bought the farm on the shore of the lake.

"Yes, sah!" exclaimed Parker. "He 's jest the luckiest. He is. He allers had good luck. When he kep' de store at de corners, he made a heap ob money. Den he 's de luckiest farmer in dese parts. Allers has a good crap. Nuffin ebber goes wrong wid his craps and his critters. Yes, sah! Old man Carothers has de luck."

"Wish I knew how he catches so many fish," said Fred.

"Jest you watch him, den. Mebbe you kin l'arn de secret."

"Let 's watch him," said Tom.

Parker had a good deal more to say, but it was arranged between him and the boys that they should try for a lesson in fishing from Mr. Carothers.

They only had to wait a few days before they found an opportunity. Mr. Matthews had only laughed at them and told them:

"You have n't lived on the shore of the lake so long as he has. The fish know him better than they know you and me."

"Then, said Tom, "I should think they 'd know enough to keep away from him. He 's a good deal more dangerous than we are."

"Unless they want to get caught," laughed his father.

But the boys and Parker were out, the next morning, rowing along just near enough to their neighbor's boat, not to have it seem that they were following him.

"'T aint de boat," said Parker. "His 'n 's painted w'ite, jest like our'n, and it 's peaked in front, an' de fish could n't tell 'em apart onless dey was to flop on board."

"No," said Fred, "it is n't the boat. May be it 's the bait."

"No, it is n't de bait. I asked him all 'bout dat. He uses minners and grasshoppers and worms, jest like we do."

"Perhaps," said Tom, "it 's the way he puts 'em on."

"Guess not. Dey goes on de hook 'bout so, any how. It 's de way he fishes."

"We 'll find out," said Fred. "He 's anchoring his boat, now."

"Just so far from de shoah," remarked Parker. "We must 'member dat."

They rowed slowly along as they talked, and there was not a motion made by old Mr. Carothers or by Sam that they did not make a note of.

The old gentleman shouted to them, cheerily hoping they would have a nice day of it and catch a good string of fish; but just then he had to stop talking and pull in a fine, large yellow perch, while Sam was taking a sun-fish from his own hook.

"They 've begun to pull 'em in already," said Fred. "Mr. Carothers, can you tell us where there 's a good fishing-ground?"

"Anywhere. Anywhere. The lake 's just swarming. All you 've got to do is to know how."

"Dat 's it," said Parker. "Dat 's all de trouble 'bout anyt'ing in dis wicked world. Somehow mos' people don't seem to fine out 'bout fishin' or 'bout anyt'ing else. Dar 's lots of things I 'd like to know how."

"So would I," said Fred. "Now let 's row along and do exactly as he and Sam did."

They pulled around a bend in the shore of the lake and Parker was about to drop the anchor when Tom exclaimed:

"Wait, Parker, wait. Sam Carothers poured a lot of stuff into the water, just before they began."

"Nuffin but dirt and sand and rubbish," said Parker. "I 've seen 'em do it afore dis."

"But we must do exactly as he did," said Fred, "if we 're to have any luck."

"So. Den it 's easy nuff to pull ashoah for some dirt."

It was not far to go, true enough, and they brought back half a bushel of rubbish. Then, as soon as they were anchored, at precisely the right distance from land, Parker tumbled the "dirt" into the water.

"Now we 'll catch 'em," he shouted.

"They both fished on one side," said Fred.

"So will we," said Tom. "They held their rods so high."

There was some dispute as to the precise manner in which Sam Carothers and his father threw their lines into the water, but before it could be settled, Fred had a bite.

"I knew I was right," he exclaimed. "Got a bull-head, first thing."

"I was right, too," shouted Tom, at the same instant. "Here comes a pumpkin-seed."

"Sho!" grumbled Parker. But in another

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moment he added, exultingly, "I was de mostest right. Mine 's a perch. Wot a wopper!"

So it was, and Fred and Sam imitated Parker the next time they threw in their lines. Perch were much better luck than bull-heads or pumpkin-seeds.

That was a very good beginning, and for a little while all three of them were boasting to each other that they had found the secret of Mr. Carothers, "and it was n't much of a secret, after all."

But then, for some reason or other, the fish stopped biting.

"Boys," said Parker, after they had sat a good while in the hot sun without so much as a nibble, —"Boys, all de good of dat ar' secret am gone."

"Seems to me it 's used up," said Fred, "and we have n't caught anything like a string of fish."

"No big ones," said Tom. "Most of 'em are shiners and little pumpkin-seeds."

"Hold on," shouted Parker. "I 's got a cod-walloper."

"How it does pull!"

"It 'll break his pole."

"Or pull his hook off."

"Boys," exclaimed Parker, "jus' you keep still, will you? Dis aint no common kind ob fish. I 's got to play him and pull him in slow and kerful."

Parker was evidently in a high state of excitement, and the perspiration was standing out on his dark face in great beads.

How his "pole" did bend, and how steadily and carefully he did work on that tremendous bite! No one would have thought a little lake like that, where no sharks ever came, could have furnished such a bite.

"Tell ye wot, boys, ole man Carothers aint had no sech luck as dis. Not dis morning; nor Sam nuther. Aint I glad dat hook ob mine 's a big one. De line, too,—it 's a mighty good line."

The boys almost held their breath, and they had no bites of their own to attend to just then.

But it was quite as good fun to sit still and keep the boat balanced, while Parker worked at his prize.

Slowly and cautiously he drew it along nearer the boat, and then he began to pull it up through the water.

At last they could see it!

Dimly, at first, like a dark shadow coming toward the light,—and then more plainly.

"Why, Parker," exclaimed Fred, "it 's a log!"

"It 's an old branch of a tree," said Tom. "That 's all."

"Sho! I declar'! To t'ink of dat fish pullin' de hook out ob his own mouf and stickin' it into dat ar snag! It 's de meanest luck ebber was. But he was n't any common fish; I knowed dat w'en he bit."

The boys were hardly ready to swallow Parker's explanation, and they began to argue the matter, while he was getting his hook out of the long, water-soaked piece of drift-wood he had drawn to the surface.

They might have said more, but just then Fred had a bite. That is, he felt something on his line, but it had been there for some time. He jerked it in, almost frantically, for the pull was a hard one.

"An eel! an eel!" screamed Tom, in great delight. "The luck 's yours, Fred. That 's the first eel we 've caught."

"It 's a big one, too," said Fred. "But just see how it has swallowed my hook. Seems as if a foot of the line had gone down his throat."

So it did, and he was now following up that piece of mischief, like the angry eel that he was, by squirming himself into a great snarl and tangle with all the rest of that line.

He succeeded perfectly, and Fred remarked, very soberly:

"I don't want to catch any more eels. There 's no use in my trying to get that hook out."

"Never mind," said Tom. "You 've another hook and line. Let that one go till we get ashore."

"I 'll untwist it for you, then," added Parker. "But we 'd best git away from dis yer place. Dar's no luck in eels."

"Hey!" exclaimed Tom. "It 's my turn. I knew there was something nibbling at my hook."

"Mebbe it 's a snag," said Parker.

"Or an eel," said Fred.

"No, it is n't. He 's a-coming. It does n't bite like any other kind of fish."

There was, in fact, no good reason why it should. Why, to be accurate, it should bite like any kind of fish. For when Tom brought his "nibble" to the surface, Parker shouted:

"Snappin' turtle! Snappin' turtle! Look out you don't git yer fingers in his mouf. Oh, but can't dey bite! Dey 's wicious!"

Somehow or other, however, the hook had caught that turtle in his upper jaw, so that as long as Tom kept up a steady pull there was no help for it.

In he came, a great heavy fellow, nearly a foot long, and dreadfully out of temper at being lifted out of the water.

"How 'll I ever get my hook out of him?" said Tom. "He 's a good deal worse than an eel."

"Wuss dan any oder fish," remarked Parker. "He 'd bite a hole in a side ob sole leather. Sho!"

As Parker said that, the turtle, now landed safely

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on the bottom of the boat, skillfully cast himself loose from the hook. It had merely caught in the hard cartilage of his jaw and had not stuck into it beyond the barb.

"He 's loose!" exclaimed Fred.

"So 's my hook," said Tom. "Don't you wish your eel had known enough to do that?"

"Yes, I do. But a turtle can't squirm like an eel."

"He can bite, though. He 's crawling to the end of the boat."

"Jes' let him creep," said Parker. "I guess he 's in a state ob mind to not be interrupted."

"Guess we need to," said Parker. "Dar mus' be part ob it we did n't see. Wot we foun' out had too many turtles and eels and snags in it. Don't I wish I 'd pulled in dat woppin' big fish ob mine, 'stead ob de codlamper."

The boys had their own notion about Parker's wonderful bite, and were once more beginning to argue the case with him when they rowed out beyond the bend in the lake shore.

"Why!" exclaimed Fred, "Sam and his father have gone."

"So they have!" said Tom.

"Gone?" said Parker. "Tell ye wot, den, de

PARKER'S BIG FISH.

"What 'll we do with him?"

"A snappin' turtle is a kine ob animal wot kin look out for himself won'erful well. Jest you look out for him, dat's all. Guess we 'd best pull up an' git out of dis yer. It 's all eels and snags and sich like."

Fred and Tom were quite willing to take Parker's advice, and, as soon as the anchor was pulled in, he took the oars. The morning was about gone now, and Tom suggested that they should go back and get more information from Mr. Carothers.

"May be," said Fred, "we can learn more of his secret."

bes' notion for dis crowd is jest to go an' drop our anchor whar he dropped his'n. Mebbe he forgot to take his luck home wid him."

"Guess he caught as many fish as he wanted before he went," remarked Fred.

"He was pulling them in fast enough, when we saw him," replied Tom.

They were about right, for Mr. Carothers had come out, that morning, not so much for fun as for a mess of fresh fish for his dinner, and as soon as he had caught what he wanted he went home again.

Very carefully indeed did Parker row around, measuring with his eyes the distance from the

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shore, until he and his young friends were sure they were over the right spot.

"But we have n't anything to throw in," said Fred.

"We can go ashore and get a peck of dirt," said Tom.

"Nebber mind," said Parker, as he dropped the anchor. "We must n't put any ob our rubbish in along wid his'n. Not unless we want to spile de luck."

That seemed reasonable, and in a minute or so all three of them had their lines out.

"Sho!" exclaimed Parker, as he pulled in a good-sized perch. "De ole man lef' his luck behind him."

"Here 's more of it!" shouted Fred. "Another perch."

"And I 've got a pickerel," added Tom, with a hurrah that was very imprudent; but the fish continued to bite very well, in spite of the noise, for a while.

"We 've got it now," said Fred. "We can catch all the fish we want, anywhere, after this."

Just then there was a dull splash at the bow of the boat, and Parker exclaimed:

"Dar goes de turtle. Good riddance to bad rubbidge. I 's glad he 's gone, anyhow."

"I 'd have liked to take him home and show him," said Tom, regretfully. "He was such a big one."

"So he was," said Fred. "Nobody 'll believe he was so big."

But there was no doubt about it. The turtle had managed to climb on the seat, with the help of one of the oars, and had plunged overboard without the least fear of drowning himself.

He was gone, but so, as they shortly discovered, was all their luck.

That is, all the fish had gone.

"What can have become of them," asked Fred, ruefully.

"Guess I know," said Parker. "I 've heard tell dey does n't like turtles for neighbors. Dey saw de ole rascal come in among 'em, and dey moved away."

That was very probably the truth of the matter, but the worst of it was that an hour went by and hardly any of them came back again. Or if they came, they had made up their minds not to bite any more.

"I don't care," said Tom. "We 've got the best string of fish we ever caught in this lake."

"And we 've learned how," added Fred. "That 's the great thing."

"I 's glad ole Mr. Carothers did n't take all his luck home wid him," said Parker; "but I wish we 'd nebber cotched de turtle."

"So do I," said Fred.

"Wish we 'd kept him," said Tom.

"And don't I wish," groaned Parker, "dat I 'd pulled in de big fish de snag sp'iled for me."

"Guess it was all snag," slyly remarked Fred.

"De whole ob dat bite? Sho! Don't I know? Did a snag ebber pull in dat way, and jerk, and wobble, and mos' take de pole and all out ob my han's? No, I guess not. I knows a fish from a codlamper."

There was no use in arguing against Parker's convictions, and he even seemed a little sensitive about it. So, after they had fished a good while, and were very sure the turtle had spoiled their luck entirely, they once more pulled up their anchor and started for home.

It was not a very long row, and when they drew near the landing, there were Mr. Matthews and Mrs. Matthews and the younger children, waiting for them.

"Well, boys," said their father, "what success this time?"

"Splendid!" said Fred, as he lifted one string of fish and Tom another. "Just look at them."

"Why, boys," said their mother, "how well you have done! And some of them are of a very good size, too."

"Yes, ma'am!" exclaimed Parker. "Dey 's sizable fish, but dey is n't one ob 'em so big as de big fish I caught."

"And where is he? I 'd like to see him."

"Yes, ma'am! But to tell de troof, I does n't know jest whar he is."

"Then you lost him?"

"Yes, ma'am! He loss himself. You see, dar was a snag, and de hook got caught in de snag, somehow, an' de fish got away——"

"And O, mother," interrupted Tom, "I caught the biggest kind of a snapping-turtle."

"Did you, my son? Where is he?"

"Why, mother, we had him in the boat ever so long, and then he dove into the lake and got away."

"Did he? I 'd have liked to see him. Was he large?"

"Yes, mother, he was," said Fred. "And I caught an eel."

"And did he too get away?"

"No, mother, but he swallowed ever so much of my fish-line, and he snarled himself up in the rest, and there he is now, in the bottom of the boat."

Mrs. Matthews took a look at the eel, and so did her husband, and the latter said:

"Fred, your eel looks as if he were having a lawsuit."

Fred hardly understood what his father meant, but he replied:

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"Yes, father, and we 've found out Mr. Carothers' secret. We 'll catch as many fish as we want, now."

"Have you? Well, I 'm glad of that. And Tom, have you found it out, too?"

"Course I have, father, or I would n't have caught so many fish ——"

"Or so much turtle."

"O, father, it was the turtle drove away the fish and spoiled our luck, when he went overboard."

"And Parker, did you find out the secret, too?"

"Yes, sah! Dar 's all de fish ebber was wanted in dis yer lake. Lots ob 'em, so 's you know how to go for 'em."

"Well, Fred, I wish you 'd tell me, so I can catch fish."

"Oh, it is n't much. We saw just how Mr. Carothers does it, and Sam. They anchor their boat just so far from shore. And they throw a peck of dirt into the water. And they throw their lines into the water, just so,—I 'll show you next time we go."

"So 'll I," said Tom.

"Yes, sah!" added Parker. "But dar 's some ob dat ar secret de ole man kerried home wid him."

"May be he did," said Mr. Matthews, with a merry sort of a laugh. "He and I have been talking about it since he came in. He was over here to borrow a newspaper."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Fred, "what did he say it was? Have we got it right?"

"Well, not the whole of it."

"Did he tell you? Please, father, do let us know. Is it anything about the color of his boat?"

"Not exactly."

"Was it de dirt?" respectfully inquired Parker.

"He did not speak of that, particularly, but that had something to do with it."

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted Tom. "We'll carry a barrelful next time we go."

"I would n't fill the barrel with too much dirt," laughed Mr. Matthews. "I 'll tell you what Mr. Carothers said when I asked him the secret."

"Oh, father," said Fred, "what did he say?"

"Why, he said it was no secret at all. All he did was just to feed his fish."

"Yes, sah!" remarked Parker. "I knowed it mus' be somet'ing ob dat kind. Feed de fish!"

"But does he feed them every time he goes out?" asked Fred.

"Perhaps not. But he picks out places that suit him, and every now and then he or Sam will go out there and throw overboard a quantity of old stuff of one sort and another, such as fish like to nibble at. So they get used to coming to those places, and the big fish follow the little ones, and when he and Sam want to catch a mess they know just where to go."

"Yes, sah!" remarked Parker. "But dat don't 'count for dem big corn craps ob his'n. He 's de luckiest farmer 'round yer."

"Oh," said Mr. Matthews, with another laugh. "Perhaps he feeds his corn-fields. He 's just the sort of man not to starve anything belonging to him."

"I wish the boys would remember about that," said Mrs. Matthews, soberly. "People who expect to get a great deal must always be ready to give."

"Yes, ma'am!" exclaimed Parker. "Dey mus' feed de fish."

"Mother," said Tom, "if I 'd given that turtle something to eat, do you s'pose he 'd have stayed in the boat?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Tom," said his father, "the mail has come. You take that newspaper over to Mr. Carothers with my compliments, and say I 'm very much obliged to him."

"What for, father?"

"For teaching you and me and all of us how to catch fish."

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EYEBRIGHT.

By Susan Coolidge.

Chapter XI.

TRANSPLANTED.

"It is strange that I did not recognize you before," said Mr. Joyce next day; "and yet not so strange either, for you have grown and altered very much since we met, two years and a half ago."

He might well say so. Eyebright had altered very much. She was as tall as Mrs. Downs now, and the fatigue and anxiety of the last fortnight had robbed her of her childish look and made her seem older than she really was. Any one might have taken her for a girl of seventeen, instead of fourteen-and-a-half. She and Mr. Joyce had had several long talks, during which he learned all about their leaving Tunxet, about her anxiety for her father, and, for the first time, the full story of the eventful night which had brought him to Causey Island. He was greatly startled and shocked when he comprehended what danger Eyebright had run in doing his errand to the village.

"My dear, dear child," he said; "you did me a service I shall never forget. I could never have forgiven myself had you lost your life in doing it. If I had had my senses about me, I would not have let you go; pray believe that. That unlucky parcel came near to costing more than its worth, for it was on its account that I set out to row over from Malachi that afternoon."

"To take the stage?" suggested Eyebright.

"Yes—to catch the stage. The parcel had money in it, and it was of great consequence that it should reach Atterbury—where I live—as soon as possible. You look curious, as if you wanted to hear more. You like stories still, I see. I remember how you begged me to tell you one that night in Tunxet."

"Yes, I like them dearly. But I hardly ever hear any now. There is no one up here to tell them."

"Well, this is n't much of a story, or rather, it would be a long one enough if I gave the whole of it, but the part which I can tell is n't much. Once upon a time there was a thief, and he stole a quantity of money out of a bank. It was the Atterbury Bank, of which I am the president. The theft came at the worst possible time, and there was great danger, if the money could not be recovered, that the bank would have to stop payment. Fortunately, we got a clue to the thief's whereabouts, and I started in search of him, and caught him in a little village in Canada where he had hidden himself away, and was feeling quite safe—What makes you look so excited?"

"It is *so* interesting," said Eyebright. "Were n't you a bit afraid when you saw him? Did he have a pistol?"

"Pistol? No. Ah, you are thinking of the thieves in story-books, I see,—terrible villains with masks and blunderbusses. The kind we have nowadays are quite different,—pretty young men, with nice mustaches and curly hair, who are very particular about the fit of their gloves and what kind of cigars they smoke. That 's the sort that makes off with bank money. This thief of ours was a young fellow, only a few years older than my Charley, whom I had known all my life, and his father before him. I would a great deal rather have had it one of the old-fashioned kind with a blunderbuss. Well, I found him, and I got back the money—the bulk of it. A part he had spent. Having secured it, my first thought was how to get home quickest, for every day's delay made a great difference to the bank. I had just time to drive over and catch the Portland steamer, but my wagon broke down six miles from Malachi, and when I got in she had been gone an hour and a half. I made inquiries, and found that the Scrapplehead stage started next morning, so I hired a boat and undertook to row across. It was not storming then. The man who let the boat did say that the weather looked 'kind of unsartin,' but I could see no change; it was thick and murky, but it had been that for days back, and I was in such haste to get on, that I should probably have tried it had it looked worse than it did. The distance is not great and I am used to rowing. Only God's mercy saved me from capsizing when the first squall struck the boat. After that, I have only confused memories. All I could do was to keep the boat head on to the waves, and it was so intensely dark that I could see nothing. I must have been rowing for hours in the blackness, without the least idea where I was or which way I was going, when I saw a light moving toward me. That, from what you say, must have been your lantern. I had just strength left to pull toward it and the waves carried me on to the beach. My arm was all right then. I must have hurt it when I fell over the side of the boat. It was a miracu-

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lous escape, and I believe that I owe my life to the fact of your coming down as you did. I shall never forget that, Eyebright."

People often say such things in the warm-heartedness of a great deliverance from danger, or recovery from sickness, and when they get well again or the danger fades from their minds, they cool off a little. But Mr. Joyce did not cool; he meant all he said. And very soon after came the opportunity of proving his sincerity, for the great wave of trouble, which Eyebright had dimly felt and dreaded, broke just then and fell upon her. The boat in which Captain Jim Downs and her father had sailed was picked up far down the coast, floating bottom upward, and no doubt remained that both had lost their lives in the storm of that dreadful night.

How the poor child could have borne this terrible news without Mr. Joyce at hand to help her, I cannot imagine. She was almost broken-hearted, and grew so thin and pale that it was pitiful to see. Her sorrow was all for Papa; she did not realize as yet the loss which had fallen on herself, but it would have been hard to find in the world a little girl left in a more desolate position. In losing Papa she had lost everything she had—home, protection, support. Nobody wanted her; she belonged to nobody. She could not stay on the island; she could not go back to Tunxet; there was no one in the world—unless it was Wealthy—to whom she had the right to go for help or advice; and Wealthy herself was a poor woman, with little in her power to give except advice. Eyebright instinctively dreaded the idea of meeting Wealthy, for she knew that Wealthy would *think* if she did not say it, that it was all Papa's fault; that he ought never to have taken her to Maine, and the idea of having Papa blamed hurt her terribly. These anxieties as yet were all swallowed up in grief for Papa, but whenever she thought about herself, her mind grew bewildered and she could not in the least see what she was to do.

EYEBRIGHT AND CHARLEY. (SEE PAGE 797.)

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And now what a comfort Mr. Joyce was to her! He was nearly well again, and in a great hurry to get back to his business; but nothing would have induced him to leave the poor child in such trouble, and he stayed on and on, devoting himself to her all day long, soothing her, telling her sweet things about heaven and God's goodness and love, letting her talk as much as she liked of Papa and not trying even to check the crying which such talks always brought on. Eyebright responded to this kindness with all her warm little heart. She learned to love Mr. Joyce dearly, and turned to him and clung to him as if he had been a friend always instead of for a few days only. But all this time her future remained unsettled, and she was at the same time too inexperienced and too much oppressed with sorrow to be able to think about it or make any plans.

Other people were thinking about it, however. Mrs. Downs talked the matter over with her husband, and told Mr. Joyce that "He" was willing she should take Eyebright, provided her folks, if she had any, would consent to have her "bound" to them till she was of age. They never had kept any "help" and she did n't need one now; it was n't for that she wanted the child, and as for the binding out, 't was n't nothing but a formality, only Mr. Downs was made that way, and liked to have things done regular and legal. He set store by Eyebright, just as she did herself, and they 'd see that she had a comfortable home and was well treated in every way. Mrs. Downs meant kindly, but Mr. Joyce had other schemes for Eyebright. As soon as the fact of her father's death became certain, he had written to his wife, and he only waited an answer to propose his plan. It came at last, and as soon as he had read it, he went in search of Eyebright, who was sitting, as she often sat now, on the bank over the bathing-beach, looking sorrowfully off toward the sea.

"I have a letter from home," he said, sitting down beside her, "and I find that I must go back at once,—day after to-morrow at latest."

"Oh, must you?" said Eyebright, in a voice which sounded like a sob. She hid her face on his arm as she spoke, and he knew that she was crying.

"Yes; but don't cry, my dear child. I don't mean to leave you here alone. That is not my plan at all. I want you to come with me. Last week, I wrote to my wife to propose this plan, and I only waited to hear from her before telling you about it. Will you come and live with us, Eyebright? I can't take your father's place,—nobody could do that, and it would n't be right they should; but we 'll all do our best to make you happy, and you shall be just like our own girl if you 'll come. What do you say, my dear? Will you?"

"How kind—how kind you are!" replied Eyebright in a dazzled, wondering way. "I can't think what makes you so good to me, dear Mr. Joyce. But do you think I ought to come? I 'm afraid I should be troublesome. Wealthy used to say 'that other folk's children always were troublesome,' and that it was mean to 'settle down' on people."

"Never mind Wealthy or her maxims," said Mr. Joyce, with a smile. "We 'll risk your being troublesome, Eyebright. Will you come?"

"Do you think Papa would have wished to have me?" asked Eyebright, wistfully. "There 's nobody for me to ask now except you, you know. Papa always hated 'being under obligations' to people. If I stay with Mrs. Downs," she added, timidly, "I can work and help her, and then I sha'n't be a burden. I 'm afraid there isn't anything I can do to help if I go with you."

"Oh, Mrs. Downs has told you of her plan, has she," said Mr. Joyce, half vexed. "Now, listen, my child. I do really and seriously think that your father, were he here, would prefer that you should go with me. If you stay with Mrs. Downs, you must give up your education entirely. She is a kind woman, and really fond of you, I think; but with her you can have no advantages of any sort, and no chance to fit yourself for any higher sort of work than house-work. With me you will have the opportunity of going to an excellent school, and, if you do your best, by the time you are twenty-one you will be able to teach, and support yourself in that way, if it becomes necessary. And, my dear, you are mistaken in thinking that there is nothing you can do to help us. We have never had a daughter, but we always have wished for one. My wife and I are getting on in life, and there are lots of ways in which a young girl will cheer and brighten us up, and help to make the house pleasant for Charley. It is dull for a boy with no sisters, and only an old father and mother. So, you see, we really are in need of a girl, and you are just the girl we need. So, will you come?"

"Oh, I 'll come gladly!" cried Eyebright, yielding to the pleasantness of the thought. "I 'd rather live with you than anybody else in the world, Mr. Joyce, if only you are sure it is right."

It was settled from that moment, though Eyebright still felt a little qualm of shyness and fear at the thought of the unknown Mrs. Joyce. "How horrible it would be if she should n't like me when I get there!" she said to herself.

Only one more day at Causey Island, and that a very busy and confused one. The little house, which it had taken so many days to get into order, was all pulled to pieces and dismantled in a few

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hours. Some things, such as Papa's desk and Eyebright's own special chair, Mr. Joyce ordered packed, and sent after them to Atterbury; the rest were left to be sold, or perhaps let with the cottage, if any one should hire it. Several articles, at his suggestion, Eyebright gave to Mrs. Downs, and she gratified Mr. Downs extremely by making him a present of the boat.

"You could n't have done nothing to please me better," he said. "It 'll come real handy to have another boat, and we shall think a heap of its being yours. And, I 'll tell you what, we 'll just change its name, and call it 'The Eyebright,' after you. The first spare time I get, I 'll paint the name on the stern, so 's we 'll always be reminded of you whenever we see it."

This was quite a flight of fancy for Mr. Downs.

By sunset the house was cleared of all that was to be taken away, and Eyebright's trunk packed and locked. A very little trunk it was, and all it held very old and shabby. Even Mrs. Downs shook her head and said the things were hardly worth taking; but Eyebright did n't much mind. Her head was full of other thoughts, and, beside, she had learned to rely on Mr. Joyce as a helper out of all difficulties, and she was content to leave herself and her future wants to him.

MRS. JOYCE WELCOMES EYEBRIGHT.

So, at early dawning of the third day, they left the island, rowing down to the village in the newly christened "Eyebright," now the property of Mr. Downs. The good-byes had been taken the evening before, and Eyebright did not turn her head, as they glided away, to look at the green tufted shore or the blue sea, bluer than ever in the calm hush of a cloudless sunrise. Very steadily and carefully she rowed, dipping her oars, and "feathering," as Papa had taught her, as if only intent on doing her task as well as possible for this the last time. But later, after they reached the village, when the farewells had all been spoken, the Downs family kissed, and herself and Mr. Joyce were in the stage-wagon ready to start, she turned again for one moment, and her eyes sought out the blue-green outline which they knew so well. There it lay with the calm waters all about it, the home which had been at the same time so hard and so pleasant, and was now so sad. Tears rushed to her eyes as she gazed, and she whispered to herself, so softly that no one else could hear, "Good-bye. Good-bye, Papa."

How strange, and yet how familiar, the road seemed!—the very road over which she and Papa had passed less than two years before. It was the one journey of her life, and she recollected everything perfectly. There was the nameless village, looking exactly the same, but no longer nameless; for a wooden board was suspended over the steamboat landing, with "Pocobasset" painted upon it in large letters. Pretty soon the steamboat came along, the same identical steamboat, and down the river they went, past all the tiny islands and wooded capes, which she remembered so well; only the light was of sunset now instead of sunrising, and the trees, which then were tinged with coming spring, now bore the red and yellow leaves of autumn. There was the good-natured stewardess and the captain,—nobody was changed,—nothing had happened, as it seemed, except to herself.

They left the boat, very early in the morning, at a point some fifty miles short of that from which she and Papa had embarked, and, traveling all day, reached Atterbury late on the second afternoon. Eyebright had plenty of time to recall her dread of Mrs. Joyce as they drove up from the station. The town was large and thriving, and looked like a pleasant one. There were many white-painted, green-blinded houses, with neat court-yards, of the kind always to be found in New England villages; but among these appeared, here and there, a quaint, old-fashioned mansion; and the elm-shaded streets gave glimpses of pretty country beyond, woodlands, cultivated valley-lands, and an encircling line of hills with softly rounded outlines. Eyebright thought it a delightful-looking place. They drew up before a wide, ample home, whose garden blazed with late flowers, and Mr. Joyce, lifting her out, hurried up the gravel walk, she following timidly, threw open

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the front door, and called, loudly: "Mother! Mother! where are you, Mother?"

At the call, a stout little lady, in a pink-ribboned cap, came hurrying out of a room at one side of the hall.

"Oh, Benjamin, is it really you? My dear husband. Well, I 'm glad;" and she gave him *such* a kiss. Then, turning to Eyebright, she said in the kindest voice:

"And this is your little girl, is it? Why, Benjamin, she is taller than I am! My dear, I am very glad to see you; very glad, indeed. Father says you are *his* girl; but you must be mine, too, and learn to love the old lady just as fast as you can."

Was not this a delightful reception for a weary, travel-stained little traveler? Eyebright returned the kiss with one equally warm, and all her fears of Mrs. Joyce fled forever.

"You shall go right upstairs," said this new friend; "tea will be ready soon, and I know you are longing for some cold water to wash off the dust. It 's the most refreshing thing always after a journey."

She led the way, and left Eyebright to herself in a little bedroom. Such a pretty bedroom it was! Eyebright felt sure at once that it had been made ready expressly for herself. It was just such a room as a young girl fancies, with a dainty white bed, white curtains at the window, a white-frilled toilet-table, and on the toilet-table a smart blue pin-cushion, with "Welcome" stuck upon it in shining pins. Even the books on the table seemed to have been chosen to suit her taste, for there lay "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest;" "The Wide Wide World;" "The Daisy Chain," in two fat blue volumes; and Mrs. Whitney's charming tale of "We Girls." She peeped at one title after another with a little jump of satisfaction. How long, how very long it was since she had had a new story-book to read. A whole feast of enjoyment seemed shut up inside those fascinating covers. But she would not nibble the feast now; and closing "The Daisy Chain," began to unpack her hand-bag.

She opened the top bureau-drawer, and said "Oh!" quite aloud, for there appeared a row of neat little linen collars and cuffs, some pretty black neck-ties, a nubé of fleecy white wool, and a couple of dainty paper boxes with the jeweler's mark on their lids. Could they be meant for her? She ventured to peep. One box held a pair of jet sleeve-buttons; the other, a locket of shining jet, with a ribbon drawn through its ring, all ready for wear. She was still wondering over these discoveries, when a little tap sounded on the door, followed immediately by the appearance of Mrs. Joyce.

"I just came to see if you had all you wanted," she said. "Oh, you have found those little duds. I knew, from what Father wrote, that you could n't get anything in the place where you were, so I chose those few little things, and to-morrow we 'll see what more you want." Then, cutting short Eyebright's thanks, she opened the closet door and called out: "Let me have your jacket to hang up, my dear. There 's some shelves at this end for your hats. And now I 'll help you unpack. You 'll never begin to feel at home till you 're all unpacked and put away. Nobody does."

It was a real satisfaction to Mrs. Joyce to notice how few clothes Eyebright possessed, and how shabby they were. All the time that she folded and arranged, she was saying to herself, gleefully: "She wants this, she needs that; she must have all sorts of things at once. To-morrow, I 'll buy her a nice Henrietta cloth, and a cashmere for every day, and a pretty wrap of some kind, and a hat."

She betrayed the direction of her thoughts by turning suddenly with the question:

"What sized gloves do you wear, my dear?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I have n't had any gloves for two years, except a pair of worsted mittens last winter."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Joyce, but I think she was rather pleased than otherwise. The truth was, all her life long she had been "spoiling" for a daughter to pet and make much of, and now, at last, her chance had come. "Boys are all very well," she told Mr. Joyce that night. "But once they get into roundabouts, there is absolutely nothing more which their mothers can do for them in the way of clothes. Girls are different. I always knew that I should like a girl to look after, and this seems a dear child, Benjamin. I am sure I shall be fond of her."

The tea-bell rang in the midst of the unpacking; but, as Mrs. Joyce observed, they had the rest of the week before them, and it did n't matter a bit; so she hurried Eyebright down-stairs, and into a cheerful dining-room. Cheerfulness seemed the main characteristic of the Joyce establishment. It was not at all an elegant house,—not even, I am sorry to say, a tasteful one. Nothing could possibly be uglier or more commonplace than the furniture, the curtains, or the flaps of green rep above the curtains, known to village circles as "lamberkins," and the pride of Mrs. Joyce's heart. The carpets and wall-paper had no affinity with each other, and both would have horrified an artist in home decoration. But everywhere, all through the house, were neatness, solid comfort, and that spirit of family affection which make any house pleasant, no matter how pretty or how ugly it may

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be; and this atmosphere of loving-kindness was as reviving to Eyebright's drooping spirits as real sunshine is to a real plant, drenched and beaten down by heavy storms. She felt its warmth through and through, and it did her good.

Mr. Joyce had just asked a blessing, and was proceeding to cut the smoking beefsteak before him, when the door opened and a tall boy with curly hair and a bright manly face, hurried in.

"Why, father, I did n't know you were here, or I should have been in long ago. How are you, sir?" ending the sentence, to Eyebright's amazement and amusement both, with a hug and a hearty kiss, which his father as heartily returned.

"Yes; I 'm at home again, and very glad and thankful to be here," said Mr. Joyce. "Here 's the new sister, Charley; you did n't see her, did you? Eyebright, this is my son Charley."

"My son Charley," like most boys of sixteen, was shy with girls whom he was not acquainted with. He shook hands cordially, but he said little; only he watched Eyebright when she was not observing, and his eyes were very friendly. He liked her face, and thought her pretty, which was certainly very good of him, for she was looking her worst—tired and pale, with none of her usual sparkle, and dressed in the water-proof suit which was not at all becoming.

So here, in this secure and kindly haven, I think we may leave our storm-tossed little girl, with the safe assurance that she will be tenderly and wisely cared for. I know that a few among you will want to hear more. No story was ever written so long or so conclusive, that some child-reader did not pop up at the end with, "Oh, but just tell us this one thing." I cannot satisfy such; still, for their benefit I will just hint at a remark made by Mrs. Joyce some months later. She and Mr. Joyce were sitting on the porch, and Eyebright, who had grown as dear as a daughter to the old lady's heart, was playing croquet with Charley.

"It really does seem the luckiest thing that ever was, your being shipwrecked on that island," she said. "I was frightened almost to death when I heard about it, but if you had n't we never should have got hold of that child as we did, and what a pity that *would* be! She certainly is the nicest girl I ever saw—so sweet-tempered and loving and helpful, I don't believe any of us could get along without her now. How fond she and Charley seem of each other! I can't help thinking they 'll make a match of it when they grow up. It would be an excellent idea, don't you agree with me, Benjamin? Charley could never find anybody whom he would like better, and then we should keep Eyebright with us always."

Mr. Joyce roared with laughter.

"She 's only fifteen, and Charley wont be seventeen till next Saturday," he said. "Don't you think you 'd better put off your castles in the air till they are both a little older, Mother?"

Such castles are absurd; still it is by no means impossible that this may come to pass, and if it should happen to do so, I fancy Mr. Joyce will be as much pleased as "Mother," every whit.

THE END.

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THE STREAMLET.

By Moncure D. Conway.

A Streamlet started forth from a spring in the side of a mountain, and, after an infancy of gay leaps in bright cascades, spread out into a more quiet and steady movement. It began then to dream and meditate on the object for which it existed. While in this grave mood a Will-o'-wisp darted out and danced over its waters.

"Ah," cried the Streamlet, "this is a heavenly light sent to tell me what I wish to know, and to guide my course."

But the Will-o'-wisp soon flitted away and vanished, leaving the Streamlet more perplexed than before. Its first creed was gone. Then a rosy cloud floated in the sky and mirrored itself in the bosom of the Stream.

"This," it cried, "is a token of Paradise!"

But a wind ruffled the water, and the tinted cloud was mirrored no more; and when the Streamlet became still again the rosy cloud had passed from the sky. Then a water-lily expanded on its waves.

"Behold!" said the Streamlet; "to nourish this beauty is the end and aim of my life."

But the lily presently folded up and perished. The Streamlet moved on. Presently it came to a spot where men had thrown hard stones in its way, obstructed its course, turned it aside through a narrow channel and forced it to rush in a confused perilous way over a wheel.

"Alas!" cried the Streamlet; "is it then for this agony I was born?"

But after some wild splashes the Streamlet found itself at peace again and went on widening. And now a glorious moon came out and showered gold all over it.

"How wealthy I am!" cried the Streamlet.

The moon waned. But the stars came out, and the ripples caught them as bright marvels; they hinted deeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars set.

At length a Poet reclined on its bank and sang to it:

"Sweet Streamlet! What a bright life must have been yours! What flowers must have fringed your gliding way, what rosy clouds you have reflected, what lilies you have nourished, what stars have risen to tell you their secrets ere they have set! You have done brave work, too. You have watered the meadow and made it wave with grain; you have conspired with the sun to ripen the harvest, and when matured you have helped to turn it into bread. Not for any one of

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these joys and uses were you made, but for all! So may the stream of my life run on, with varied happiness and helpfulness, not anxious about the unknown Sea to which thou and I, fair stream, are tending."

As the Streamlet listened, all the beauties it had known shone out again, and they all clustered—dancing light, rosy cloud, golden moon and serene stars—around the great sorrow it had encountered, the obstruction which had ground grain for man; for that, transfigured in the Poet's song, seemed the happiest experience of all.

THE GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

By Janet Hay.

A great tree fell in the forest,
  With a crashing, thunderous sound;
Slowly and terribly stretching
  His ponderous length on the ground,
And lay at the feet of his brothers,
  Mangled and dead,
Just as a mighty giant
  Would pillow his head.

And his brothers looked down upon him—
  Swaying their heads for grief—
And joined their voices in wailing,
  But none of them deigned relief;
None of them cared to reach
  Their myriad helping arms,
But stood upright in the forest,
  And braced anew for the storms.

Taller and colder they grew,
  Till an autumn funeral day,
Then some of them strewed their leaves
  On the great, dead tree as he lay.
But the leaves grew browner and browner,
  And shriveled, and thin, and old;
Then a winter wind blew them away
  With one blast of its breath bitter cold.

So he lay untombed and forgotten,
  With his shattered boughs forming a bier;
With never a requiem chanted,
  With never a flower or a tear.
But a troop of forest children,—
  Green mosses and lichens gray,—
The woodland's own little darlings,
  Found out where the dead tree lay.

And with never a thought of its greatness,
  Through sunshine, through rain, through sleet,
They have woven the loveliest mantle,
  And covered him head and feet:
A mantle of costliest texture,
  Of varied and rare design,
These loving and tender mosses,
  These lichens drawn up in a line.

I have been all through the woodland,
  And, just as I saw it to-day,—
The peacefulest place in the forest
  Was where the dead giant lay.

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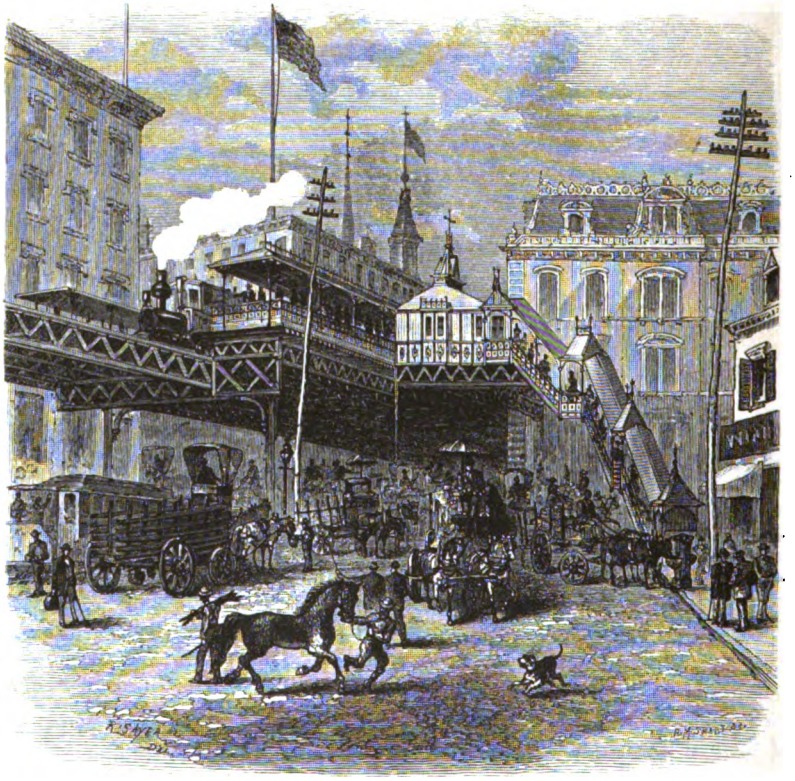
THE RAILROAD IN THE AIR.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

MASTER GEORGE TIMSON lived with his father and mother and his brother Walter in the country until George was ten years old. The family then moved to New York City, and took rooms on the east side of the town, not far from the Bowery. How very different from the open and beautiful country! Tall brick houses on both sides of the street,—stores on the first floor and tenements above. Three rooms for four of them,—a little kitchen, a sitting-room and a small bedroom. The kitchen had one window, the sitting-room two, and the bedroom none at all. No yard, no place to play, no sunshine in the windows all the year round. George's father and mother took the bedroom with brother, and George slept on the sofa in the sitting-room. But the greatest trouble of all was the want of a play-ground. How could a couple of such lively fellows exist without a place to play? Life is a hollow mockery without a playing-place, and both George and his brother found their new home a sad change from the country. There were fields and meadows, the shore by the pond, the woods, the brook and the huckleberry pasture. Here, nothing; not even a stone-wall to jump over, not a single wild raspberry-vine or rose-bush, not even a place to play "tag" or to toss a ball. They said there was a place to play up at the Central Park, but that was four miles off, and, as far as George and Walter were concerned, it might as well be a hundred miles away. Mr. Timson said they were too poor to live up-town, near the park, as he was obliged to be at his work early in the morning, and to ride up and down in the horse-cars every day would take more time than he could possibly spare.



ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION AT CHAMBERS STREET.

One day, for the want of a better place to go, the boys wandered off toward the wide street called the "Bowery." It was not much fun to walk in

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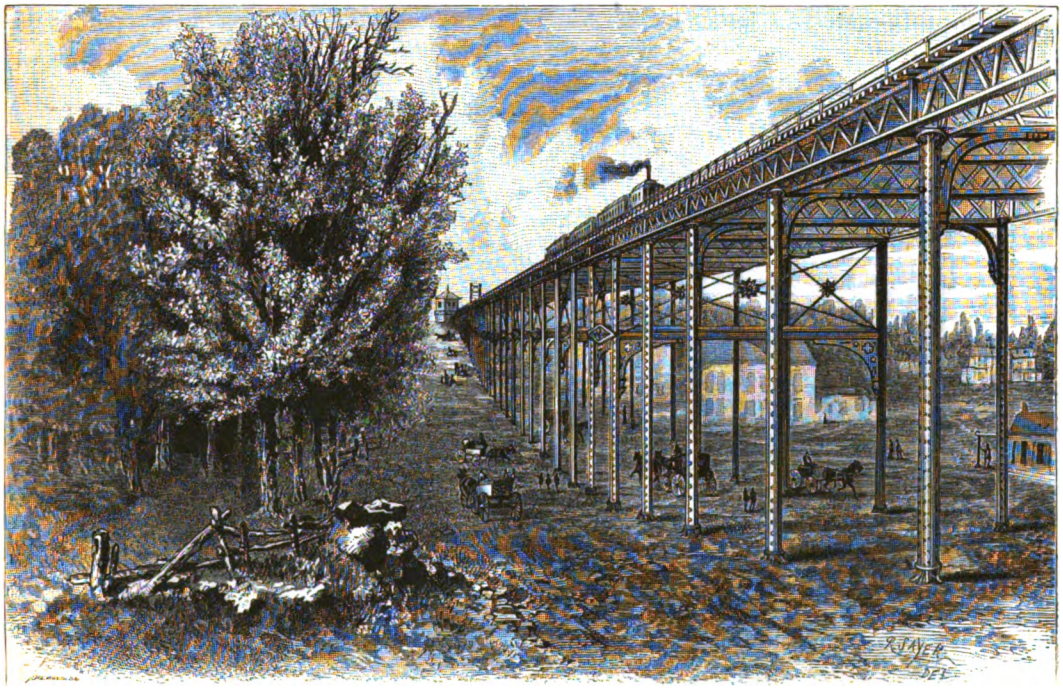
such a crowd. As for running, or having a good jump, it was out of the question.

"It is n't any fun," said they. "There 's just too many folks here."

The Bowery is a wide and busy street. The sidewalks are all day crowded with people; there are stores on both sides, and there are four horse-car tracks in the street center, a busy, dusty, noisy place. On coming to the corner, the boys saw a number of men digging great holes in the sidewalk. They asked a man if they were putting down gas-pipes, and he said, "No, it 's the elevated railroad." There were great piles of dirt, and heaps of bricks and sand in the street. It seemed strange that they could make a railroad with such things. Just then there came along a most singular wagon. It had two pairs of wheels, a small pair in front, and a very large pair, as tall as the roof of a horse-car, behind. There were four horses, and between the wheels were two very long timbers that made the body of the wagon. Under this timber-body was hung by chains a great piece of iron-work painted bright red. This remarkable wagon was drawn up to the sidewalk and stopped, as if to unload, and a crowd of people gathered round to see the performance. George and Walter mounted a pile of bricks and had a fine chance to see. There was a man to drive the team, and he walked along the timbers and unfastened a chain that was wound round a heavy stick of wood. At once the stick began to rise till it stood upright, and the great mass of iron dropped lightly on the pavement. The men took off the chains and threw them over the top of the wagon, and the driver led his horses away, leaving the iron in the street. Our boys wondered how such a very long wagon could turn round. Ah! how very odd! The driver led his horses round till they marched right under the wagon between the two pairs of wheels!



PORTION OF THE ROAD BEYOND CENTRAL PARK, ON POSTS FIFTY-SEVEN FEET HIGH.

Full of these wonders, they went home and George told his mother they were "building an 'elevated railroad' under the sidewalk in the Bowery."

Walter suggested that if there was a good railroad, one that would go real fast, so that father could move up-town, perhaps they would live in some place where they could play.

"I 'm quite out of practice with my ball, and as to playing any kind of a game, it 's no use to try it, that is if you have to run about; and who wants to play sittin'-down games all the time? So I do hope the railroad will be built. It would be such a comfort to have a place where you can stretch your legs without upsetting something."

"And to have a place where a fellow can run and holler without that old man next door coming out and saying all boys should be put in barrels."

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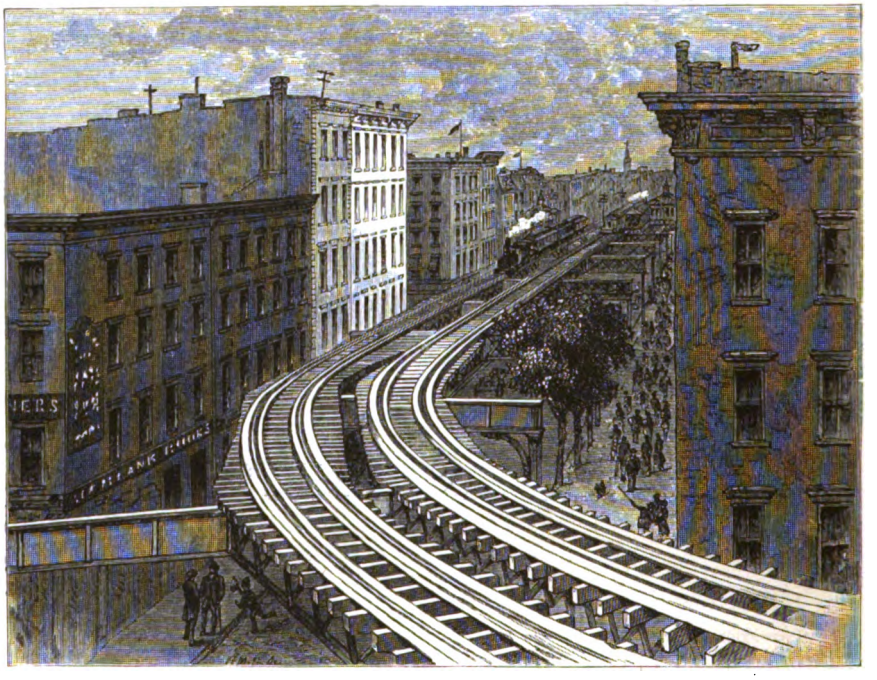
"I never could understand why cities are made without play-grounds," added Walter. "It 's a great oversight, I 'm sure. I 'd see to the play-ground first, and then build the houses."

From that day, George and Walter watched carefully the progress of the work in the Bowery. They wanted to see exactly how everything was done. First, the men dug great holes in the sidewalks. Into these holes they lowered large flat stones having four holes drilled through them. Through these holes were placed iron rods having pieces of cast-iron at the ends to keep them from pulling out. Upon these stones and around the rods the masons built up brick towers or piers reaching nearly to the level of the sidewalk. Upon the brick pier they laid a heavy cast-iron socket or cap, the ends of the iron rods passing through holes in the cap. Big nuts were screwed on the ends of the rods, thus fastening the cap to the stones under the brick-work. The boys studied all this with the greatest interest, and, being bright fellows, they soon guessed what it all meant. The work was to be some kind of bridge, and these piers were the foundations.

One day, noticing a crowd of people on the Bowery, they marched down there to see what was going on. Pushing through the crowd, they found a curious hoisting-machine, or derrick, drawn by horses. The machine was standing near one of the iron sockets sunk in the sidewalk, and some men were fastening the ropes to one of the great pieces of iron lying in the street. Then they turned the windlass, and the piece of iron was soon swinging in the air over the walk. It dropped gently down, and a man guided it into the socket, and then it stood upright,—a big iron post on the edge of the walk. The horses dragged the derrick away, and presently another post was standing in place a short distance up the street. Greatly interested in these things, George and Walter spent much of their time out of school watching the work as it went on.



THE CURVE AT MURRAY STREET AND COLLEGE PLACE.

The next day, more wonderful things happened. On going out to the Bowery, the boys found a little wooden house, which, having a chimney and steam-pipe on the roof, was standing on two long beams that stretched from the tops of two of the iron columns. How it could have got up there they could not guess. There was a derrick at the front of the house and many ropes and chains, and in the street were scattered about great numbers of iron beams of most curious shape. These they readily saw were to make the beams of the iron railway-bridge that was to stretch along the street just over the sidewalk. Some men were fastening chains to one of the iron beams. In a moment, all was ready, the foreman gave a whistle, the engine in the house puffed noisily, the chains tightened,

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and the great beam slowly rose in the air. Two men climbed up the posts, and when the beam came up to them they caught it and pulled it into place, and it rested from post to post. A man ran out on the beam, took off the chains and threw them down to the men below. They fastened the chains to another beam, and to the ropes of the derrick, and in a few moments it was resting beside the other on the posts. The derrick, house, engine and all rolled on wheels out on the beams to the next post, ready to pick up the next pair of beams. All this, the two boys watched with lively curiosity, as it was indeed quite a wonderful performance.

It seemed as if the railroad changed every day. First came the carpenters placing the sleepers (the cross-pieces of wood on which the rails are laid) on top of the bridge, then came the track-layers, and lastly the painters. At one place they were putting up a long platform, with wooden stairs leading up to it from the sidewalk, and the boys guessed this must be a station.

Then, for some time, nothing in particular happened, and the boys began to think the railroad would never be opened.

One day their father came home from work looking quite pleased. He said the road would be opened the next day, and that this was their last night in these narrow and crowded quarters. The morning came, and with it arrived a furniture wagon. All the things were put in it. Walter and his father and the driver mounted the high seat, and they drove away. As for George and his mother, they walked out toward the Bowery.

Presently they came to the street where the station was being built. It was not finished, but the stairs were opened, and there was a great crowd of people going up and down. Suddenly, as they were walking, a railroad train rushed right over their heads with a loud roar.

"Hurray!" said George. "She 's running at last."

They went up the stairs, and on the platform they found a man in a little box. George's mother paid him the money for two tickets, and they went out on the platform next the railroad. Here were the tracks stretched over the iron beams from post to post directly over the sidewalk. On the opposite side of the street was another row of posts with the tracks on top, and a platform for the passengers.

Suddenly, with a loud roar of escaping steam, a pretty little engine slid up to the station and stopped. There were three long cars packed full of people, and the moment they stopped there was a grand rush to get on board, but the train started off before they could get on, and, to George's dismay, they were left behind. His

SIXTH AVENUE, UNDER THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

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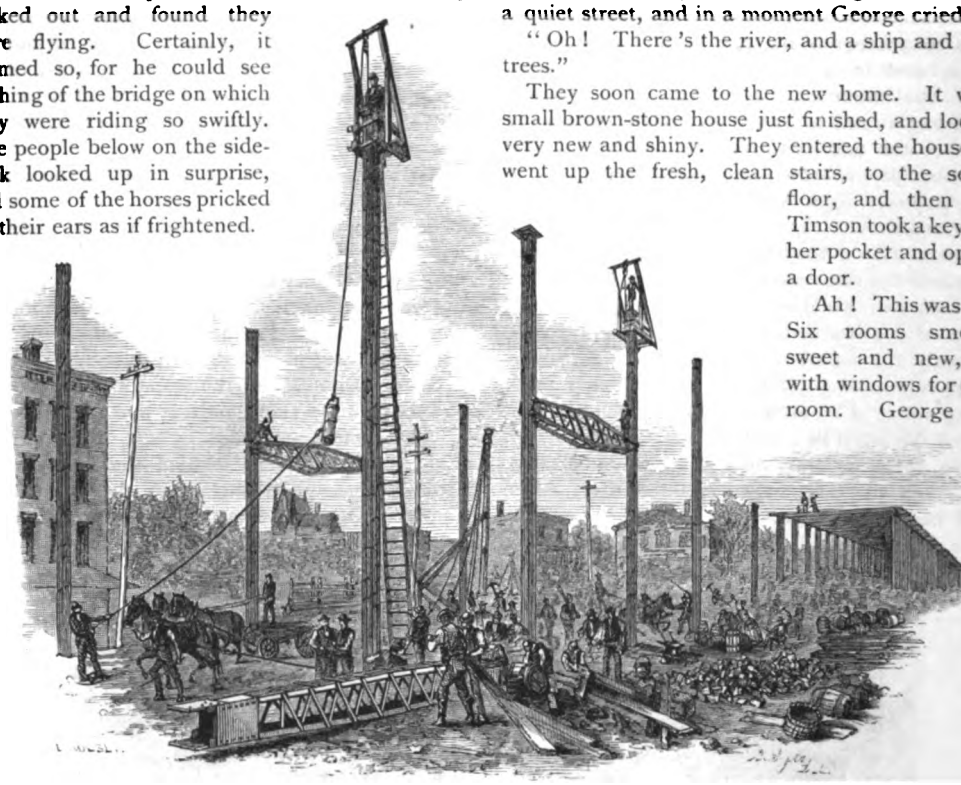
disappointment did not last long, for in a few minutes another train arrived, and they got on board.

"Oh!" said George, as they entered the neat and handsome car. "This is fine enough!"

His mother opened a window, and George looked out and found they were flying. Certainly, it seemed so, for he could see nothing of the bridge on which they were riding so swiftly. The people below on the sidewalk looked up in surprise, and some of the horses pricked up their ears as if frightened.



FILLING THE HIGH POSTS WITH CEMENT (SEE PAGE 806.)

"They 'll get used to it when they find it don't hurt 'em," said George.

Soon they were in the middle of the street, right over the horse-cars. There 's one going the same way. How quickly it was left behind! With a loud roar another train rushed past going the other way. Then the train stopped suddenly at a station, and crowds of people got in and out. It was only a bare platform as yet, but the carpenters were already at work making a house as if they intended to have quite a fine dépôt.

On they flew, right over the horses and wagons below. The train flew over the cross-streets in a flash, and in a moment they were pulling up at the next station. George had eyes for everything. They were in the last car, and he went to the rear door and looked out. The avenue looked like a two-story street, with street-cars, wagons and sidewalks, and stores below, and a railroad above.

"Come, George! here we are!"

He took his mother's hand, and they stepped out on the platform of a station, a long distance up town. They went down the stairs, but before they reached the street their train had rushed away over their heads. They turned to the right and entered a quiet street, and in a moment George cried out:

"Oh! There 's the river, and a ship and some trees."

They soon came to the new home. It was a small brown-stone house just finished, and looking very new and shiny. They entered the house and went up the fresh, clean stairs, to the second floor, and then Mrs. Timson took a key from her pocket and opened a door.

Ah! This was fine! Six rooms smelling sweet and new, and with windows for every room. George went about through the rooms, and said, "This shall be the dining-room, and this shall be the parlor. Oh! and this shall be Walter's room." The window was open and George looked out. There was the river close to the house. How it sparkled in the sun! There were some ships, with trees on the opposite shore, and beyond in the distance a grassy hill.

"It is n't so dreadful crowded up here," said George. "Oh! there 's a schooner coming up the river before the breeze! And there 's a steamboat. And we could n't have lived up here if it had n't been for that elevated railroad!"

Suddenly the door opened, and Walter burst into the room, skipping and hopping as if he were going wild.

"Oh! George, George! This is too much. There 's a field just out here and a lumber-yard and I 've seen the gate to the Park."

"And here 's the river, and a base-ball ground,

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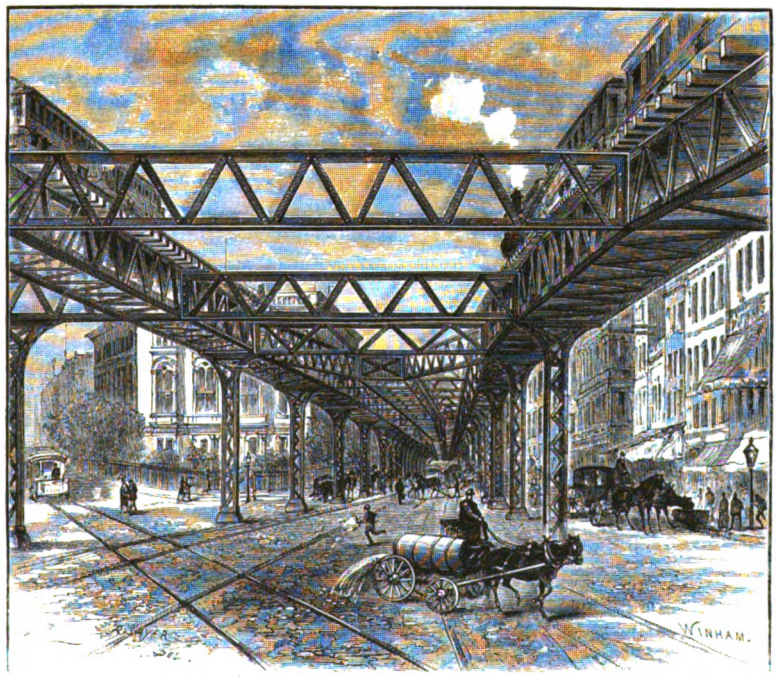
and some rocks, and just the most splendid place to play ever seen," exclaimed George.

"Play! I guess so," cried the lively and excited Walter. "Why, it 's exactly like the country,—only it 's altogether different, but just as nice. There 's room enough to run and holler, and do anything we please. I tell you, George, there 's no use of our being sorry we had to come away from the country. It 's just as good here; every bit of it, and I 'm ever so glad the railroad is built, because this part of the city looks as if it was made by folks who had boys and girls."

The city of New York is long and narrow. There is a deep river on either side, where ships come from all parts of the world close up to the edge of the town. Now, where the ships are the merchants want to be, and where the merchants are a great many other people of business want to be; and so it happens that a very great number of people want to do business in a very small space. The land is thickly covered with stores and offices and manufactories. When the city was small this was all right, and folks lived near their stores and counting-rooms quite comfortably. But more and more people came to live in New York and the place became very crowded. The rivers kept them in on each side, and to get room they made new streets farther and farther to the north, up the island. Then people said they must have cars to take them up and down town from their homes to the stores. They laid tracks on the streets and used horses to move the cars. This was all very good for a few years; but, more and more people came there to live. They found the horse-cars too slow and they began to build tall tenement-houses and to put dozens of poor families under one roof. This was too crowded for health and, just as George and his brother pined for room and air and sunshine, so many other children found it hard work to grow up among so many people. Then the people said: "This will not do, we must have railroads with good engines to take us far up town toward the country."

Of course these railroads could not be laid in the streets, for locomotives cannot run fast through crowds of wagons and people. And so they at first thought they might make underground railroads like those in London, or they might tear down a long row of houses and make a lane through the town where the tracks could be laid. Either plan would cost a great deal of money; so, after many trials and a great deal of talking, they decided to build high iron platforms through the broad streets and on top to place the tracks for a railroad. It was this work that our two boys watched with so much interest.



VIEW OF THE ROAD AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

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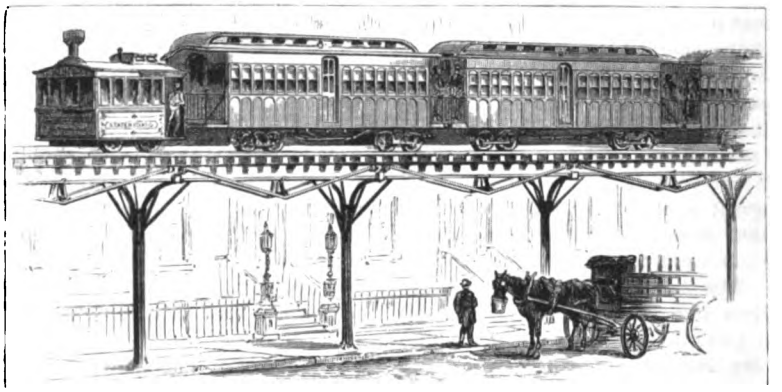
Had they been able to go about on the upper part of the island on the west side of the city, beyond Central Park, they would have seen even more remarkable performances in the way of bridge building. A locomotive is a curious animal. He likes a good level road with no bad hills to climb. If you try to make him climb a steep hill he may stop short and refuse to stir a wheel. The land to the west of Central Park is exceedingly hilly, and the railroad must be made to please these iron horses. So it happens that where the ground is low the iron supports of the railroad are very high, as may be seen by the picture on page 801. Some of the posts that support the railroad are fifty-seven feet high, and as they are all hollow until filled with cement, some very curious work could be seen here while the building was going on. The picture on page 804 shows a man filling a post with cement by pouring it in at the top.



THE FIRST ELEVATED ROAD, WITH ITS LINE OF SINGLE POSTS.

The platform on which he stands is in two parts and bites the post on both sides, pinching it tightly by means of screws.

This matter of running a steam railroad through a city, in such a way as not to interfere with the traffic, was a difficult and puzzling business. In London, as I have said, the city railroads are placed in tunnels under the streets and houses. In Paris, there is a railroad in an open "cutting" or deep ravine, with bridges over it at all the streets that cross it. In many English cities the railroads run over brick arches at the level of the house-tops. All of these methods answer a good purpose, but they are very costly. In New York an entirely different plan has been tried by these elevated railroads laid on iron bridges through the streets.

These roads work admirably. There is a great traffic in the streets where they are built. There are horse-cars and crowds of trucks and wagons going up and down all the time. The horse-railroads are decidedly in the way of all other vehicles, and the cars often cause blockades that delay the business people very much. Before the elevated railroad was built, the horse-railroad was a serious cause of trouble in streets already crowded with carts and wagons. But now if we stand on the sidewalk, and can look in both directions under the iron bridges, we see that the various vehicles and horse-cars pass along precisely as if there were no railroad there. While we are examining these things, two trains pass, one on each side of the street,—in fact, one of them runs directly over our heads. We might tell our friends when we reach home that we were run over by a railroad train and that it did n't hurt a bit.

We walk on down-town and come to a narrower street, and here the railroad tracks come close together, and though the street is shaded by the iron bridge overhead, it is clear and unobstructed. Here 's a station with steps going up to the house overhead, and we hear a train stop overhead and hear the conductor call out the name of the street and open and close the gates for the passengers. There is no loud ringing of bells or blowing of whistles, not even a puff from the smoke-stack, or a rush of steam from the vacuum-brake. The bridge resounds somewhat, as you can easily imagine, when such a great mass of iron is shaken by the rapid motion of the heavy locomotives and trains; but the noise is not of much consequence. It is far less than the roar and rattle of the teams in the street below. Certainly the horses do not seem to mind it. There is one, gravely eating his oats with evident satisfaction and peace of mind, though a rail-train rushes over his head every two minutes.

There are different kinds of platforms or bridges for these roads. One in Sixth avenue has square

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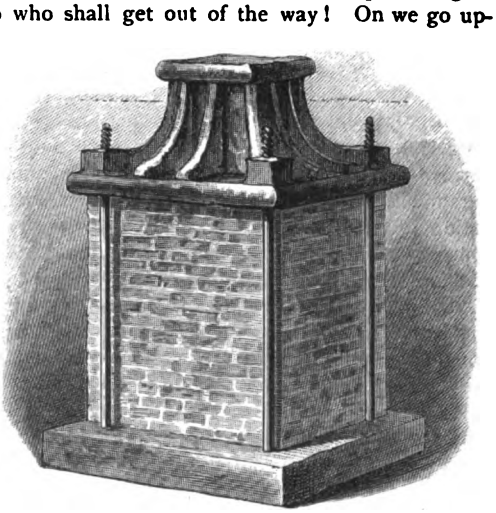
posts set up in the middle of the street, on either side of the horse-car tracks, and on these a double track of railroad is built, directly over the horse-cars. By crossing to the east side of the city to the Third avenue we shall find another kind of road. The iron posts carry lattice girders on top, and on these the tracks are laid, one track over each line of posts. Here, they say, the load is over the line of support. That is, the trains pass directly over the posts that support the road, while on Sixth avenue they pass over beams that cross from one line of posts to the other. Each method has its advantages, though one is much cheaper than the other The single line of posts looks as if it might tip over or be unsteady, but the trains move swiftly and steadily over the single line of posts with entire safety.

In all this you observe that New York has regular steam railroads laid through thickly built-up streets, and yet in no wise interfering with the traffic on the streets. Oyer these roads nearly 200,000 people ride in safety and comfort every day.

Now let us try the road and see what it is like from above. We will take the cars down-town and go up to the Park and perhaps beyond. At the down-town station near Trinity Church where the trains start from, we pay for our tickets, and pass out upon the platform. Well, really, this is a railroad in the air in earnest. There are engines standing about, some with steam up ready to start, others running under a pipe to get water. There is a bridge over the water-pipe, and on top are men with wheel-barrows, wheeling coal. One opens a trap in the bridge, shoots his barrow-load of coal down the trap, and it falls through a funnel in the top of the cab of the engine. At once the engine moves out of the way to make room for the next. Quick work is essential on a railroad that runs 800 trains in twenty-four hours. Opposite is a switch-house and in it we can see the man who controls all the switches here. See, he has moved a lever, and, up the track, we see the signal-arm move. There is a train coming. The signal says "all clear," and the train comes down, crossing over from one side of the bridge to the other, running up to the side of the platform. Men stand ready to cast off couplings, unfasten the air-pipes for the brakes and loosen the bell-rope. The engine moves away to the coaling place, and at the same time another engine backs down and is coupled on; the down passengers have all stepped out, and the up passengers take their places and the train is off in less than two minutes. At once an engine rolls up past the platform and takes its place ready for the next train. The arms on the signal-posts move up and down and another train comes down to the platform. If the business is very active, one train follows another in about a minute and a half. We 'll take a train and go up-town. The car is wide, handsome, neatly carpeted and with broad and comfortable seats. The buildings slip past on either side and we can look into the second-story windows and see the people inside. It 's a mere glance for an instant and then it is passed. The people inside do not appear to mind it much. Well, when a railroad train shoots by your windows every ninety seconds you can't afford to look out at every one of them.

The train pulls up at a station and more people get in, and in less than a minute we are off again. Now we come out on a wide street and we can look through the windows to the street below. There is a blockade there. A truck has broken down on the horse-car track and the cars are stopped in a long line. How lucky that we can fly right over the whole affair, crowd and all, and leave them far behind, while the drivers below are quarreling as to who shall get out of the way! On we go up-



BASE OF COLUMN UNDER GROUND. (SEE PAGE 802.)

town; stopping at station after station, making two more curves and then coming to Sixth avenue. Now we spin along in fine style, and as the road is in the middle of the street we have a good chance to see the shops and sidewalks below. We go in this way for nearly three miles, pass a branch road leading off to the left, and then stop at Fifty-eighth street. Here we are at the Park in twenty minutes from Trinity Church, and making twelve stops on the way.

This road is the shortest of the elevated railroads in New York; but having seen this we have seen the best. We might go on up to Eighty-third street on the west side and pass miles of streets without a single house. Plenty of room here for

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all the crowded families from down-town. On the east side we can ride to Harlem and see that pleasant part of the town, where George and Walter went to live after the new railroad was opened.

It is in this way the people of New York hope to live in comfort in their crowded city. The stores are to be at one end of the town, the homes at another, and the elevated railroads are to join the two.

ON A MAN'S BACK.

By Horace Baker.

You will find on the north-west corner of the map of South America, a section of the country called United States of Colombia, the principal river of which is the Magdalena, and up whose waters you may trace your way to a point where the line of Latitude Six crosses it. Near here its yellow and warm waters are joined by those of the river Nare, the current of which is swift and cool, coming fresh from the mountains of Antiogina. About five leagues from its mouth, at a little landing-place called Remolino (meaning in the Spanish language, whirlpool, or commotion), the river is rapid and turbulent as it swirls round the narrow gorge, giving the appearance of actually bursting from the mountains. Now, go in imagination to this point, and accompany me with my companions, for we are all going to ride on men's backs, because from this place very few mules are used, and nearly everything is carried on men's backs. Even women are engaged in this occupation of transporting travelers and merchandise to the interior. A mule must have two boxes or bales of equal weight, that one may balance the other; but when there is some single article of great weight to be carried, a man takes it. These men are very strong and walk off with two hundred pounds, or even more. They are called "Peones" and "Sillateros," meaning chair-bearers. The way is wild and steep, and they go where a mule cannot, thus taking shorter routes, and he who is not accustomed to ride on mules is safer from danger in a chair. Two of our company were ladies, and one of them held a baby. They came from England that they might be with their husbands, who were engaged in gold mining away over and beyond these mountains. When the natives came to Remolino for us, there was a long consultation held by them as to which should carry a certain one of our party—a man who weighed about two hundred pounds. It fell to the lot of the smallest Peon, and how ridiculous it looked to see the large man on the back of this little Indian! Finally, we were all seated, each in his or her chair, and instructed to lean back and remain very still. The men commenced climbing up the mountain-side, sometimes on all fours, and occasionally, with their pointed staffs pricking little holes in order to give themselves a surer footing. Now and then we would come to a place comparatively level; then they would shuffle along on a gentle trot, scarcely raising their feet from the ground. They frequently turned round and went backward when descending. Then the rider should remain exceeding quiet, for the least move would overbalance the carrier, and a serious accident might occur. The sensation is very peculiar when in this position, for your face is turned outward toward space, and nothing is seen but sky, while you know there is a great yawning gulf beneath, into which it is dangerous and fearful to look.

Our second day was a trying one, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain having made the ground so slippery that our Peones had to proceed with great caution, and even then the one who carried our two-hundred-pounder fell, dumping him headlong. The ladies and myself laughed so heartily that we nearly came to grief ourselves; but our large friend grew very angry, and, in his excitement, made a furious charge on the Peon, threatening to run him through with his umbrella. He sputtered in English while the Peon sputtered in Spanish, and it was long before all things were settled into quiet. I did suspect that the mishap was not altogether accidental, for these men have been known to retaliate on disagreeable riders. We made little resting-spells about each half hour, and in every ravine there was sure to be a stream of cool water. Here, while partaking of a slight refreshment, we would seat ourselves on some rocks or a fallen tree, and enjoy the fairy-like place. I noticed that when the Peones wanted to drink they invariably put a piece of sugar in the mouth first. I asked them why.

"O Señor, it makes the water taste better, and you can drink as much as you like and not get sick."

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About four o'clock P. M., we would manage to arrive at some hut, to remain for the night. These dwellings are generally perched high up on the mountain-sides, and it is a custom for the Peones to go for water as a return for hospitalities received. It has to be brought from the valley or ravine below, which is sometimes a tedious journey. You would call curious the water-pails these men bring up the hill. Each has one over his shoulder and it looks like a log of wood; but it is a section of the Guadua (a kind of bamboo) about three feet in length. This being hollow, with tight partitions twelve or fifteen inches apart, makes a very convenient vessel. A hole, the size of a dollar, is punched through one end and another through the center partition,

"UNMAN'D"

and, when the bamboo is filled with water, the outer hole is covered by a leaf which keeps its place by atmospheric pressure, answering all the purposes of a plug. How amazed I was on seeing such scientific knowledge displayed by these people who could neither read nor write! I immediately asked "Who taught you that?"

"Oh, we always do so here," was the quick reply.

"Do you know why that leaf prevents the water from coming out?" said I, scanning my informant closely.

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"No, Señor; but we know it does."

The homes of the mountaineers are built of upright poles, supporting a thatched roof of palm-leaves. Everything is tied together with vines, for they know nothing of nails. The sides are interlaced with small twigs plastered roughly with mud, while the door consists of a frame of Guadua with a hide stretched across. The bed is made of a number of small poles, the ends of which rest on a rude support, and although you may laugh at sleeping on poles, I assure you it is very nice when a few blankets are spread over them, for they are quite flexible and springy. Chairs are a rarity; folk sit on the ground, or squat down on their heels. The cooking is done in a smaller house a few yards distant from the main one, where, on the hard and smooth earthen floor, are placed stones of different shapes, upon which rest the earthen pots, with the fire built between. Happy hour this, when, after the day's journey, all are grouped around the fire (which feels comfortable in the fresh mountain air),—happy both for the travelers and for these simple, hospitable people, who are so astonished at hearing you talk in your own language!

On the morning of our fourth day, we were told that the way would lead down, and that during the afternoon we should reach Guadapé, a little town where mules could be procured. This last day proved to be the most interesting of all, and it seemed to be a new and different country that we looked upon from our great height as we descended this side of the mountain range. Strange flowers and plants began to appear, and it was here that we first saw the fuchsia in its wild life festooning the banks in great profusion, tangled and dense like the grape-vines on our arbors at home in the North. I wish it were possible to describe the wild, luxuriant beauty of the scenery on every side of us as we descended! At about midday, from a curve in the mountains, we caught a glimpse of Guadapé on the plain far away below, where, in a few hours, we were objects of kind attention from the inhabitants.

THE LOBSTER'S VICTORY; OR, THE RACE THAT WAS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

By Abbe Reed.

The Cat and the King they ran a race;
The judges an Owl with solemn face,
And three blind Crabs of courtly grace.

The Cat and the King stood toe to toe;
The Donkey gave his trumpet a blow—
One, two, three, and away they go!

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Sure, it was a wonderful thing;
A wild shout made the welkin ring—
To think that a Cat should beat a King!

The Cat bowed low to the stately Queen,
The Goose and the Donkey of haughty mien,
And even the Lobster proud and green;

But then she rose with a pompous air,
And tossed her head and tail in the air,
And challenged the fleetest runner there.

The Lobster strode forth with native grace,
But the Cat disdained to run him a race,
And she flapped her tail in the Lobster's face.

The Lobster caught the tail in his claw,
The audience shouted a grave guffaw,
And the Cat struck out with a "Mew-i-aw."

Around the track the runners tore,
The Lobster behind, the Cat before,
She would reach the goal in one leap more.

But the Lobster he struck a bit of a mound,
And over the Cat's head went with a bound,
And a yard in advance he touched the ground.

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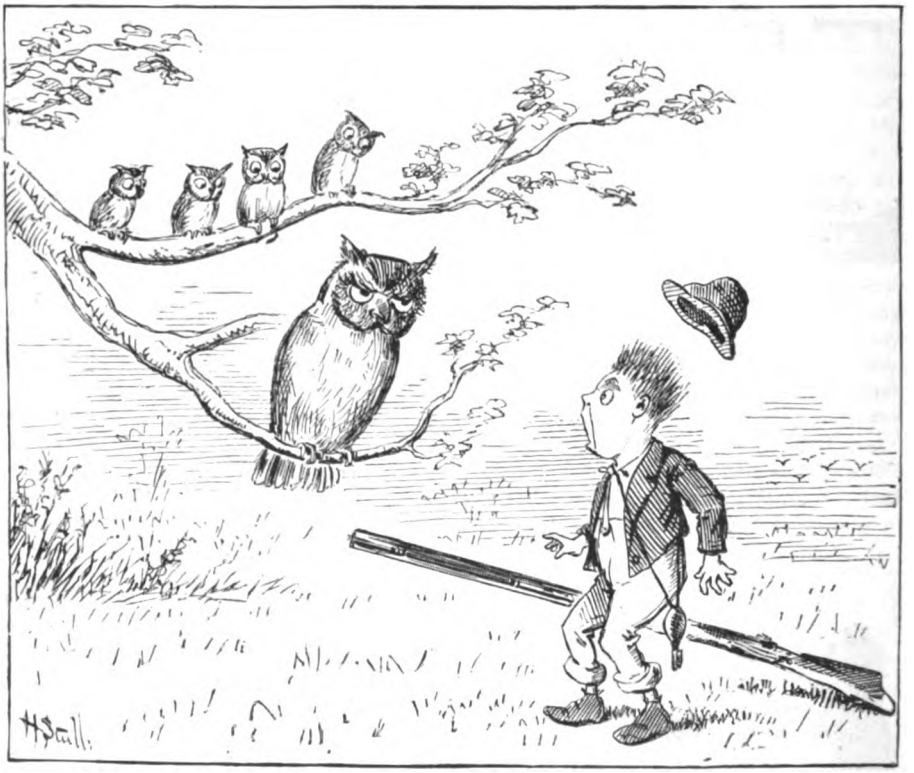

"NO, MA'AM,—I DID N'T COME TO SHOOT BIRDS."

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE CHIPPERTON'S DINNER.

THE next day was a busy one for father and mother and myself. All the morning we were out, laying in a small stock of baggage, to take the place of what I had lost on the "Tigris." But I was very sorry, especially on my sister Helen's account, that I had lost so many things in my trunk which I could not replace, without going back myself to Nassau. I could buy curiosities from those regions that were ever so much better than any that I had collected; but I could not buy shells that I myself had gathered, nor great seed-pods, like bean-pods two feet long, which I had picked from the trees, nor pieces of rock that I myself had brought up from a coral-reef.

But these were all gone, and I pacified Helen by assuring her that I would tell her such long stories about these things that she could almost see them in her mind's eye. But I think, by the way she smiled, that she had only a second-rate degree of belief in my power of description. She was a smart little thing, and she believed that Corny was the queen of girls.

While I am speaking of the "Tigris" and our losses, I will just say that the second boat which left the burning steamer was never heard from.

We reached our hotel about noon, pretty tired, for we had been rushing things, as it was necessary for father to go home early the next day. On the front steps we found Uncle Chipperton, who had been waiting for us. He particularly wanted to see me. He lunched with us, and then he took me

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off to the place where he was to have his dinner at six o'clock that evening. He wanted to consult with me about the arrangements of the table; where each person should sit, and all that sort of thing. I could n't see the use in this, because it was only a kind of family party, and we should all be sure to get seated, if there were chairs and places enough. But Uncle Chipperton wanted to plan and arrange everything until he was sure it was just right. That was his way.

After he had settled these important matters, and the head-waiter and the proprietor had become convinced that I was a person of much consequence, who had to be carefully consulted before anything could be done, we went down-stairs, and at the street-door Uncle Chipperton suddenly stopped me.

"See here," said he, "I want to tell you something. I 'm not coming to this dinner."

"Not—coming!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"No," said he. "I 've been thinking it over, and have fully made up my mind about it. You see, this is intended as a friendly re-union,—an occasion of good feeling and fellowship among people who are bound together in a very peculiar manner."

"Yes," I interrupted, "and that seems to me, sir, the very reason why you should be there."

"The very reason why I should not be there," he said. "You see, I could n't sit down with that most perverse and obstinate man, Colbert, and feel sure that something or other would not occur which would make an outbreak between us, or, at any rate, bad feeling. In fact, I know I could not take pleasure in seeing him enjoy food. This may be wrong, but I can't help it. It 's in me. And I wont be the means of casting a shadow over the happy company which will meet here to-night. No one but your folks need know I 'm not coming. The rest will not know why I am detained, and I shall drop in toward the close of the meal, just before you break up. I want you to ask your father to take the head of the table. He is just the man for such a place, and he ought to have it, too, for another reason. You ought to know that this dinner is really given to you in your honor. To be sure, Rectus is a good fellow—splendid—and does everything that he knows how; but my wife and I know that we owe all our present happiness to your exertions and good sense."

He went on in this way for some time, and although I tried to stop him I could n't do it.

"Therefore," he continued, "I want your father to preside, and all of you to be happy, without a suspicion of a cloud about you. At any rate, I shall be no cloud. Come around here early, and see that everything is all right. Now I must be off."

And away he went.

I did not like this state of affairs at all. I would have much preferred to have no dinner. It was not necessary, any way. If I had had the authority, I would have stopped the whole thing. But it was Uncle Chipperton's affair, he paid for it, and I had no right to interfere with it.

My father liked the matter even less than I did. He said it was a strange and unwarrantable performance on the part of Chipperton, and he did not understand it. And he certainly did not want to sit at the head of the table, in another man's place. I could not say anything to him to make him feel better about it. I made him feel worse, indeed, when I told him that Uncle Chipperton did not want his absence explained, or alluded to, any more than could be helped. My father hated to have to keep a secret of this kind.

In the afternoon, I went around to the hotel where the Chippertons always staid, when they were in New York, to see Corny and her mother. I found them rather blue. Uncle Chipperton had not been able to keep his plan from them, and they thought it was dreadful. I could not help letting them see that I did not like it, and so we did n't have as lively a time as we ought to have had.

I supposed that if I went to see Rectus, and told him about the matter, I should make him blue, too. But as I had no right to tell him, and also felt a pretty strong desire that some of the folks should come with good spirits and appetites, I kept away from him. He would have been sure to see that something was the matter.

I was the first person to appear in the dining-room of the restaurant where the dinner-table was spread for us. It was a prettily furnished parlor in the second story of the house, and the table was very tastefully arranged and decorated with flowers. I went early, by myself, so as to be sure that everything was exactly right before the guests arrived. All seemed perfectly correct; the name of each member of the party was on a card by a plate. Even little Helen had her plate and her card. It would be her first appearance at a regular dinner-party.

The guests were not punctual. At ten minutes past six, even my father, who was the most particular of men in such things, had not made his appearance. I waited five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes more, and became exceedingly nervous.

The head-waiter came in and asked if my friends understood the time that had been set. The dinner would be spoiled if it were kept much longer. I said that I was sure they knew all about the time set, and that there was nothing to be done but to

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wait. It was most unaccountable that they should all be late.

I stood before the fire-place and waited, and thought. I ran down to the door, and looked up and down the street. I called a waiter and told him to look into all the rooms in the house. They might have gone into the wrong place. But they were not to be seen anywhere.

Then I went back to the fire-place, and did some more thinking. There was no sense in supposing that they had made a mistake. They all knew this restaurant, and they all knew the time. In a moment, I said to myself:

"I know how it is. Father has made up his mind that he will not be mixed up in any affair of this kind, where a quarrel keeps the host of the party from occupying his proper place, especially as he—my father—is expected to occupy that place himself. So he and mother and Helen have just quietly staid in their rooms at the hotel. Mrs. Chipperton and Corny wont come without Uncle Chipperton. They might ride right to the door, of course, but they are ashamed, and don't want to have to make explanations; and it is ridiculous to suppose that they wont have to be made. As for Rectus and his people, they could not have heard anything, but,—I have it. Old Colbert got his back up, too, and would n't come, either for fear a quarrel would be picked, or because he could take no pleasure in seeing Uncle Chipperton enjoying food. And Rectus and his mother would n't come without him."

"'I 'M NOT GOING TO THE DINNER,' SAID MR. CHIPPERTON."

It turned out, when I heard from all the parties, that I had got the matter exactly right.

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"We shall have to make fresh preparations, sir, if we wait any longer," said the head-waiter, coming in with an air of great mental disturbance.

"Don't wait," said I. "Bring in the dinner. At least, enough for me. I don't believe any one else will be here."

The waiter looked bewildered, but he obeyed. I took my seat at the place where my card lay, at the middle of one side of the table, and spread my napkin in my lap. The head-waiter waited on me, himself, and one or two other waiters came in to stand around, and take away dishes, and try to find something to do.

It was a capital dinner, and I went carefully through all the courses. I was hungry. I had been saving up some extra appetite for this dinner, and my regular appetite was a very good one.

I had raw oysters,
And soup,
And fish, with delicious sauce,
And roast duck,
And croquettes, made of something extraordinarily nice,
And beef *à la mode*,
And all sorts of vegetables in their proper places,
And ready-made salad,
And orange pie,
And wine-jelly,
And ice-cream,
And bananas, oranges and white grapes,
And raisins, and almonds and nuts,
And a cup of coffee.

I let some of these things off pretty easy, toward the last; but I did not swerve from my line of duty. I went through all the courses, quietly and deliberately. It was a dinner in my honor, and I did all the honor I could to it.

I was leaning back in my chair, with a satisfied soul, and nibbling at some raisins, while I slowly drank my coffee, when the outer door opened, and Uncle Chipperton entered.

He looked at me, in astonishment. Then he looked at the table, with the clean plates and glasses at every place, but one. Then he took it all in, or at least I supposed he did, for he sat down on a chair near the door, and burst out into the wildest fit of laughing. The waiters came running into the room to see what was the matter; but for several minutes Uncle Chipperton could not speak. He laughed until I thought he 'd crack something. I laughed, too, but not so much.

"I see it all," he gasped, at last. "I see it all. I see just how it happened."

And when we compared our ideas of the matter, we found that they were just the same.

I wanted him to sit down and eat something, but he would not do it. He said he would n't spoil such a unique performance for anything. It was one of the most comical meals he had ever heard of.

I was glad he enjoyed it so much, for he paid for the whole dinner for ten which had been prepared at his order.

When we reached the street, Uncle Chipperton put on a graver look.

"This is all truly very funny," he said, "but, after all, there is something about it which makes me feel ashamed of myself. Would you object to take a ride? It is only about eight o'clock. I want to go up to see old Colbert."

I agreed to go, and we got into a street-car. The Colberts lived in one of the up-town streets, and Uncle Chipperton had been at their house, on business.

"I never went to see them in a friendly way, before," he said.

It was comforting to hear that this was to be a friendly visit.

When we reached the house we found the family of three in the parlor. They had probably had all the dinner they wanted, but they did not look exactly satisfied with the world or themselves.

"Look here, Colbert," said Uncle Chipperton, after shaking hands with Mrs. Colbert, "why did n't you go to my dinner?"

"Well," said Mr. Colbert, looking him straight in the face, "I thought I 'd better stay where I was. I did n't want to make any trouble, or pick any quarrels. I did n't intend to keep my wife and son away; but they would n't go without me."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Colbert.

"Oh, well!" said Uncle Chipperton, "you need n't feel bad about it. I did n't go, myself."

At this, they all opened their eyes, as wide as the law allowed.

"No," he continued, "I did n't want to make any disturbance, or ill-feeling, and so I did n't go, and my wife and daughter did n't want to go without me, and so they did n't go, and I expect Will's father and mother did n't care to be on hand at a time when bad feeling might be shown, and so they did n't go. There was no one there but Will. He ate all of the dinner that was eaten. He went straight through it, from one end to the other. And there was no ill-feeling, no discord, no cloud of any kind. All perfectly harmonious, was n't it, Will?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"I just wish I had known about it," said Rectus, a little sadly.

"And now, Mr. Colbert," said Uncle Chipperton, "I don't want this to happen again. There may be other re-unions of this kind, and we may

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want to go. And there ought to be such re-unions between families whose sons and daughter have been cast away together, on a life-raft, in the middle of the ocean."

"That 's so," said Mrs. Colbert, warmly.

"I thought they were *saved* on a life-raft," said old Colbert, dryly. "And I did n't know it was in the middle of the ocean."

"Well, fix that as you please," said Uncle Chipperton. "What I want to propose is this: Let us two settle our quarrel. Let 's split our difference. Will you agree to divide that four inches of ground, and call it square? I 'll pay for two inches."

"Do you mean you 'll pay half the damages I 've laid?" asked old Colbert.

"That 's what I mean," said Uncle Chipperton.

"All right," said Mr. Colbert; "I 'll agree." And they shook hands on it.

"Now, then," said Uncle Chipperton, who seemed unusually lively, "I must go see the Gordons, and explain matters to them. Wont you come along, Rectus?" And Rectus came.

On the way to our hotel, we stopped for Corny and her mother. We might as well have a party, Uncle Chipperton said.

We had a gay time at our rooms. My father and mother were greatly amused at the way the thing had turned out, and very much pleased that Mr. Colbert and Uncle Chipperton had become reconciled to each other.

"I thought he had a good heart," said my mother, softly, to me, looking over to Uncle Chipperton, who was telling my father, for the second time, just how I looked, as I sat alone at the long table.

Little Helen had not gone to bed yet, and she was sorry about the dinner in the same way that Rectus was. So was Corny, but she was too glad that the quarrel between her father and Mr. Colbert was over, to care much for the loss of the dinner. She was always very much disturbed at quarrels between friends or friends' fathers.

Chapter XXIV.

THE STORY ENDS.

THREE letters came to me the next morning. I was rather surprised at this, because I did not expect to get letters after I found myself at home; or, at least, with my family. The first of these was handed to me by Rectus. It was from his father. This is the letter:

"MY DEAR BOY:" (This opening seemed a little curious to me, for I did not suppose the old gentleman thought of me in that way.) "I shall not be able to see you again before you leave for Willisville, so I write this note just to tell you how entirely I am satisfied with the way in which you performed the very difficult business I intrusted to you—that of taking charge of my son in his recent travels. The trip was not a very long one, but I am sure it has been of great service to him; and I also believe that a great deal of the benefit he has received has been due to you." (I stopped here, and tried to think what I had done for the boy. Besides the thrashing I gave him in Nassau, I could not think of anything.) "I have been talking a great deal with Sammy, in the last day or two, about his doings while he was away, and although I cannot exactly fix my mind on any particular action, on your part, which proves what I say" (he was in the same predicament here in which I was myself), "yet I feel positively assured that your companionship and influence have been of the greatest service to him. Among other things, he really wants to go to college. I am delighted at this. It was with much sorrow that I gave up the idea of making him a scholar; but, though he was a good boy, I saw that it was useless to keep him at the academy at Willisville, and so made up my mind to take him into my office. But I know you put this college idea into his head, though how, I cannot say, and I am sure that it does not matter. Sammy tells me that you never understood that he was to be entirely in your charge; but since you brought him out so well without knowing this, it does you more credit. I am very grateful to you. If I find a chance to do you a real service, I will do it.

"Yours very truly,
"SAMUEL COLBERT, Sr."

The second letter was handed to me by Corny, and was from her mother. I shall not copy that here, for it is much worse than Mr. Colbert's. It praised me for doing a lot of things which I never did at all; but I excused Mrs. Chipperton for a good deal she said, for she had passed through so much anxiety and trouble, and was now going to settle down for good, with Corny at school, that I did n't wonder she felt happy enough to write a little wildly. But there was one queer resemblance between her letter and old Mr. Colbert's. She said two or three times—it was an awfully long letter—that there was not any particular thing that she alluded to when she spoke of my actions. That was the funny part of it. They could n't put their fingers on anything really worth mentioning, after all.

My third letter had come by mail, and was a little old. My mother gave it to me, and told me that it had come to the post-office at Willisville

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about a week before, and that she had brought it down to give it to me, but had totally forgotten it until that morning. It was from St. Augustine, and this is an exact copy of it:

"My good friend Big Little Man. I love you. My name Maiden's Heart. You much pious. You buy beans. Pay good. Me wants one speckled shirt. Crowded Owl want one speckled shirt, too. You send two speckled shirts. You good Big Little Man. You do that. Good-bye.

"MAIDEN'S HEART, Cheyenne Chief.

"Written by me, James R. Chalott, this seventh day of March, 187–, at the dictation of the above-mentioned Maiden's Heart. He has requested me to add that he wants the speckles to be red, and as large as you can get them."

During the morning, most of our party met to bid each other good-bye. Corny, Rectus and I were standing together, having our little winding-up talk, when Rectus asked Corny if she had kept her gray bean, the insignia of our society.

"To be sure I have," she said, pulling it out from under her cloak. "I have it on this little chain which I wear around my neck. I 've worn it ever since I got it. And I see you each have kept yours on your watch-guards."

"'TO BE SURE I HAVE,' SHE SAID."

"Yes," I said, "and they 're the only things of the kind we saved from the burning 'Tigris.' Going to keep yours?"

"Yes, indeed," said Corny, warmly.

"So shall I," said I.

"And I, too," said Rectus.

And then we shook hands, and parted.

THE END.

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A LITTLE round head and a little red bonnet,—
Down comes a brown bee and settles upon it.
One or two kisses and off goes the rover,—
Pity the sorrows of little Miss Clover.

THE EDUCATIONAL BREAKFAST AT THE PETERKINS'.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MRS. PETERKIN'S nerves were so shaken by the excitement of the fall of the three little boys into the inclosure where the cow was kept, that the educational breakfast was long postponed. The little boys continued at school, as before, and the conversation dwelt as little as possible upon the subject of education.

Mrs. Peterkin's spirits, however, gradually recovered. The little boys were allowed to watch the cow at her feed. A series of strings was arranged by Agamemnon and Solomon John, by which the little boys could be pulled up, if they should again fall down into the inclosure. These were planned something like curtain-cords, and Solomon John frequently amused himself by pulling one of the little boys up, or letting him down.

Some conversation did again fall upon the old difficulty of questions. Elizabeth Eliza declared that it was not always necessary to answer, that many who could, did not answer questions, the conductors of the railroads, for instance, who probably knew the names of all the stations on a road, but were seldom able to tell them.

"Yes," said Agamemnon, "one might be a conductor without even knowing the names of the stations, because you can't understand them when they do tell them!"

"I never know," said Elizabeth Eliza, "whether it is ignorance in them, or unwillingness, that prevents them from telling you how soon one station is coming, or how long you are to stop, even if one asks ever so many times. It would be so useful if they would tell."

Mrs. Peterkin thought this was carried too far in the horse-cars in Boston. The conductors had always left you as far as possible from the place where you wanted to stop; but it seemed a little too much to have the aldermen take it up, and put

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a notice in the cars, ordering the conductors, "to stop at the farthest crossing."

Mrs. Peterkin was, indeed, recovering her spirits. She had been carrying on a brisk correspondence with Philadelphia, that she had imparted to no one, and at last, she announced as its result, that she was ready for a breakfast on educational principles.

A breakfast indeed, when it appeared! Mrs. Peterkin had mistaken the alphabetical suggestion, and had grasped the idea that the whole alphabet must be represented in one breakfast.

This, therefore, was the bill of fare: Apple-sauce, Bread, Butter, Coffee, Cream, Doughnuts, Eggs, Fish-balls, Griddles, Ham, Ice (on butter), Jam, Kraut (sour), Lamb-chops, Morning Newspapers, Oatmeal, Pepper, Quince-marmalade, Rolls, Salt, Tea-Urn, Veal-pie, Waffles, Yeast-biscuit.

Mr. Peterkin was proud and astonished. "Excellent!" he cried. "Every letter represented except Z." Mrs. Peterkin drew from her pocket a letter from the lady from Philadelphia. "She thought you would call it X-cellent for X, and she tells us," she read, "that if you come with a zest, you will bring the Z."

Mr. Peterkin was enchanted. He only felt that he ought to invite the children in the primary schools to such a breakfast; what a zest, indeed, it would give to the study of their letters!

It was decided to begin with Apple-sauce.

"How happy," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "that this should come first of all! A child might be brought up on apple-sauce till he had mastered the first letter of the alphabet, and could go on to the more involved subjects hidden in bread, butter, baked beans, etc."

Agamemnon thought his father hardly knew how much was hidden in the apple. There was all the story of William Tell and the Swiss independence. The little boys were wild to act William Tell, but Mrs. Peterkin was afraid of the arrows. Mr. Peterkin proposed they should begin by eating the apple-sauce, then discussing it, first botanically, next historically; or perhaps first historically, beginning with Adam and Eve, and the first apple.

Mrs. Peterkin feared the coffee would be getting cold, and the griddles were waiting. For herself, she declared she felt more at home on the marmalade, because the quinces came from grandfather's, and she had seen them planted; she remembered all about it, and now the bush came up to the sitting-room window. She seemed to have heard him tell that the town of Quincy, where the granite came from, was named from them, and she never quite recollected why, except they were so hard, as hard as stone, and it took you almost the whole day to stew them, and then you might as well set them on again.

Mr. Peterkin was glad to be reminded of the old place at grandfather's. In order to know thoroughly about apples, they ought to understand the making of cider. Now, they might some time drive up to grandfather's, scarcely twelve miles away, and see the cider made. Why, indeed, should not the family go this very day up to grandfather's, and continue the education of the breakfast?

"Why not, indeed?" exclaimed the little boys. A day at grandfather's would give them the whole process of the apple, from the orchard to the cider-mill. In this way, they could widen the field of study, even to follow in time the cup of coffee to Java.

It was suggested, too, that at grandfather's they might study the processes of maple sirup, as involved in the griddle-cakes.

Agamemnon pointed out the connection between the two subjects: they were both the products of trees—the apple-tree and the maple. Mr. Peterkin proposed that the lesson for the day should be considered the study of trees, and on the way they could look at other trees.

Why not, indeed, go this very day? There was no time like the present. Their breakfast had been so copious, they would scarcely be in a hurry for dinner, and would therefore have the whole day before them.

Mrs. Peterkin could put up the remains of the breakfast for luncheon.

But how should they go? The carry-all, in spite of its name, could hardly take the whole family, though they might squeeze in six, as the little boys did not take up much room.

Elizabeth Eliza suggested that she could spend the night at grandfather's. Indeed, she had been planning a visit there, and would not object to staying some days. This would make it easier about coming home, but it did not settle the difficulty in getting there.

Why not "Ride and Tie?"

The little boys were fond of walking; so was Mr. Peterkin; and Agamemnon and Solomon John did not object to their turn. Mrs. Peterkin could sit in the carriage, when it was waiting for the pedestrians to come up; or, she said, she did not object to a little turn of walking. Mr. Peterkin would start with Solomon John and the little boys, before the rest, and Agamemnon should drive his mother and Elizabeth Eliza to the first stopping-place.

Then came up another question,—of Elizabeth Eliza's trunk. If she staid a few days, she would need to carry something. It might be hot, and it

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might be cold. Just as soon as she carried her thin things, she would need her heaviest wraps. You never could depend upon the weather. Even Probabilities got you no further than to-day.

In an inspired moment, Elizabeth Eliza bethought herself of the express-man. She would send her trunk by the express, and she left the table directly to go and pack it. Mrs. Peterkin busied herself with Amanda over the remains of the breakfast. Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon went to order the horse and the express-man, and Solomon John and the little boys prepared themselves for a pedestrian excursion.

Elizabeth Eliza found it difficult to pack in a hurry; there were so many things she might want, and then again she might not. She must put up her music, because her grandfather had a piano; and then she bethought herself of Agamemnon's flute, and decided to pick out a volume or two of the Encyclopedia. But it was hard to decide, all by herself, whether to take G for griddle-cakes, or M for maple sirup, or T for tree. She would take as many as she could make room for. She put up her work-box and two extra work-baskets, and she must take some French books she had never yet found time to read. This involved taking her French dictionary, as she doubted if her grandfather had one. She ought to put in a "Botany," if they were to study trees; but she could not tell which, so she would take all there were. She might as well take all her dresses, and it was no harm if one had too many wraps. When she had her trunk packed, she found it over-full; it was difficult to shut it. She had heard Solomon John set out from the front door with his father and the little boys, and Agamemnon was busy holding the horse at the side door, so there was no use in calling for help. She got upon the trunk; she jumped upon it; she sat down upon it, and, leaning over, found she could lock it! Yes, it was really locked.

But, on getting down from the trunk, she found her dress had been caught in the lid; she could not move away from it! What was worse, she was so fastened to the trunk that she could not lean forward far enough to turn the key back, to unlock the trunk and release herself! The lock had slipped easily, but she could not now get hold of the key in the right way to turn it back.

She tried to pull her dress away. No, it was caught too firmly. She called for help to her mother or Amanda, to come and open the trunk. But her door was shut. Nobody near enough to hear! She tried to pull the trunk toward the door, to open it and make herself heard; but it was so heavy that, in her constrained position, she could not stir it. In her agony, she would have been willing to have torn her dress; but it was her traveling-dress, and too stout to tear. She might cut it carefully. Alas, she had packed her scissors, and her knife she had lent to the little boys the day before!

She called again. What silence there was in the house! Her voice seemed to echo through the room. At length, as she listened, she heard the sound of wheels.

Was it the carriage, rolling away from the side door? Did she hear the front door shut? She remembered then that Amanda was to "have the day." But she, Elizabeth Eliza, was to have spoken to Amanda, to explain to her to wait for the express-man. She was to have told her as she went down-stairs. But she had not been able to go down-stairs! And Amanda must have supposed that all the family had left, and she, too, must have gone, knowing nothing of the express-man. Yes, she heard the wheels! She heard the front door shut!

But could they have gone without her? Then she recalled that she had proposed walking on a little way with Solomon John and her father, to be picked up by Mrs. Peterkin, if she should have finished her packing in time. Her mother must have supposed that she had done so,—that she had spoken to Amanda, and started with the rest. Well, she would soon discover her mistake. She would overtake the walking party, and, not finding Elizabeth Eliza, would return for her. Patience, only, was needed. She looked round for something to read; but she had packed up all her books. She had packed her knitting. How quiet and still it was! She tried to imagine where her mother would meet the rest of the family. They were good walkers, and they might have reached the two-mile bridge. But suppose they should stop for water beneath the arch of the bridge, as they often did, and the carry-all should pass over it without seeing them, her mother would not know but she was with them! And suppose her mother should decide to leave the horse at the place proposed for stopping, and waiting for the first pedestrian party, and herself walk on, no one would be left to tell the rest, when they should come up to the carry-all. They might go on so, through the whole journey without meeting, and she might not be missed till they should reach her grandfather's!

Horrible thought! She would be left here alone all day. The express-man would come, but the express-man would go, for he would not be able to get into the house!

She thought of the terrible story of Ginevra, of the bride who was shut up in her trunk, and forever! She was shut up on hers, and knew not when she should be released! She had acted once in the ballad of the "Mistletoe Bough." She

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had been one of the "guests," who had sung "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough," and had looked up at it, and she had seen at the side-scenes how the bride had laughingly stepped into the trunk. But the trunk then was only a make-believe of some boards in front of a sofa, and this was a stern reality.

It would be late now before her family would reach her grandfather's. Perhaps they would decide to spend the night. Perhaps they would fancy she was coming by express. She gave another tremendous effort to move the trunk toward the door. In vain—all was still.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peterkin sat some time at the door, wondering why Elizabeth Eliza did not come down. Mr. Peterkin had started on with Solomon John and all the little boys. Agamemnon had packed the things into the carriage,—a basket of lunch, a change of shoes for Mr. Peterkin, some extra wraps,—everything Mrs. Peterkin could think of, for the family comfort. Still Elizabeth Eliza did not come. "I think she must have walked on with your father," she said, at last; "you had better get in." Agamemnon got in. "I should think she would have mentioned it," she continued; "but we may as well start on, and pick her up!" They started off. "I hope Elizabeth Eliza thought to speak to Amanda, but we must ask her when we come up with her."

But they did not come up with Elizabeth Eliza. At the turn beyond the village, they found an envelope stuck up in an inviting manner against a tree. In this way, they had agreed to leave missives for each other as they passed on. This note informed them that the walking party was going to take the short cut across the meadows, and would still be in front of them.

They saw the party at last, just beyond the short cut; but Mr. Peterkin was explaining the character of the oak-tree to his children as they stood around a large specimen.

"I suppose he is telling them that it is some kind of a '*Quercus*'" said Agamemnon, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Peterkin thought Mr. Peterkin would scarcely use such an expression, but she could see nothing of Elizabeth Eliza. Some of the party, however, were behind the tree, some were in front, and Elizabeth Eliza might be behind the tree. They were too far off to be shouted at. Mrs. Peterkin was calmed, and went on to the stopping-place agreed upon, which they reached before long. This had been appointed near Farmer Gordon's barn, that there might be somebody at hand whom they knew, in case there should be any difficulty in untying the horse. The plan had been that Mrs. Peterkin should always sit in the carriage, while the others should take turns for walking; and Agamemnon tied the horse to a fence, and left her comfortably arranged with her knitting. Indeed, she had risen so early to prepare for the alphabetical breakfast, and had since been so tired with preparations, that she was quite sleepy, and would not object to a nap in the shade, by the soothing sound of the buzzing of the flies. But she called Agamemnon back, as he started off for his solitary walk, with a perplexing question:

"Suppose the rest all should arrive, how could they now be accommodated in the carry-all? It would be too much for the horse! Why had Elizabeth Eliza gone with the rest without counting up? Of course, they must have expected that she—Mrs. Peterkin—would walk on to the next stopping-place!"

She decided there was no way but for her to walk on. When the rest passed her, they might make a change. So she put up her knitting cheerfully. It was a little joggly in the carriage, she had already found, for the horse was restless from the flies, and she did not like being left alone.

She walked on then with Agamemnon. It was very pleasant at first, but the sun became hot, and it was not long before she was fatigued. When they reached a hay-field, she proposed going in to rest upon one of the hay-cocks. The largest and most shady was at the other end of the field, and they were seated there when the carry-all passed them in the road. Mrs. Peterkin waved parasol and hat, and the party in the carry-all returned their greetings, but they were too far apart to hear each other.

Mrs. Peterkin and Agamemnon slowly resumed their walk.

"Well, we shall find Elizabeth Eliza in the carry-all," she said, "and that will explain all."

But it took them an hour or two to reach the carry-all, with frequent stoppings for rest, and when they reached it, no one was in it. A note was pinned up in the vehicle to say they had all walked on; it was "prime fun."

In this way the parties continued to dodge each other, for Mrs. Peterkin felt that she must walk on from the next station, and the carry-all missed her again while she and Agamemnon stopped in a house to rest, and for a glass of water. She reached the carry-all to find again that no one was in it. The party had passed on for the last station, where it had been decided all should meet at the foot of grandfather's hill, that they might all arrive at the house together. Mrs. Peterkin and Agamemnon looked out eagerly for the party all the way, as Elizabeth Eliza must be tired by this time; but Mrs. Peterkin's last walk had been so slow, that the other party were far in advance and reached the

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stopping-place before them. The little boys were all rowed out on the stone fence, awaiting them, full of delight at having reached grandfather's. Mr. Peterkin came forward to meet them, and, at the same moment with Mrs. Peterkin, exclaimed: "Where is Elizabeth Eliza?" Each party looked eagerly at the other; no Elizabeth Eliza was to be seen. Where was she? What was to be done? Was she left behind? Mrs. Peterkin was convinced she must have somehow got to grandfather's. They hurried up the hill. Grandfather and all the family came out to greet them, for they had been seen approaching. There was great questioning, but no Elizabeth Eliza!

It was sunset; the view was wide and fine. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin stood and looked out from the north to the south. Was it too late to send back for Elizabeth Eliza? Where was she?

Meanwhile the little boys had been informing the family of the object of their visit, and while Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were looking up and down the road, and Agamemnon and Solomon John were explaining to each other the details of their journeys, they had discovered some facts.

"We shall have to go back," they exclaimed. "We are too late! The maple sirup was all made last spring."

"We are too early; we shall have to stay two or three months,—the cider is not made till October."

The expedition was a failure! They could study the making of neither maple sirup nor cider, and Elizabeth Eliza was lost, perhaps, forever! The sun went down, and Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin still stood to look up and down the road.

* * * * * * *

Elizabeth Eliza, meanwhile, had sat upon her trunk, as it seemed, for ages. She recalled all the terrible stories of prisoners,—how they had watched the growth of flowers through cracks in the pavement. She wondered how long she could live without eating. How thankful she was for her abundant breakfast.

At length she heard the door-bell. But who could go to the door to answer it? In vain did she make another effort to escape; it was impossible!

How singular! there were footsteps. Some one was going to the door; some one opened it. "They must be burglars." Well, perhaps that was a better fate—to be gagged by burglars, and the neighbors informed—than to be forever locked on her trunk. The steps approached the door. It opened, and Amanda ushered in the express-man.

Amanda had not gone. She had gathered, while waiting at the breakfast table, that there was to be an express-man whom she must receive.

Elizabeth Eliza explained the situation. The express-man turned the key of her trunk, and she was released!

What should she do next? So long a time had elapsed, she had given up all hope of her family returning for her. But how could she reach them?

She hastily prevailed upon the express-man to take her along until she should come up with some of the family. At least, she should fall in with either the walking party or the carry-all, or she would meet them if they were on their return.

She mounted the seat with the express-man, and slowly they took their way, stopping for occasional parcels as they left the village.

But, much to Elizabeth Eliza's dismay, they turned off from the main road on leaving the village. She remonstrated, but the driver insisted he must go round by Millikin's to leave a bedstead. They went round by Millikin's, and then had further turns to make. Elizabeth Eliza explained that in this way it would be impossible for her to find her parents and family, and at last he proposed to take her all the way with her trunk. She remembered with a shudder that when she had first asked about her trunk, he had promised it should certainly be delivered the next morning. Suppose they should have to be out all night. Where did express carts spend the night? She thought of herself in a lone wood in an express wagon! She could scarcely bring herself to ask, before assenting, when he should arrive?

"He guessed he could bring up before night."

And so it happened that as Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin in the late sunset were looking down the hill, wondering what they should do about the lost Elizabeth Eliza, they saw an express wagon approaching. A female form sat upon the front seat.

"She has decided to come by express," said Mrs. Peterkin. "It is—it is—Elizabeth Eliza!"

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TAKING CARE OF HIM NIGHTS.

By Dora Read Goodale.

Rob is the nicest baby,
  He hardly ever cries;
And oh, he is just too lovely
  When he shuts his dark-blue eyes!
Don't you wish you could see him?
  It is worth a thousand sights!
"I guess you would n't think so
  If you had to take care of him nights!"

I 'm glad he is just so little!
  Wait till he slams the doors,
Wait till he stamps, and shouts, and screams
  Until he shakes the floors!
Wait till he wears great rubber boots,
  And teases for balls and kites!
"I guess you 'd be glad to have him grow
  If you had to take care of him nights!"

NOAH'S ARK ASHORE.

By F. L. Oswald.

Some of my readers may have seen the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, or the Potomac below Washington, and you remember, perhaps, that there are places where the river looks just like a lake and where you might wonder if a rifle-ball could reach the opposite shore. But travelers who skirt the coast of South America, on a steamboat, can only tell by the color of the water that they have left the ocean and entered the mouth of the Amazon or the Rio de la Plata, so vast is the width and volume of these rivers.

The Amazon River gets so extremely broad near its lower end that you can hardly judge of its size, unless your eyesight is sharp enough to distinguish the shores at the distant horizon from the long-stretched woody islands in the middle of the stream. But you begin to realize that it must be the largest river in the world, if your steamboat has entered one of its tributaries, the Rio Madera, and paddled up-stream for six days and six nights without reaching the point from where you can always see both shores at the same time, though the banks begin to rise to a good height and seem steep hills near some of the landings.

There are no large towns anywhere along the Madera River; nothing but trade-posts or missionary stations and modest little villages. On the evening of the seventh day of a trip I once made up the Madera, when we had reached the hill-country, on the frontier of Bolivia, the steward or *mayoral*, who announced the stations, called out such an unusually long, odd-sounding name that he excited my curiosity.

"The frontier of the Empire," he shouted, "San Raphael, the dangerous sand-banks and the Ark of Noah! Get ready for landing at five o'clock!"

I turned to the captain, who was leaning over the bulwark with a spy-glass in his hand.

"What 's all this, Captain?—shall we see all those places at five o'clock, or is it just one place with four different names?"

"Oh, he means the State-line station," laughed the captain; "not much of a place, I am sorry to say, for we shall have to lay up there all night if the boat from above has not come down yet."

"A dangerous sand-bank there, it seems?"

"Yes, sir, an ugly double bar; the first company

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that navigated the Madera River lost a fine boat there, the 'Triton,' a big French steamer; and a boat of our own line was ashore there for six weeks before we could get her off."

"It must be a risky place, sure enough. What does he mean by the 'Ark of Noah'?"

"That 's the 'Triton,' the French steamer I I was telling you about; she got hopelessly fast between the two main bars; and old Gruyo, the menagerie man, has since turned her into a monkey stable."

"Old Gruyo? Who 's that?"

"Oh, he is a well-known personage in these parts; an old Peruvian who used to take out a cargo of wild animals and parrots every three months, as long as the French steamers were running; but there is more trouble than profit in that business, and when the 'Triton' ran ashore he gave it up and tried his hand at something else; he keeps a wood-yard now, that supplies all the Bolivian steamers, besides our own line. His household—children, wild-cats, monkeys and all—he moved into the 'Triton,' and it would drive a ship-master wild to see the way they are making themselves at home. Crocodiles in the baggage room, bears in the lady's cabin, water-hogs in the kitchen,—in short he managed to fill the boat from the pilot-house to the cock-pit, and that 's the reason we call it the 'Noah's Ark.'"

"It must cost him a deal of money to support such a family?"

"Well, no; not the way he manages. He sells a good many of the creatures to travelers, or exchanges them for household stuff on the boats that call at his wharf. Food is so cheap here; the woods are full of fruits and game, and he has four of his boys at home who help him to provide for his boarders."

When we landed at Don Gruyo's wharf, the sun had almost reached the western horizon, and I asked the captain to let me have a skiff, a sailor and a couple of oars, for half an hour.

IN THE LADIES' CABIN. (SEE PAGE 828.)

"I am anxious to see that menagerie before dark," I told him; "I suppose there will not be much time to-morrow morning?"

"Wait a moment," said the captain; "the other boat is n't down yet, but here is a messenger for me; I am afraid there is something wrong."

He returned slowly, with an open paper in his hand.

"Just as I expected," he said. "You need not hurry, sir; we shall be here all day to-morrow; our

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companion-boat has been detained by the low water and will not be down here before to-morrow night."

"Do you think Mr. Gruyo could accommodate one more boarder?" I asked the captain.

"I think he could; visitors from San Carlos have often stopped with him for a couple of days. Do you wish to pass the night ashore?"

"Yes, if you can spare me one of your deck-hands to paddle me across."

"All right," said the captain; "old Pedro here would like that job, I know; he will help you in getting your things from the cabin, whatever you want to take along."

The sand-bar was half a mile from the wharf, but we had hardly left the boat when the people of the Ark seemed to have perceived our intention; for two of Mr. Gruyo's boys ran down to the water's edge, and by shouts and signals, helped my boatman to avoid the dangerous shoals.

"The Major has not seen us yet," said Pedro; "he commonly sends one of his boys across in a skiff, as soon as our boat lands."

"The Major? You mean Mr. Gruyo, don't you? Is he an officer?"

"I don't know, sir; that 's what the settlers hereabouts call him; I believe he was an officer in the Peruvian army, though it puzzles me how he could keep a company of soldiers in proper order. He 's a great deal too kind-hearted; his monkeys and young bears carry on in a way that would bring any other man to disgrace."

THE MAYARROS.

Behind a copse of newly planted willow-trees the Ark came in sight. It was the hull of a large steamboat, whose smoke-stack and wheel had been lost or removed, while the addition of an outside staircase and some rude windows gave it the

MR. GRUYO AND HIS PANTHER, PINTO.

appearance of a curiously shaped house, without a roof and without a basement. The new proprietor had built himself a sort of a floating wharf, and, as soon as we landed, the boys secured our skiff, helped me ashore, and pounced upon my baggage.

"Hurrah, Manuel!" shouted the younger of the two, "look here; the gentleman has brought an armful of newspapers along; now we shall find out whether the French or the Prussians have conquered. Please, sir, let us have those newspapers; we will take good care of them."

While they scampered up the plank-road, three of the grown residents came down from the Ark: an old gentleman in a dressing-gown, and with a Peruvian turban on his head that gave him somewhat of an oriental appearance; an old negro with a chair under his arm, and a big panther that walked up to me like an old acquaintance, rubbed his head against my knee, and marched at my side with the liveliest demonstrations of friendship.

"You must excuse the bad manners of my boys, sir," said Mr. Gruyo, when we had shaken hands all around. "They have been brought up in the woods, you see, and don't know how to meet a visitor. My Pinto here" (pointing to the panther) "has been twice to Havana and back, and see the difference, children!" turning to the boys. "He knows that you should salute a stranger before

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bothering him with questions or asking favors of him. Well, sit down, sir," he said; "they are getting a room ready for you. You were mighty sensible to leave that stuffy old boat; I am going to give you a nice airy chamber instead of those tight boxes they expect you to sleep in. Besides, there is such a strong current at the lower wharf, that the steamer goes up and down like a cradle. I often used to get sea-sick before we reached the sea. I do not like that everlasting shaking of a steamboat, and a sailing-vessel is worse yet."

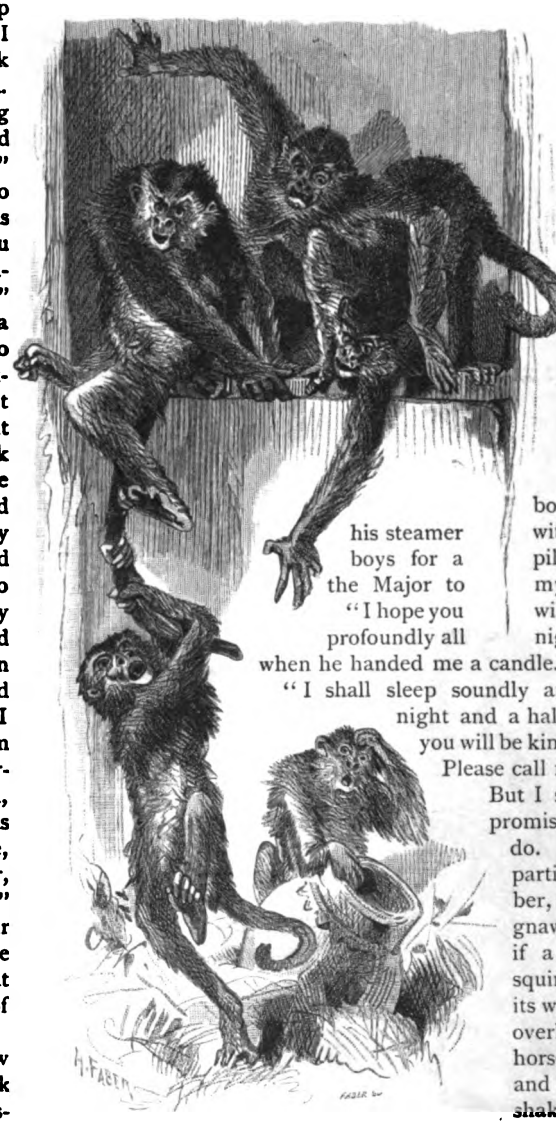
"You mean you have no use for a ship till she is ashore? I suppose then you did not regret to discontinue your trips to Havana?"

"Not a bit, sir—not a bit," said the Major. "Too much danger and sea-sickness. And besides, I did n't like the business itself; it wrings my heart to think how our poor animals are treated in the Cuban and Northern menageries; they are starved and abused, and get hardly room enough to turn around; and what they must suffer from the cold climate of those Northern states! Some baboons and cats are so wicked that I should say it serves them right; but a poor little squirrel-monkey, sir, or a good, steady bear that does his best to keep out of trouble, —I think it 's a shame, sir, to sell them to a menagerie."

"I do not doubt that your pets would be sorry to leave you, señor; I hear you treat them with a good deal of indulgence?"

"Yes, sir, but they know that I sell them to New York traders whenever they misbehave on purpose, though I am always glad to do them a favor as long as they attend to their duties. I am sorry it 's so dark now, but you must see my institute the first thing in the morning, sir. Come to supper now."

Mr. Gruyo's captives seemed, indeed, by no means anxious to leave him. While we clambered up to the door of the main cabin, we saw a mixed congregation of parrots, cranes and pheasants, perched on the open balustrade; and on a bucket in a corner of the first landing sat a fish-hawk, that took wing at our approach, and alighted on a railing at the further end of the boat, as if to show that he could fly away if only he had a mind to. Two or three monkeys were leaping about the gallery; and when we opened the door, a troop of *mayarros* trotted around the corner, and tried to follow us into the dining-room,—queer, fat creatures, looking almost like short-legged hogs or overgrown guinea-pigs.



THE HOWLING BABOONS DISAGREE.

After supper, my boatman went back to his steamer with one of Mr. Gruyo's boys for a pilot, while I followed the Major to my bedroom. "I hope you will sleep soundly and profoundly all night," said Mr. Gruyo, when he handed me a candle.

"I shall sleep soundly and profoundly for a night and a half," I replied, "unless you will be kind enough to wake me. Please call me at six o'clock."

But I soon found that I had promised more than I could do. Close to the board partition of my bed-chamber, a curious rasping and gnawing was going on, as if a beaver or a strong squirrel were trying to bite its way through, and right overhead seemed to be a horse-stable, for every now and then the ceiling was shaken by a vigorous kick, and I thought I heard some heavy animal rub its hide against a post. From below, and, as it often seemed, from somewhere out on the river, came a flute-like, wailing sound, as if shipwrecked mariners with melodious voices were calling for help from a great distance; but I had heard those

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sounds before, and recognized them as the cries of a small species of sea-gull that frequents the large rivers of Brazil, as well as the coasts. I was more than half asleep, when one of the flamingoes on the balustrade screamed away with all his might, and what was worse, seemed to have awakened his winged and four-footed neighbors all around. From somewhere below I heard a tinkling noise, somewhat like the clucking of a hen, but much more yet like the sound of little bells, accompanied by a mysterious rustling and rumbling: sometimes a single bump and a low tinkling of the bells, then a longer rumbling and repeated tinkles, and finally a series of bumps and a confused noise, as if the Swiss Bell-ringers were falling down-stairs with all their instruments. What in the name of common sense could it be? I thought it reminded me of a noise I had heard in the shore thickets of the lower Amazon in moonlight nights, though I could hardly persuade myself that animals could produce such a metallic sound.

But what puzzled me still more was the noise overhead; the kicks and thumps became more frequent, and were now mingled with groans and a most singular gurgling howl, as if a man was trying to roar away with his mouth full of water, and was getting choked in the attempt. I could not sleep, but my curiosity got the better of my

A QUEER PONY.

vexation, and if I had been able to light my candle, I should have gone upstairs to investigate the matter. Toward midnight the bumps subsided, and the bell-ringers seemed to have concluded their soirée; but the rasping in the wall still continued, and when I finally fell asleep, I dreamed that I was on board of an ocean steamer, and that some monster of the deep was trying to scuttle the ship by gnawing away at the walls.

"I hope you have enjoyed a good night's rest?" was the Major's first question at breakfast.

"Do you really think that possible?" I was going to say, but I remembered that millers and engineers become case-hardened by hearing the noise of their machinery night and day; they sleep all the better for it, and forget that other people don't.

"Your beds would do credit to an English hotel," I replied; "and I wonder how you manage to keep everything so tidy? You have some four-legged boarders in the upper story, have n't you?"

"Yes, a few; the *bramadors* (howling baboons) are in a chamber by themselves, and the armadillos sleep up there."

"Howling baboons? that explains it," I thought. "Some of your monkeys are wearing bells," I said; "or what makes that queer tinkling noise?"

"Tinkling? Oh, I know—you mean the *pollos*, the little black pheasants; they get unruly now and then after dark, and rush around and make a ringing noise as if you kept twenty cymbals agoing. They are just below your room,—I am afraid you heard them very plainly last night?"

"Not as plainly as the baboons overhead; they seemed to have a grand wrestling match, combined with vocal exercises."

"The rascals! I will tell you what it is: there are five or six of them trying to get on a shelf that 's hardly large enough for one or two to sleep on, so they push one another overboard and get mad about it. If they don't feel like sleeping, they do not show the least consideration for other people's feelings, and I must sell one or two of them to make the rest more careful. Now, some monkeys are just as sensible as old professors; would you like to see them?"

"Oh yes! Introduce me if you please; let 's have a look at the whole college."

If Noah's guests were as well off as Mr. Gruyo's, they must have been almost sorry when the waters assuaged and the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Birds, quadrupeds and reptiles were running at large on the "Triton," and proved by their behavior that they felt as perfectly at home as a badger in his burrow. In a recess under the main stair-way a bear was lying on her back and playing with her cubs; monkeys of all sizes and all ages were running races around the galleries, and, under the roof of the carpenter-shop, parrots and pigeons had

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their nests, and were flying about all day long, while the ladies' cabin was the general play-ground, where boys, bears and all could enjoy their leisure hours. Mr. Gruyo's youngest son was sitting on a little stool, sharing his breakfast with a squirrel-monkey; raccoons, weasels and foxes were playing at hide-and-seek in the broken wainscoting; a big black squirrel had made his nest in the hollow wall, and was putting in a store of provisions, and near one of the windows a young puma was lying fast asleep. Outside, in a corner of the gallery, a litter of *mayarros*, or water-hogs, were hustling about in a pile of straw, and near the carpenter-shop a *cabron* (mountain goat) and four guinea-pigs were sharing an armful of green vegetables. In the shop, a silky-haired spaniel was nursing her young ones, and when we opened the door she jumped up and made a dash at a tame capuchin-monkey that had followed us from the cabin.

"Would you like to see our wild cats?" said the old negro, who had shown me around. "We keep them in that pen over there; they are the only creatures we cannot trust at large."

The cats, a species of ocelot, or dwarf panther, were chained up in a tool-shop, and looked certainly as if they could not be trusted among the rest of the boarders.

THE CAPRON SURPRISES THE BABOON.

"How did you manage to catch those wild fellows?" I asked the negro, who stood by me.

"Our wood-choppers found them in a hollow tree," he said. "We had six of them, but they all got away excepting these two, and I wish they were gone, too. They keep getting more and more savage with every single inch they grow."

"I suppose it is a great trouble to feed all those wild creatures?"

"It was, sir, sure enough, when I had to do it all alone, but now the two big boys help me, and some of the creatures are getting able to take care of themselves. We don't feed our cranes and pigeons at all, and only two or three of our parrots get their board here; the rest are lodgers, and take their meals in the woods."

"Are you not afraid they might forget to come back?"

"No, sir; they have their young ones here, and nobody bothers them; it would be different if we kept them caged up. They are quite safe here, and it seems that they would a great deal rather stay with us than out in the woods, where all sorts of wild creatures get after them."

A LIVELY TALK.

When we went back to the ladies' cabin, we found that some new guests had arrived in the meanwhile; four of the *bramadors*, or howling baboons, had come down from their private apartments, and one of Mr. Gruyo's boys was trotting around the hall on a tame tapir, that seemed to enjoy the fun quite as much as his rider.

"What 's this?" I asked, pointing to a sort of knotted rope that was hanging down from the broken chandelier.

"That 's the monkey-swing," said my guide; "they would be exercising on that like rope-dancers, if they were not afraid of you. It makes them shy to see a stranger."

I had noticed something of the sort myself; so, after dinner, I took a seat in the darkest corner of the cabin, where the Major joined me before long, and where we could watch his pets unobserved.

When you see animals in a menagerie, they appear sullen and stupid, every one of them; but if they are unconfined, they show that there is just as much difference in their dispositions as among a house full of school-boys. Even between individ-

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uals of the same species I could notice such distinctions. The same little capuchin-monkey that had been quarreling with the spaniel was now quarreling with his comrades, and playing all sorts of mischievous pranks, while two of his relations were sitting arm in arm on a step-ladder, the picture of tender friendship and contented peacefulness. Three of the howling baboons were taking a sociable walk around the cabin, and mixed freely with the smaller animals; but one baboon was crouching in a corner all by himself, and growled viciously if any living thing came near him.

In regard to food, frugivorous animals are strangely improvident; they take a bite at a pine-apple and throw it away, crack a nut and let it fall after picking out a few fragments of the meat, or eat their fill and never care if anything is left for the next day; but while the monkeys, guinea-pigs and raccoons, were wasting their food in this reckless fashion, the black squirrel picked up all the crumbs and kernels it could find and stored them away in its private granary. A little *lorie* or squirrel-monkey, entertained us by his daring performances on the knotted rope; he swung around in a circle, jumped against the ceiling and came down head foremost, but grabbed the rope with his tail just in time to save himself from a fall; turned somersaults in the air, on the step-ladder, and on the floor; in short, seemed incapable of keeping quiet for a single second. An animal of about the same size, but unlike the lorie in every other respect, was lying on his belly at the foot of the step-ladder, motionless and apparently lifeless; an old *ayë*, or sloth, as our language very properly calls it. A sloth would rather die than save its life by bestirring itself, and, what is still stranger, the operations of its mind seem quite as sluggish as those of its body. You can teach an ayë to come for his dinner, or to crawl after you if you walk slowly around the room, but you have to call him three or four times before he makes up his mind to stir a foot. One of the baboons, happening to pass near the step-ladder, grabbed the ayë by the tail, turned it over on its back, fetched it a bite and scampered away. The ayë lay motionless for a while, but then, as if he gradually comprehended the indignity he had suffered, broke out in a series of cries which increased from a grunting squeak to frightful screams, then suddenly stopped, as if he remembered something else, and, turning slowly over, managed with difficulty to get on his feet again.

MOTHER MORETTA DEFENDS HER CUBS.

Somebody opened a door on the lower deck, and soon after a troop of young spider-monkeys (*frates delgados*, that is, brother long-legs, the Spaniards call them) rushed into the room, upset the step-ladder, chased the squirrel up and down the cabin, up the wall and into its hole, and succeeded in driving the surly baboon out of his corner and out on the gallery. When they were gone, the Major's eldest son came in:

"The long-legs broke out when I opened the old baggage-room," he said; "but, if you will let me, I will get the mastiff after them and drive them back. Will you, father?"

"Well, no; let them alone," said the merciful man; "they are sowing their wild oats, and will get more steady as they grow older. But let 's go out and see what they are up to now."

"Halloo! did you hear that yell? Listen," said the boy; "I knew they would get themselves into some trouble or other. They have tackled the bear now; that 's what they have been doing."

The long-legs rushed by in wild flight when we stepped out on the gallery; but one of them limped visibly, and could hardly follow his companions.

"What 's up here?" said the Major.

"It 's Moretta" (the bear), said the negro. "I

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was just coming upstairs when she fetched one of them an ugly scratch. They were running helter-skelter against her cubs, and she sprang up and got at one of the long-legs. Tore a piece of his hide off, I guess."

The Major walked up to the bear-camp and shook his finger at the old lady.

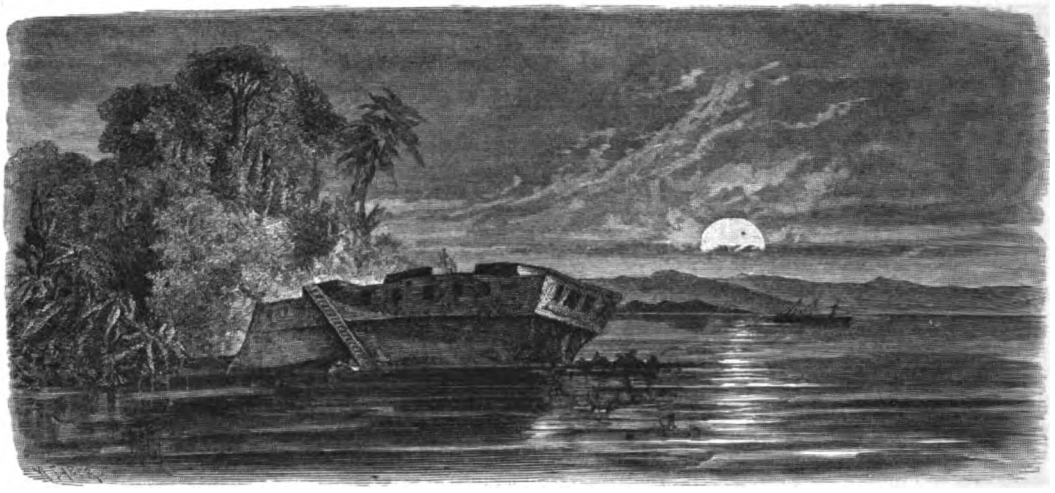
"What have you been doing, Moretta?" he said; "don't you know that you ought to make allowance for the inexperience of such young animals? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Stop," said Mr. Gruyo, when we passed the carpenter-shop; "I wonder what that cabron is going to do; look at him."

The cabron or mountain goat was standing upon the roof, at the very edge, watching our old friend, the snarling baboon, who had taken a seat upon an empty keg, and was picking the seeds out of a piece of water-pumpkin. The cabron walked to the opposite end of the roof and jumped down, so nimbly and cleverly that he alighted upon a small bundle of grass, almost without any noise. Sneaking around the shop he next appeared in rear of the baboon, measured his distance, stepped back a little, and suddenly rushed against the pumpkin-eater with such violence that he hurled the keg against the railing of the boat, while the baboon, taken completely by surprise, went down head over heels against the boards of the shop. The cabron then stepped back, brought his legs close together, and regained the roof by a magnificent jump.

For a moment, the baboon lay on his back, speechless with rage; but in the next instant he jumped to his feet with a coughing roar, and galloped around and around the carpenter-shop with flashing eyes, as if he hoped to discover some means of following his enemy to the roof. Finding that stronghold unapproachable, he jumped upon the railing, shook his teeth at the cabron, and gave him a bit of his mind,—I do not know in what language, but in such emphatic terms that we all burst out laughing. The Major alone did not smile but eyed the chattering animal with a severe frown.

"It served him just right," he said; "look here,"—showing me a deep scar on his left hand,—"a year ago one of his whelps fell into the river, and I got a skiff and saved its life; and two weeks after, this old one bit my hand through and through. He is an ungrateful, most heartless animal."



"THE ARK IN ITS SOLITUDE."

The puppies in the shop began to whine, and their mother growled and scratched at the door.

"Halloo!" said I, "the spaniel in there is getting uneasy; this noise here frightened her."

"No, no," said the old negro, looking around, "she is after something else. I thought so; here's the capuchin-monkey,—that's what ails her. She can stand any amount of noise, but she can't abide the capuchin. I guess she takes him for a cat, on account of his hairy tail."

When we went back to the cabin, we left the two monkeys making faces at the carpenter-shop, the baboon at the roof, and the capuchin at the door.

I was in the dining-room, looking at a glass box full of small fish and water-lizards, when the Major walked up to me in great excitement:

"Oh, señor," he said, "don't you want to buy a

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bear, or do you know if there are any other passengers on the steamer who might like to have one? I must sell a bear; I can't forgive him what he has been doing just now."

"Who is it?" I asked; "the she-bear with her cubs?"

"No, no; the he-bear, the rascal; he hid himself behind a pile of gunny-bags, near the pantry, and when the door was left open for a minute, he went in and ate a basketful of bananas."

"Too bad, too bad!" said I; "but wait till to-morrow, señor; may be you will forgive him yet. He thought, perhaps, the door was left open on purpose."

"That 's no excuse at all," cried the Major; "bananas are sixty-five cents a bushel now, and he ought to know better than to eat a whole basketful. I shall sell him before the end of this week."

We had a late supper, and I took care not to go to bed before I was sure that the baboons had settled their dispute about the possession of that shelf. A little after sunrise the negro waked me with the announcement that my boatman was coming, and that the steamer would leave at nine o'clock.

We had a little breakfast, and when the boat blew her first whistle, I settled my bill, and left the ark in its solitude.

"My boys would take you across in our family boat," said the Major, "but this is Sunday, and I sent them all to the Mission church."

The Major, the negro, and some of the four-legged boarders, followed me down to the wharf.

"Halloo! look here," said I; "here are our two prize-fighters,—the spaniel and the capuchin; it is a great wonder they are not quarreling!"

"I would not advise them to try it," said the Major, very gravely; "they know better than to fight on Sunday."

THE ROBIN AND THE TROUT.

(A Fable.)

By Nathaniel Niles.

A Robin flew down to a river to drink,
But stopped, ere she sipped it, a moment to think,—
"If drinking a little can do so much good,
How fine I should feel if I lived in the flood!"
So she hopped in the stream to accomplish her wish,
But sank to the bottom, and died among fish.
She scarcely had chirruped her odd fancy out,
When, looking before her, she spied a fine Trout
Who was lying quite still, and heard the queer wish,—
So odd for a robin, but right for a fish.
Just then a fat insect had caught the Trout's eye,
And up to the surface he flew for the fly.
"Delicious!" he cried. "If such things fill the air,
'T were better, by far, to leave here, and live there!"
So hoping to feast upon many flies more,
He leaped from the water, and died on the shore.

MORAL.

Be always contented; but, if you aim higher,
Think twice, lest you leap from the pan to the fire.
Remember, a little will often be good,
When more, if we take it, would poison our food.
And then, above all things, let nothing compel us,
To wish we were somebody else, or be jealous!

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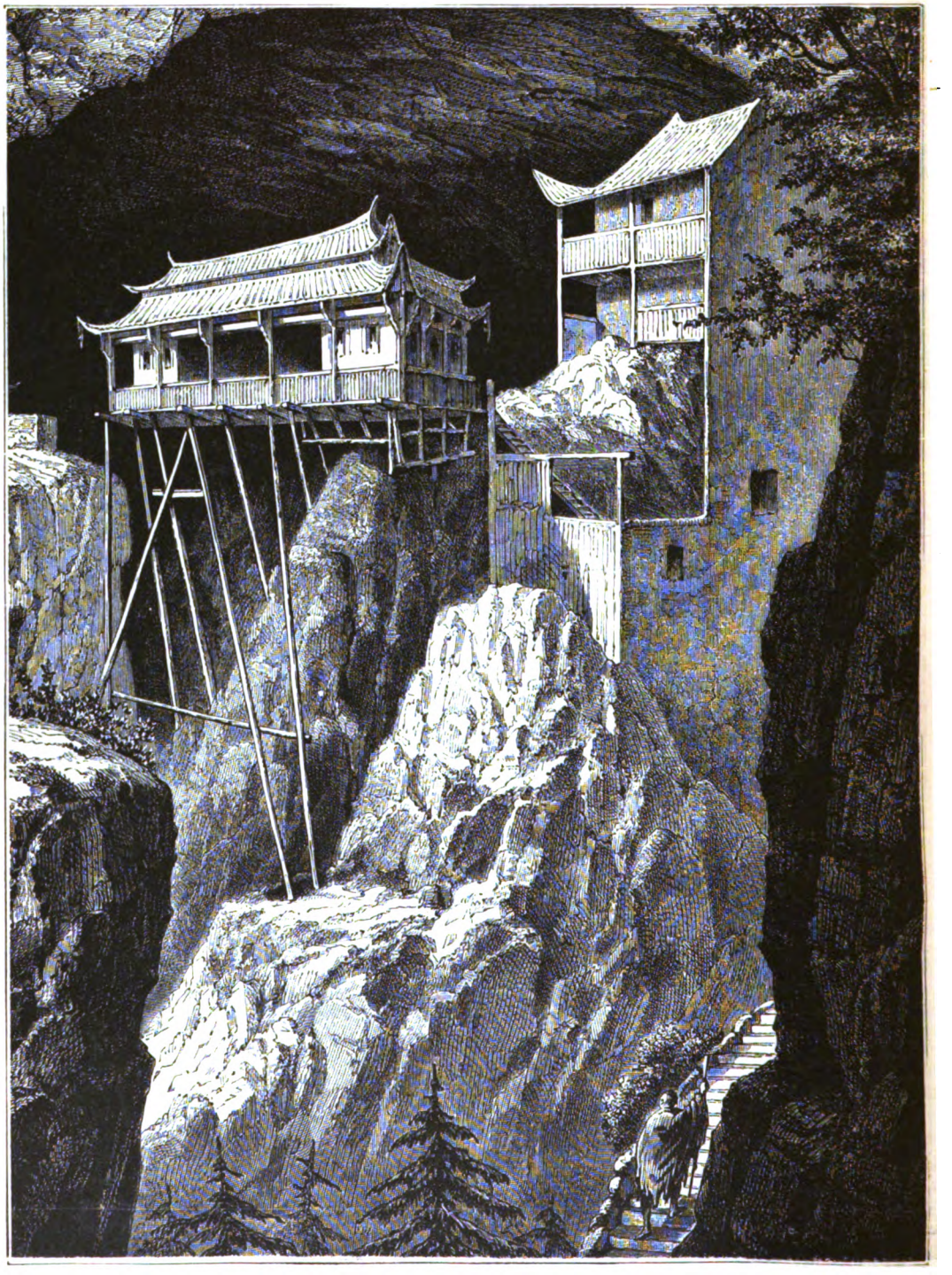

THE MONASTERY OF "YUNG-FEU."

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A CURIOUS MONASTERY.

By J. L.

HIGH up among the mountains of China, stands one of the most curious religious edifices in the world. It is the monastery of "Yung-feu," where a body of Chinese priests live at a height above their fellow-creatures, which is supposed to correspond with their superior eminence in sanctity.

The monastery consists of several buildings, which are set upon the rocks at the entrance of an immense cavern near the top of a lofty mountain. These rocks are so precipitous, and reach to such a frightful height, that it seems almost impossible for any one to get up to the buildings without the aid of a balloon. And it is, indeed, a difficult task to climb to those enormous heights. Near the monastery there are steps, cut in the rock, but for most of the journey from the level country beneath, the narrow, steep and slippery path leads sometimes through lonely gorges, with high walls of bare rock, and sometimes through through thick and dark forests.

One of the buildings is supported on tall timbers which, at a little distance, look like slender poles, and it might easily be supposed that if one of these should happen to break, the whole house would go tumbling down among the rocks. But the house may be better fastened and strengthened than we think, for the Chinese and the Japanese have a way of making things with bamboo-poles and sticks and reeds which look quite frail and shaky, but which are really very strong.

Here the Chinese priests and devotees live year after year, almost out of the world, and certainly high above the greater part of it, and they probably think that by shutting themselves up among these lofty, and almost inaccessible crags, they are performing a religious duty of a high order.

In spite of the difficulties and dangers of the ascent, the dwellers in the monastery frequently receive visits from travelers. There is much here to interest visitors,—the vast cave to the entrance of which the buildings seem standing guard; the deep ravines down into which one can look from almost any part of the houses, and the people themselves whose strange idea of religious duty has led them to pass their lives among the caves and precipices of this desolate and gloomy mountain.

Many an American boy, however, would be apt, as he looked upon that queer house set upon its stilts, to think what a jolly thing it would be—if nobody lived in the house—to climb up there some day with a saw, cut through a couple of those poles, and let the whole affair come tumbling down the rocks. It would make a splendid crash, and it would be so easy to do it!

But it will probably be a long time before any boy with a saw shall find those houses empty.

WHAT KATE FOUND IN THE WELL.

By EMMA K. PARRISH.

KATE was a polygon. Now I am afraid some of you will be thinking of those funny little black things that you see in the spring going wiggle-waggle around in the pools of water by the roadside; but, dear me, I did n't mean anything of the sort. It tells about them in the back part of the arithmetic—about the polygons, I mean. They are figures having many sides; and Kate as a character had a great many sides, so of course she was a polygon.

There was one side when she came down-stairs on a sunny morning with a footstep as light as that of a young gazelle, and gave everybody a hearty kiss and a smile, and flew around like a little breeze helping her mother set the table and turn the pancakes—that is to say, the griddle-cakes, the flapjacks. At such times her mother looked pleased, and called her Kitty; and dear old grandma would say, "Bless her little heart, what a happy child she is." But may be Kate would eat a little too much sirup on her breakfast cakes, which would make her uncomfortable, and then she would go around scowling and puckering up her face, and nothing would please her, and by bed-

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time she would n't have a smile for any one, nor scarcely a civility. Before the next morning, she would have reflected upon her course, and considered what a misspent day had gone by, and she would make up her mind to be serene and dignified, like her Sunday-school teacher. So she would help her mother in a grave, womanly manner, answering sweetly, "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am," but no more; and she would tie grandma's cap-strings, and fix the cushions in her chair so comfortably, and save her the nicest piece of fried sausage. And grandma would murmur to herself, "That dear child aint long for this world, bless her lovely face!" You see grandma would forget how cross Kate was the day before. On such occasions her mother called her Katy, and looked upon her as her right-hand supporter, for Molly was always busy dressing the children before breakfast.

But wait a little while. At eleven o'clock on just such a day as that, Kate's dearest friend, Almira, came from the village to see her, and they began their festivities by a gentle, quiet game with their dolls, and were perfect models of propriety for about one hour. They then glided lightly into the mirthful amusement of jumping rope; then waxing riotous, nothing short of sliding down straw-stacks and jumping from the hay-mow into the "bay" would satisfy them. Finally, they degenerated into perfect tom-boys, and, taking hold of the little calves' tails, goaded those innocent bovines into a frenzy of fright with screams and yells of "Go 'long," and "Git up, Bossy;" and, breaking all boundaries, went cantering down the road right past the front door, like young Indians on a buffalo hunt. Then did Kate's mother appear in the door-way, stern and forbidding, and call out distinctly, "Katherine, I am *astonished* at you!"

Kate's head drooped, and mortification seized her; subdued and ashamed, she returned from the chase and spent the rest of the day in serious talk with her dearest friend, who returned to her village home with very enlarged views of life, but with a faint, lingering wish that Kate was n't so changeable.

That is how Kate was a polygon; at least, that is part of it; she had so many, many sides, that I would n't bother you to hear about them all.

One day, when Kate was in one of her peculiar states of mind, she and Molly and Bert and Davy had the circle of their society enlarged by the arrival of two visitors, Fanny and Lulu, who had come to spend the day.

The state in which Kate that day existed was one of partial melancholy, caused mainly by jealousy. Her mind had long been revolving a gloomy subject, namely, that her mother did n't love her so much as she did the other children, particularly Danny, the big brother of them all. She had thought about it more or less ever since the day her mother so sternly reproved her about the calves. "Mother does n't love me, I know," she thought, "or she never would have looked so at me; she never looks that way at Danny." It did n't occur to Kate that Danny seldom needed "looking at," but was a wonderfully well-behaved boy for his fifteen years.

The children played nimbly for some time with the long bench in the chip-yard, making believe it was a boat, and spearing lots of alligators (those were hens), with a terrible great spear (that was a clothes pole). After a while they were shipwrecked, and being, like all shipwrecked people, voraciously hungry, they filed into the house, to see what they could find to eat. They stood in a clamorous row around the table where Mrs. Witherling was making cottage cheese, and that kind-hearted woman wiped her hands and spread for each child a slice of bread and butter, and then returned to her work.

"Now," thought Kate, with a deep sigh, "this is a good time to ask mother about that, right before everybody," and taking her fate in her hands along with her bread and butter, she said:

"Mother, which of us do you like the best?"

"Why, I like you all, every one," said her mother, puzzled a little.

"*I* believe you like Danny the best," said Kate, earnestly.

"Mother does; she always gives him the biggest piece of everything," said Molly, satisfied that the whole question was now settled.

"Daniel is biggest," said their mother; "that 's why I give him the biggest piece of everything."

"No, but you never scold him," said Kate.

"Perhaps he does n't disobey me so much," said her mother, mildly.

"Disobey" was a very uncomfortable word to Kate, and she never used it, on any account.

"Well, then," said she, "you like Danny the best, because he *is* the best, don't you, mother?"

"No," said her mother, "I like Daniel and every one of you just the same; but I don't have to scold him so much, because he minds better."

"But I don't believe you like *me* so well as you do Danny, or any of the rest," argued Kate.

"Why, yes, child, I do. What in the world made you think such a thing?"

"Mamma, make me a cheese?" asked Davy.

"Make you a cheese?" answered mamma, laughing. "Yes, I 'll make you a cheese," and she rolled up a cunning little ball, about the size of a marble, and put it in Davy's fat little hand, and he put it directly in his red little mouth.

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"Me one, mamma," said Bert.

Then every one must have a cheese, and Kate silently took hers, among the rest. She had not answered her mother's question, but turned away, feeling a little as if she wanted to cry. She knew now that her mother did n't love her like Davy, because she petted him, nor like Danny, for she respected him so. She did n't blame her, oh no, but she felt very forsaken and desolate. Such is the power of jealousy.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Witherling, "run out and play; don't go too far away, for father 'll be home soon, and then we 'll have supper."

The children walked out meditatively munching their cheeses as they went. Who would have thought they would get into mischief in less than two minutes and under their mother's very eyes?

"Oh, there 's the well; let 's go and look down," cried Molly, casting a doubtful eye at the windows, to see if her mother was watching, for she well knew there was danger in that "long hole."

The well was a new one, about twenty feet deep, and dry, because the men had n't found water yet. But they would find it, sure, because old Mr. Cripps had tried it with a witch-hazel that twisted around like everything when he held it in his hands over the place.

"There 's water thar; there 's water thar," he said. "Keep a-diggin' an' you 'll come to it."

"I s'pose there 's water som'eres between here an' Chiny," one of the men answered.

The diggers were gone to the caucus that afternoon, with father and Uncle Rick and Danny, and the well was covered with boards. Kate asked her mother that morning when she heard about it, if she and Molly could n't go, too.

"Why, child, what do you want to go there for?" her mother asked, much amused.

"To see the wild beasts, and the animals, and everything," Kate responded.

Her mother laughed and said she hoped there wouldn n't be any wild animals there. It was only a kind of meeting where people made speeches, and she did n't believe Kate would enjoy it very much.

About an hour afterward, Kate happened to think that circus was the word she had meant, instead of caucus, and she felt very sheepish.

So that was how the well was left to take care of itself. There was no curb, but there was a windlass, and a bucket in which the men let themselves down, and drew up the gravel and clay that they dug out.

"Let 's look in," said Molly, who was afraid of nothing; and Fanny, who was afraid of but one thing, and that was a cow, drew near, and tried to peer through the cracks between the boards. Molly pulled one of the boards aside, and pushing her gingham sun-bonnet back from her face, gazed down; then seeing nothing but great darkness, pulled away another board.

"Oh, girls, it 's splendid!" she cried. "It 's awful deep, and dark, and funny! How I would like to go down again!"

Kate and Fanny scrambled to the edge, and were likewise delighted with the view. Then little Lulu and Bert and Davy all clamored to see, and were held tightly by their skirts, and allowed to enjoy the dangerous pleasure "just a little minute," and were then set carefully back several feet from the well.

"I 'll let you down, Kate, if you want to go," said Molly.

"Would n't you rather go first?" asked Kate, a little timidly.

"No," said Molly, decidedly; "that is, *no* about going now, because you aint strong enough to let me down, but not no because I am afraid. Why," she said, growing enthusiastic, "Uncle Rick let me down just by the rope alone; I just put my foot in the hook that they hang the bucket on, and I hung on to the rope with only one hand and swung down magnificent! It was grander than any swing you ever saw."

Kate's fears were forgotten at this glowing account, and after Molly had wound up the rope on the windlass, she seated herself in the somewhat clayey bucket, and prepared to descend. The bucket swung off the platform grandly and moved at first with a slow, jerking motion. But soon the jerks came faster and faster, the windlass thumped very loud, and the bucket began to whirl around and around and to bump against the narrow walls, and in a moment more, with a dreadful shock, it struck the bottom of the well. A quantity of sand and dirt flew into Kate's face, and the long, heavy rope came circling and coiling down on her poor little head. She offered a few screams which were answered by faint, frightened screams from upper earth. Then the water began to ooze through the sandy floor of her prison. Evidently the shock had loosened the earth so that the underground stream for which the men were searching found a place to flow through. Dreadful was Kate's terror for a moment when she thought of being drowned away down in that dark hole, but she had presence of mind enough to lift out the great rope, and that lightened her queer boat so that it floated a little, but only a very little, for it was a great, heavy bucket, with much clay clinging to its sides, and Kate was by no means a "light weight." The bucket tipped about dizzily whenever she moved, and she felt like a very forsaken mariner in her tub, for although not a whole minute

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had passed since her arrival on this unknown sea, it seemed like a long, long while. Tears of distress came to her eyes at thought of being left there to drown like a rat, and she began to think her mother did n't love her the least speck, or she would have come to help her out. In the midst of these mental murmurings her mother's kind face appeared between her and the sky, and her ringing voice called out, "Don't be afraid, Katy; sit very still and I 'll help you out in just a minute." Then her face disappeared, and soon a doubled clothes-line came dangling down to Kate.

Then she turned her attention to Molly, whose head had been cruelly bruised by the windlass. That young lady felt as if an explanation was required of her for the rather imperfect manner in which she had lowered her sister into the well; and she accordingly went into the minutest particulars as to how the windlass became unmanageable, the handle slipped from her grasp, flew around violently and hit her on the head as if it meant to send her in search of her hapless sister, and then somehow the rope got loose from the windlass, and went down too. This was Molly's

"A NARROW ESCAPE."

"Tie it to the handle of the bucket," her mother called; "mind you tie it very tight. Wind it a great many times round and round and round. Be very careful, dear, and tie it strong."

How like the balm of Gilead were those tender words to Kate's jealous little heart. She tied the rope very carefully, and was laboriously hauled up out of the well, and helped to totter out upon the earth once more, weak and white.

"My darling child!" cried her mother, embracing her; "what a narrow escape!"

repentant explanation, which was received very forgivingly, and she joined in the general joy. The other children were too happy to contain themselves when they saw Kate safe among them once more, and they hopped around like a brood of curious large chickens, hugging Kate and everybody else, by turns.

Father and Uncle Rick and Danny soon came, and were astonished at the news.

"Well," said Uncle Rick, "it 's as old Mr. Cripps said, after all, but who 'd have thought Katy

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would find the water! It's her heft, I think; it must be her heft."

And for a good many weeks after that, Uncle Rick would allude to Kate as "our patent well-digger, and finder of water."

But Kate found something else besides water while rocking in that bucket, and this was the sure and certain knowledge that her mother loved her ever so much. How much, she never could know, but I think that mother's love was much deeper than the well, and that it would have taken a much longer rope to sound its depths.

THE SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.

By Maurice Thompson.

"The boy's will is the wind's will."

When I was a boy, I lived with my father on his plantation in the Cherokee country of North Georgia. A passion for the study of natural history, and especially ornithology, led me to spend most of my time in the woods. I had a leather knapsack, made water-tight, in which I carried my books and a small telescope. My arms were an English bow and arrows, and a very short, light, single-barreled shot-gun.

My father's plantation consisted of some two or three hundred acres of cleared land, lying on the edge of an immense forest of pine and oak, through which flowed a beautiful river, named by the Cherokee Indians, "Coosawattee." Some clear spring streams, too, rising in the foot-hills, or rather the spur-ridges of the pine-log mountains, rippled along the many little dells among ferns, wild morning-glories and balsam.

This region was a paradise of birds and many kinds of small quadrupeds. A few deer were to be seen, if you understood how to look for them, and occasionally a flock of wild turkeys would rise from the edge of some sedgy glade with a loud flapping of wings, and fly away into the darkest hollows of the woods.

Let me tell you how I prosecuted my various studies. I wished to study all the branches of a liberal education whilst paying especial attention to zoölogy and general natural history, and I so arranged my studies that by spending more than the usual time with my teachers Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, I had Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays free for my woodland ramblings and out-door studies. It was a very joyful school-life. Whilst lying beside clear mountain-springs, in the cool shade of the wild woods, with many rare songsters warbling above me, I read Wilson and Bonaparte and Audubon's books on birds. At other times I would sit on the cedar-covered bluffs of the Coosawattee, and pore over mathematical problems. I read some choice novels, principally French, in order to get a good knowledge of that language. I remember well how "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" delighted me. I translated and read, during one bass-fishing season, the "Essay on Old Age," and the "*Somnium Scipionis*" of Cicero, and many of the odes of Horace.

My father had a friend living in England who, finding out that I was a great bird-hunter, wrote to ask if I could kill and skin for him two perfect specimens of the great black woodpecker, a bird then very hard to find, and now almost extinct in a larger part of what was once its habitat. He offered to pay me ten pounds, sterling money, for the skins. Of course, I was delighted with the chance of earning so large a sum in a way which appeared so easy.

It was in February when I received the letter. I remember that a light snow, a rare thing in that latitude so late in the winter, lay on everything, sticking so fast to the leaves of the small pine saplings that the lower limbs drooped down to the ground. I went forth at once with my shot-gun, thinking that in a few hours I could earn the ten pounds. But I did not at first properly consider what the Englishman had meant by *perfect* specimens, nor did I foresee that it would take a whole week's hunt to get a shot at the kind of bird I wanted; and even then to miss it!

The great American woodpecker is a beautiful bird. He is rather larger than a tame pigeon, almost jet black over the most of his body and wings, though the latter, when spread out, disclose some white feathers and spots, and his breast and sides are mottled with shades of different dark colors. On each side of his head is a line of white. On his crown is a long tuft of brilliant scarlet feathers. His beak or bill is very long, strong and sharp. His legs are short, of a dark, dingy

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hue. Nearly always when flying, he goes up and down, as if riding on long waves of wind, and he utters a loud cackle which echoes cheerily through the woods.

I remember where I killed my finest specimen of this kind of woodpecker. It was on the side of John's Mountain, about twenty miles from father's plantation. I was climbing up a very steep place among some small "black-jack" trees, when the bird flew right over my head, and launched himself for a strong sweep across the valley. I threw up my gun and fired with a hurried aim. Luckily I hit him; but oh, where he did fall to! It took me nearly a half hour of hard, dangerous clambering down the cliffs to get to him.

I sent the Englishman thirteen birds—their skins I mean—before he got two he would be satisfied with. Then I wrote to him not to send me the money, but to get me the best double-barreled shot-gun the ten pounds would buy in London. This he did, and I afterward carried the gun through many a big hunt in Florida.

What made my school-life in the woods most delightful was the companionship of my brother, a little younger than I, who studied with me. He was a most enthusiastic egg-hunter. He collected for the cabinets of two or three gentlemen a great number of rare bird-eggs. We both delighted in shooting with the bow and arrow. Sometimes we spent a day in the woods as follows: We would go to some one of the many cold springs of clear water in among the hills, and select an open spot, where we would set up a small mark to shoot at. Our rule was to shoot for half an hour, then unstring our bows and drink a cup of water, in which we had dissolved some blackberry, mulberry or currant jelly; then take our books and study hard for an hour, after which take another half-hour's shooting, followed by lunch. Under such circumstances study was easy and our sport was glorious.

Those little mountain streams of North Georgia abound in bass, a very game fish. We used to angle a great deal in the season for it. Sometimes we would neglect our lessons a little when the fish were particularly lively; but we made up for this on rainy days, when we could do nothing but study.

Late in the bass-fishing season the muscadines ripen along the streams. They are very large wild grapes, growing, not in clusters, but singly, as plums do. I know of nothing more delicious than the juice of a muscadine. We used to take a flat-bottomed little boat, and pole it along the banks of those rivers where the muscadine-vines covered the overhanging trees, and, getting hold of a bough, we would shake down the dark purple fruit until the floor was covered. Then we would eat and study at the same time, while the waves of the river kept our boat gently swaying up and down. We sometimes professed to think that muscadine juice softened the conditions of an algebraic problem, and even brightened the angles of French verbs. When we were reading Fénelon's "Adventures of Telemachus," we haunted a little island in the Oothcaloga, which we named "L'Île de Calypso," where we built ourselves a rude shelter under a giant plane-tree. From the stream at the south end of this island we caught some very large bass, and some blue perch, called bream by the Southern people.

Immediately after the first heavy frosts of autumn, we went to the mountains to gather chestnuts. The trees were generally very large, and often they bore enormously large quantities of those huge prickly burrs in which the nuts grow. After the frost, the first wind would cover the ground at the roots of the trees with the burrs already opened and the nuts peeping out. Nowhere in the world could be found finer chestnut forests than those of North Georgia a few years ago; but now they are sadly dilapidated, worms having killed many of the trees. On our nutting excursions we went in a mountain cart drawn by a mule, and camped out for a week or so. We studied at night, by the light of flaming splinters of resinous pine, called by the Southern people "lightwood." Our teachers sometimes would go with us on these pleasant rambles, giving us our lectures in the open air. This camping out is a very enjoyable thing in every way, when the weather is fine. Wilson's beautiful descriptive prose discloses its very subtlest charm when read aloud to the accompaniment of a crackling out-door fire, amid the stillness of the woods by night. Meat is juicier and bread sweeter when eaten in the open air, and mental food takes on the same increase of flavor and novelty of taste when blown over by the winds, shone upon by the sun and moon, and dampened by the dews of nature.

When men ask me where I was educated, I answer: "In the University of the Woods," and they sometimes add the further question:

"Is that a German school?"

Then I look grave and shake my head, saying:

"No, it is situated in the Georgian mountains."

Which, of course, sounds very much as if my education were Asiatic!

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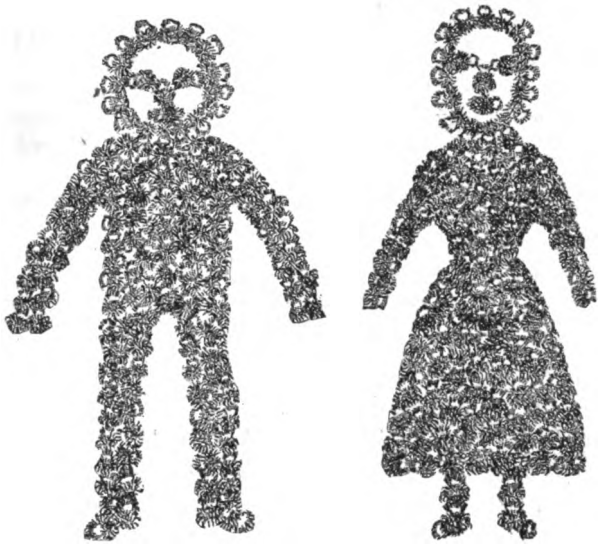
THE BURDOCK BOY AND GIRL.

By Mary L. B. Branch.



They were a funny pair. Kit and Sue made them out of burdock burrs, down in the corner of the garden under the apple-tree. The picture shows you the way they looked, and the burrs that had bloomed out pink were set in their faces for eyes, and noses, and mouths. The boy had pink buttons down his jacket.

"They shall have a nice little house, right here by this catnip," said Sue, clearing a spot.

"And now let 's make them some chairs," said Kit.

You see how the chairs were made, and they had pink cushions. The burdock boy and girl immediately sat down, and stared at each other.

Then a table was made of fine strong burrs, and burr plates were placed on it, heaped high with pink burr dainties.

"I want an apple," said the burdock boy, in a voice resembling Sue's.

"And I want a cookey," said the girl, in tones like Kit's.

But they did not eat much after all, and the meal was soon over. Then said the burdock boy:

"Will you dance?"

"I can't," sighed the girl.

"I can't either," laughed the boy. "Will you walk and jump?"

"No, my chair is too heavy," said the girl; for you see when she had once sat down, she could not get up without carrying the chair on her back, because burrs stick so tight.

"Oh, you funny little folks!" exclaimed Sue; "you can't do a thing but just sit there and keep house. Come, Kit, let 's go and see if there are any more raspberries ripe!"

So away the restless children ran, and left the burdock boy and girl motionless in their chairs. They sat there all day, and all night. They sat there a whole week in fact, even when it rained, and they grew very brown and hopeless-looking, they found it so tiresome.

No wonder they could n't bear it any longer. Perhaps the burdock boy whispered to the burdock girl:

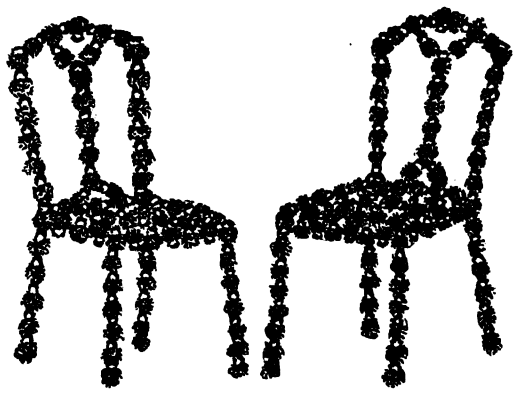
"Kit and Sue wont come again. Let 's go find them!"

At all events, when sister Clara strolled idly along the garden-path one day, the little burdock folks caught fast hold of her pretty gray skirts, and went along with her, chairs and all.

Along the path, across the lawn, through the piazza, and into the very parlor went the little clinging burrs, and two or three voices called out:

"Do look at your dress behind, Clara!"

"I 'll pick them off," said Sue good-naturedly; and she and Kit, with great pains, disentangled the now nearly shapeless mass of dried-up burrs.



They threw them into the kitchen fire, and it was not until they were fairly blazing up, that Kit said:

"I do really believe that was our burdock boy and girl!" But it was too late.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO MARGERY DAW.

THERE were once two old hens; one was named Mrs. A. M., because she laid an egg every morning, and the other was named Mrs. P. M., because she laid her eggs in the afternoon. But at the time of this story, Mrs. P. M. was not laying any eggs. She had ten little chickens to take care of, and that was as much as she could do.

Well, Mrs. A. M. was on her nest in the chicken-house, one morning, and Margery Daw was standing outside in the field. Margery was a cow, and she was standing very quietly in the shade of the chicken-house, chewing her cud and switching off flies with her tail. There was a window, almost over Mrs. A. M.'s nest, and this was open with the sash propped up by a stick. Margery Daw was standing near the window, and nearly every time she switched her tail it struck the lower part of the window, which worried Mrs. A. M. a good deal. She was afraid the tail might come in all the way, and strike her.

"I wish Margery Daw would go somewhere else and switch her tail," she thought; "or, if she wont do that, I wish I was not so easily frightened. Margery is not easily frightened, and she does not know how to feel for such little creatures as we are. She is so large, that she would not care how much I wagged my tail or flapped my wings about her."

Just at this time a very large fly bit Margery Daw on her side, and she gave a great switch with her tail to brush it off. She switched so hard that she struck the stick which held up the window-sash, and jerked it out into the field. Down came the sash with a bang, which frightened Mrs. A. M. so much that she flew cackling and screaming off her nest.

Margery Daw was not frightened by the noise; she just looked around to see what it was, and not noticing that anything unusual had happened, went on chewing her cud. She soon felt another fly-bite, but when she went to switch the fly off, she found she could not do it. The end of her tail was fast in the window. When the window-sash fell, it caught the long brush at the end of her tail, and, as the sash was heavy, and fitted tightly, the brush was wedged in so firmly that she could not move it. But it did not hurt her, because the brush was nothing but long hair, which had no more feeling in it than the hair of your head.

Margery Daw was very much surprised when she found that she could not switch her tail, and she began to pull away from the window as hard as she could. And when she found that she could not even

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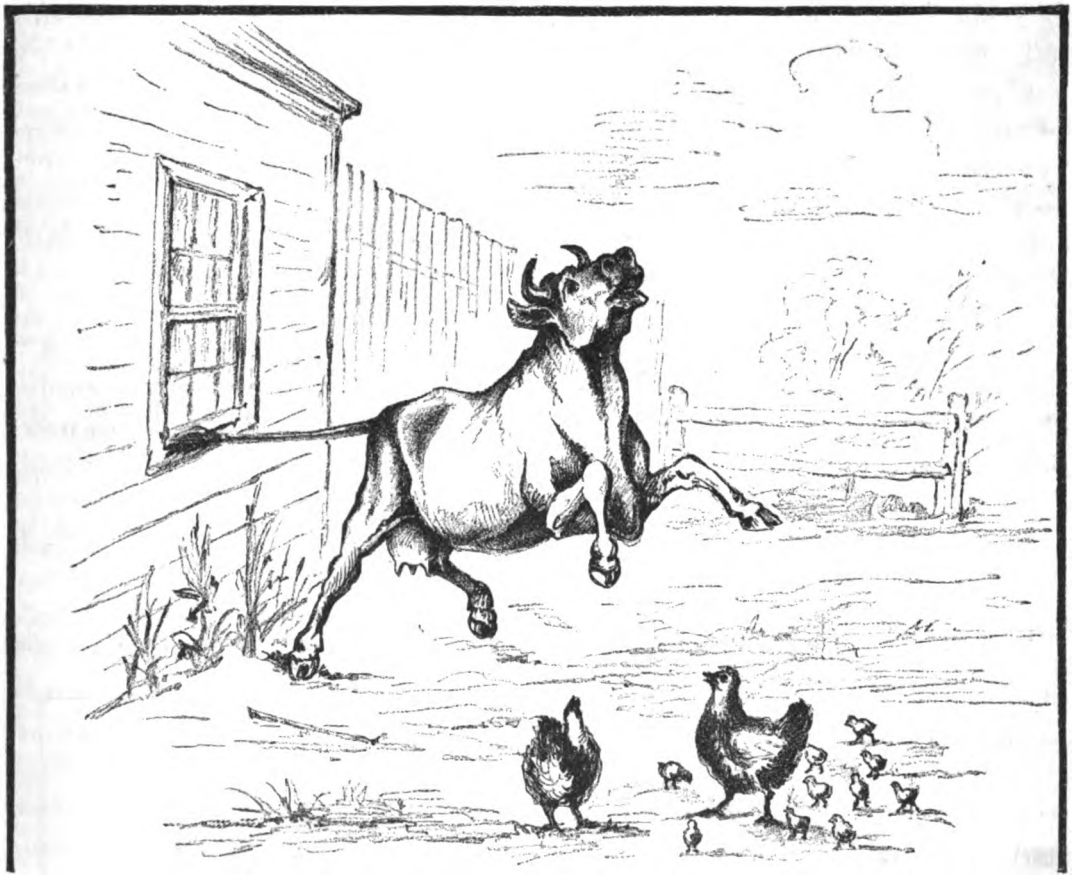
move away from the side of the chicken-house, she became frightened, and pulled and jerked and bellowed at a great rate.

"I declare," said Mrs. A. M., "she is really more frightened than ever I was. At least, she is making more noise."

"I should think so," said Mrs. P. M., who was there with all her little ones; "you could not be frightened enough to make a noise like that."

Just then, the old man who owned the cow and the chickens heard Margery Daw's bellowing and came down to the chicken-house. He



lifted up the window-sash and let her loose. As soon as she found she was free, she ran as hard as she could to the other side of the field.

"Well, well," said Mrs. A. M., as she went back to her nest, "I did not think that Margery Daw could be so frightened. But then it took a good deal to frighten her. Being fast by the tail is a serious matter. Perhaps I ought to try never to be frightened except by a serious matter. I will try; but, after all, cows and hens are very different creatures."

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for October, with its brisk air, its ripe apples and sweet nuts, and the crackle of wood-fires in the early mornings!

Cheerful times, these, my friends; cheerful, because busy, perhaps; all the busier that the days are shorter. And now, here are some little matters for you to look into.

To begin with: Will somebody please tell me the meaning of this very

QUEER LETTER.

Illinois.

DEAR MR. JACK: I write this to let you know that, out our way,

C C
S P

but I hope you are having seasonable weather.—Yours truly, S. K.

COLUMBUS'S EGG OUTDONE.

I ONCE thought that only Christopher Columbus ever made an egg stand on end without support. He did it by breaking the shell, I believe. But now word comes of a gentleman who can set up eggs on end, whole rows of them, so that they stand by themselves, and that, too, without breaking one of them! He stands them best on a marble slab, and says that it is not a difficult thing to do.

Then, what your Jack would like to know is, why in the world did n't Columbus do it in this way, and save his egg?

Stranger still, this steady-handed gentleman can stand an egg on a napkin-ring and then balance another egg on the top of the first!

I am afraid the great discoverer could n't have done that.

But now, my patient youngsters, get a lot of eggs,—if anybody will trust you with them,—sit down quietly, and try if you also cannot outdo Christopher Columbus. And when you have outdone him in the matter of standing eggs on end, get up, and improve on a few other things he did.

A ROTARY YACHT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Edward C. D. once wrote to you that he had seen in San Francisco a circular boat with sails and oars, and you gave a picture of it in June, 1877.

We have had one of these boats in Prospect Park for a long time, only it has water all around it, excepting just where you get in. It is called a "rotary yacht," and the little lake is named "Lake Como." The commodore stands on the landing and calls out that you may have a voyage for five cents, keep it up as long as you like, and stop at any place in the world you choose, and that there is no extra charge for "oars and moonlight."—Yours truly, B. B.

JAPANESE CHARM-SHELLS.

CHARM-SHELLS are supposed by some persons in Japan, to keep away dragons and other evils from anybody who wears them. If the shells really do this, Japanese dragons must be easily scared!

However, I was going to tell you of two of these charm-shells. They had nothing terrible about them. One was in the shape of a small roll, longer than its width. It was prettily pointed, and was stained outside with brown, speckled with white squares.

The other charm was an oyster-shell, measuring about six inches across, and filled with tiny grinning images of mother-of-pearl, which were believed to be gods. There was a good number of them, but not enough to scare a mosquito of ordinary size, I am sure. How small those dragons must be, I can't begin to think.

The way the images are made is curious. A priest forms some little figures with lead, and slips them between the shells of a living oyster, a few at a time, for it would kill the fish to put in too many at once. In the course of years, the oyster is full of images, which it has covered with a beautiful coating of pearly shell. Then the priest takes the oyster-shell with its images, calls it a charm, and sells it at a high price.

ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

G. L. F. sends word from one of the West India Islands, as follows:

"The chickens here are very fond of cocoa-nut; and, if a nut be cracked for them and a part placed on the ground, the chicks and the hen will run to it, and, in a moment, the hollow shell will be filled with squealing young ones, pushing, jumping, tumbling one over another, and pecking at the sweet white meat. The mother stands

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by, and, whenever she sees a chance, picks out little bits for the unlucky chicks who have been turned out; and all the while the shell full of restless little beings rolls and rocks about, adding fun to the confusion."

A TOO-OBEDIENT ZULU.

ONE day, a friend of your Jack's was visiting the Botanical Gardens at Durban in Natal, South Africa. He rode through the natural jungle, away up to the top of a beautiful range of hills, and there he had the pleasure of finding a fine garden well stocked with foreign trees and plants.

Hearing angry voices, the visitor waited under some trees till the manager appeared. He looked very hot and troubled, and made apology for the "hard words," saying:

"It would have made Job mad. I had succeeded in growing a fine set of vines, bearing twenty-six different kinds of grapes. I wished to find out which kind would best suit the Natal climate, but feared that the birds might get ahead of me. So I had a number of muslin bags made, and told a Zulu servant to tie up a bunch in every bag. Just now, I met the Zulu trundling a large wheelbarrow loaded with muslin bags stuffed with grapes. He had cut off all the bunches first, and then tied them up in the bags!"

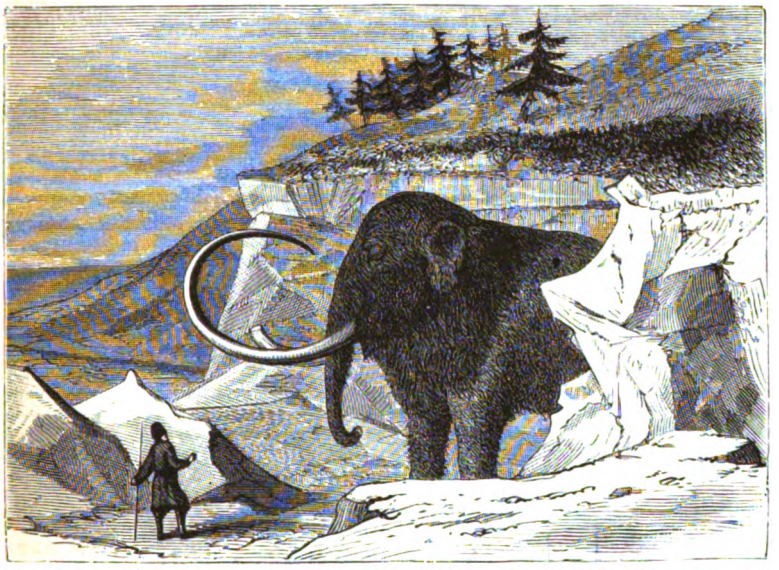
That was provoking, but still the Zulu had been obedient,—perhaps too obedient.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN ICE.

THIS month, my dears, you have a picture of a mammoth elephant, which, although dead, was preserved as fresh as a fairy for I don't know how many thousands of years, in a big block of ice.

The creature was found by a Siberian fisherman in the last year of the last century, as he was walking along the shore of the Arctic Ocean near the mouth of the river Lena. Its flesh, skin, hair, wool, and everything, were in perfect condition, and it was about as big as a modern elephant.

Being left unguarded for some time after the ice had melted, much of the flesh was eaten by wolves and bears, who made no complaint about the dinner being cold, although it had waited for them such a long time. The tusks, weighing three hundred pounds, were taken by the finder as his prize; and now the skeleton is set up in St. Petersburg.



A MAMMOTH ELEPHANT IN ICE.

Your Jack was reminded about this on hearing of a discovery near Newburgh a while ago. Some men, while digging a trench on a farm, found the bones of an animal that must have stood about twelve feet high when alive. The bones were those of a mastodon, a creature different from the mammoth elephant of Siberia, and rather larger.

There are no such animals as these living nowadays, I believe; but if there are, I hope none of them will come tramping around my pulpit.

Oho! Wait a moment, now. Of course there can be no doubt that the Siberian mammoth was found actually imbedded in the middle of a block of ice,—but how did he get in? Find out, my boys and girls!

SWEET POTATOES AND MORNING GLORIES.

PERHAPS you never thought that sweet potatoes are relatives of morning glories? Well, they are, and not very distant relatives, either.

Look a little further into this; and if you find anything curious, let your Jack know, for morning glories are great favorites of his.

A NERVOUS SNAKE.

Oxford, Wis.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Have you ever seen with your eyes, or heard about with your ears, the mysterious glass-snake of the Mississippi Valley?

It is not very big, and not the least dangerous: simply a little brown reptile. But just hit him, and, *presto!* he flies into pieces as if he were really glass and not flesh and bone.

And this is not all. The natives assure me that if left undisturbed after he has been killed undeniably dead, he will gather his pieces together, and squirm off again.

A learned man, named Steele, writes of this snake: He is so constructed that a sudden fright, like a blow, alarms his nervous system, and his muscles, contracting violently, break him to bits. But Steele does not tell about this extraordinary resurrection trick of the glass-snake. Perhaps he did not believe it could be true.

If snakes of this kind were plentiful, and I could test one, I would soon find out about this.

Is there any young naturalist among your readers who can tell me more about the habits of this odd creature, and if he is weakened by having his nerves unstrung?—Yours inquiringly, L. K. J.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

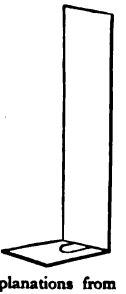
We have received several letters in regard to the "Puzzling Picture," published in our June number, some of them coming to hand very lately. It seems to have required a good deal of time to find out the intention and plan of this curious picture.

Two of the letters received were very interesting. One was from the son of the artist who, more than half a century ago, designed and drew the original of our picture, and the other was from a granddaughter of said artist. These persons, one living in Dakotah Territory and the other in Nebraska, were much surprised and pleased to see in St. Nicholas a copy of the strange picture with which they were so familiar in their youth. Each of them, not knowing that the other had written, sent us a full description and history of the engraving, and explained the way in which it should be looked at.

The original of our picture was a large lithograph, drawn by William Mason, an artist and teacher in Philadelphia, about 1822 or 1824. It represents, not a church, as was supposed, but the old Philadelphia Bank Building, which used to stand at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, in that city, while the edifice in the grounds is the watchman's box. This picture was called a "Horizontorium," or "Perspective run mad," and was very much larger than the engraving which we made from it, which had to be made of a size to suit our page.

The plan or method of drawing such a picture is as follows: All perpendicular lines are made to radiate from the point of sight, and all horizontal lines are drawn at right angles to each other, with one of their angles touching a perpendicular. In our picture, the point of sight is a quarter of an inch below the letter P, in the word "Puzzling," under the picture. It will easily be seen that all the perpendicular lines in the engraving radiate from this point.

A good way to look at this picture is to take a piece of card-board, about three inches long, and bend the bottom of it, in the manner shown in this diagram. Two holes should be made in the card, and the one in the lower bent portion should be so placed that the point of sight can be seen through it. The hole in the upright portion should be 2 1-8 inches from the bottom, or the angle formed by the bent part. Through this upper hole the picture should be viewed, when all its peculiar perspective—or, rather, want of perspective—will disappear.



Letters in regard to this puzzling picture have been received from R. H. Vanderbilt; M. V. R.; W. I. C; I. P. Reynolds, jr.; R. Hoard, L. G. Francklyn, besides the full and interesting explanations from S. Rufus Mason, and M. S. P., the son and the granddaughter of the artist.

West Haven, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am very glad your July number gave directions for making a hammock. I have made three, my brother two, and my little sister (eight years old) has made one large enough for herself. One night my brother, another boy and myself, slept out all night in them, and thought it great fun. I should have slept out more, but I had a bad cold. We all take a great deal of comfort in our hammocks. Mamma says she thinks we have got well paid for taking St. Nicholas this year. I am thirteen years old, and your attentive reader,

Robert Augur.

Dear St. Nicholas: In the course of my reading, I have gathered one anagram and another until I have quite a curious budget, and from it I have selected several which I now send you: Telegraphs—great helps; Astronomers—moon-starers; Penitentiary—nay, I repent it; Old England—golden land; John Abernethy (noted for bluntness and roughness)—Johnny, the Bear; Radical reform—rare mad frolic; Presbyterian—best in prayer; Florence Nightingale—flit on, cheering angel; Horatio Nelson—*Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile).

This is an Englishman's anagram on Napoleon Bonaparte: "*Bona rapta leno pone*—Rascal, yield up your stolen possessions."

A Frenchman of much note, Charles Genest, was distinguished for a very large nose; some wag found in his name the anagram, "*Eh! c'est un grand nez!*—Ah, that is a big nose!"

When George Thompson was urged to go into Parliament to serve the cause of negro emancipation, a friend found a reason for this course in the letters of his name, which were transposed into: "O go, —the negro's M. P."

I think you must be able to appreciate the anagram on Editors—"so tired."—Yours,

S. K.

Pottstown, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: Please tell me what the Emperor Moth (Saturnia Io) feeds on, and what heat is needed to hatch the eggs.

J. D. S., Jr.

Saturnia Io feeds on the balsam, poplar and elm, and also on dogwood, sassafras, Indian corn and clover. The moth has been reared successfully upon locust leaves. The ordinary heat of the air will hatch the eggs.

Be careful not to handle the young caterpillar, as the stiff prickles on the back sting poisonously.

Alphabet Verses.—Verses containing all the letters of the alphabet, as asked for in the August "Letter-Box," have been received from Alice S. Wyman—T. F. Turner—A. L. R.—Bertie E. Sauerwein—Alice Robinson—A. J. G. Perkins—P. V.—and from Charlie and Mattie Richardson, who send the following four couplets, each of which contains all the letters of the alphabet:

At Woonsocket, July twenty-sixth, we began
Some very queer stanzas formed after this plan.

In which every joker, in alphabets seen,
Shall be fixed as requested by this magazine.

'T is unjust to expect us to rhyme "good and slick,"
When mosquitoes are buzzing, and fly very thick.

But the twenty-six letters, have each much to do,
In these queerly formed stanzas, just please look them through.

W. H. A. sends no verse, but a very short sentence, cut from an old newspaper, and which was composed by a boy ten years old. It contains every letter of the alphabet, and only thirty-three in all: "Pack with my box five dozen quills.—J. Grey."

Dear St. Nicholas: In writing to a person and asking about his father, mother, aunt, or cousin, etc., is it proper to begin those words with capitals, or not? And in writing of your own father, mother, etc., which is the right way to begin the word? Please answer in the "Letter-Box," and you will greatly oblige

A Constant Reader.

When the words "Father," "Mother," "Papa," "Mamma," etc., are used as though they were proper names; or when the old-fashioned, colloquial particle "the" precedes "Father" or "Mother"; these four words are usually begun with capitals.

It would be proper to write: "When you have seen Father, tell me how he is,"—or, "The Mother sends her love"; and, also, "When you have seen your *f*ather, tell me how he is," or, "My *m*other sends her love." It is best to begin "Pa" and "Ma" always with capitals; but the use of these contractions in writing should be avoided as much as possible.

Dear St. Nicholas: While Jessie and I were blowing soap-bubbles, the other day, we happened to blow one in a ray of sunlight, and it sent a curious and beautiful reflection on the white wall. We found out that when we talked the bubble seemed to shake and tremble, and the reflection also.

Thinking to get a better view of the trembling, we blew a film across the bottom of a lamp-chimney, and set it on a chair in such a manner as to reflect the sunlight on the wall. Any talking in

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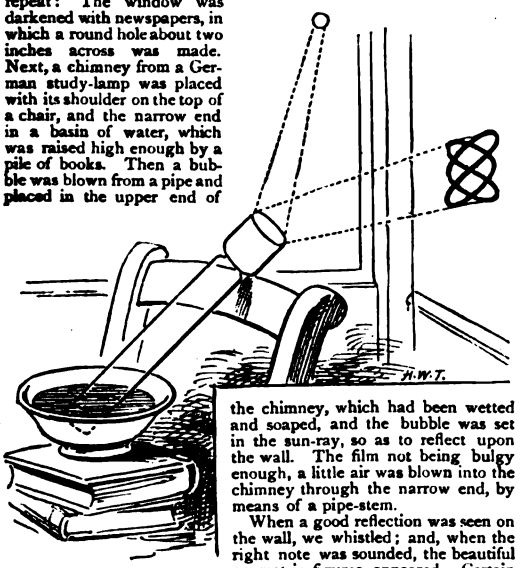
the room made the reflection jump up and down on the wall; and certain sounds produced regular figures, like the "lathe-work" on a bank-bill.

After that, we tried the following experiment, which any one can repeat: The window was darkened with newspapers, in which a round hole about two inches across was made. Next, a chimney from a German study-lamp was placed with its shoulder on the top of a chair, and the narrow end in a basin of water, which was raised high enough by a pile of books. Then a bubble was blown from a pipe and placed in the upper end of



the chimney, which had been wetted and soaped, and the bubble was set in the sun-ray, so as to reflect upon the wall. The film not being bulgy enough, a little air was blown into the chimney through the narrow end, by means of a pipe-stem.

When a good reflection was seen on the wall, we whistled; and, when the right note was sounded, the beautiful geometric figures appeared. Certain notes would break the bubbles almost as soon as they were sounded.

Hoping you will have our rough sketch redrawn, and help to show your other boys and girls the reality of "sound-waves," we remain,

CHARLIE AND JESSIE BRISTOL

THREE SUBSCRIBERS.—It would not be possible to give you directions how to make a paper shell-boat for two rowers. The job would call for heavy and costly apparatus, and some of the processes are so difficult and intricate that only trained workmen could carry them out.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While we were in the south of England this last summer, my brother Ernest found the nest of a harvest-mouse. It is a round hollow ball, about as large as a big base-ball, and is made of fine shreds of grass woven into a kind of shell. The doorway is elastic, and after the mouse has gone in or out, almost closes of itself. The nest is not on the ground, but it hung upon a stout wheat-stalk about half-way up.

It is wonderful how the tiny mouse can make such a home and place it so high above the ground. The little creature is about two and a half inches in length. What a cozy swaying cradle the nest must be to the baby-mice!—Yours truly, ALICE K.

MARTHA J. L. sends these two Zululand stories to the "Letter-Box":

A SNAKE STORY.—General Clifford, who was Lord Chelmsford's second in command in the latest Zulu war, was once in the act of sitting down on the ground. Placing one hand beneath him, to ease himself down, he felt something clammy to the touch, and found, to his horror, that it was a most venomous reptile,—the puff adder. With wonderful presence of mind, he firmly held his hand down so that the snake could not move, and with his other hand he drew from his pocket his clasp-knife. This he opened with his teeth, and then he coolly severed the snake's head from its body.

A TIGER STORY.—Bishop Schroeder, a Norwegian, for a long time missionary in Zululand, was at length driven out of that country by King Cetywayo. Many years ago he had a curious encounter with a large panther.

They met face to face on the side of a hill. The panther prepared to leap upon the man, and he, being unarmed, did his best to receive him. The missionary aimed for the tongue of the panther, and was so fortunate as to secure it just as the panther dug his claws into his shoulder. Then began a wrestling match. The Norwegian, noted for his great size and strength, was a surprise to the panther. The bishop saw a young sapling, and put his foot against it to secure a good hold on the side of the hill. Suddenly the sapling broke off, and away went missionary and panther in a warm embrace, rolling down the hill, one over the other by turns. When they reached the bottom, they let go of each other. The panther turned and walked off in one direction and the missionary in the opposite direction. They never met again. Bishop Schroeder suffered for many weeks from the wounds received, but at last happily recovered to doctor many a wounded Zulu.

ETTA M. GOODWIN.—The cross of the Legion of Honor is formed of ten points of white enamel edged with gold: the points are connected with a wreath of laurel, which is placed behind them. In the center of the cross, within a blue circle bearing an inscription, is a symbolical head. To the upper two points of the cross, a crown is attached, and through a ring in the top of this passes the ribbons with which the decoration is worn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, I heard a gentleman, who has a large store, say that he never does important business on a Friday, nor will he begin a lawsuit, or sign valuable papers, or even send out a traveling salesman, on that day. And another gentleman, whom I know, will not open his mail, nor send off letters, on a Friday. Both these gentlemen are smart, and not foolish in other things, and I cannot see why they act in this curious way.

Sailors will not begin a voyage on Friday, my brother says; they think that, if they should, they would be sure to have foul weather, and perhaps a wreck.

Now, why should these people think Friday an "unlucky" day? Can you of your readers tell me, in the "Letter-Box"?—

M. R. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a true story to tell you about three little kittens; not the ones who "lost their mittens, all on a shelf so high," but about three kittens who lost their mother before they were old enough to take care of themselves, which I think was much sadder than losing mittens; don't you?

I will tell you how it happened. One morning, puss left her kittens fast asleep in their nest, under the stable, and went into the yard to hunt something for her breakfast. While quietly eating a piece of meat, a neighbor's son, caring only for sport, shot her dead.

The baby kittens awoke, and cried a long time, but as their mother did not come, they were very hungry, and found their way into the chicken-yard, where they sniffed about, crying piteously. There was an old hen with seven little chicks in the yard, and around her the kittens played, after having made their dinner of corn-meal, with the chickens. The hen seemed well satisfied to have them about her, for at night she gathered them under her wings with her chickens, and always afterward treated them as if they belonged to her.

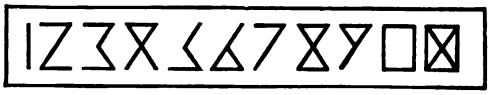
The kitties grew, and the chickies grew, but still they staid together, night and day, in barrel, coop, or wherever the hen chose to take her brood.

One night, my father put hen and chickens into a box, which he hung high up on the bare stable wall, so as to keep them from the rats. In the morning, when he took them down from their high perch, behold! there were the kittens, all three nestling under the hen, as snugly as the chickens themselves.

They grew together to be large cats and chickens, perfectly harmonious and happy. "COUSIN JENNIE."

Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is something curious which I have learned. The Egyptians had ways of marking numbers even earlier than the Arabians, from whom we get the shape of our numerals. But



the Arabic notation is only the Egyptian slightly changed, as you may see from this sketch, in which each numeral is formed from some part of the last character in the row. This character merely contains all the rest, and I do not think it stands for anything—Truly yours,

B. F. G.

TABBY.—If your cat with blue eyes is white all over without a speck of color, she probably is deaf, and that would account for her never answering to a call excepting when she sees you.

Some people think that all white cats with blue eyes are deaf. Whether this is always true or not, cannot be known, but it is certain that there once was a white, blue-eyed Persian cat which was stone deaf; and that all those of her kittens which were white and had blue eyes were deaf, while all those which had any color at all on their fur could hear perfectly well.

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Worms on the Rhine, Germany.

Dear St. Nicholas: You asked in your July number if any of your readers had been in Westminster Abbey. I have been there and have seen the tomb of Catharine, beloved daughter of Henry III. and his Queen Eleanor. We also went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and I remembered what you told us in the January number about the Children's Day at St. Paul's. I am ten years old. I am living now in Worms with my Mamma and cousin. When your July number came it seemed like a friend from home.—From your reader, M. H. H.

Indian Pipes.

O, Indian Pipes, a-springing up,
Under the pine-trees' shade,
So gleaming white and strange you seem,
Almost I am afraid!

Growing o'er "happy hunting-grounds,"
Whose chieftains brave are gone;
On land where the wigwam rose of old
You now are left alone!

Perchance, you 're but the risen ghosts
Of pipes they used to smoke,
In peaceful times, when no warrior's cry
The woodland echoes woke.

However it be, I only know
That here you live and grow,
The likeness of those Indian Pipes
They smoked so long ago. C. A. D.

Washington, D. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: Mamie E. W. asks in your magazine of August for a quiet game. Tell her to ask her papa to buy her a microscope. My papa has one, and he shows me every day something wonderful. Sometimes it is a drop of water in which grass has been soaking, and I see in it lots and lots of tiny animals darting about, as if they thought they were as big and important as real fishes. Sometimes he shows me a drop of vinegar, and I can see things like eels squirming in it. Sometimes he puts a moth under, and shows me his tongue curved round and round like a rope; and the moth is covered all over with feathers, and it has a beautiful fringe all round its wings, and its eyes are like blackberries; and papa says that what I call its eyes are five thousand eyes all close together. And the colors of these moths are just like the rainbow. Their tongues are just like elephants', only a great deal larger in proportion. —I am yours truly, Tom J. Curtis.

W.—Good works on Optics are: "Light"; by Mayer and Barnard, published by D. Appleton & Co.; which gives an illustrated series of cheap experiments from which a great deal can be learned: and "The Wonders of Optics," an interesting book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and containing many illustrations and anecdotes.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have just found out something that may interest the other readers of the "Letter-Box." It is that the whole of Manhattan Island, on which New York City is built, was bought from Indian chiefs by an agent of a Dutch company in the year 1626, and that the price paid for it was a quantity of beads, buttons and trinkets, worth about twenty-four dollars. Think of the rise in the price of real estate since that time! Why, twenty-four dollars would hardly buy a square yard of the island now.—Truly yours, H. M. M.

Baker City, Oregon.

Dear St. Nicholas: In your August number, in the front, is a picture and a piece of poetry about the Kaiserblumen. Will you please tell me what the botanical name of the flower is?—Yours truly, J. F.

The botanical name of the "Kaiserblume" is "Centaurea," a genus of the order Asteraceæ. Its common names are: Cornflower, Blue-bonnet, Blue-bottle, Blue-weed, and Bachelor's Button. Its flowers are some of one color, some of other colors.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I am a kind of raft or float, and my name is spelled with nine letters.

My 5, 8, 9, an animal, herds and guards my 7, 6, 5, also an animal; and pets and keeps my 1, 2, 3, another animal, for the sake of being rid of my 7, 4, 3, also an animal. H. H. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In ape. 2. A name for a girl. 3. A minute animalcule. 4. A marine bird. 5. A means of measuring. 6. The name given to a small cube, or to a stamp. 7. In onyx. Isola.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pear, but not in fruit,
My second in trees, but not in root,
My third is in poison, but not in sting;
And my whole is a very dangerous thing. L. P. W.

HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM.

Young Thomas is poor, but very neat in his appearance. He wishes to wear two shirts a week, but desires to buy as few shirts as possible. What is the smallest number he need buy, so as to put on a clean shirt every Sunday and Wednesday, his washing and ironing being done on Mondays and Tuesdays? Beatrice.

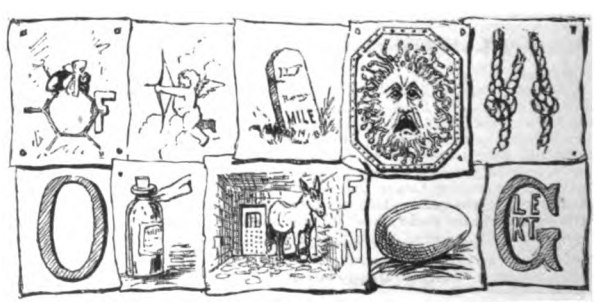
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.

1. Behead and curtail the central portion of a winding staircase, and leave a sheep. 2. Behead and curtail a secret store, and leave an instrument used by fishermen. 3. Behead and curtail a kind of candle, and leave an imitator. 4. Behead and curtail a pleasure vehicle, and leave an interjection of regret. 5. Behead and curtail to speak languidly, and leave bleak. 6. Behead and curtail a country-seat, and leave unwell. W. F. W.

DROP-LETTER PROVERB.

Every other letter is omitted: A—O—I—A—G—O—A—A—I—K—O—B—I—D—O—S. A. H. W.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.



From Shakespeare's Play, Henry VIII.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, spelled with seven letters, is a Turkish dagger. My 4, 7, 6, 2 is an insect. My 1, 5, 3 is an exclamation of surprise. K. E. E.

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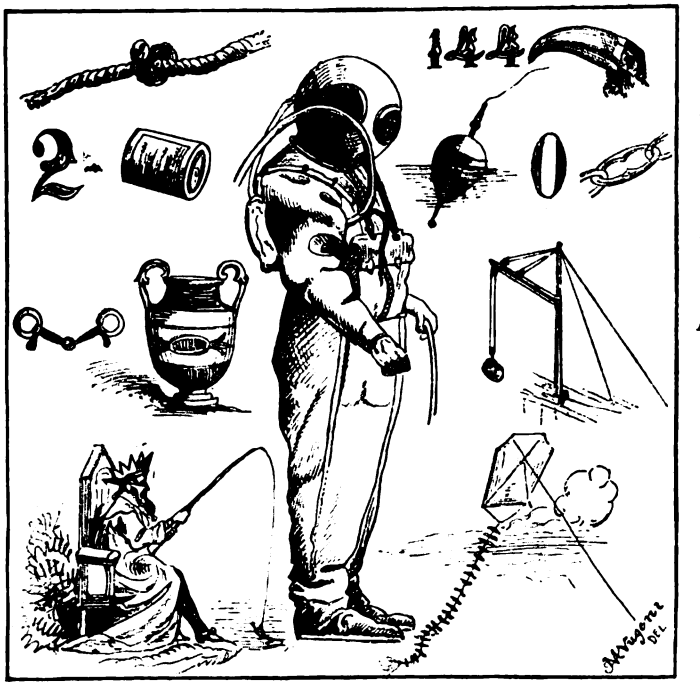
WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. TAKE an abbreviated military title from a favorite beverage, and leave a noted American lawyer. 2. Take a vowel from a canal, and leave a texture of rushes. 3. Take a pain from stretched, and leave a color. 4. Take a decree from susceptible of touch, and leave a plate of baked clay. 5. Take a kind of liquor from a male servant, and leave the abbreviated name of a State. 6. Take an island from to lead astray, and leave furious. UNCLE WILL.

VERY EASY REBUS.



Find the names of nine birds represented in the picture.

PUZZLE.

T
C A E
R

FROM the letters above given, spell five words each containing all of these five letters. Four of the words can be read off from the diagram without skipping a letter, by taking the proper letter to begin with. H. H. D.

EASY ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

```
      a b
      c d
    -----
    e b c
  f g d
  -------
  k i h c
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EACH letter represents a numeral, and the whole is a problem in simple multiplication, worked in full. Find the numerals employed. When sending the solution, describe the process followed in solving the problem. A + B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

THE words, of which the letters are transposed in this puzzle, are the names of trees. In each sentence, the single blank is to be filled with the name of a tree, and the letters of this name, when re-arranged, are to be used to fill the other blank, or blanks, in such a way as to complete the sense.

1. I do not like the color of the beech —— —— as that of the ——. 2. The sordid woodman —— little that the ancient —— must come down. 3. I saw her —— to herself, as she was walking under a row of ——. 4. While plucking fruit from the —— ——, the lively pickers joked and laughed; and witticism, ——, and epigram were the order of the hour. 5. There was —— room for the whole picnic party under the wide-spreading —— branches. B.

SEVEN-LETTER ENIGMA.

A YOUNG lady writes from Baden Baden: Dear Uncle 5, 4, 3: We are well. We left 2, 3, 4, 5, 1 two days ago, and are having a pleasant time at this 1, 2, 3. 2, 3 has bought me a fine 4, 5, 6, 7 and a diamond 2, 5, 6, and promises, before we return to America, to take us through 1, 2, 3, 5, 6. There I shall see some of those castles which have so long been nothing but 3, 5, 4. Oh, I could 1, 5, 6, 7 with delight! Do not take 2, 3, 5, 6, 1 to reply, as I cannot give you a sure address. Your dutiful niece 5, 6, 3. P. S. You can fill up the numbered 7, 3, 2, 1 in my letter, by taking letters from a word meaning what my bounteous 2, 3, and liberal uncle 5, 4, 3 are not. L.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A YOUNG human being. 2. What dull people seldom have. 3. A plant that grows in water. 4. Young human beings.
ALLIE BERTRAM.

ARTICLES OF ATTIRE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A BAND, and a border. 2. Part of a gun, and two-thirds of obtain. 3. A command for silence, and a tool. 4. A dish, a member, and to go wrong. 5. An animal, a covering, and to plunder. 6. A luminary, a French nurse, and a beverage. 7. A fluid, and trial. 8. A parent, a beam, and the name of a musical note. 9. A vegetable, a boy's name, and two-thirds of damp, 10. A consonant, and a stream. 11. To straighten up, and hired out. 12. A fondling, a knot, and a place for herding sheep. 13. A member, a dog, and the principal. 14. Pipes. 15. Be careful, and to fetter. 16. To give a smart blow, and the noise made by a contented pet. 17. An extremity, and to fondle. 18. A headland. 19. Skaters. LE BARON.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I.—1. A fixed period of time, from which dates are computed. 2. The title of a Turkish governor. 3. The water-willow. 4. At a low price. 5. A fabulous winged monster.

II.—1. An uncultivated tract. 2. To permit. 3. A gentle hill. 4. A person of confirmed drinking habits. 5 Large pitchers.
LOCUST.

EASY ENIGMA.

MY first is in cat, but not in dog.
My next is in vapor, and also in fog,
My third is in long, but not in short;
My fourth is in stronghold, not in fort;
My fifth is in visage, but not in face;
And my whole may be found by a fire-place.
HARD AND TOUGH.

BEHEADED RHOMBOID.

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* . . . . .
  * . . . . .
    * . . . . .
      * . . . . .
        * . . . . .
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BEHEADED, the horizontals are: 1. Poor habitations. 2. Articles used in writing. 3. Short times spent in sleep. 4. Torn places. 5. Behind time.

Prefix a letter to each word and obtain a perfect rhomboid, of which the horizontals are: 1. Closes. 2. Opposite of closes. 3. Sudden bites. 4. Voyages. 5. Flushed with success.

The perpendiculars are: 1. A consonant. 2. An exclamation. 3. Elevations of prosperity. 4. A movable shelter. 5. A trap. 6. Four-fifths of a word meaning to pour out. 7. A general name for mineral springs. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A vowel. H. H. D.

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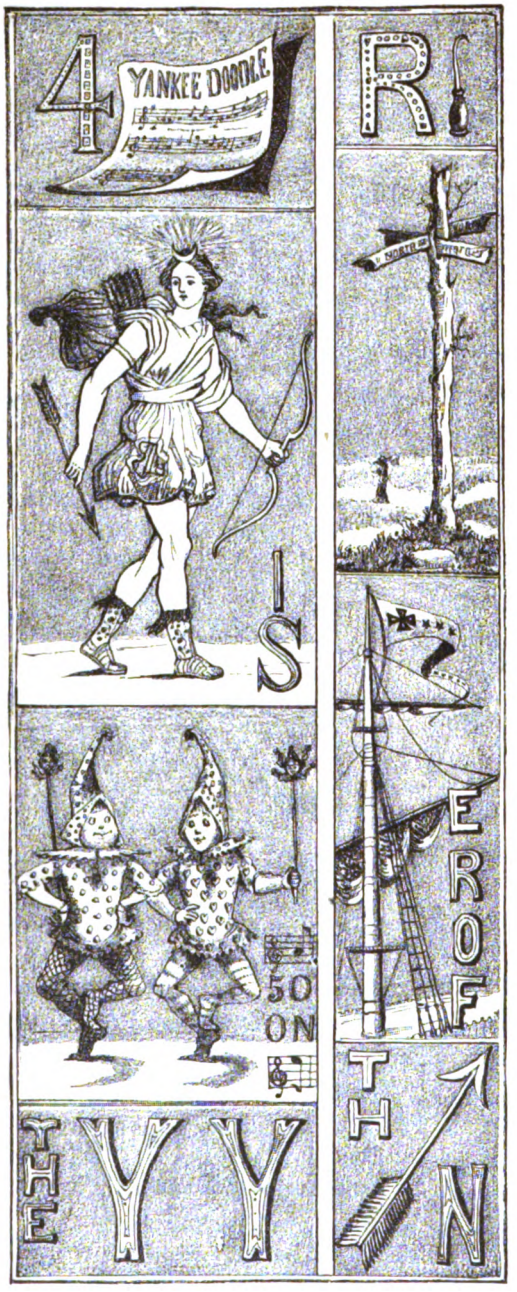
REBUS.



The above picture represents a rhymed couplet.

HIDDEN CITIES AND RIVERS.

In each of the following sentences find a city, and the river on which it is situated.

1. The sabre slaughters in a mode really fearful.
2. In order to destroy the owls, we shot them, and they fell with soft thuds on the ground.
3. From Erie to Cincinnati, Bertha traveled by rail.
4. "O, Ma! Has Jane told you? The cream is sour; I cannot drink it."
5. Papa rises occasionally to look at these ineffectual attempts.
6. Show some pluck, now, or the whole gang escapes!
7. He asked me to row him to the pirate's polucca. I rose and refused; and then I left the place. L. R. B. and J. H. H.

RHOMBOID AND HIDDEN DIAMOND.

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. . . . *
  . . * * *
    * * * * *
      * * * . .
        * . . . .
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The lines of the Rhomboid, reading across in order as they come, spell words meaning: 1. A banquet. 2. To negotiate. 3. Formerly, the cover of a council table; the French word for carpet. 4. Furnished with tines. 5. Manufactured metal.

Reading down, beginning at the left, the columns of the Rhomboid are: 1. In effaceable. 2. A Latin conjunction frequently used in English composition. 3. Skill. 4. Situation. 5. Carpeting. 6. Hue. 7. To behold. 8. A prefix. 9. Fifty.

The concealed diamond, indicated in the diagram by stars, reads the same downward and across: 1. In tent. 2. Devour. 3. Tapestry. 4. A metal. 5. In side. N. T. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Enigma.—"Casa Guidi Windows."

Pictorial Anagrams.—Amazon, Ohio, Utah, Asia.

Four Easy Word-Squares.—I. 1. Care; 2. Area; 3. Rear; 4. Ears. II. 1. Seas; 2. Etna; 3. Anil; 4. Salt. III. 1. Head; 2. Ezra; 3. Army; 4. Days. IV. 1. Lore; 2. Opal; 3. Rack; 4. Elks.——Enigma.—Utrecht.

Double Hour-Glass Puzzle.—

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B E L L O W S
  B E E V E
    D O N
      N
    N O R
  C A R E D
P A R A B L E
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Rhyming Answers.—First Stanza: Fetter, better, letter, getter, setter. Second Stanza: Butter, flutter, gutter, mutter, stutter, sputter. Third Stanza: Matter, batter, patter, scatter, flatter, latter, tatter, hatter. Fourth Stanza: Brush, flush, tush, hush, mush, gush, crush, rush. Fifth Stanza: Broom, boom, loom, doom, room, tomb.

Easy Diamond.—1. R. 2. NEd. 3. ReBus. 4. DUn. 5. S.

Pictorial Quotation.—"Villain and he are many miles asunder."——Easy Metagram.—Clash.

Rebus.—Many men of many minds.
Many birds of many kinds.
Many fishes in the sea.
Many men who can't agree.

Arithmetical Kite.—The product of each line is 5040.

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        10
      9   8
        7
    8       9
  7 2 6 3 4 5 7
    6       2
        6
      5     3
        4   4
          4
        3 5
          2 6
            1
```

Anagrammatic Double Diamond.—1. R. 2. HIp. 3. NaPes. 4. TEn. 5. R.

Wheel Puzzle.—Spokes: 1. Iota; 2. Idyl; 3. Ibis; 4. Iron; 5. Idol; 6. Isis; 7. Iris; 8. Isle. Tire: "Alps on Alps arise"; Pope. Inner Circles; I. Try and you will soon find it all. II. Oh, do be sure to discover this all.

Double Acrostic.—1. MiniM; 2. AriA; 3. CaustiC; 4. DraB; 5. UsagE; 6. TooT; 7. FritH.

Enigme Française.—"Qui mal veut, mal lui tourne."

Battle Acrostic.—Alva. 1. Arbela. 2. Lepanto. 3. Valmy. 4. Agincourt.

Floral Enigma.—Heliotrope.

Sextuple Word-Cross.—Farewell, Madeira.

Answers to Puzzles in the August Number were received before August 20, from O. C. Turner, and "Henry and Charles," all of whose solutions were correct; and from Clara L. Calhoun and Lucy A. Barbour—Kitty C. Atwater and Bessie Campbell—K. S. Tiffs—J. H. M. Wells—O. G. Victor—Ella T. Dargue—C. A. C.—Bessie Taylor—Lancelot Minon—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Susie H. Olmstead—Nellie C. Emerson—M. G. A.—Lulu Mather—Romulus and Remus—Frank S. Brown—Bessie R. Neilson—Jennie Mondscein—Florence Wilcox—A. W. Stockett—Mary Catlin Phelps—Eloisee Hersh—and Bessie Hard.

O. C. T. and C. A. C. point out two errors in the August Riddle-Box; but nearly all the answerers correctly solved the puzzles in which the mistakes occurred.

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